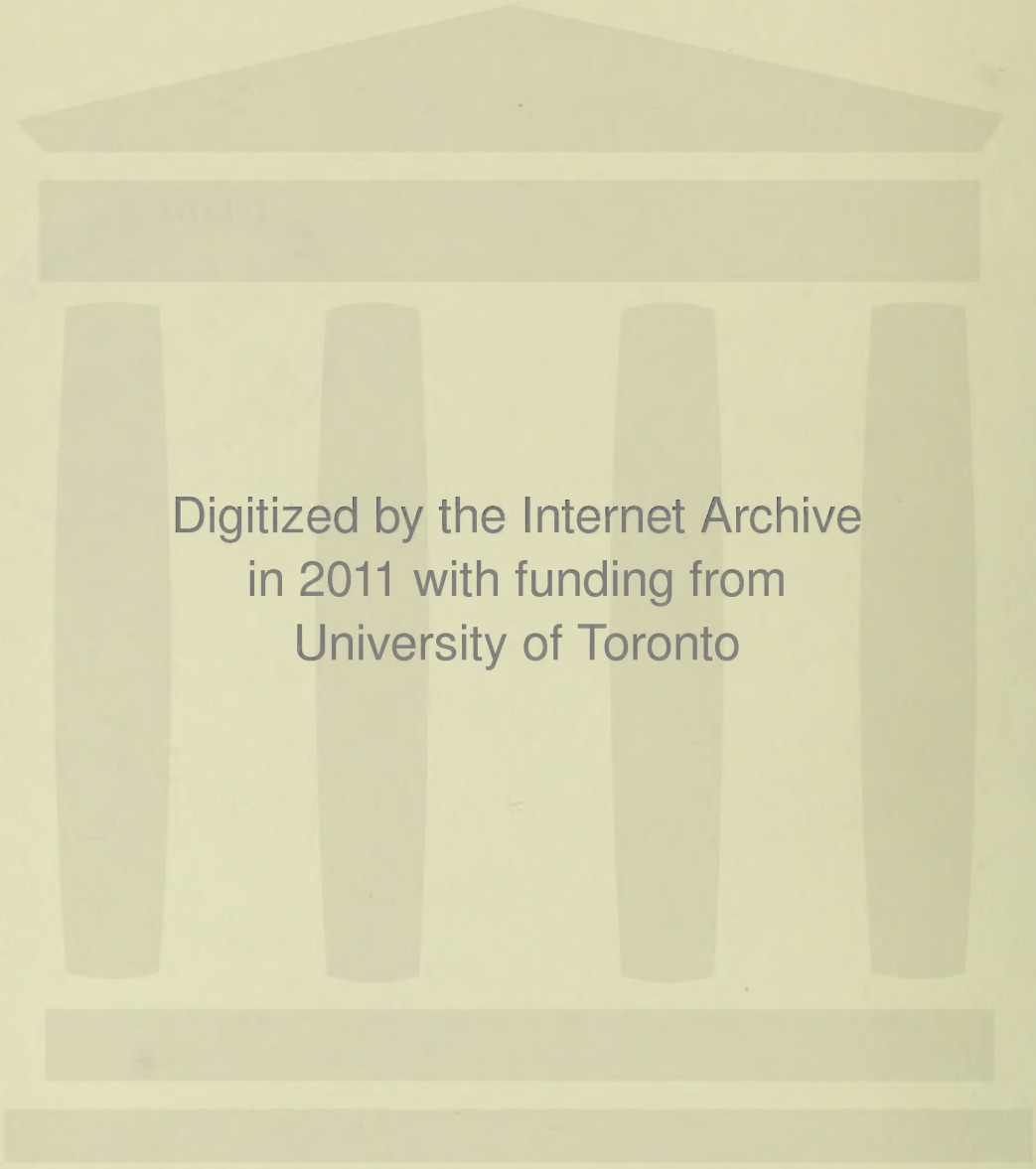

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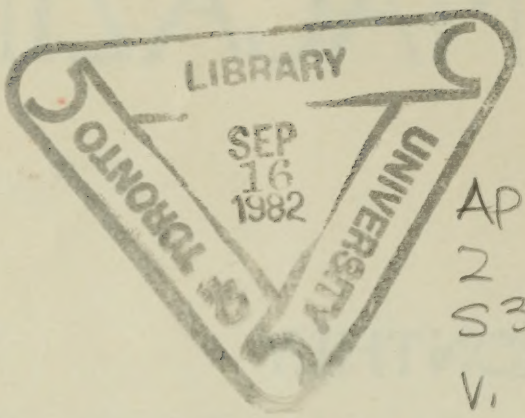
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PORTRAIT OF MRS. C——

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF

From the painting by William M. Chase.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII JANUARY 1895 NO. 1

THE ART OF LIVING

INCOME

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

I

ROGERS, the book-keeper for the past twenty-two years of my friend Patterson, the banker, told me the other day that he had reared a family of two boys and three girls on his annual salary of two thousand two hundred dollars; that he had put one of the boys through college, one through the School of Mines, brought up one of the girls to be a librarian, given one a coming-out party and a trousseau, and that the remaining daughter, a home body, was likely to be the domestic sunshine of his own and his wife's old age. All this on two thousand two hundred dollars a year.

Rogers told me with perfect modesty, with just a tremor of self-satisfaction in his tone, as though, all things considered, he felt that he had managed creditably, yet not in the least suggesting that he regarded his performance as out of the common run of happy household annals. He is a neat-looking, respectable, quiet, conservative little man, rising fifty, who, while in the bank, invariably wears a nankeen jacket all the year round, a narrow black necktie in winter, and a narrow yellow and red pongee wash tie in summer, and whose watch is no less invariably right to a second. As I often drop in to see Patterson, his employer, I depend upon it to keep mine straight, and it was while I was setting my chronometer the other day that he made me the foregoing confidence.

Frankly, I felt as though I had been struck with a club. It happened to be the first of the month. Every visit of the postman had brought me a fresh batch of bills, each one of which was a little larger than I had expected. I was correspondingly depressed and remorseful, and had been asking myself from time to time during the day why it need cost so much to live. Yet here was a man who was able to give his daughter a coming-out party and a trousseau on two thousand two hundred dollars a year. I opened my mouth twice to ask him how in the name of thrift he had managed to do it, but somehow the discrepancy between his expenditures and mine seemed such a gulf that I was tongue-tied. "I suppose," he added modestly, "that I have been very fortunate in my little family. It must indeed be sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child." Gratitude too! Gratitude and Shakespeare on two thousand two hundred dollars a year. I went my way without a word.

There are various ways of treating remorse. Some take a Turkish bath or a pill. Others, while the day lasts, trample it under foot, and shut it out at night with the bed-clothes. Neither course has ever seemed to me exactly satisfactory or manly. Consequently I am apt to entertain my self-reproach

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and reason with it, and when one begins to wonder why it costs so much to live, he finds himself grappling with the entire problem of civilization, and presently his hydra has a hundred heads. The first of the month is apt to be a sorry day for my wife as well as for me, and I hastened on my return home to tell her, with just a shadow of reproach in my tone, what Mr. Rogers had confided to me. Indeed I saw fit to ask, "Why can't we do the same?"

"We could," said Barbara.

"Then why don't we?"

"Because you wouldn't."

I had been reflecting in the brief interval between my wife's first and second replies that, in the happy event of our imitating Rogers's example from this time forth and forever more, I should be able to lay up over five thousand dollars a year, and that five thousand dollars a year saved for ten years would be fifty thousand dollars—a very neat little financial nest egg. But Barbara's second reply upset my calculation utterly, and threw the responsibility of failure on me into the bargain.

"Mr. Rogers is the salt of the earth, a highly respectable man and, if I am not mistaken, the deacon of a church," I remarked not altogether relevantly. "Why should we spend four times as many thousand dollars a year as he?"

"I wonder," answered my wife, "if you really do appreciate how your friend Mr. Rogers lives. I am quite aware that you are talking now for effect—talking through your hat as the children say—because it's the first of the month and you're annoyed that the bills are worse than ever, and I understand that you don't for one moment seriously entertain the hope that our establishment can be conducted on the same basis as his. But I should just like to explain to you for once how people who have only twenty-two hundred dollars a year and are the salt of the earth do live, if only to convince you that the sooner we stop comparing ourselves with them the better. I say 'we' because in my moments of depression over the household expenses I catch myself doing the same thing. Our butcher's bill for this month is huge, and when you came in I was in the throes of despair over a letter in the newspaper from a woman who contends that a good housekeeper in modest circumstances can provide an excellent dinner for her family of six persons, including soup, fish, an entrée, meat,



"The remaining daughter—a home body."

pudding, dessert, and coffee, for fifty-three cents. And she gives the dinner, which at first sight takes one's breath away. But after you prune it of celery, parsley, salted peanuts, raisins, red cabbage, salad, and cheese, all there is left is bean-soup, cod sounds, fried liver, hot gingerbread, and apples."

"I should dine down town, if you set such repasts before me," I answered.

"Yes," said Barbara. "And there is a very good point of departure for illustrating the domestic economies of the Rogers family. Mr. Rogers does dine down town. Not to avoid the fried liver and cod sounds, for probably he is partial to them, but because it is cheaper. When you take what you call your luncheon, and which is apt to include as much as he eats in the entire course of the day, Mr. Rogers dines: dines at a restaurant where he

can get a modest meal for from fifteen to twenty-five cents. Sometimes it is pea-soup and a piece of squash-pie. The next day perhaps a mutton-stew and a slice of water-melon, or boiled beef and an éclair. Mrs. Rogers and the children have a pick-up dinner at home, which lasts them very well until night, when they and Rogers sit down to browned-hash mutton and a head of lettuce, or honey-comb tripe and corn-cake, and apple-sauce to wind up with."

"That isn't so very bad."

"Why, they have a splendid time. They can abuse their social acquaintance and discuss family secrets without fear of being overheard by the servants because they don't keep any servants to speak of. Probably they keep one girl. Or perhaps Mr. Rogers had a spinster sister who helped with the work for her board. Or it may be Mrs. Rogers kept one while the children were little; but after the daughters were old enough to do it themselves, they preferred not to keep anybody. They live extremely happily, but the children have to double up, for in their small house it is necessary to sleep two in a room if not in a bed. The girls make most of their dresses, and the boys never dream of buying anything but ready-made clothing. By living in the suburbs they let one establishment serve for all seasons, unless it be for the two weeks when Rogers gets his vacation. Then, if nobody has been ill during the year, the family purse may stand the drain of a stay at the humblest watering-place in their vicinity, or a visit to the farm-house of some relative in the country. An engagement with the dentist is a serious disaster, and the plumber is kept at a respectable distance. The children go to the public schools, and the only club or organization to which Mr. Rogers belongs is a benefit association, which pays him so much a week if he is ill, and would present his family with a few hundred dollars if he were to die. The son who went through college must have got a scholarship or taken pupils. The girl who married undoubtedly made the greater portion of her trousseau with her own needle; and as to the coming-out party, some of the effects of splendor and all the delights of social intercourse can be produced by laying a white drugget on the parlor carpet, the judicious use of half a dozen lemons and a mould of ice-cream with angel-cake, and by imposing on the good nature of a friend who can play the piano for dancing. There, my dear, if you are willing to live like that, we should be able to get along on from twenty-two to twenty-five hundred dollars quite nicely."



"Gratitude and Shakespeare."

My wife was perfectly correct in her declaration that I did not seriously entertain the hope of being able to imitate Mr. Rogers, worthy citizen and upright man as I believe him to be. I certainly was in some measure talking through my hat. This was not the first time I had brought home a Rogers to confront her. She is used to them and aware that they are chiefly bogies. I, as she knows, and indeed both of us, are never in quite a normal condition on the first day of the month, and are liable, sometimes



A Sunday S

the one of us and sometimes the other, to indulge in vagaries and resolutions which by the tenth, when the bills are paid, seem almost uncalled for or impracticable. One thing is certain, that if a man earns only twenty-two hundred dollars a year, and is an honest man withal, he has to live on it, even though he dines when others take luncheon, and is forced to avoid the dentist and the plumber. But a much more serious problem confronts the man who earns four times as much as Rogers, more serious because it involves an alternative. Rogers could not very well live on less if he tried, without feeling the stress of poverty. He has lived at hard pan, so to speak. But I could. Could if I would, as my wife has demonstrated. I am perfectly right, as she would agree, in being unwilling to try the experiment; and yet the consciousness that we spend a very large sum of money every year, as compared with Rogers and others like him, remains with us even after the bills are paid and we have exchanged remorse for contemplation.

The moralist, who properly is always with us, would here insinuate, perhaps, that Rogers is happier than I. But I take issue with him promptly and deny the impeachment. Rogers may be happier than his employer Patterson, because Patterson, though the possessor of a steam-yacht, has a son who has just been through the Keeley cure and a daughter who is living apart from her husband. But there are no such flies in my pot of ointment. I deny the superior happiness of Rogers in entire consciousness of the moral beauty of his home. I recognize him to be an industrious, self-sacrificing, kind-hearted, sagacious husband and father, and I admit that the pen-picture which the moralist could draw of him sitting by the evening lamp in his well-worn dressing gown, with his well-darned feet adorned by carpet-slippers of filial manufacture supported by the table or a chair, would be justly entitled to kindle emotions of respect and admiration. But why, after all, should Rogers, ensconced in the family sitting-room with the cat on the hearth, a canary twittering in a cage and scattering seed in one corner, a sewing-machine in the other, and surrounded by all the comforts of home, consisting prominently of a peach-blow vase, a Japanese sun umbrella and engravings of George Washington and Horace Greeley, be regarded as happier than I in my modern drawing-room in evening dress? What is there moral in the simplicity of his frayed and somewhat ugly establishment except the spirit of contentment and the gentle feelings which sanctify it? Assuming that these are not lacking in my home, and I believe they are not, I see no reason for accepting the conclusion of the moralist. There is a beauty of living which the man with a small income is not apt to compass un-



"The good nature of a friend."

der present social conditions, the Declaration of Independence to the contrary notwithstanding. The doctrine so widely and vehemently promulgated in America that a Spartan inelegance of life is the duty of a leading citizen, seems to be dying from inanition ; and the descendants of favorite sons who once triumphed by preaching and practising it are now outvying those whom they were taught to stigmatize as the effete civilizations of Europe, in their devotion to creature comforts.



" My wife was perfectly correct."

It seems to me true that in our day and generation the desire to live wisely here has eclipsed the desire to live safely hereafter. Moreover, to enjoy the earth and the fulness thereof, if it be legitimately within one's reach, has come to be recognized all the world over, with a special point of view for each nationality, as a cardinal principle of living wisely. We have been the last to recognize it here for the reason that a contrary theory of life was for several generations regarded as one of the bulwarks of our Constitution. Never was the sympathy for the poor man greater than it is at present. Never was there warmer interest in his condition. The social atmosphere is rife with theories and schemes for his emancipation, and the best brains of civilization are at work in his behalf. But no one wishes to be like him. Canting churchmen still gain some credence by the assertion that indigence here will prove a saving grace in the world to come ; but the American people, quick, when it recognizes that it has been fooled, to discard even a once sacred conviction, smiles to-day at the assumption that the owner of a log cabin is more inherently virtuous than the owner of a steam-yacht. Indeed the present signal vice of democracy seems to be the fury to grow rich, in the mad struggle to accomplish which character and happiness are too often sacrificed. But it may be safely said that, granting an equal amount of virtue to Rogers and to me, and that each pays his bills promptly, I am a more enviable individual in the public eye. In fact the pressing problem which confronts the civilized world to-day is the choice of what to have, for so many things have become necessaries of existence which were either done without or undiscovered in the days of our grandmothers, that only the really opulent can have everything. We sometimes hear it said that this or that person has too much for his own good. The saying is familiar, and doubtless it is true that luxury unappreciated and abused will cause degeneration ; but the complaint seems to me to be a Sunday-school consoler for those who have too little rather than a sound argument against great possessions. Granting that this or that person referred to had the moral fibre of Rogers or of me, and were altogether an unexceptionable character, how could he have too much for his own good ? Is the best any too good for any one of us ?

The sad part of it is, however, that even those of us who have four times, or thereabouts, the income of Rogers, are obliged to pick and choose and cannot have everything. Then is the opportunity for wisdom to step in and make her abode with us, if she only will. The perplexity, the distress, and

too often the downfall of those who would fain live wisely, are largely the direct results of foolish or unintelligent selection on their part. And conversely, is not the secret of happy modern living, the art of knowing what to have when one cannot have everything there is?

I coupled just now, in allusion to Rogers and myself, virtue and punctuality in the payment of bills, as though they were not altogether homogeneous. I did so designedly, not because I question that prompt payment is in the abstract a leading virtue, nor because I doubt that it has been absolutely imperative for Rogers, and one of the secrets of his happiness; but because I am not entirely sure whether, after ten years of prompt payment on the first of every month on my part, I have not been made the sorry victim of my own righteousness, self-righteousness I might say, for I have plumed myself on it when comparing myself with the ungodly. Although virtuous action looks for no reward, the man who pays his bills as soon as they are presented has the right to expect that he will not be obliged to pay anything extra for his honesty. He may not hope for a discount, but he does hope and believe — at least for a time — that beefsteak paid for within thirty days of purchase will not be taxed with the delinquencies of those who pay tardily or not at all. Slowly but sadly I and my wife have come to the conclusion that the butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers of this great Republic who provide for the tolerably well-to-do make up their losses by assessing virtue. It is a melancholy conclusion for one who has been taught to believe that punctual payment is the first great cardinal principle of wise living, and it leaves one in rather a wobbly state of mind, not as regards the rank of the virtue in question, but as regards the desirability of strictly living up to it in practice. I have heard stated with authority that the leading butchers, grocers, stable-keepers, dry-goods dealers, dress-makers, florists, and plumbers of our great cities divide



"There is a beauty of living."

the customers on their books into sheep and goats, so to speak; and the more prompt and willing a sheep, the deeper do they plunge the knife. Let one establish a reputation for prompt payment and make a purchase on the twenty-fifth of the month, he will receive on the first of the following a bill, on the twentieth, if this be not paid, a bill for "account rendered," on the first of the next month a bill for "account rendered, please remit," and on the tenth a visit from a collector. On the other hand I have known people who seem to live on the fat of the land, and to keep the tradesfolk in obsequious awe of them by force of letting their bills run indefinitely. Abroad, as many of us know, the status of the matter is very different. There interest is fig-

ured in advance, and those who pay promptly get a handsome discount on the face of their bills. While this custom may seem to encourage debt, it is at least a mutual arrangement, and seems to have proved satisfactory, to judge from the fact that the fashionable tailors and dress-makers of London and Paris are apt to demur or shrug their shoulders at immediate payment, and to be rather embarrassingly grateful if their accounts are settled by the end of a year. No one would wish to change the national inclination of upright people on this side of the water to pay on the spot, but the master and mistress of an establishment may well consider whether the fashionable tradesmen ought to oblige them to bear the entire penalty of being sheep instead of goats. With this qualification, which is set forth rather as a caveat than a doctrine, the prompt payment of one's bills seems to be strictly co-ordinate with virtue, and may be properly described as the corner-stone of wise modern living.

There are so many things which one has to have nowadays in order to be comfortable that it seems almost improvident to inquire how much one ought to save before facing the question of what one can possibly do without. Here the people who are said to have too much for their own good have an advantage over the rest of us. The future of their children is secure. If they dread death it is not because they fear to leave their wives and children unprovided for. Many of them go on saving, just the same, and talk poor if a railroad lowers a dividend, or there is not a ready market for their real estate at an exalted profit. Are there more irritating men or women in the world than the over-conservative persons of large means who are perpetually harping on saving, and worrying lest they may not be able to put by for a rainy day, as they call it, twenty-five per cent. or more of their annual income? The capitalist, careworn by solicitude of this sort is the one fool in creation who is not entitled to some morsel of pity.

How much ought the rest of us to save? I know a man—now you do not know him, and there is no use in racking your brains to discover who he is,



"Sheep and goats."

which seems to be a principal motive for reading books nowadays, as though we writers had a cabinet photograph in our mind's eye whenever we took a pen in hand. I know a man who divides his income into parts. "All Gaul is divided into three parts," you will remember we read in the classics. Well, my friend, whom we will call Julius Cæsar for convenience and mystification, divides his income, on the first of January, into a certain number of parts or portions. He and his wife have a very absorbing and earnest powwow over it annually. They take the matter very seriously, and burn the midnight oil in the sober endeavor to map and figure out in advance a wise and unselfish exhibit. So much and no more for rent, so much for servants, so much for household supplies, so much for clothes, so much for amusements, so much for charity, so much to meet unlooked-for contingencies, and so much for investment. By the time the exhibit is finished it is mathematically and ethically irreproachable, and, what is more, Julius Cæsar and his wife live up to it so faithfully that they are sure to have some eight or ten dollars to the good on the morning of December thirty-first, which they commonly expend in a pair of canvas-back ducks and a bottle of champagne, for which they pay cash, in reward for their own virtue and to enable them at the stroke of midnight to submit to their own consciences a trial balance accurate to a cent. Now it should be stated that Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar are not very busy people in other respects, and that their annual income, which is fifteen thousand dollars, and chiefly rent from improved real estate in the hands of a trustee, flows on as regularly and surely as a river. Wherefore it might perhaps be argued, if one were disposed to be sardonic, that this arithmetical system of life under the circumstances savors of a fad, and that Julius and his wife take themselves and their occupation a trifle too seriously, especially as they have both been known to inform, solemnly and augustly, more than one acquaintance who was struggling for a living, that it is every one's duty to lay up at least one-tenth of his income and give at least another tenth in charity. And yet, when one has ceased to smile at the antics of this pair, the consciousness remains that they are right in their practice of foresight and arithmetical apportioning, and that one who would live wisely should, if possible, decide in advance how much he intends to give to the poor or put into the bank. Otherwise he is morally, or rather immorally, certain to spend everything, and to suffer disagreeable qualms instead of enjoying canvas-back ducks and a bottle of champagne on December thirty-first. As to what that much or little to be given and to be saved shall be, there is more room for discussion. Julius Cæsar and his wife have declared in favor of a tenth for each, which in their case means fifteen hundred dollars given, and fifteen hundred dollars saved, which leaves them a net income of twelve thousand dollars to spend, and they have no children. I am inclined to think that if every man with ten thousand dollars a year and a family were to give away three hundred dollars, and prudently invest seven hundred dollars, charity would not suffer so long as at present, and would be no less kind. Unquestionably those of us who come out on December thirty-first just even, or eight or nine dollars behind instead of ahead, and would have been able to spend a thousand or two more, are the ones who find charity and saving so difficult. Our friends who are said to have too much for their own good help to found a hospital or send a deserving youth through college without winking. It costs them merely the trouble of signing a check. But it behooves those who have only four instead of forty times as much as Rogers, if they wish to do their share in relieving the needs of others, to do so promptly and systematically before the fine edge of the good resolutions formed on the first of January is dulled by the pressure of a steadily depleted bank account, and a steadily increasing array of bills. Charity, indeed, is more difficult for us to practise than saving, for the simplest method of saving, life insurance, is enforced by the "stand and deliver" argument of an annual premium. Only he, who before the first crocus thrusts



"Worrying lest they may not be able to put by for a rainy day."

its gentle head above the winter's snow has sent his check to the needy, and who can conscientiously hang upon his office door "Fully insured; life insurance agents need not apply," is in a position to face with a calm mind the fall of the leaf and the December days when conscience, quickened by the dying year, inquires what we have done for our neighbor, and how the wife and the little ones would fare if we should be cut down in the strength of our manhood.

And yet, too, important as saving is, there are so many things which we must have for the sake of this same wife and the little ones that we cannot afford to save too much. Are we to toil and moil all our days, go without fresh butter and never take six weeks in Europe or Japan because we wish to make sure that our sons and daughters will be amply provided for, as the obituary notices put it? Some men with daughters only have a craze of saving so that this one earthly life becomes a rasping, worrying ordeal, which is only too apt to find an end in the coolness of a premature grave. My friend Perkins—here is another chance, identity seekers, to wonder who Perkins really is—the father of four girls, is a thin, nervous lawyer, who ought to take a proper vacation every summer; but he rarely does, and the reason seems to be that he is saddled by the idea that to bring a girl up in luxury and leave her with anything less than five thousand dollars a year is a piece of paternal brutality. It seems to me that a father ought in the first place to remember that some girls marry. I reminded Perkins of this one day. "Some don't," he answered mournfully. "Marriage does not run in the female Perkins line. The chances are that two of my four will never marry. They might be able to get along, if they lived together and were careful, on seven thousand dollars a year, and I must leave them that somehow." "Hoot toot," said I, "that seems to me nonsense. Don't let the spectre of decayed gentlewomen hound you into dyspepsia or Bright's disease, but give yourself a chance and trust to your girls to look out for themselves. There are so many things for women to do now besides marry or pot jam, that a fond father ought to let his nervous system recuperate now and then."

"I suppose you mean that they might become teachers or physicians or hospital nurses or type-writers," said Perkins. "Declined with thanks."

"Don't you think," I inquired with a little irritation, "that they would be happier so than in doing nothing on a fixed income, in simply being mildly cultivated and philanthropic on dividends, in moving to the sea-side in summer and back again in the autumn,

and in dying at the last of some fashionable ailment?"

"No I don't," said Perkins. "Do you?"

Were I to repeat my answer to this inquiry I should be inviting a discussion on woman, which is not in place at this stage of our reflections. Let me say, though, that I am still of the opinion that Perkins ought to give his nervous system a chance and not worry so much about his daughters.



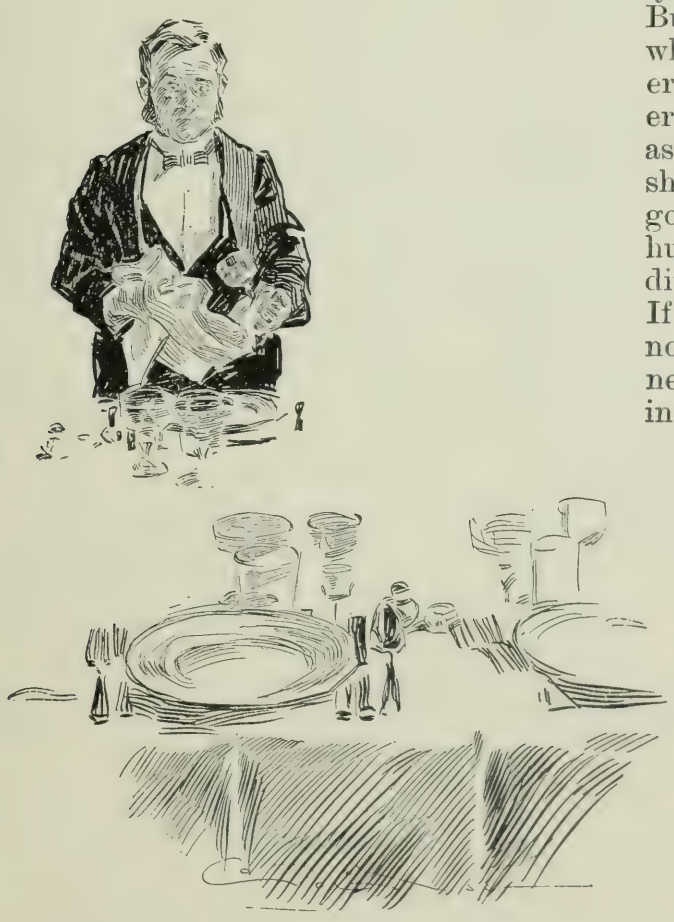
"'Some don't.'"

II

Seeing that there are so many things to have and that we cannot have everything, what are we to choose? I have sometimes, while trudging along in the sleighing season, noticed that many men, whose income I believed to be much smaller than mine, were able to ride behind fast trotters in fur overcoats. The reason upon reflection was obvious to me. Men of a certain class regard a diamond pin, a fur overcoat, and a fast horse as the first necessaries of existence after a bed, a hair-brush and one maid-of-all-work. In other words, they are willing to live in an inexpensive locality, with no regard to plumbing, society, or art, to have their food dropped upon the table, and to let their wives and daughters live with shopping as the one bright spot in the month's horizon, if only they, the husbands and fathers, can satisfy the three-headed ruling ambition in question. The men to whom I am referring have not the moral or æsthetic tone of Rogers and myself, and belong to quite a distinct class of society from either of us. But among the friends of both of us there are people who act on precisely the same principle. A fine sense of selection ought to govern the expenditure of income, and the wise man will refrain from buying a steam-yacht for himself or a diamond crescent for his wife before he has secured a home with modern conveniences, an efficient staff of servants, a carefully chosen family physician, a summer home, or an ample margin wherewith to hire one, the best educational advantages for his children which the community will afford, and choice social surroundings. In order to have these comfortably and completely, and still not to be within sailing distance, so to speak, of a steam-yacht, one needs to have nowadays an income of from seven thousand to eleven thousand dollars, according to where one lives.

I make this assertion in the face of the fact that our legislators all over the country annually decree that from four to five thousand dollars a year is a fat salary in reward for public service, and that an official with a family who is given twenty-five hundred or three thousand is to be envied. Envied by whom, pray? By the ploughman, the horse-car conductor, and the corner grocery man, may be, but not by the average business or professional man who is doing well. To be sure, five thousand dollars in a country town *is* affluence, if the beneficiary is content to stay there; but in a city the family man with only that income, provided he is ambitious, can only just live, and might fairly be described as the cousin german to a mendicant. And yet there are some worthy citizens still, who doubtless would be aghast at these statements, and would wish to know how one is to spend five thousand dollars a year without extravagance. We certainly did start in this country on a very different basis, and the doctrine of plain living was written in between the lines of the Constitution. We were practically to do our own work, to be content with pie and doughnuts as the staple articles of nutrition, to abide in

one locality all the year round, and to eschew color, ornament, and refined recreation. All this as an improvement over the civilization of Europe and a rebuke to it. Whatever the ethical value of this theory of existence in moulding the national character may have been, it has lost its hold to-day, and we as a nation have fallen into line with the once sneered-at older civilizations, though we honestly believe that we are giving and going to give a peculiar redeeming brand to the adopted, venerable customs which will purge them of dross and bale. Take the servant question, for instance. We are perpetually discussing how we are to do away with the social reproach which keeps native American women out of domestic service; yet at the same time in actual practice the demand for servants grows more and more urgent and wide-spread, and they are consigned still more hopelessly, though kindly, to the kitchen and servants' hall in imitation of English upper-class life. In the days when our Emerson sought to practise the social equality for which he yearned, by requiring his maids to sit at his own dinner-table, a domestic establishment was a modest affair of a cook and a second girl. Now, the people who are said to have too much for their own good, keep butlers, ladies' maids, governesses, who like Mahomet's coffin hover between the parlor and the kitchen, superfine laundresses, pages in buttons, and other housekeeping accessories, and domestic life grows bravely more and more complex. To be sure, too, I am quite aware that, as society is at present constituted, only a comparatively small number out of our millions of free-born American citizens have or are able to earn the seven to eleven thousand dollars a year requisite for thorough comfort, and that the most interesting and serious problem which confronts human society to-day is the annihilation or lessening of the terrible existing inequalities in estate and welfare. This problem, absorbing as it is, can scarcely be solved in our time. But, whatever the solution, whether by socialism, government control, or brotherly love, is it not safe to assume that when every one shares alike, society is not going to be satisfied with humble, paltry, or ugly conditions as the universal weal? If the new dispensation does not provide a style and manner of living at least equal in comfort, luxury, and refinement to that which exists among the well-to-do to-day, it will be a failure. Humanity will never consent to be shut off from the best in order to be exempt from the worst. The millennium must supply *not merely* bread and butter, a house, a pig, a cow, and a sewing-machine for every one, but attractive homes, gardens, *and* galleries, litera-



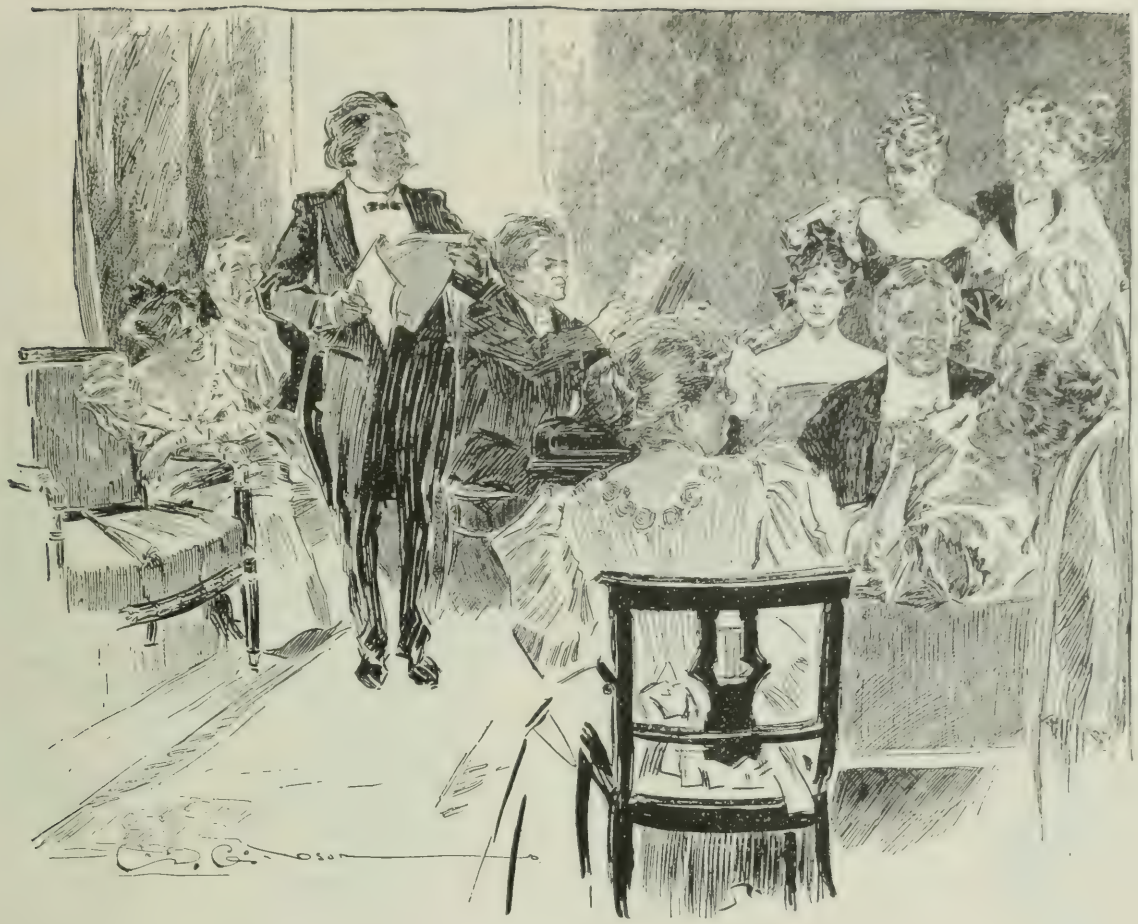
"Butlers and other housekeeping accessories."

ture and music, and all the range of æsthetic social adjuncts which tend to promote healthy bodies, delightful manners, fine sensibilities, and noble purposes, or it will be no millennium.

Therefore one who would live wisely and has the present means, though he may deplore existing misery and seek to relieve it, does not give away to others all his substance but spends it chiefly on himself and his family until he has satisfied certain needs. By way of a house he feels that he requires not merely a frail, unornamental shelter, but a carefully constructed, well ventilated, cosily and artistically furnished dwelling, where his family will neither be scrimped for space nor exposed to discomforts, and where he can entertain his friends tastefully if not with elegance. All this costs money and involves large and recurrent outlays for heating, lighting, upholstery, sanitary appliances, silver, china, and glass. It is not sufficient for him that his children should be sure of their own father; he is solicitous, besides, that they should grow up as free as possible from physical blemishes, and mentally and spiritually sound and attractive. To promote this he must needs consult or engage from time to time skilled specialists, dentists, oculists, dancing and drawing masters, private tutors, and music-teachers. To enable these same sons and daughters to make the most of themselves, he must, during their early manhood and womanhood, enable them to pursue professional or other studies, to travel, and to mingle in cultivated and well-bred society. He must live in a choice neighborhood that he may surround himself and his family with refining influences, and accordingly he must pay from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars a year for rent, according to the size and desirability of the premises. Unless he would have his wife and daughters merely household factors and drudges, he must keep from three to five or six servants, whose wages vary from four to six or seven dollars a week, and feed them. Nor can the athletic, æsthetic, or merely pleasurable needs of a growing or adolescent household be ignored. He must meet the steady and relentless drain from each of these sources, or be conscious that his flesh and blood have not the same advantages and opportunities which are enjoyed by their contemporaries. He must own a pew, a library share, a fancy dress costume and a cemetery lot, and he must always have loose change on hand for the hotel waiter and the colored railway porter. The family man in a large city who meets these several demands to his entire satisfaction will have little of ten thousand dollars left for the purchase of a trotter, a fur overcoat, and a diamond pin.

The growing consciousness of the value of these complex demands of our modern civilization, when intelligently gratified, acts at the present day as a cogent incentive to make money, not for the mere sake of accumulation, but to spend. Gross accumulation with scant expenditure has always been sanctioned here; but to grow rich and yet be lavish has only within a comparatively recent period among us seemed reconcilable with religious or national principles. Even yet he who many times a millionaire still walks unkempt, or merely plain and honest, has not entirely lost the halo of hero worship. But, though the old man is permitted to do as he prefers, better things are demanded of his sons and daughters. Nor can the argument that some of the greatest men in our history have been nurtured and brought up in cabins and away from refining influences be soundly used against the advisability of making the most of income, even though we now and then ask ourselves whether modern living is producing statesmen of equally firm mould. But we thrill no longer at mention of a log cabin or rail splitting, and the very name of hard cider suggests rather unpleasantly the corner grocery store and the pie-permeated, hair-cloth suited New England parlor.

Merely because other nations have long been aware that it was wise and not immoral to try to live comfortably and beautifully our change of faith is no less absorbing to us. We confidently expect to win fresh laurels by our originality, intelligence, and unselfishness in this new old field. Already



"All this costs money."

have we made such strides that our establishments on this side of the water make up in genuine comfort what they lack in ancient manorial picturesqueness and ghost-haunted grace. Each one of us who is in earnest is asking how he is to make the most of what he has or earns, so as to attain that charm of refined living which is civilization's best flower—living which if merely material and unanimated by intelligence and noble aims is without charm, but which is made vastly more difficult of realization in case we are without means or refuse to spend them adequately.

Legislative Library


H.L.

A FORGOTTEN TALE

By A. Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD PYLE

SAY, what saw you on the hill,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"I saw my brindled heifer there,
A trail of bowmen, spent and bare
A little man on a roan mare
And a tattered flag before them."

SAY, what saw you in the vale,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"There I saw my lambing ewe,
And an army riding through,
Thick and brave the pennons flew
From the lance-heads o'er them."

SAY, what saw you on the hill,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"I saw beside the milking byre,
White with want and black with mire,
A little man with face afire
Marshalling his bowmen."

*** *There still remains in one of the valleys of the Cantabrian mountains in northern Spain a small hill called "Colla de los Ingleses." It marks the spot where three hundred bowmen of the Black Prince's army were surrounded by several thousand Spanish cavalry, and after a long and gallant resistance, were entirely destroyed.*

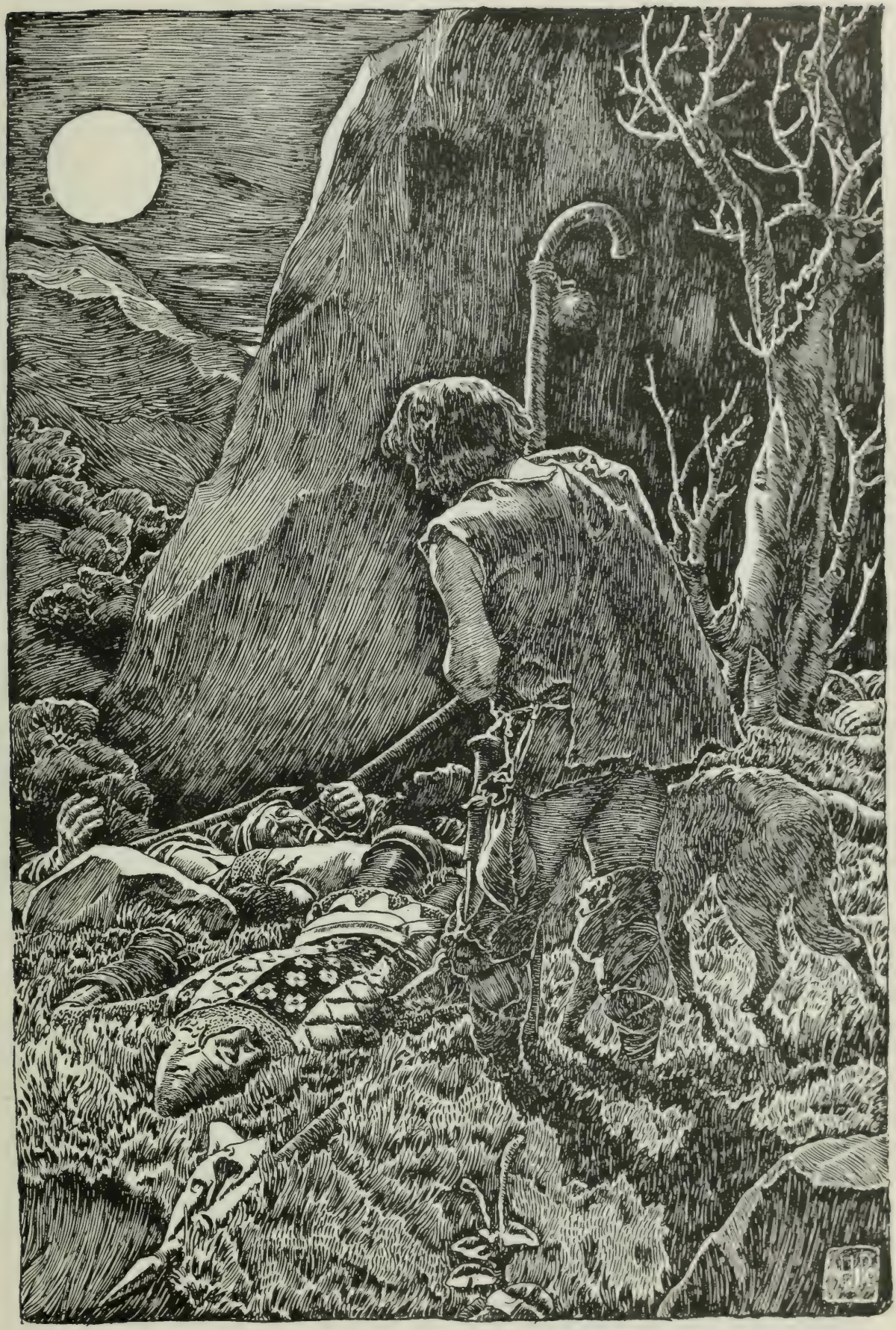
SAY, what saw you in the vale,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"There I saw my bullocks twain
And the hardy men of Spain
With bloody heel and slackened rein,
Closing on their foemen."

NAY, but there is more to tell,
Garcia, the herdsman.
"More I might not bide to view.
I had other things to do,
Tending on the lambing ewe,
Down among the clover."

PRITHEE tell me what you heard,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Shouting from the mountain side,
Shouting until eventide,
But it dwindled and it died
Ere milking time was over."

AH, but saw you nothing more,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Yes, I saw them lying there,
The little man and roan mare,
And in their ranks the bowmen bare
With their staves before them."

AND the hardy men of Spain,
Garcia, the herdsman?
"Hush, but we are Spanish too,
More I may not say to you,
May God's benison, like dew,
Gently settle o'er them."





Henry Wolf, from the painting by William M. Chase.

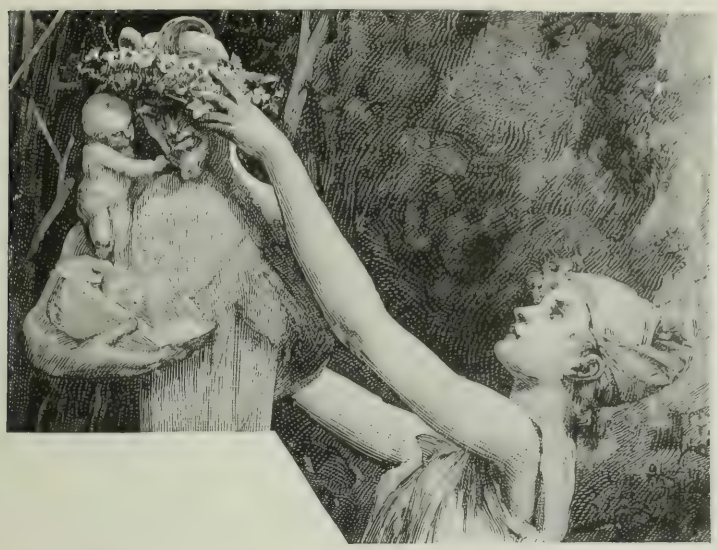
AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS — HENRY WOLF



IN 1867 Henry Wolf was at Strasbourg serving an apprenticeship to become a mechanic when he made the acquaintance of an engraver on wood, and having always had a fondness for drawing was easily persuaded to leave the machine-shop and take up the graver. His newly made friend presented him to the important M. Jacques Levy, artist-engraver, contributor to illustrated Parisian periodicals, and sole illustrator of a summer-season paper, *L'Illustration de Bade*. M. Levy, after the fashion still prevailing among the great commercial engravers of Europe, had a studio full of young fellows who executed under his direction the work which he signed, and for which he monopolized all the credit and the largest part of the remuneration. Young Wolf, with an artistic instinct which needed only a chance to assert itself, found readily enough a place among M. Levy's boys. Chance had it that one of the first things in which he distinguished himself was in carefully copying a drawing on wood, using pen-and-ink lines which needed only to be faithfully followed by the engraver in cutting the block. The sad result naturally followed that Wolf was kept at that special thing until a new turn of chance unexpectedly enlarged his horizon. The Franco-German War came, and the severe manner in which, as he says, "the Germans tried to win over their lost brethren the Alsatians," the bombardment of Strasbourg, which destroyed so many fine old buildings and damaged the great cathedral were too much for Wolf. Like thousands of his compatriots he left his desolated home.

In the United States he experienced

*** The illustrations in this article are typical bits of engraving from blocks by Henry Wolf.



of wood-engraving, in its variety, its delicacy and finish, set off as it is by fine paper and printing, is probably the most popular as well as one of the most worthy and refined expressions of the æsthetic sense. The unexpectedness, the grace, and the resourcefulness of Mr. Wolf's technique are matters in which the craft find much to admire However, technique being but the means to an end, what is important, after all, is the motive for, and the result of, technique.

no difficulty in finding the work he was accustomed to do, and besides attending life classes at night and otherwise improving every chance he had to study, he began in earnest to try his hand at engraving. With Frederick Juengling, the enthusiastic engraver, who put his whole heart and soul in his work, he stayed four fruitful years. After gradual stages of development Wolf found himself with decided notions of his own, radically rebelling against the conventional style of engraving prevalent at that epoch—"the style of the wood-cutter;" against those cuts which were primarily composed of lines run in certain directions according to set rules, and which were never free, elastic, and yet faithful interpretations and renderings of an original. Under the patronage of *Scribner's Monthly* (afterward the *Century Magazine*) and *Harper's Magazine* the new school proved, by a succession of splendid examples, its right to contend that in each case the manner of the engraving ought to be made subservient to, and lose itself in, the subject. The photographing of originals on wood, the perfection in printing and in paper, have been powerful factors in the advance of modern engraving, but it would be irrelevant to attribute this to such purely material causes.

Art, like every other expression of life, varies its garbs but not its substance, but because of its close adaptation to the conditions of our day it is the more readily appreciated by the people of our day. The American art

To his constant and conscientious efforts, to the man's respect for his instinct of the best, and his ever striving to follow it unmindful of considerations for money and time, Wolf owes his success. Growing steadily he has advanced step by step to the very front ranks of the great engravers of the world, and within the lines he has chosen, as an interpreter of the works of modern painters, if he has peers, he has no superiors. With respect for each new subject and the fear that though trying his best he will not suc-





ceed in doing justice to it, Wolf seeks to enter into the personality of the artist whom he is to engrave. He sees not simply all that the painter has put into his work, but he feels what he has wanted to put in it. Going from ensemble to details, and details to ensemble, his work ends by giving the sensation of the original. It is obvious that black and white can never be the copy but only a translation of a painting; and besides, the block being so much smaller than the original, makes it impossible to go into details—essentials alone can be there, and with them the spirit of the thing. The size of the frontispiece, the engraving of the portrait of Mrs. C——, is in a proportion to the painting as 1 to 121, and yet it is that painting; it gives its tone, its colors, its quiet values, the delicate lineaments of the face and hands, the expression! and done in a manner which is Mr. Wolf's own. It also suggests admirably Mr. Chase's handling. Examine it closely—it is composed of simple black lines. What gives them such life and significance, what makes them tremble with suggestiveness before our eyes is the clear vision, the fine artistic perception, the quick responsive sympathy, the striving for perfection of the engraver. Such an engraving is no chance production of a professional hand. It is the work of a great artist.







By Edith Wharton

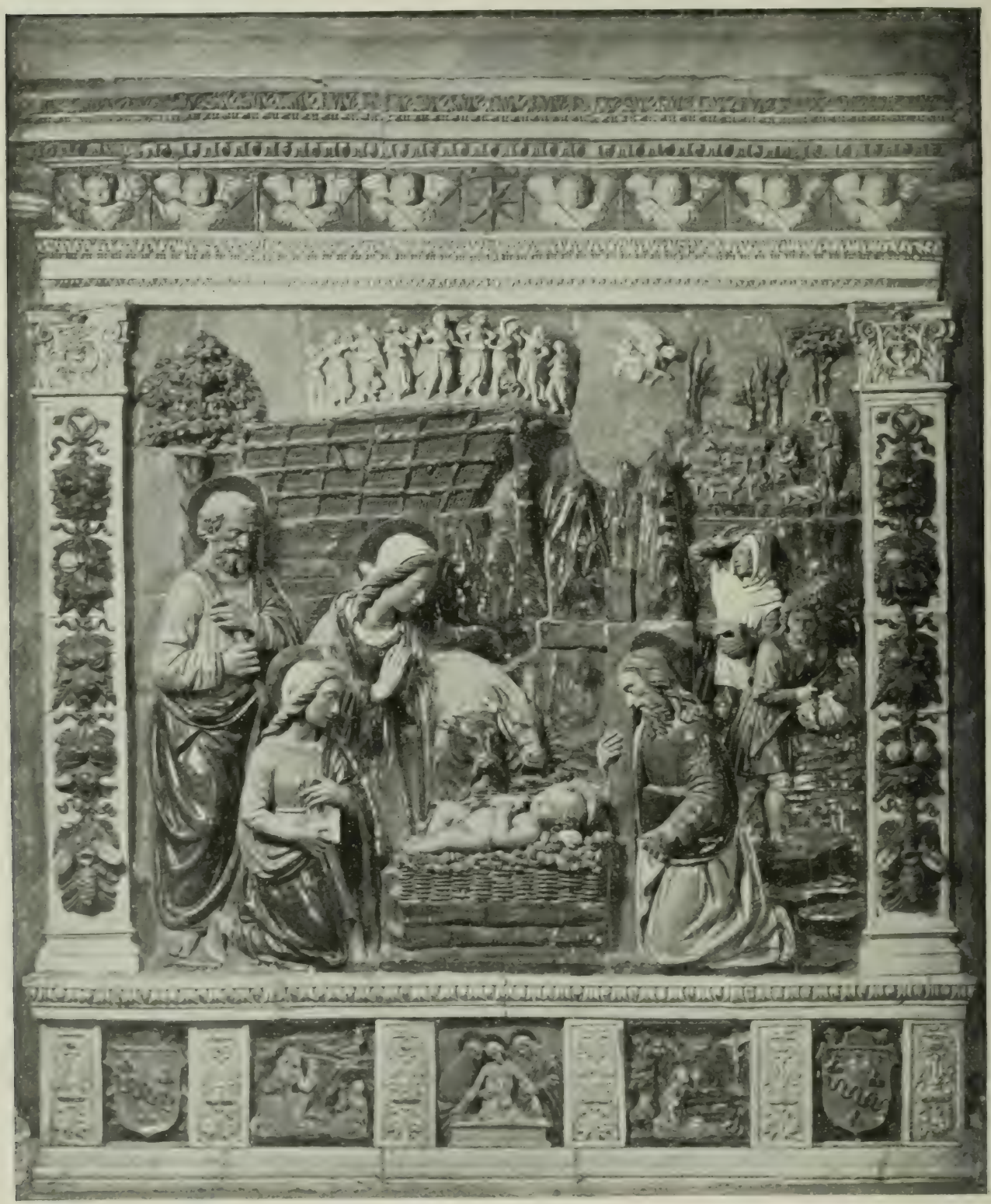
ONE of the rarest and most delicate pleasures of the continental tourist is to defy Murray. That admirable cicerone has so completely anticipated the most whimsical impulses of his readers that (especially in Italy) it is now almost impossible to plan a tour of exploration without finding, on reference to one of his indispensable volumes, that he has already been over the ground, has tested the inns, measured the kilometres, and distilled from the heavy tomes of Kugler, Burckhardt, and Cavalcaselle a portable estimate of the local art and architecture. Even the subsequent discovery of his incidental lapses scarcely consoles the traveller for the habitual accuracy of his statements; and the only refuge left from his oppressive omniscience lies in approaching the places he describes by a route which he has not taken.

Those to whom one of the greatest charms of travel in over-civilized countries consists in such momentary escapes from the obvious will still find here and there, even in Italy, a few miles unmeasured by Murray's seven-leagued boots; and it was to enjoy the brief exhilaration of such a discovery that we stepped out of the train one morning at Certaldo, determined to find our way thence to San Vivaldo.

Even Mr. Murray does not know much of San Vivaldo, and such infor-

mation as he gives on the subject is refreshingly inaccurate; but that is less remarkable than his knowing of it at all, since we found, on inquiry in Florence, that even among *amateurs* of Tuscan art its name is unfamiliar.

For some months we had been vaguely aware that, somewhere among the hills between Volterra and the Arno, there lay an obscure monastery containing a series of terra-cotta groups which were said to represent the scenes of the Passion. No one in Florence, however, seemed to know much about



The Presepio of San Vivaldo.
(Now in the Bargello.)

them ; and many of the people whom we questioned had never even heard of San Vivaldo. Professor Enrico Ridolfi, director of the Royal Museums at Florence, knew by hearsay of the existence of the groups, and assured me that there was every reason to credit the local tradition which has always attributed them to Giovanni Gonnelli, the blind modeller of Gambassi, an artist of the seventeenth century. Professor Ridolfi had, however, never seen any photographs of the groups, and was, in fact, not unnaturally disposed to believe that they were of small artistic merit, since Gonnelli worked even later, and in a more debased period of taste, than the modeller of the well-known groups at Varallo. Still, even when Italian sculpture was at its lowest, a spark of its old life smouldered here and there in the improvisations of the *plasticatore ;* and I hoped to find, in the despised groups of San Vivaldo, something of the coarse näivete and brutal energy which animate their more famous rivals of Varallo. In this hope we started in search of San Vivaldo ; and as Murray had told us that it could only be reached by way of Castel Fiorentino, we promptly determined to attack it from San Gimignano.

At Certaldo, where the train left us one April morning, we found an archaic little carriage, whose coachman entered sympathetically into our plan for defying Murray. He said there was a road, with which he declared himself familiar, leading in about four hours across the mountains from San Gimignano to San Vivaldo ; and in his charge we were soon crossing the poplar-fringed Elsa and climbing the steep road to San Gimignano, where we intended to spend the night.

The next morning before sunrise the little carriage awaited us at the inn-door ; and as we dashed out under the gate-way of San Gimignano we felt the thrill of explorers sighting a new continent. It seemed in fact an unknown world which lay beneath us in the new light. The hills, so firmly etched at mid-day, at sunset so softly modelled, had melted into a silver sea whose farthest waves were indistinguishably merged in billows of luminous mist. Only the near foreground retained its precision of outline, and that too had assumed an air of unreality. Fields, hedges, and cypresses were tipped with an aureate brightness which recalled the golden ripples running over the grass in the foreground of Botticelli's "Birth of Venus." The sunshine had the density of gold-leaf ; we seemed to be driving through the landscape of a missal.

At first we had this magical world to ourselves, but, as the light broadened, groups of laborers began to appear under the olives and between the vines ; shepherdesses, distaff in hand, drove their flocks along the roadside, and yokes of white oxen, with scarlet fringes above their meditative eyes, moved past us with such solemn deliberateness of step that fancy transformed their brushwood laden carts into the sacred *caroccio* of the past. Ahead of us the road wound through a district of vineyards and orchards, but north and east the panorama of the Tuscan hills unrolled itself, range after range of treeless undulations outlined one upon the other, as the sun grew high, with the delicate precision of a mountainous background in a print of Sebald Beham's. Behind us the fantastic towers of San Gimignano dominated each bend of the road like some persistent mirage of the desert ; to the north lay Castel Fiorentino, and far away other white villages, embedded like fossil shells in the hillsides.

The elements composing the foreground of such Tuscan scenes are almost always extremely simple—slopes trellised with vine and mulberry, under which the young wheat runs like green flame ; stretches of ash-colored olive-orchard ; and here and there a farmhouse with projecting eaves and open loggia, sentinelled by its inevitable group of cypresses. These cypresses, with their velvety-textured spires of rusty black, acquire an extraordinary expressiveness against the neutral-tinted breadth of the landscape ; distributed with the sparing hand with which a practised writer uses his exclamation points they seem, as it were, to emphasize the more intimate meaning of

the scene; calling the eye here to a shrine, there to a homestead, or testifying by their mere presence to the lost tradition of some barren knoll. But this significance of detail is one of the chief charms of the mid-Italian landscape. It has none of the purposeless prodigality, the extravagant climaxes of what is called "fine scenery;" nowhere is there any obvious largesse to the eye; but the very reticence of its delicately moulded lines, its seeming disdain of facile effects, almost give it the quality of a work of art, make it appear the crowning production of centuries of plastic expression.

For some distance the road from San Gimignano to San Vivaldo winds continuously up-hill, and our ascent at length brought us to a region where agriculture ceases and the way lies across heathery uplands, with a scant growth of oaks and ilexes in their more sheltered hollows. As we drove on, these in turn gave way to stone-pines, and presently we dipped over the yoke of the highest ridge and saw below us another sea of hills, with a bare mountain-spur rising from their midst like a scaly monster floating on the waves, its savage spine bristling with the walls and towers of Volterra.

For nearly an hour we skirted the edge of this basin of hills, in sight of the ancient city on its livid cliff; then we turned into a gentler country, through woods starred with primroses, with a flash of streams in the hollows, and presently a murmur of church-bells came like a mysterious welcome through the trees. At the same moment we caught sight of a brick campanile rising above oaks and ilexes on a slope just ahead of us, and our carriage turned from the high-road up a lane with scattered chapels showing their white façades through the foliage. This lane, making a sudden twist, descended abruptly between mossy banks and brought us out upon a grass-plot before a rectangular monastery adjoining the church whose bells had welcomed us. Here was San Vivaldo, and the chapels we had passed doubtless concealed beneath their cupolas "more neat than solemn" the terra-cottas of which we were in search.

The monastery of San Vivaldo, at one time secularized by the Italian Government, has now been restored to the Franciscan order, of which its patron saint was a member. San Vivaldo was born in San Gimignano in the latter half of the thirteenth century, and after joining the Tertiary Order of Saint Francis in his youth, retired to a hollow chestnut-tree in the forest of Camporeno (the site of the present monastery), in which exiguous hermitage he spent the remainder of his life "in continual macerations and abstinence." After his death the tree which had been sanctified in so extraordinary a manner became an object of devotion among the neighboring peasantry, and when it disappeared they raised an oratory to the Virgin on the spot where it had stood. It is doubtful, however, if this memorial, which fell gradually into neglect, would have preserved San Vivaldo from oblivion, had not that Senancour of a saint found a Matthew Arnold in the shape of a Franciscan friar, a certain Fra Cherubino of Florence, who early in the sixteenth century was commissioned by his Order to watch over and restore the abandoned sanctuary. Fra Cherubino, with his companions, took possession of the forest of Camporeno, and proceeded to lay the foundation stone of a monastery which was to commemorate the hermit of the chestnut-tree. Such was the eloquence of Fra Cherubino that he speedily restored to popular favor the forgotten merits of San Vivaldo, and often after one of his sermons three thousand people might be seen marching in procession to the river Evola to fetch building materials for the monastery. Meanwhile, Fra Tommaso, another of the friars, struck by the resemblance of the hills and valleys of Camporeno to the holy places of Palestine, began the erection of the "devout chapels" which were to contain the representations of the Passion; and thus arose the group of buildings now forming the monastery of San Vivaldo.

As we drove up we saw several friars at work in the woods and in the vegetable garden below the monastery. These took no notice of us, but in

answer to our coachman's summons there appeared another friar, whose Roman profile might have emerged from one of those great portrait groups of the sixteenth century, where grave-featured monks and chaplains are gathered about a seated pope. He greeted us courteously, and assuring us that it was his duty to conduct visitors to the different shrines, proceeded at once to lead us to the nearest chapel, with as little evidence of surprise as though the grassy paths of San Vivaldo were invaded by daily hordes of sight-seers. The chapels, about twenty in number (as many more are said to have perished), are scattered irregularly through the wood. Our guide, who manifested a most intelligent interest in the works of art in his charge, affirmed that these were undoubtedly due to the genius of Giovanni Gonnelli. Some of the master's productions had indeed been destroyed, or replaced by the work of *qualche muratore;* but in those which survived he assured us that we should at once recognize the touch of an eminent hand. As he led the way he alluded smilingly to the legendary blindness of Giovanni Gonnelli, which plays a most picturesque part in the artist's biography. The friar assured us that Gonnelli was only blind of one eye, thus demolishing Baldinucci's charming tradition of portrait busts executed in total darkness to the admiring amazement of popes and princes. Still, we suspected him of adapting his hero's exploits to the delicate digestion of the unorthodox, and perhaps secretly believing in the delightful anecdotes over which he affected to smile. On the threshold of the first chapel he paused to explain that some of the groups had been irreparably injured during the period of neglect and abandonment which followed upon the suppression of the monastery. The Government, he added, had seized the opportunity to carry off from the church the "Presepio," which was Gonnelli's *chef-d'œuvre,* and to strip many of the chapels of the escutcheons in Robbia ware which formerly adorned their ceilings. "Even then, however," he concluded, "our good fathers were keeping secret watch over the shrines, and they saved some of the escutcheons by covering them with whitewash; but the Government has never given us back our 'Presepio.'"

Having thus guarded us against possible disillusionment he unlocked the door of the chapel upon what he declared to be an undoubted work of the master—"The Descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Disciples." This group, like all the others at San Vivaldo, is set in a little apsidal recess at one end of the chapel. I had expected, at best, an inferior imitation of the groups of Varallo; and my surprise was great when I found myself in presence of a much finer and, as it seemed to me, a much earlier work. The illustration on page 30 shows the general disposition of the group, though the defective lighting of the chapel has made it impossible for the photographer to reproduce the more delicate details of the original. The central figure, that of the Virgin, is one of the most graceful at San Vivaldo; her face austerely tender, with lines of grief and age furrowing the wimpled cheeks; her hands, like those of all the figures attributed to Gonnelli, singularly refined and expressive. The same air of unction, of what the French call *recueillement,* distinguishes the face and attitude of the kneeling disciple on the extreme left; indeed what chiefly struck me in the group was that air of devotional simplicity which we are accustomed to associate with an earlier and purer period of art.

Next to this group the finest is perhaps that of "Lo Spasimo," the swoon of the Virgin at the sight of Christ bearing the cross. Unfortunately, owing to the narrow, corridor-like shape of the chapel in which it is placed, it is that which the photographer has been least successful in reproducing. It is the smallest of the groups, being less than life-size, and comprising only the figure of the Virgin supported by the Maries, with a Saint John kneeling at her side. In it all the best attributes of the artist are conspicuous; careful modelling, reticence of expression, and, above all, that "gift of tears" which is the last quality we look for in the plastic art of the seventeenth century.

Among other groups undoubtedly due to the same hand are those of "Christ Before Pilate," of the "Ascension," and of the "Magdalen Bathing the Feet of Christ." In the group of the "Ascension" the upper part has been grotesquely restored; but the figures of the Virgin and disciples, kneeling below, are intact. On their faces is seen that look of wondering ecstasy, "the light which never was on sea or land" which the artist excelled in representing. In every group his Saint John has this luminous look; and in that of the "Ascension" it brightens even the shrewd, bearded countenances of the older disciples. In the group of "Christ Before Pilate" the figure of Pilate is especially noteworthy; his delicate, incredulous lips seem just framing the melancholy "What is truth?" As we stood before this scene our guide pointed out to us that the handsome Roman lictor who raises his arm to strike the Saviour has had his hand knocked off by the indignant zeal of the faithful. The representation of the "Magdalen Bathing the Feet of Christ" is noticeable for the fine assemblage of heads about the supper-table. That of Christ and his host are peculiarly expressive; and Saint John's look of tranquil tenderness contrasts almost girlishly with the clustered majesty of the neighboring faces. The Magdalen is less happily executed; she is probably by another hand. In the group of the "Crucifixion," for the most part of inferior workmanship, the figures of the two thieves are finely modelled, and their expression of anguish has been achieved with the same sobriety of means which marks all the artist's effects. The remaining groups in the chapels are without merit, but under the portico of the church there are three fine figures, possibly by the same artist, representing Saint Roch, Saint Linus, of Volterra, and one of the Fathers of the Church.

There are, then, among the groups of San Vivaldo, five which appear to be by the same master, in addition to several scattered figures presumably by his hand; all of which tradition has always attributed to Giovanni Gonnelli, the blind pupil of Pietro Tacca. The figures in these groups are nearly, if not quite, as large as life; they have all been rudely repainted, and are entirely unglazed, though framed in glazed mouldings.

As I have said, Professor Ridolfi, in reply to my inquiries, had confirmed the local tradition, and there seemed no doubt that the groups had always been regarded as the work of Gonnelli, an obscure artist living at a time when the greatest masters produced little to which posterity has conceded any artistic excellence. But my first glance at the groups assured me that if they were modelled in mid-seventeenth century, then I knew nothing of the Italian sculpture of that period. Neither their merits nor defects seemed to me to belong to it. I recalled the gigantic swollen limbs and small insipid heads of the pupils of Giovanni Bologna; the smooth, heavy Flemish touch, mingled with a shallow affectation of refinement, which peopled every church and palace in Italy with an impersonal flock of Junos and Virgin Marys, Venuses and Magdalens, distinguishable only by their official attributes. What had the modeller of San Vivaldo in common with such art? The more closely I examined the terra-cottas the more the assurance grew that they were the work of an artist trained in an earlier tradition, the tradition of the later Robbias, whose hand, closely associated with that of the modeller, is everywhere visible in the mouldings which frame the groups and the medallions in the ceilings of the chapels. The careful modelling of the hands, the quiet grouping, so free from a distorted agitation, the simple draperies, the devotional expression of the faces, all seemed to me to point to the lingering influence of the fifteenth century; not, indeed, to the incomparable charm of its prime, but the refinement, the severity of its close. As I looked at the groups I was haunted by a confused recollection of a "Presepio" seen at the Bargello, attributed to Giovanni della Robbia or his school · could it be the one which had been removed from San Vivaldo?

My first thought on returning to Florence was to satisfy my curiosity on this point. I went at once to the Bargello, and found, as I had expected,



The Ascension.



Descent of the Holy Spirit.

that the "Presepio" of San Vivaldo was the one I had in mind. But I was startled, on seeing it, by the extraordinary resemblance of the heads to some of those in the groups ascribed to Gonnelli. I had fancied that the modeller of San Vivaldo might have been inspired by the "Presepio;" but I was unprepared for the absolute identity of treatment in certain details of the hair and drapery, and for the recurrence of the same type of face. Undoubtedly, the "Presepio" shows greater delicacy of treatment; but then the figures are smaller, and it is a relief, whereas at San Vivaldo the figures are so much detached from the background that they may be regarded as groups of statuary. Then the glaze which covers all but the faces of the "Presepio" has preserved its original beauty of coloring, while the groups of San Vivaldo have been crudely daubed with fresh coats of paint, and even whitewash; and, lastly, the "Presepio" is enhanced by an excessively ornate frame of fruit-garlanded pilasters, as well as by its charming predella, subdivided by panels of arabesque. Altogether it is a far more elaborate production than the terra-cottas of San Vivaldo, and some of its most graceful details, such as the dance of angels on the stable roof, are evidently borrowed from the earlier *répertoire* of the Robbias; but, in spite of these incidental archaisms, who can fail to be struck by the likeness of the central figures to certain of the statues at San Vivaldo? The head of Saint Joseph, in the "Presepio," for instance, with its wrinkled penthouse forehead and curled and parted beard, suggests at once that of the disciple seated on the right of Saint John in the house of the Pharisee; the same face, though younger, occurs again in the Pentecostal group, and the kneeling female figure in the "Presepio" is treated in the same manner as the youngest Mary in the group of



The Magdalen in the House of the Pharisee.

,' Lo Spasimo." Even the long, rolled-back tresses, with their shell-like convolutions are the same.

To a person without technical competence it was naturally bewildering to trace such resemblances between works of art differing almost a hundred and fifty years in age. It was impossible not to reject at once the theory of a seventeenth-century artist content to imitate, with Chinese accuracy, the manner of the Robbias; yet, how fall back upon the more improbable hypothesis that the terra-cottas of San Vivaldo were really a century older than was popularly supposed? I had been too much impressed by the beauty of the groups to let the question rest, and I therefore determined to have them photographed, that they might be submitted to a more critical examination than mine. As soon as the photographs were finished I sent them to Professor Ridolfi, who had listened with the greatest courtesy and patience, but with some natural incredulity, to my description of the terra-cottas. He was kind enough to send me at once an exhaustive opinion of the groups; and I have no hesitation in quoting from his letter, as I had previously told him that I hoped to publish the result of my investigations.

"No sooner," Professor Ridolfi writes, "had I seen the photographs than I became convinced of the error of attributing them to Giovanni Gonnelli, called *Il Ciceo di Gambassi.* I saw at once that they are not the work of an artist of the seventeenth century, but of one living at the close of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century; of an artist of the school of the Robbias, who follows their precepts and possesses their style . . . the figures are most beautifully grouped, and modelled with profound sentiment and not a little *bravura.* They do not appear to me to be all by the same author, for the Christ in the house of the Pharisee seems earlier and purer in style, and more robust in manner; also the



Lo Spasimo.

swoon of the Madonna . . . which is executed in a grander style than the other reliefs and seems to belong to the first years of the sixteenth century.

"The fact that these terra-cottas are not glazed does not prove that they are not the work of the Robbia school; for Giovanni della Robbia, for example, sometimes left the flesh of his figures unglazed, painting them with the brush; and this is precisely the case in a 'Presepio' of the National Museum" (this is the "Presepio" of San Vivaldo), "a work of the Robbias, in which the flesh is left unglazed.

"I therefore declare with absolute certainty that it is a mistake to attribute these beautiful works to Giovanni Gonnelli, and that they are a century earlier in date."

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER I

ENTER DAME GOSSIP AS CHORUS

EVERYBODY has heard of the beautiful Countess of Cressett, who was one of the lights of this country at the time when crowned heads were running over Europe, crying out for charity's sake to be amused, after their tiresome work of slaughter; and you know what a dread they have of moping. She was famous for her fun and high spirits, besides her good looks, which you may judge of for yourself on a walk down most of our great noblemen's collections of pictures in England, where you will behold her as the Goddess Diana fitting an arrow to a bow; and elsewhere an Amazon holding a spear; or a lady with dogs, in the costume of the day; and in one place she is a nymph, if not Diana herself, gazing at her naked feet before her attendants loosen her tunic for her to take the bath, and her hounds are pricking their ears, and you see antlers of a stag behind a block of stone. She was a wonderful swimmer, among other things; and one early morning, when she was a girl, she did really swim, they say, across the Shannon and back, to win a bet for her brother, Lord Levellier, the colonel of cavalry, who left an arm in Egypt, and changed his way of life to become a wizard, as the common people about his neighborhood supposed, because he foretold the weather and had cures for aches and pains without a doctor's diploma. But we know now that he was only a mathematician and astronomer, all for inventing military engines. The brother and sister were great friends in their youth, when he had his right arm to defend her reputation with; and she would have done anything on earth to please him.

There is a picture of her in an immense flat white silk hat, trimmed with pale blue, like a pavilion, the broadest brim ever seen, and she simply sits on a chair; and Venus the Queen of Beauty would have been extinguished under that hat, I am sure; and only to look at Countess Fanny's eye beneath the brim she has tipped ever so slightly in her artfulness makes the absurd thing graceful and suitable. Oh! she was a cunning one. But you must be on your guard against the scandal-mongers and collectors of anecdotes, and worst of any, the critic of our Galleries of Art; for she being in almost all of them (the principal painters of the day were on their knees for the favor of a sitting), they have to speak of her pretty frequently, and they season their dish, the coxcombs do, by hinting a knowledge of her history.

"Here we come to another portrait of the beautiful but, we fear, naughty Countess of Cressett."

You are to imagine that they know everything. And they are so indulgent when they drop their blot on a lady's character!

They can boast of nothing more than having read Nymney's "Letters and Correspondence," published, fortunately for him, when he was no longer to be called to account below for his malicious insinuations, pretending to decency in initials and dashes. That man was a hater of women and the clergy. He was one of the horrid creatures who write with a wink at you, which sets the wicked part of us on fire; I have known it myself and I own it to my shame; and if I happened to be ignorant of the history of Countess Fanny, I could not refute his wantonness. He has just the same benevolent leer for a bishop. Give me, if we are to make a choice, the beggar's breech for decency, I say; I like it vastly in preference to a Nymney who leads you up to the curtain and agitates it, and bids you retire on tiptoe. You cannot help being angry with the man for both reasons. But he is the writer Society delights in,

to show what it is composed of. A man brazen enough to declare that he could hold us in suspense about the adventures of a broomstick, with the aid of a yashmak and an ankle, may know the world; you had better not know him—that is my remark; and do not trust him.

He tells the story of the Old Buccaneer in fear of the public, for it was general property; but, of course, he finishes with a Nymney touch: "So the Old Buccaneer is the doubloon she takes in exchange for a handful of silver pieces." There was no such handful to exchange—not of the kind he sickeningly nudges at you. I will prove to you it was not the Countess Fanny's naughtiness, though she was, indeed, very blamable. Women should walk in armor, as if they were born to it; for those cold sneerers will never waste their darts on cuirasses. An independent brave young creature exposing herself thoughtlessly in her reckless innocence is the victim for them. They will bring all Society down on her with one of their explosive sly words, appearing so careless, the cowards. I say without hesitation, her conduct with regard to Kirby, the Old Buccaneer, as he was called, however indefensible in itself, warrants her at heart an innocent young woman, much to be pitied. Only to think of her, I could sometimes drop into a chair for a good cry. And of him too! and their daughter Carinthia Jane was the pair of them, as to that, and so was Chillon John, the son.

Those critics quoting Nymney should look at the portrait of her in the Long Saloon of Cressett Castle, where she stands in blue and white, completely dressed, near a table supporting a couple of holster pistols: and then let them ask themselves whether they would speak of her so if her little hand could move.

Well, and so the tale of her swim across the Shannon River and back drove the young Earl of Cressett straight over to Ireland to propose for her, he saying that she was the girl to suit his book; not allowing her time to think of how much he might be the man to suit hers. The marriage was what is called a good one: both full of frolic, and he wealthy and rather handsome, and she quite lovely and spirited. No wonder the whole town was very soon agog about the couple, until at the end of a year people began to talk of them separately, she going her way, and he his. She could not always be on the top of a coach, which was his throne of happiness.

Plenty of stories are current still of his fame as a four-in-hand coachman. They say he once drove an Emperor and a King, a Prince Chancellor and a pair of Field-Marshals, and some ladies of the day, from the metropolis to Richmond Hill in fifty or sixty odd minutes, having the ground cleared all the way by bell and summons, and only a donkey-cart and man, and a deaf old woman, to pay for; and went, as you can imagine, at such a tearing gallop that these Grand Highnesses had to hold on for their lives and lost their hats along the road; and a publican at Kew exhibits one above his bar to the present hour. And Countess Fanny was up among them, they say. She was equal to it. And some say that was the occasion of her meeting the Old Buccaneer.

She met him at Richmond, in Surrey, we know for certain. It was on Richmond Hill, where the old King met his Lass. They say Countess Fanny was parading the Hill to behold the splendid view, always admired so much by foreigners, with their Achs and Hechs! and surrounded by her crowned courtiers in frogged uniforms and mustachioed like sea-horses, a little before dinner-time, when Kirby passed her, and the Emperor made a remark on him, for Kirby was a magnificent figure of a man, and used to be compared to a three-decker entering harbor after a victory. He stood six feet four, and was broad-shouldered and deep-chested to match, and walked like a king who has humbled his enemy. You have seen big dogs. And so Countess Fanny looked round. Kirby was doing the same. But he had turned right about, square-chested, and appeared transfixed, and like a royal beast angry with his wound. If ever there was love at first sight, and a dreadful love, like a runaway mail-coach in a storm of wind and lightning at black midnight by the banks of a

flooded river, which was formerly our comparison for terrible situations, it was when those two met.

And, What! you exclaim, Buccaneer Kirby, full sixty-five, and Countess Fanny, no more than three-and-twenty, a young beauty of the world of fashion, courted by the highest, and she in love with him! Go and gaze at one of our big ships coming out of an engagement home with all her flags flying and her crew manning the yards. That will give you an idea of a young woman's feelings for an old warrior never beaten down an inch by anything he had to endure; matching him, I dare say, in her woman's heart, with the Mighty Highnesses who had only smelt the outside edge of battle. She did rarely admire a valiant man. Old as Methuselah, he would have made her kneel to him. She was all heart for a real hero.

The story goes that Countess Fanny sent her husband to Captain Kirby, at the Emperor's request, to inquire his name; and on hearing it, she struck her hands on her bosom, telling his Majesty he saw there the bravest man in the King's dominions; which the Emperor scarce crediting, and observing that the man must be, then, a superhuman being to be so distinguished in a nation of the brave, Countess Fanny related the well-known tale of Captain Kirby and the shipful of mutineers; and how when not a man of them stood by him, and he in the service of the first insurgent State of Spanish America, to save his ship from being taken over to the enemy, he blew her up, fifteen miles from land; and so he got to shore swimming and floating alternately, and was called "Old-Sky-High" by English sailors, any number of whom could always be had to sail under Buccaneer Kirby. He fought on shore as well; and once he came down from the tops of the Andes with a black beard turned white, and went into action with the title of *Kirby's Ghost*.

But his heart was on salt water: he was never so much at home as in a ship foundering or splitting into the clouds. We are told that he never forgave the Admiralty for striking him off the list of English naval captains: which is no doubt why in his old age he nursed a grudge against his country.

Ours, I am sure, was the loss; and many have thought so since. He was a mechanician, a master of stratagems, and would say, that brains will beat Grim Death, *if we have enough of them*. He was a standing example of the lessons of his own "Maxims for Men," a very curious book, that fetches a rare price now wherever a copy is put up for auction. I shudder at them as if they were muzzles of firearms pointed at me; but they were not addressed to my sex; and still they give me an interest in the writer who would declare that "*he had never failed in an undertaking without stripping bare to expose to himself where he had been wanting in Intention and Determination.*"

There you may see a truly terrible man!

So the Emperor, being immensely taken with Kirby's method of preserving discipline on board ship, because (as we say to the madman, *Your strait-waistcoat is my easy-chair*) monarchs have a great love of discipline, he begged Countess Fanny's permission that he might invite Captain Kirby to his table; and Countess Fanny (she had her name from the ballad:

I am the star of Prince and Czar,
My light is shed on many,
But I wait here till my bold Buccaneer,
Makes prize of Countess Fanny:

for the popular imagination was extraordinarily roused by the elopement, and there were songs and ballads out of number) Countess Fanny despatched her husband to Captain Kirby again, meaning no harm, though the poor man is laughed at in the songs for going twice upon his mission.

None of the mighty people repented of having the Old Buccaneer—for that night, at all events. He sat in the midst of them, you may believe, like the lord of that table, with his great white beard and hair—not a lock of it shed—and his bronzed lion-face, and a resolute but a merry eye that he had. He was no deep drinker of wine, but when he did drink, and the wine champagne, he drank to show his disdain of its powers; and the Emperor wishing for a narrative of some of his exploits, particularly the blowing up of the ship, Kirby paid his

Majesty the compliment of giving it him as baldly as an official report to the Admiralty. So disengaged and calm was he, with his bottle of champagne in him, where another would have been sparkling and laying on the color, that he was then and there offered Admiral's rank in the Imperial Navy; and the Old Buccaneer, like a courtier of our best days, bows to Countess Fanny, and asks her if he is a free man to go; and, "No," says she, "we cannot spare you!" And there was a pretty wrangle between Countess Fanny and the Emperor, each pulling at the Old Buccaneer to have possession of him.

He was rarely out of her sight after their first meeting, and the ridiculous excuse she gave to her husband's family was she feared he would be kidnapped and made a Cossack of. And young Lord Cressett, her husband, began to grumble concerning her intimacy with a man old enough to be her grandfather. As if the age were the injury! He seemed to think it so, and vowed he would shoot the old depredator dead if he found him on the grounds of Cressett, "like vermin," he said; and it was considered that he had the right, and no jury would have convicted him. You know what those days were.

He had his opportunity one moonlight night, not far from the castle, and peppered Kirby with shot from a fowling-piece at, some say, five paces' distance, if not point-blank.

But Kirby had a maxim, *Steady shakes them*, and he acted on it to receive his enemy's fire; and the young lord's hand shook, and the Old Buccaneer stood out of the smoke not much injured, except in the coat-collar, with a pistol cocked in his hand, and he said:

"Many would take that for a declaration of war, but I know it's only your lordship's diplomacy;" and then he let loose to his mad fun, astounding Lord Cressett and his gamekeeper, and vowed, as the young lord tried to relate subsequently, as well as he could recollect the words — here I have it in print: "*That he was a man pickled in saltpetre when an infant, like Achilles, and proof against powder and shot not marked with cross and key, and fetched up from the square magazine in the central depôt of the infernal factory, third turning to the right off the grand arcade in Kingdom-come, where the night-porter has to wear wet petticoats, like a Highland chief, to make short work of the sparks flying about, otherwise this world and many another would not have to wait long for combustion.*"

Kirby had the wildest way of talking when he was not issuing orders under fire, best understood by sailors. I give it you as it stands here printed. I do not profess to understand.

So Lord Cressett said: "Diplomacy and infernal factories be hanged! Have your shot at me; it's only fair." And Kirby discharged his pistol at the top-twigs of an old oak-tree, and called the young lord a Briton, and proposed to take him in hand and make a man of him, as nigh worthy of his wife as anyone not an Alexander of Macedon could be.

So they became friendly, and the young lord confessed it was his family that had urged him to the attack; and Kirby abode at the castle, and all three were happy, in perfect honor, I am convinced; but such was not the opinion of the Cressetts and Levelliers. Down they trooped to Cressett Castle with a rush and a roar, crying on the disgrace of an old desperado like Kirby living there; dukes, marchionesses, cabinet ministers, leaders of fashion, and fire-eating colonels of the King's body-guard, one of whom Captain John Peter Kirby laid on his heels at ten paces on an April morning, when the duel was fought, as early as the blessed heavens had given them light to see to do it. Such days those were!

There was talk of shutting up the infatuated lady. If not incarcerated, she was rigidly watched. The Earl, her husband, fell altogether to drinking and coaching, and other things. The ballad makes her say:

My family my goolers be,
My husband is a zany;
Naught see I clear save my bold Buccaneer
To rescue Countess Fanny.

And it goes on:

O little lass, at play on the grass,
Come earn a silver penny,
And you'll be dear to my bold Buccaneer
For news of his Countess Fanny.

In spite of her bravery that poor woman suffered!

We used to learn by heart the ballads and songs upon famous events in those old days when poetry was worshipped.

But Captain Kirby gave provocation enough to both families when he went among the taverns and clubs, and vowed before Providence over his big fist that they should rue their interference, and he would carry off the lady on a day he named; he named the hour as well, they say, and that was midnight of the month of June. The Levelliers and Cressetts foamed at the mouth in speaking of him, so enraged they were on account of his age and his passion for a young woman. As to blood, the Kirbys of Lincolnshire were quite equal to the Cressetts of Warwick. The Old Buccaneer seems to have had money too. But you can see what her people had to complain of; his insolent contempt of them was unexampled. And their tyranny had roused my lady's high spirit not a bit less, and she said right out: "When he comes I am ready and will go with him."

There was boldness for you on both sides! All the town was laughing and betting on the event of the night in June; and the odds were in favor of Kirby, for though Lord Cressett was quite the popular young English nobleman, being a capital whip and free of his coin, in those days men who had smelt powder were often prized above titles, and the feeling, out of society, was very strong for Kirby, even previous to the fight on the heath. And the age of the indomitable adventurer must have contributed to his popularity. He was the hero of every song.

"What's age to me!" cries Kirby;
"Why, young and fresh let her be,
But it's mighty better reasoned
For a man to be well seasoned,
And a man she has in me," cries Kirby.

As to his exact age:

"Write me down sixty-three," cries Kirby.

I have always maintained that it was an understatement. We must remember, it was not Kirby speaking, but the song-writer. Kirby would not, in my opinion, have numbered years he was proud of below their due quantity. He was more, if he died at ninety-one; and Chillon Switzer John Kirby, born eleven months after the elopement, was, we know, twenty-three years old when the old man gave up the ghost and bequeathed him little besides a law-suit with the Austrian Government, and the care of Carinthia Jane, the second child of this extraordinary union; both children born in wedlock, as you will hear. Sixty-three, or sixty-seven, near upon seventy, when most men are reaping and stacking their sins with groans and weak knees, Kirby was a match for his juniors, which they discovered.

CHAPTER II

MISTRESS GOSSIP TELLS OF THE ELOPEMENT OF THE COUNTESS OF CRESSETT WITH THE OLD BUCCANEER, AND OF CHARLES DUMP, THE POSTILION, CONDUCTING THEM, AND OF A GREAT COUNTY FAMILY

THE twenty-first of June was the day appointed by Captain Kirby to carry off Countess Fanny, and the time, midnight; and ten minutes to the stroke of twelve, Countess Fanny, as if she scorned to conceal that she was in a conspiracy with her gray-haired lover, notwithstanding that she was watched and guarded, left the Marchioness of Arpington's ball-room and was escorted downstairs by her brother, Lord Levellier, sworn to baffle Kirby. Present with him in the street, and witness of the shutting of the carriage-door on Countess Fanny, were brother officers of his, General Abrane, Colonel Jack Potts, and Sir Upton Tomber.

The door fast shut, Countess Fanny kissed her hand to them and drew up the window, seeming merry, and as they had expected indignation, and perhaps resistance, for she could be a spitfire in a temper, and had no fear whatever of firearms, they were glad to have her safe on such good terms; and so General Abrane jumped up on the box beside the coachman, Jack Potts jumped up between the footmen, and Sir Upton Tom-

ber and the one-armed lord, as soon as the carriage was disengaged from the ruck two deep, walked on each side of it in the road all the way to Lord Cressett's town-house. No one thought of asking where that silly young man was —probably under some table.

Their numbers were swelled by quite a host going along, for heavy bets were on the affair, dozens having backed Kirby; and it must have appeared serious to them, with the lady in custody, and constables on the lookout, and Kirby and his men nowhere in sight. They expected an onslaught at some point of the procession, and it may be believed they wished it, if only that they might see something for their money. A beautiful bright moonlight night it happened to be. Arm in arm among them were Lord Pitscrew, and Russell, Earl of Fleetwood, a great friend of Kirby's; for it was a device of the Old Buccaneer's that helped the Earl to win the great Welsh heiress who made him, even before he took to hoarding and buying, one of the wealthiest noblemen in England; but she was crazed by her marriage, or the wild scenes leading to it; she never presented herself in Society. She would sit on the top of Estlemont Towers—as they formerly spelt it—all day and half the night in midwinter, often, looking for the mountains down in her native West country, covered with an old white flannel cloak, and on her head a tall hat of her Welsh womenfolk; and she died of it, leaving a son in her likeness, of whom you will hear. Lord Fleetwood had lost none of his faith in Kirby, and went on booking bets, giving him huge odds, thousands!

He accepted fifty to one when the carriage came to a stop at the steps of Lord Cressett's mansion; but he was anxious, and well he might be, seeing Countess Fanny alight and pass up between two lines of gentlemen, all bowing low before her: not a sign of the Old Buccaneer anywhere to right or left! Heads were on the lookout, and vows offered up for his appearance.

She was at the door and about to enter the house. Then it was that, with a shout of the name of some dreadful heathen god, Colonel Jack Potts roared out: "She's half a foot short o' the mark!"

He was on the pavement, and it seems he measured her as she slipped by him, and one thing and another caused him to smell a cheat; and General Abrane, standing beside her near the door, cried: "Where art flying now, Jack?"

But Jack Potts grew more positive and bellowed: "Peel her wig! we're done!"

And she did not speak a word, but stood huddled-up and hooded; and Lord Levellier caught her by the arm as she was trying a dash into the hall, and Sir Upton Tomber plucked at her veil and raised it, and whistled "Phew!"—which struck the rabble below with awe of the cunning of the Old Buccaneer; and there was no need for them to hear General Abrane say: "Right! Jack; we've a dead one in hand." or Jack Potts's reply: "It's ten thousand pounds clean winged away from my pocket, like a string of wild geese!"

The excitement of the varletry in the square, they say, was fearful to hear. So the principal noblemen and gentlemen concerned thought it prudent to hurry the young woman into the house and bar the door; and there she was very soon stripped of veil and blonde false wig with long curls, the whole framing of her artificial resemblance to Countess Fanny, and she proved to be a good-looking foreign maid, a dark one, powdered, trembling very much, but not so frightened upon hearing that her penalty for the share she had taken in the horrid imposture practised upon them was to receive and return a salute from each of the gentlemen in rotation, which the hussy did with proper submission; and Jack Potts remarked that "it was an honest buss, but dear at ten thousand!"

When you have been the victim of a deceit, the explanation of the simplicity of the trick turns all the wonder upon yourself, you know, and the backers of the Old Buccaneer and the wagerers against him crowed and groaned in chorus at the maid's narrative of how the moment Countess Fanny had thrown up the window of her carriage she sprang out to a carriage on the off side, containing Kirby, and how she, this little French jade, sprang in to take her place.

One snap of the fingers and the transformation was accomplished. So for another kiss all round they let her go free, and she sat at the supper-table prepared for Countess Fanny and the party by order of Lord Levellier, and amused the gentlemen with stories of the ladies she had served, English and foreign. And that is how men are taught to think they know our sex and may despise it! I could preach them a lesson. Those men might as well not believe in the steadfastness of the very stars because one or two are reported lost out of the firmament, and now and then we behold a whole shower of fragments descending. The truth is, they have taken a stain from the life they lead, and are troubled puddles, incapable of clear reflection.

All that Lord Cressett said, on the announcement of the flight of his wife, was: "Ah! Fan, she never would run in my ribands."

He positively declined to pursue. Lord Levellier would not attempt to follow her up without him, as it would have cost money, and he wanted all that he could spare for his telescopes and experiments. Who, then, was the gentleman who stopped the chariot, with his three mounted attendants, on the road to the sea, on the heath by the great Punch-Bowl?

That has been the question for now longer than half a century, in fact, approaching seventy mortal years. No one has ever been able to say for certain.

It occurred at six o'clock on the summer morning. Countess Fanny must have known him, and not once did she open her mouth to breathe his name. Yet she had no objection to talk of the adventure, and how Simon Fettle, Captain Kirby's old ship's-steward in South America, seeing horsemen stationed on the ascent of the high road bordering the Bowl, which is miles round and deep, made the postilion cease jogging, and sang out to his master for orders, and Kirby sang back to him to look to his priming, and then the postilion was bidden proceed; and he did not like it, but he had to deal with pistols behind, where men feel weak, and he went bobbing on the saddle in dejection, as if upon his very heart he jogged, and soon the fray commenced. There was very little parleying between determined men.

Simon Fettle was a plain, kindly creature without a thought of malice, who kept his master's accounts. He fired the first shot at the foremost man, as he related in after days, "to reduce the odds." Kirby said to Countess Fanny, just to comfort her, never so much as imagining she would be afraid: "The worst will be a bloody shirt for Simon to mangle;" for they had been arranging to live cheaply in a cottage on the Continent, and Simon Fettle to do the washing. She could not help laughing outright. But when the Old Buccaneer was down striding in the battle, she took a pistol and descended likewise; and she used it, too, and loaded again.

She had not to use it a second time. Kirby pulled the gentleman off his horse, wounded in the thigh, and while dragging him to Countess Fanny to crave her pardon, a shot intended for Kirby hit the poor gentleman in the breast, and Kirby stretched him at his length, and Simon and he disarmed the servant who had fired. One was insensible, one flying, and those two on the ground. All in broad daylight; but so lonely is that spot nothing might have been heard of it, if at the end of the week the postilion, who had been bribed and threatened with terrible threats to keep his tongue from wagging, had not begun to talk. So the scene of the encounter was examined, and on one spot, carefully earthed over, blood-marks were discovered in the green sand. People in the huts on the hill-top a quarter of a mile distant spoke of having heard sounds of firing while they were at breakfast, and a little boy named Tommy Wedger said he saw a dead body go by in an open coach, that morning, all bloody and mournful. He had to appear before the magistrates, crying terribly, but did not know the nature of an oath, and was dismissed. Time came when the boy learned to swear, and he did, and that he had seen a beautiful lady firing and killing men like pigeons and partridges; but that was after Charles Dump, the postilion, had been telling the story.

Those who credited Charles Dump's veracity speculated on dozens of great noblemen and gentlemen known to be dying in love with Countess Fanny. And this brings us to another family.

I do not say I know anything ; I do but lay before you the evidence we have to fix suspicion upon a notorious character, perfectly capable of trying to thwart a man like Kirby, and with good reason to try, if she had bewitched him to a consuming passion, as we are told.

About eleven miles distant, as the crow flies and a bold huntsman will ride in the heath country, from the Punch-Bowl, right across the mounds and the broad water, lies the estate of the Fakenhams, who intermarried with the Coplestones of the iron-mines, and were the wealthiest of the old county-families until Curtis Fakenham entered upon his inheritance. Money with him was like the farm-wife's dish of grain she tosses in showers to her fowls. He was more than what you call a lady-killer, he was a woman-eater. His pride was in it as well as his taste, and when men are like that, indeed they are devourers!

Curtis was the elder brother of Commodore Baldwin Fakenham, whose offspring, like his own, were so strangely mixed up with Captain Kirby's children by Countess Fanny, as you will hear. And these two brothers were sons of Geoffrey Fakenham, celebrated for his devotion to the French Countess Jules d'Andreuze, or some such name, a courtly gentleman, who turned Papist on his death-bed in France, in Brittany somewhere, not to be separated from her in the next world, as he solemnly left word ; wickedly, many think.

To show the oddness of things and how opposite to one another brothers may be, his elder, the uncle of Curtis and Baldwin, was the renowned old Admiral Fakenham, better known along our sea-coasts and ports among sailors as Old Showery, because of a remark he once made to his flag-captain when cannon-balls were coming thick on them in a hard-fought action. "Hot work, sir," his captain said. "Showery," replied the admiral, as his cocked-hat was knocked off by the wind of a cannon-ball. He lost both legs before the wa was over, and said, merrily, "*Stumps for life!*" while they were carrying him below to the cockpit.

Well now, the Curtis Fakenham of Captain Kirby's day had a good deal of his uncle as well as his father in him—the spirit of one and the outside of the other—and favored or not, he had been distinguished among Countess Fanny's adorers ; she certainly chose to be silent about the name of the assailant. And it has been attested on oath that two days and a night subsequent to the date furnished by Charles Dump, Curtis Fakenham was brought to his house, Hollis Grange, lame of a leg, with a shot in his breast that he carried to the family vault ; and his head gamekeeper, John Wiltshire, a resolute fellow, was missing from that hour. Some said they had a quarrel, and Curtis was wounded and John Wiltshire killed. Curtis was known to have been extremely attached to the man. Yet when Wiltshire was inquired for, he let fall a word of "*having more of Wiltshire than was agreeable to Hampshire*"—his county. People asked what that meant. Yet, according to the tale, it was the surviving servant by whom he, or whoever it may have been, was accidentally shot.

We are in a perfect tangle. On the other hand, it was never denied that Curtis and John Wiltshire were in London together at the time of Countess Fanny's flight ; and Curtis Fakenham was one of the procession of armed gentlemen conducting her in her carriage, as they supposed ; and he was known to have started off, on the discovery of the cheat, with horrible imprecations against Frenchwomen. It became known, too, that horses of his were standing saddled in his inn-yard at midnight. And more, Charles Dump, the postilion, was taken secretly to set eyes on him as they wheeled him in his garden walk, and he vowed it was the identical gentleman. But this coming by and by to the ear of Curtis, he had Charles Dump fetched over to confront him ; and then the man made oath that he had never seen Mr. Curtis Fakenham anywhere but there, in his own house at Hollis! One does not really know what to think of it!

This postilion made a small fortune.

He was everywhere in request. People were never tired of asking him how he behaved while the fight was going on, and he always answered that he sat as close to his horse as he could, and did not dream of dismounting; for, he said, "*He was a figure on a horse and naught when off it.*" His repetition of the story, with some adornments, and that same remark, made him the popular man of the county; people said he might enter Parliament, and I think at one time it was possible. But a great success is full of temptations. After being hired at inns to fill them with his account of the battle, and tipped by travellers from London to show the spot, he set up for himself as innkeeper, and would have flourished, only he had contracted habits on his rounds, and he fell to contradicting himself, so that he came to be called *Lying Charley;* and the people of the county said it was "*he who drained the Punch-Bowl, for though he helped to put the capital into it, he took all the interest out of it.*"

Yet we have the doctor of the village of Ipley, Dr. Cawthorne, a noted botanist, assuring us of the absolute credibility of Charles Dump, whom he attended in the poor creature's last illness, when Charles Dump confessed he had lived in mortal terror of Squire Curtis, and had got the trick of lying through fear of telling the truth. Hence his ruin.

So he died delirious and contrite. Cawthorne, the great turfman, inherited a portrait of him from his father, the doctor. It was often the occasion of the story being told over again, and used to hang in the patients' reception-room, next to an oil-painting of the Punch-Bowl, an admired landscape picture by a local artist, highly toned and true to every particular of the scene, with the bright yellow road winding uphill, and the banks of brilliant purple heath, and a white thorn in bloom quite beautiful, and the green fir-trees, and the big Bowl, black as a caldron—indeed, a perfect feast of harmonious contrasts in colors.

And now you know how it is that the names of Captain Kirby and Curtis Fakenham are alive to the present moment in the district.

We lived a happy domestic life in those old coaching days, when county affairs and county people were the topics of firesides, and the country inclosed us, to make us feel snug in our own importance. My opinion is, that men and women grow to their dimensions only where such is the case. We had our alarms from the outside now and again, but we soon relapsed to dwell upon our private business and our pleasant little hopes and excitements; the courtships and the crosses and the scandals, the tea-parties and the dances, and how the morning looked after the stormy night had passed, and the coach coming down the hill with a box of news, and perhaps a curious passenger to drop at the inn. I do believe we had a liking for the very highwaymen, if they had any reputation for civility. What I call human events, things concerning you and me, instead of the deafening catastrophes now afflicting and taking all conversation out of us, had their natural interest then. We studied the face of each morning as it came, and speculated upon the secret of the thing it might have in store for us or our heroes and heroines; we thought of them more than of ourselves. Long after the adventures of the Punch-Bowl, our county was anxious about Countess Fanny and the Old Buccaneer, wondering where they were and whether they were prospering, whether they were just as much in love as ever, and which of them would bury the other, and what the foreign people abroad thought of that strange pair.

CHAPTER III

CONTINUATION OF THE INTRODUCTORY MEANDERINGS OF DAME GOSSIP, TOGETHER WITH HER SUDDEN EXTINCTION



I HAVE still time before me, according to the terms of my agreement with the person to whom I have, I fear foolishly, entrusted the letters and documents of a story surpassing ancient as well as modern in the wonderment it causes; that would make the law courts bless their hearts, judges no less than the barristers, to have it running through them

day by day, with every particular to wrangle over, and many to serve as a text for the pulpit. So to proceed.

Charles Dump left a child, Mary Dump, who grew up to become lady's-maid to Livia Fakenham, daughter of Curtis, the Beauty of Hampshire, equalled by no one save her cousin, Henrietta Fakenham, the daughter of Commodore Baldwin; and they were two different kinds of beauties, not to be compared, and different were their fortunes; for this lady was likened to the sun going down on a cloudy noon, and that lady to the moon, riding through a stormy night. Livia was the young widow of Lord Duffield when she accepted the old Earl of Fleetwood, and was his third Countess, and again a widow at eight-and-twenty, and stepmother to young Crœsus, the Earl of Fleetwood of my story. Mary Dump testifies to her kindness of heart to her dependants. If we are to speak of goodness, I am afraid there are other witnesses.

I resent being warned that my time is short, and that I have wasted much of it over "the attractive Charles." What I have done I have done with a purpose, and it must be a story-teller devoid of the rudiments of his art who can complain of my dwelling on Charles Dump, for the world to have a pause and pin its faith to him, which it would not do to a grander person—that is, as a peg. Wonderful events, however true they are, must be attached to something common and familiar, to make them credible. Charles Dump, I say, is like a front-page picture to a history of those old, quiet, yet exciting days in England; and when once you have seized him the whole period is alive to you, as it was to me in the delicious dulness I loved, that made us thirsty to hear of adventures and able to enjoy to the utmost every thing occurring. The man is no more attractive to me than a lump of clay. How could he be? But supposing I took up the lump and told you that there where I found it, *that lump of clay had been rolled over and flung off by the left wheel of the prophet's chariot of fire before it mounted aloft and disappeared in the heavens above!*—you would examine it and cherish it, and have the scene present with you, you may be sure; and magnificent descriptions would not be one-half so persuasive. And that is what we call in my profession, Art, if you please.

So to continue. The Earl of Cressett fell from his coach-box in a fit, and died of it, a fortnight after the flight of his wife; and the people said she might as well have waited. Kirby and Countess Fanny were at Lucerne, or Lausanne, or some such place—they are so near upon alike in sound—in Switzerland when the news reached them, and Kirby, without losing an hour, laid hold of an English clergyman of the Established Church, and put him through the ceremony of celebrating his lawful union with the beautiful young creature he adored. And this he did, he said, for the world to guard his Fan in a wider circle than his two arms could compass, if not quite so well.

So the Old Buccaneer was ever after that her lawful husband, and as his wedded wife, not wedded to a fool, she was an example to her sex, like many another woman who has begun badly with a light-headed mate. It is hard enough for a man to be married to a fool, but a man is only half-cancelled by that burden, it has been said; whereas a woman finds herself on board a rudderless vessel, and often the desperate thing she does is to avoid perishing! Ten months, or eleven, some say, following the proclamation of the marriage-tie, a son was born to Countess Fanny, close by the castle of Chillon on the lake, and he had the name of Chillon Switzer John Kirby given to him to celebrate the fact. Two years later the girl was born, and for the reason of her first seeing the light in that Austrian province, she was christened Carinthia Jane. She was her old father's pet; but Countess Fanny gloried in the boy. She had fancied she would be a childless woman before he gave sign of coming; and they say she wrote a little volume of "Meditations in Prospect of Approaching Motherhood," for the guidance of others in a similar situation.

I have never been able to procure the book or pamphlet, but I know she was the best of mothers, and of wives too. And she, with her old husband, growing like a rose out of a weather beaten

rock, proved she was that, among those handsome foreign officers poorly remarkable for their morals. Nor once had the Old Buccaneer to teach them a lesson. Think of it and you will know that her feet did not stray—nor did her pretty eyes. Her heart was too full for the cravings of vanity. Innocent ladies who get their husbands into scrapes, are innocent perhaps; but knock you next door in their bosoms, where the soul resides, and ask for information of how innocence and uncleanness may go together. Kirby purchased a mine in Carinthia, on the borders of Styria, and worked it himself. His native land displeased him, so that he would not have been unwilling to see Chillon enter the Austrian service, which the young man was inclined for, subsequent to his return to his parents from one of the English public schools, notwithstanding his passionate love for Old England. But Lord Levellier explained the mystery in a letter to his half-forgiven sister, praising the boy for his defence of his mother's name at the school, where a big brutal fellow sneered at her, and Chillon challenged him to sword or pistol; and then he walked down to the boy's home in Staffordshire to force him to fight; and the father of the boy made him offer an apology. That was not much balm to Master Chillon's wound. He returned to his mother quite heavy, unlike a young man; and the unhappy lady, though she knew him to be bitterly sensitive on the point of honor, and especially as to everything relating to her, saw herself compelled to tell him the history of her life, to save him, as she thought, from these chivalrous vindications of her good name. She may have even painted herself worse than she was, both to excuse her brother's miserliness to her son and the world's evil speaking of her. Wisely or not, she chose this course devotedly to protect him from the perils she foresaw in connection with the name of the once famous Countess Fanny in the British Isles. And thus are we stricken by the days of our youth. It is impossible to moralize conveniently when one is being hurried by a person at one's elbow.

So the young man heard his mother out and kissed her, and then he went secretly to Vienna and enlisted and served for a year as a private in the regiment of hussars called, my papers tell me, Liechtenstein, and what with his good conduct and the help of Kirby's friends, he would have obtained a commission from the Emperor, when, at the right moment to keep a sprig of Kirby's growth for his country, Lord Levellier sent word that he was down for a cornetcy in a British regiment of dragoons. Chillon came home from a garrison town, and there was a consultation about his future career. Shall it be England? Shall it be Austria? Countess Fanny's voice was for England, and she carried the vote, knowing though she did that it signified separation, and it might be alienation—where her son would chance to hear things he could not refute. She believed that her son by such a man as Kirby would be of use to his country, and her voice, against herself, was for England.

It broke her heart. If she failed to receive the regular letter, she pined and was disconsolate. He has heard more of me! was in her mind. Her husband sat looking at her with his old, large, gray, glassy eyes. You would have fancied him awaiting her death as the signal for his own release. But she, poor mother, behind her weeping lids beheld her son's filial love of her wounded and bleeding. When there was anything to be done for her, old Kirby was astir. When it was nothing, either in physic or assistance, he was like a great corner of rock. You may indeed imagine grief in the very rock that sees its flower fading to the withered shred. On the last night of her life this old man of past ninety carried her in his arms up a flight of stairs to her bed.

A week after her burial Kirby was found a corpse in the mountain forest. His having called the death of his darling his lightning-stroke must have been the origin of the report that he died of lightning. He touched not a morsel of food from the hour of the dropping of the sod on her coffin of ebony wood. An old crust of their mahogany bread, supposed at first to be a specimen of quartz, was found in one of his coat pockets. He kissed his

girl Carinthia before going out on his last journey from home, and spoke some wandering words. The mine had not been worked for a year. She thought she would find him at the mouth of the shaft, where he would sometimes be sitting and staring, already dead at heart with the death he saw coming to the beloved woman. They had to let her down with ropes, that she might satisfy herself he was not below. She and her great dog and a faithful manservant discovered the body in the forest. Chillon arrived from England to see the common grave of both his parents.

And now good-by to sorrow for a while. Keep your tears for the living. And first I am going to describe to you the young Earl of Fleetwood, son of the strange Welsh lady, the richest nobleman of his time, and how he pursued and shunned the lady who had fascinated him, Henrietta the daughter of Commodore Baldwin Fakenham; and how he met Carinthia Jane; and concerning that lovely Henrietta and Chillon Kirby-Levellier; and of the young poet of ordinary parentage, and the giant Captain Abrane, and Livia the widowed Countess of Fleetwood, Henrietta's cousin, daughter of Curtis Fakenham, and numbers of others; Lord Levellier, Lord Brailstone, Lord Simon Pitscrew, Chumley Potts, young Ambrose Mallerd, and the English pugilist, such a man of honor though he drank; and the adventures of Madge, Carinthia Jane's maid. Just a few touches. And then the marriage dividing Great Britain into halves, taking sides. After that, I trust you may go on as I would (say you) were we all twenty years younger, had I but sooner been in possession of these treasured papers. I promise you excitement enough, if justice is done to them. But I must and will describe the wedding. This young Earl of Fleetwood, you should know, was a very powder-magazine of ambition, and never would he break his word: which is right, if we are properly careful; and so he. . . .

She ceases. According to the terms of the treaty the venerable lady's time has passed. An extinguisher descends on her, giving her the likeness of one under condemnation of the Most Holy Inquisition, in the ranks of an auto da fé: and singularly resembling that victim at the first sharp bite of the flames she will be when she hears the version of her story.

CHAPTER IV

MORNING AND FAREWELL TO AN OLD HOME

BROTHER and sister were about to leave the mountain-land for England. They had not gone to bed overnight, and from the windows of their deserted home, a little before dawn, they saw the dwindled moon, a late riser, break through droves of hunted cloud, directly topping their ancient guardian height, the triple peak and giant of the range, friendlier in his name than in aspect for the two young people clinging to the scene they were to quit. His name recalled old days—the apparition of his head among the heavens drummed on their sense of banishment.

To the girl this parting was a division of her life, and the dawn held the sword. She felt herself midswing across a gulf that was the grave of one half, without a light of promise for the other. Her passionate excess of attachment to her buried home robbed the future of any colors it might have worn to bid a young heart quicken. And England, though she was of British blood, was a foreign place to her, not alluring; her brother had twice come out of England reserved in speech; her mother's talk of England had been unhappy; her father had suffered ill-treatment there from a brutal institution termed the Admiralty, and had never regretted the not seeing England again. The thought that she was bound thitherward enfolded her like a frosty mist. But these bare walls, these loud floors, chill rooms, dull windows, and the vault-sounding of the ghostly house, everywhere the absence of the faces in the house, told her she had no choice, she must go. The appearance of her old friend the towering mountain-height, up a blue night-sky, compelled her swift mind to see herself

far away, yearning to him out of exile, an exile that had no local features ; she would not imagine them to give a centre of warmth, her wilful grief preferred the blank. It resembled death in seeming some hollowness behind a shroud, which we shudder at.

The room was lighted by a stable-lantern on a kitchen-table. Their seat near the window was a rickety garden-bench rejected in the headlong sale of the furniture ; and when she rose, unable to continue motionless while the hosts of illuminated cloud flew fast, she had to warn her brother to preserve his balance. He tacitly did so, aware of the necessity.

She walked up and down the long seven-windowed saloon, haunted by her footfall, trying to think, chafing at his quietness and acknowledging that he did well to be quiet. They had finished their packing of boxes and of wearing apparel for the journey. There was nothing to think of, nothing further to talk of, nothing for her to do save to sit and look, and deaden her throbs by counting them. She soon returned to her seat beside her brother, with the marvel in her breast that the house she desired so much to love should be cold and repel her now it was a vacant shell. Her memories could not hang within it anywhere. She shut her eyes to be with the images of the dead, conceiving the method as her brother's happy secret, and imitated his posture, elbows propped on knees to support the chin. His quietness breathed of a deeper love than her own.

Meanwhile the high wind had sunk ; the moon, after pushing up her withered half to the zenith, was climbing the dusky edge, revealed fitfully ; threads and wisps of thin vapor travelled along a falling gale, and branched from the dome of the sky in migratory broken lines, like wild birds shifting the order of flight, north and east, where the dawn sat in a web, but as yet had done no more than shoot up a glow along the central heavens, in amid the waves of deepened cloud—a mirror for night to see her dark self in her own hue. A shiver between the silent couple pricked their wits, and she said : "Chillon, shall we run out and call the morning ?"

It was an old game of theirs, encouraged by their hearty father, to be out in the early hour on a rise of ground near the house and "call the morning." Her brother was glad of the challenge, and upon one of the yawns following a sleepless night, replied, with a return to boyishness : "Yes, if you like. It's the last time we shall do her the service here. Let's go."

They sprang up together and the bench fell behind them. Swinging the lantern he carried inconsiderately, the ring of it was left on his finger, and the end of candle rolled out of the crazy frame to the floor and was extinguished. Chillon had no match-box. He said to her :

"What do you think of the window ? we've done it before, Carin. Better than groping down stairs and passages blocked with lumber."

"I'm ready," she said, and caught at her skirts by instinct to prove her readiness on the spot.

A drop of a dozen feet or so from the French window to a flower-bed was not very difficult. Her father had taught her how to jump, besides the how of many other practical things. She leapt as lightly as her brother, never touching earth with her hands ; and rising from the proper contraction of the legs in taking the descent, she quoted her father : "*Mean it when you're doing it.*"

"—*For no enemy's shot is equal to a weak heart in the act,*" Chillon pursued the quotation, laying his hand on her shoulder for a sign of approval. She looked up at him.

They passed down the garden and a sloping meadow to a brook swollen by heavy rains ; over the brook on a narrow plank, and up a steep and stony pathway, almost a water-course between rocks, to another meadow, level with the house, that led ascending through a fir-wood ; and there the change to thicker darkness told them light was abroad, though whether of the clouded moon or the first gray of the quiet revolution was uncertain. Metallic light of a subterranean realm, it might have been thought.

"You remember everything of father," Carinthia said.

"We both do," said Chillon.

She pressed her brother's arm. "We will. We will never forget anything."

Beyond the fir-wood light was visibly the dawn's. Halfway down the ravines it resembled the light cast off a torrent water. It lay on the grass like a sheet of unreflecting steel, and was a face without a smile above. Their childhood ran along the tracks to the forest by the light, which was neither dim nor cold, but grave, presenting tree and shrub and dwarfed growth and grass austerely, not deepening or confusing them. They wound their way by borders of crag, seeing in a dell below the mouth of the idle mine begirt with weedy and shrub-hung rock, a dripping semicircle. Farther up they came on the flat juniper and crossed a wet ground-thicket of the whortleberry; their feet were in moist moss among sprigs of heath, and a great fir-tree stretched his length, a peeled multitude of his dead fellows leaned and stood upright in the midst of scattered fire-stained members, and through their skeleton limbs the sheer precipice of slate-rock of the bulk across the chasm, nursery of hawk and eagle, wore a thin blue tinge, the sign of warmer light abroad.

"This way, my brother!" cried Carinthia, shuddering at a path he was about to follow.

Dawn in the mountain-land is a meeting of many friends. The pinnacle, the forest-head, the latchen-tufted mound, rock bastion and defiant cliff, and giant of the triple peak, were in view, clearly lined for a common recognition, but all were figures of solid gloom, unfeatured and bloomless. Another minute and they had flung off their mail and changed to various indented, intricate, succinct in ridge, scar, and channel; and they had all a look of watchfulness that made them one company. The smell of rock waters and roots of herb and moss grew keen; air became a wine that raised the breast high to breathe it; an uplifting coolness pervaded the heights. What wonder that the mountain-bred girl should let fly her voice. The natural carol woke an echo. She did not repeat it.

"And we will not forget our home, Chillon," she said, touching him gently to comfort some saddened feeling.

The plumes of cloud now slowly entered into the lofty arch of dawn and melted from brown to purple-black. The upper sky swam with violet; and in a moment each stray cloud-feather was edged with rose, and then suffused. It seemed that the heights fronted east to eye the interflooding of colors, and it was imaginable that all turned to the giant whose forehead first kindled to the sun—a greeting of god and king.

On the morning of a farewell we fluctuate sharply between the very distant and the close and homely; and even in memory the fluctuation recurs, the grandest scene casting us back on the modestly nestling, and that, when it has refreshed us, conjuring imagination to embrace the splendor and wonder. But the wrench of an immediate division from what we love makes the things within reach the dearest, we put out our hands for them, as violently parted lovers do, though the soul in days to come would know a craving and imagination flap a leaden wing if we had not looked beyond them.

"Shall we go down?" said Carinthia, for she knew a little cascade near the house, showering on rock and fern, and longed to have it round her.

They descended, Chillon saying that they would soon have the mists rising, and must not delay to start on their journey.

The armies of the young sunrise in mountain-lands neighboring the plains, vast shadows, were marching over woods and meads, black against the edge of golden; and great heights were cut with them, and bounding waters took the leap in a silvery radiance to gloom; the bright and dark-banded valleys were like night and morning taking hands down the sweep of their rivers. Immense was the range of vision scudding the peaks and over the illimitable eastward plains flat to the very East and sources of the sun.

Carinthia said: "When I marry I shall come here to live and die."

Her brother glanced at her. He was fond of her, and personally he liked her face, but such a confident anticipation of marriage on the part of a portionless girl set him thinking of the character of her charms and the attraction they

would present to the world of men. They were expressive enough ; at times he had thought them marvellous in their clear cut of the animating mind. No one could fancy her handsome ; and just now her hair was in some disorder, a night without sleep had an effect on her complexion.

"It's not usually the wife who decides where to live," said he.

Her ideas were anywhere but with the dream of a husband. "Could we stay—on another day?"

"My dear girl! Another night on that crazy stool! Besides Mariandl is bound to go to-day to her new place, and who's to cook for us? Do you propose fasting as well as watching?"

"Could I cook?" she asked him, humbly.

"No, you couldn't; not for a starving regiment! Your accomplishments are of a different sort. No, it's better to get over the pain at once, if we can't escape it."

"That I think too," said she, "and we should have to buy provisions. Then, brother, instantly after breakfast. Only, let us walk it. I know the whole way, and it is not more than a two days' walk for you and me. Consent. Driving would be like going gladly. I could never bear to remember that I was driven away. And walking will save money; we are not rich, you tell me, brother."

"A few florins more or less!" he rejoined, rather frowning. "You have good Styrian boots, I see. But I want to be over at the Baths there soon ; not later than to-morrow."

"But, brother, if they know we are coming they will wait for us. And we can be there to-morrow night or the next morning!"

He considered it. He wanted exercise and loved this mountain-land ; his inclinations melted into hers, though he had reasons for hesitating. "Well, we'll send on my portmanteau and your boxes in the cart ; we'll walk it. You're a capital walker, you're a gallant comrade: I wouldn't wish for a better." He wondered, as he spoke, whether any true-hearted gentleman besides himself would ever think the same of this lonely girl.

Her eyes looked a delighted "No—really?" for the sweetest on earth to her was to be prized by her brother.

She hastened forward: "We will go down and have our last meal at home," she said in the dialect of the country. "We have five eggs ; no meat for you, dear; but enough bread and butter, some honey left, and plenty of coffee. I should like to have left old Mariandl more, but we are unable to do very much for poor people now. Milk, I cannot say. She is just the kind soul to be up and out to fetch us milk for an early first breakfast ; but she may have overslept herself."

Chillon smiled. "You were right, Janey, about not going to bed last night; we might have missed the morning."

"I hate sleep; I hate anything that robs me of my will," she replied.

"You'd be glad of your doses of sleep if you had to work and study."

"To fall down by the wayside tired out—yes, brother, a dead sleep is good. Then you are in the hands of God. Father used to say four hours for a man, six for a woman."

"And four-and-twenty for a lord," added Chillon ; "I remember."

"A Lord of that Admiralty," she appealed to his closer recollection. "But I mean, brother, dreaming is what I detest so."

"Don't be detesting, my dear; reserve your strength," said he. "I suppose dreams are of some use now and then."

"I shall never think them useful."

"When we can't get what we want, my good Carin!"

"Then we should not waste ourselves in dreams."

"They promise falsely sometimes. That's no reason why we should reject the consolation when we can't get what we want, my little sister."

"I would not be denied."

"There's the impossible."

"Not for you, brother."

Perhaps a half minute after she had spoken, he said, pursuing a dialogue within himself aloud rather than revealing a secret: "You don't know her position."

Carinthia's heart stopped beating.

Who was this person suddenly conjured up?

She fancied she might not have heard correctly; she feared to ask; and yet she perceived a novel softness in him that would have answered. Pain of an unknown kind made her love of her brother conscious that if she asked she would suffer greater pain.

The house was in sight; a long white building with blinds down at some of the windows, and some wide open, some showing unclean glass; the three aspects and signs of a house's emptiness when they are seen together.

Carinthia remarked on their having met nobody. It had a serious meaning for them. Formerly they were proud of outstripping the busy population of the mine, coming down on them with wild wavings and shouts at sunrise. They felt the death again, a whole field laid low by one stroke, and wintriness in the season of glad life. A wind had blown and all had vanished.

The second green of the year shot lively sparkles off the meadows, from a fringe of colored globelets to a warm silver lake of dews. The fir-wood was already breathing rich and sweet in the sun.

The half-moon fell rayless and paler than the fan of fleeces pushed up westward, high overhead, themselves dispersing on the blue in downy feathers, like the mottled gray of an eagle's breast; the smaller of them bluish, like traces of the beaked wood-pigeon.

She looked above, then below on the slim and straight-grown flocks of naked purple crocuses in bud and blow abounding over the meadow that rolled to the level of the house, and two of these she gathered.

(To be continued.)

THE BEGINNINGS OF AMERICAN PARTIES

By Noah Brooks

THE student of American politics must needs notice the great influence which questions growing out of our foreign relations exerted in the political affairs of the young republic. After we had achieved our independence and were yet struggling to get upon our feet, political parties were divided, not only by the question of the adoption or rejection of the newly framed Constitution, but by their friendship or their hostility for certain foreign nations with whom we were forced to have more or less close political and commercial relations. Indeed, there was a time when the Federalists were stigmatized as being pro-English, and the Antifederalists were "more French than the Frenchmen," although not a man among them could speak a word of the French language.

From the end of the Revolution to the beginning of Andrew Jackson's administration, let us say, foreign questions cut a bigger figure in our domestic politics than they ever have since, although the primary development of parties was along the lines of the debate that sprung up as soon as the new Constitution was submitted to the several States for approval. The names of Whig and Tory, so freely bandied during and immediately after the War for Independence, lost their significance when the war was over and the Cowboys had been hanged and the more pestilent of the Tories had been expelled from the country whose successful rebellion had disappointed their hopes. Before we rail at the Antifederalists for their lack of patriotism in opposing the adoption of the "Gilded Trap," or "New Roof," as they called the present palladium of our liberties, we should recall the fact that that wonderful instrument was as yet an experi-

ment, and the system of government proposed under it was a novelty upon the face of the earth.

With that delightful independence of judgment which is one of the legitimate characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, our forefathers, the founders of the republic, insisted that the new Constitution was a thing of shreds and patches and would be the fruitful source of abuses; or they extolled it as the sum of human wisdom and the only rock of salvation. It is not certain that the papers now known as "The Federalist" (the larger number of which were written by Alexander Hamilton for the purpose of convincing men that the new Constitution was worthy of adoption) were greatly influential in securing the end for which they were written; but those papers, if they did not convince the Antifederalists, have survived unto this day to interpret for us the Federal Constitution. They were chiefly written by men who helped to frame the fundamental law of the republic.



George Washington.

From a picture, by Gilbert Stuart. (The Gibbs Portrait.)

When the Federal Constitution had been finally adopted, party lines were drawn between those who favored a strict construction of its provisions and a large predominance for the reserved rights of the States, and those who looked for a loose, or liberal, construction of that instrument and a somewhat centralized national government. The Antifederalists would have said, "The United States are," and the Federalists would have used the form, "The United States is." Alexander Hamilton was the leader of the Federalists. Thomas Jefferson became the chief, the apostle of the party opposed to a strong and centralized government. Both of these men, so unalterably differing with each other's views, were members of Washington's cabinet. In like manner, Lincoln, in later years, framed his cabinet to include non-assimilable elements and called his council "The Happy Family."

But the time came when Hamilton, with his talent for management, was able to secure the aid of Jefferson in his famous "log-rolling" scheme by which his own darling financial projects were accepted by Congress; Jefferson's friends voted for those propositions in return for the location of the national capital on the banks of the Potomac. Congressmen of a later day and generation, who exchange votes as pioneer American builders "changed work," may console themselves with the reflection that the pioneers of American politics did precisely the same thing when "log-rolling" was one of the first inventions in Congress.

Later on, it was the Federalists who were most forward in plans and schemes for building the capital by such aids as lotteries and loans; and it was the business of the Antifederalists to cry out "why did a Government loaded down with a debt of seventy millions plunge the citizens into this bottomless pit of lotteries and architecture?" In the intemperate language of the time, it was openly charged that votes were influenced in Congress by the holding of certificates of indebtedness made valuable by the funding bill of Hamilton; and much of the political talk of the time, whether Federalist or Antifederalist, resembled that of our own day, although it was certainly more acrimonious and uncharitable than anything that the present generation has ever known. Even so elegant a gentleman and sincere a patriot as William Maclay, then a senator from Pennsylvania, stanch Antifederalist that he was, could set down in his diary that he considered President Washington to be "playing a game" in what he regarded as a disreputable business; and Maclay, working himself up to a high pitch of indignation, finally declared that "the President has become, in the hands of Hamilton, the dishclout of every dirty speculation, as his name goes to wipe away blame and silence all murmuring."

Federalists and Antifederalists divided again, naturally enough, on the propositions to levy an excise on certain articles of domestic production and to establish a National Bank. The necessity of collecting a tariff on foreign goods imported was early recognized; and when James Madison introduced in the First Congress the first tariff bill, the commotion that ensued was not so much caused by opposition to the measure as by those "shrieks of locality" which have never since ceased in the National Congress. Although there was some difference of opinion among the statesmen of the time as to the expediency of framing the Impost Bill so as to protect American manufactures, the "claims" of the States for favors to be granted by the bill made more noise than all the other causes of the hot debate combined. Hamilton's famous report on manufactures, then sent to Congress, was the first argument in favor of the policy of protection, and is still entitled to respect in these later days. And it is fair to say that the chief opposition to the protective principle and to the Impost Bill came from men who hated Hamilton because they hated a Federalist.

Nor was the charge that men vote in Congress in a way to subserve their own private interests left to be invented by those who, in this year of grace, take this means to harass their political foes. While the Impost Bill was pending in Congress, it was alleged that sundry members hindered its progress in order that importers might hurry in their dutiable cargoes; and the good Maclay records his suspicion, well-nigh belief, that one of his own colleagues in the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress was doing his best to hinder the passage of the bill in order that his own Indiamen might get in with their cargoes before the tariff should become operative.

Again, in 1791, when Hamilton proposed his scheme for a National Bank, party fury ran high over domestic questions. Once more the extent of the Federal powers and the expediency of their exercise was debated with great heat and acrimony. This was not a national banking system that was planned, but a bank which should be the financial agent of the Government. The Federalists, regarding the collection of the revenues as one of the necessary functions of the Government, urged that Congress might constitutionally charter a bank for that purpose; and the Antifederalists, while they were willing to admit that such a bank would be a great public convenience, insisted that it was not absolutely needed; and therefore, they said, it would not be lawful. This subtle hair-splitting, sophistical though it may appear, really opened a conflict of opinion which lasted for more than a half-century, and, during the administration of Andrew Jackson, raged with prodigious heat. Nevertheless, although the National Bank issue was fought over with a closer and yet closer drawing of the lines of Federalist and Antifederalist,

it was evident that the time had come for the choice of a new name for the party in opposition. The Constitution having been adopted, and all of Hamilton's financial projects having been carried, the questions that had agitated the strict constructionists and the loose constructionists were in a fair way to a settlement that might be regarded as permanent. New issues demanded a new title for the party.

Jefferson, returning from a long sojourn in France, and deeply imbued with the most fantastic and radical notions of democracy and the rights of men, had been rewarded with a place in the cabinet; the French Revolution had rolled to its highest tide the theory and practice of popular government; and, now that domestic questions were not so imminent, the American people were invited to consider their relations to the struggles of other nations for liberty and equality. Sympathizing with the French in their hottest republican excesses and hating the English with virulence, Jefferson gave the party of which he became the acknowledged head the name of Democratic-Republican. The first member of this compound title was soon dropped, and we must hereafter know the Antifederalists as Republicans. Before this, however, rival factions in Pennsylvania were known as Constitutionalists and Republicans.



John Adams.

From a copy by Jane Stuart, about 1874, of a painting by her father, Gilbert Stuart, about 1800—in the possession of Henry Adams.

Heretofore the Antifederalists had been divided into several separate squads. Now, under Jefferson's management, they were welded into one homogeneous mass, and although the Federalists had managed, while their adversaries were not united, to get possession of and hold both branches of Congress, the Federal Judiciary, and most of the State Legislatures, the newly baptized Republican party was being organized for victory. Washington was first called to the chair by acclamation. Before his second election came on, party divisions began to show themselves in his cabinet, and the Arcadian simplicity of American politics forever disappeared. Henceforth there was to be no unanimity in anything that could be lugged into politics; a readiness to make "a live issue" of everything possible replaced the patriotic unity that had held the people together while they had been threatened by the total destruction of their liberties. Political parties were born.

The quarrels of Jefferson and Hamilton, grievous as they were to their illustrious chief, were the natural result of this new formation of parties. Personally antagonized although the two cab-

inet officers had been ("pitted against each other like game-cocks," Jefferson had said), their separation on party lines was logical and inevitable. It was lamentable that one of the first evidences of party development was seen in the wicked and mendacious attacks upon the personal character of Washington, who was a Federalist although he did not appear to have known it. At first these attacks were oblique. Vice-President John Adams, who was a candidate for re-election when the time for another election drew near, was roundly abused for his coldness, his hauteur, his aristocratic equipage and monarchical tendencies, and his stately affectations. Many Antifederalists privately said that all this was true of Washington. And the violent language applied by these men to Hamilton, Washington's favorite and nearest friend, were disguised assaults upon the illustrious First President.

But notwithstanding these partisan differences, no name but that of Washington was mentioned when the presidential succession was under discussion. And now, for the first time, Congress busied itself with laws regulating the method of collecting and counting the votes of the Presidential Electors. As yet there were no formal nominations, no political conventions, no caucuses in Congress, no campaign committees, and, above all, no windy political platforms, nor, indeed, platforms of any kind. Both parties being agreed upon the nomination of Washington, they divided upon the nominations for Vice-President. The Republicans would have supported Jefferson for Vice-President; but the Constitution forbade the selection of President and Vice-President from the same State, and, forsaking the great supply of "presidential timber" which the Mother of Presidents was ready to furnish, they named George Clinton, of New York; the Federalists adhered to John Adams. It was a curiously free-and-easy method, that by which the Presidential Electors were chosen. The theory of an election by a free choice of the Electoral College was still maintained: not a man of the whole number of electors was pledged to vote for any specified candidate. Nor was it required of them that they should indicate their choice for President and Vice-President. Each was to cast his ballot for two men; and the man who stood at the top of the poll was to be President; the next below him was to be Vice-President. The manner of choosing electors in the several States was various; they were chosen by the people, or by the legislatures; on a general ticket, or by voters in districts; or by



Aaron Burr.
From a picture by Vanderlyn at the New York Historical Society.

combination of these several methods, as wisdom and whim might dictate. In many of the States, perhaps in most of them, the people really had nothing to do with the selection of the Presidential Electors except so far as their voice was heard through the few newspapers of the time.



Alexander Hamilton.
From a picture by Trumbull, about 1804, in the New York City Hall.

The second national election took place in November, 1792, and the canvass of the votes of the Presidential Electors, which was had in February of the following year, showed that every one of them (and there were one hundred and thirty-two), had voted for George Washington. In the election for Vice-President the Federalists triumphed. John Adams had seventy-seven votes; George Clinton, fifty; Thomas Jefferson, four; and Aaron Burr one. The election returns came in from the States with exceeding slowness. Although the general result was early known, the vote of Kentucky was not heard from until January, 1793.

This election over, the attention of the American people was once more diverted to foreign matters and to the effect which was produced upon their own politics by commotions on the other side of the Atlantic. The sympathy which Federalists had at first felt for the French Republicans had visibly cooled during the mad Saturnalia that prevailed after the execution of Louis XVI.; but that of the American Republicans had now risen to a fever heat. In all the chief centres of population there was manifested something like a rage for whatever was French, and, more especially, for whatever was suggestive of the prevailing temper of the French people. Whatever was distasteful to the Parisian Reds was hateful to American Republicans; and, if we may judge by the universality of this popular craze, the Republicans were now in a majority. Men and women were called "Citizen" and "Citess," and every fantastic notion of the mob that ruled Paris was taken up here and adopted with glad acclaim as eminently fit and proper for the usage of the citizens of the American republic.

When France declared war against England, Spain, and Holland, the excitement of the Republicans knew no bounds; their hated enemy, England, was now to be swept from the seas, and Washington's proclamation of neutrality was the signal for the outburst of a long-slumbering magazine of hatred and discontent. The extraordinary performances of Citizen Genet, the newly arrived French Minister, in 1793, added fuel to the flames. Jefferson, who was still Secretary of State, was doubtless greatly disconcerted by the indiscre-

tions of Genet, who appeared to regard the United States as a French province, and who commissioned privateers, established prize-courts, issued proclamations, and appealed to the people of the United States as if an ambassador of the French republic were not obliged to recognize the National Government unless he chose.

All these amazing proceedings of Genet were warmly approved by the extreme Republicans, but Jefferson, however he may have secretly sympathized with the audacious stranger, was obliged to warn him that his conduct was not to be tolerated. The surprised Minister was recalled by his Government, at the request of President Washington, and that incident was at least temporarily closed. But we may charge to the account of the prevailing temper of the American people at that time the fact that the Republicans had a small majority in the House of Representatives when the Third Congress met in December, 1793, although there was an unattached political contingent in the House holding a balance of power sufficiently solid to act as a check upon the larger faction.

During the Third Congress many bitter fights raged over such questions as State rights, internal revenue taxation, the tariff, and trade with foreign countries. Out of the enforcement of the internal revenue tax grew the Whiskey Rebellion ; several of the western counties of Pennsylvania declared that they would not pay the excise dues, stoned and otherwise maltreated the agents of the National Government, very much as the "moonshiners" of a later day have done, and finally rose in open revolt against all lawfully constituted authority. The publication of the Jay Treaty furnished another pretext for the rampant attitude of the Republicans, who, by this time, had acquired a habit of railing against everything that was done by the administration of Washington. Jay's treaty with England, while it did not provide for the removal of all the causes of popular complaint, did make provision for a more enlarged foreign trade for the young republic, and was eventually ratified by the Senate. It is interesting to note the asperity with which the House of Representatives, spurred on by the Republicans, claimed some share in the business of treaty-making, if not in the actual ratification of the same. The contention of the malcontents was that the House ought at least to be allowed to discuss the provisions of treaties proposed.

Democratic societies, which were really clubs of Jeffersonian Republicans, sprung up all over the country, and were denounced for their alleged relations to the Jacobins of France. These, in the absence of political platforms (as yet unknown), passed resolutions denouncing the excise tax, praising Genet and his successors in this country, condemning neutrality, assailing the Administration with virulence, and abusing the President in good set terms. The reptile press, managed by such creatures as Philip Freneau and Benjamin Franklin Bache, teemed with the most indecent assaults on the character of Washington, who was called "the Stepfather of His Country," accused of incompetency during the war, and of a later embezzlement of the public funds ; and he was even actually threatened with impeachment and assassination. It is not creditable to the candor of Jefferson that one of these slanderers was kept in the employment of the Government under his administration of the State Department, while thus brutally assailing the character of Washington. The Secretary of State has set down in his diary the fact that Washington, having vented his indignation against Freneau, gave Jefferson the impression that he was about to ask that the man be discharged from the public service. "I will not," added the faithful Secretary to his record of the implied request of the President.

When Washington, sickened of public life by attacks which, as he said, were "in terms so exaggerated and indecent as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket," had retired to private life, refusing a third term of the Presidency, the first national election that was conducted on strictly political lines had come on. No platforms were framed, no conventions held,

and no primaries organized. But the articles of faith of each of the two great political parties were by this time clearly formulated and understood. As for candidates, it was in like manner well understood that Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr were the choice of the Republicans for President and Vice-President, and that the Federalists would vote for John Adams and Thomas Pinckney, respectively, to fill those offices. The canvass of Jefferson gave occasion for the first direct foreign interference with our domestic politics. The French Minister, M. Adet, having taken a hand in the pending canvass, gradually wrought himself up to the point of informing the free and independent voters of the United States that the defeat of his friend Jefferson would be regarded by France as a possible cause of war. This finished Mr. Jefferson for the time. When the electoral votes were counted (in February, 1797), John Adams had seventy-one, Thomas Jefferson sixty-eight, Thomas Pinckney fifty-nine, and Aaron Burr thirty. The Federalists had elected their candidate; but, under the operation of the curious method prevailing, the Republican candidate for President had been chosen Vice-President. Fisher Ames, in a letter written at this time, prophesied that "the two Presidents would jostle and conflict" for four years, and then the Vice would become chief. This was exactly what happened.



Thomas Jefferson.

From a study by Gilbert Stuart—from Monticello.

Now the property of T. Jefferson Coolidge. It is considered the best picture extant.

Foreign affairs furnished the chief causes that led to the downfall of the Federal party, and the elevation of the Republicans to power. The French Directory, as if in execution of the threat implied in M. Adet's electioneering letter in behalf of Jefferson, insulted the American republic with deliberation and most exasperating detail. Our envoy to France was treated with contempt, and even contumely, and when three special agents were sent to smooth matters over, if possible, they were not only insulted, but were told that they must bribe the Directory, and that the United States Government must lend money to the Government, if amicable relations between the two republics were to continue longer.

So deeply infatuated were a portion of our people with French Republicanism that even the shameful treatment of the American envoys in France had been insufficient to rouse their spirit; but when the famous "X Y Z" letters were published, and the audacious proposals of bribery and blackmail were fastened upon the French Directory,

the fierceness of the outburst in this country for a time dismayed even the most ultra of the Republicans and brought to the ranks of the exulting Federalists many voters who had heretofore acted with their adversaries. French hostility had become more and more patent, and the war spirit flamed out in Congress and all over the country. The Republicans, whose distinctive badge had been the tricolored cockade, were silenced, while the people shouted the newest slogan, "Millions for defence; not one cent for tribute." This war-cry, stamped on copper cents or tokens, and emblazoned in every possible way in every section of the republic, was the American answer to the insulting demand of the French; and under the influence of this new demonstration of a distinctively American spirit of patriotism, the Federalists carried themselves with a high front.

This was the cause of their ruin. In the flush of their victory over the Republicans, and with a good working majority in both branches of Congress, they passed the famous Alien and Sedition Laws. The first of these, enacted in June, 1798, authorized the President to expel from the United States any alien whom he should judge to be dangerous to the liberties of the country; and the second law, passed in July of that year, imposed fines and imprisonment upon any who should combine to oppose any measure of the Government, or should utter a false, malicious, or scandalous writing against the members of the Government of the United States. The fact that these two laws, embodying as they did the extremest principles of the Federalist creed, and lodging in the hands of the Executive enormous power over the persons of alien residents, were placed on the statute-books for a specified term of years (to remain until March 3, 1801), added to their odiousness and immediate unpopularity. The dictatorial policy pursued toward the United States by the French Government, and the firm and patriotic stand taken by the Adams administration were enough, one would suppose, to have fortified the Federalists in power for years to come; but the enactment of the Alien and Sedition Laws was naturally regarded by the Republicans as a stretch of power not justified by the Constitution and aimed at them and their allies. To the slogan "Millions for defence" now succeeded "Save liberty of speech" and "Defend the freedom of the press." For many a year afterward these two cries were terrible in the ears of the Federalists.

Burning in effigy was one of the favorite devices of angry patriots in these days. When Chief-Justice Jay had negotiated the famous treaty with England that bore his name, he was burned in effigy and lampooned from one end of the republic to the other. Even before the text of the treaty was made public, the Chief-Justice was pilloried and burned in effigy by indignant Philadelphians, who ransacked Juvenal, Ovid, and Virgil for classical epithets wherewith to garnish the ragged image of the man whom they execrated. Although the passage of the obnoxious Alien and Sedition Laws greatly excited the people, or at least the Republicans, their opposition did not manifest itself so much in the personal abuse of individuals (though this was common enough) as in remonstrances and petitions for repeal. Later on, riots and mobs were caused by the popular excitement, and innumerable collisions resulted in many parts of the country from the angry debates over the burning topic of the day.

One of the immediate effects of the enactment of the Alien and Sedition Laws was the framing of the famous Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of '98, a formulation of the Jeffersonian-Democratic creed which has had its adherents unto this day. The Republicans had finally seen that as the Executive, Congress, and the Federal Judiciary were still Federalist, they must go into the State Legislatures and initiate there the action which they hoped to see taken for the shaping of public opinion. Of course the excited condition of the popular mind on the subject of the repressive measures of Congress was the golden opportunity of Jefferson, who affected to believe (as he had said in his letter to Stevens Thomson Mason, of Virginia), that the Federalists were

bent on setting up a monarchy, and that if the Alien and Sedition Laws were permitted to stand, they would next propose making Adams President for life and fix the succession in the Adams family. If Jefferson really believed such nonsense as this, what wonder that many of "the plain people" also believed worse things of the Federal party?

But the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions went quite as far in the direction of decentralization as any act of the Federalists had gone in the opposite course. The resolutions, written by Jefferson, while holding the office of Vice-President, were given to George Nicholas, of Kentucky, and by him their adoption by the Legislature of his State was procured. Two months later, James Madison, prompted by Jefferson, had them introduced, and the Virginia Legislature passed the same resolutions slightly changed. A plentiful crop of rioting and disorder followed the adoption of this formal declaration of the abstract doctrine of State rights in its most naked form. But the hated laws remained unrepealed; the Federalists in Congress formally decided to let them stay on the statute-books.



John Jay.
From a picture by Gilbert Stuart—property of Mrs. John Jay.

Matthew Lyon, the first victim of the "Federal Bastile" of that day, was already famed as the inciter of the first fight that ever disgraced the American Congress. Lyon was a Representative from Vermont, a bitter Antifederalist, who had won much notoriety as a coarse and brutal debater and a violent partisan. In the course of a wordy wrangle with Mr. Griswold, a Representative from Connecticut, in the House of Representatives, in January, 1798, Lyon deliberately spat in the face of the Connecticut Congressman; and thereupon ensued great disorder which was renewed a day or two later when Griswold walked over to Lyon's seat and as deliberately beat him with a cudgel. In the free fight that followed, Lyon defended himself with a pair of tongs snatched from the fireplace, and a fisticuff encounter took place. The offence for which Lyon was subsequently tried and convicted of sedition, was his reading at a public meeting a letter from Joel Barlow, author of the American epic "The Columbiad," and other queer pieces of blank verse, and then residing in Europe; but Lyon's own letters, printed in Vermont, were held to be full of seditious matter. Barlow had said that the answer of the House to President Adams's address should have been "an order to send him to a mad house;" and Lyon had written, among other things, that the

Government was "using the sacred name of religion as a state engine to make mankind hate and persecute each other," and he complained that "mean men" were rewarded by places while their betters were denied place on account of their "independency of sentiment," with more to the same effect; but not enough, one may say, to constitute groundwork for so grave a charge as that of sedition and privy conspiracy. Nevertheless, Matthew was found guilty, was scolded by the judge, and was sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars and be kept in the jail at Vergennes four months.

Although President Adams was the nominal head of the Federalist party, Alexander Hamilton was its real leader. That remarkable man, who resigned the office of Secretary of the Treasury in February, 1795, and returned to the practice of his profession in New York, was at the forefront of every movement designed to advance the cause of the Federal party. In a public and most spirited defence of the Jay Treaty, in New York, he was mobbed and stoned by an angry and belligerent crowd of citizens. He may have been said to have bled in the good cause, for his face was covered with blood while he pleaded for the right to be heard. As a defender of the faith, he was entitled to honor; and as a leader of public opinion he was easily far in advance of any other man in the ranks of the Federal party.

Hamilton was resolutely opposed to the Sedition Bill, both because it was "bad politics" and because of its excessive use of the executive powers. He had applied to Congressmen and had argued against even a semblance of tyranny, such as the proposed law was in his eyes. Hamilton's coolness toward Adams and influential friends of the Adams administration deepened when the President, to the infinite surprise of almost everybody, including the members of his own cabinet, suddenly resolved to send three envoys to act as Ministers-Plenipotentiary to France. This widened the breach between Hamilton and Adams, and it was not long before the ex-Secretary of the Treasury was popularly regarded as one of the leaders of a new faction known as the Independent Federalists. Dissensions like these embarrassed and weakened the Federal party, already toppling to its fall.

Jefferson, a consummate party manager, remained quiet while these quarrels were in progress, although we may be sure that his cunning hand was in many an intrigue which added to the complications besetting the path of the Federalists. "The Sage of Monticello" wisely waited for the factious excitement to work; and the time for the fourth presidential election drew near. His influential counsels held the eager Republicans in check; and the general irritation over the enforcement of the Alien and Sedition Laws steadily increased. The Federalists had secured a goodly majority in both branches of Congress (the Seventh), which met in December, 1799, but which had been chosen during the war excitement that broke out on the ignominious return of our envoys to France, and the publication of the "X Y Z" letters. Jefferson was calmly biding his time.

That time came when a Congressional caucus of the Republican members nominated him for the Presidency (in 1800 during the first session of the Sixth Congress), with Aaron Burr for Vice-President. A Federal caucus, during the same session, placed in nomination John Adams and Thomas Pinckney as their candidates for President and Vice-President. For the first time, party caucuses had selected candidates to be supported in a political campaign, if we may give to the Jefferson-Adams canvass so modern a title. There had been caucauses of the members of both branches of Congress, notably those which William Duane, the reckless and defamatory editor of the Philadelphia *Aurora*, a fierce Antifederal sheet, had denounced as a junta that determined the action of the controlling majority in Congress; for which denunciation he was ordered into arrest by the Senate on charge of contempt. But "the Presidential intrigues" which Duane suspected brought forth from the caucus the name of Jefferson as well as that of Adams.

New York was early found to be "the pivotal State" in a presidential contest, and the election in that State of members of the Legislature, which took place in April, 1800, resulting as it did in the choice of a Republican legislature by whom the Presidential Electors were to be chosen, gave great impetus to Jefferson's campaign. Party rage was at once rekindled, and, in the commotion that followed, Adams's cabinet was broken up, some of its members voluntarily retiring and some being summarily dismissed. Hamilton, whose friends in the cabinet were stigmatized by the President as "the British faction," wrote a furious pamphlet, in which he assailed Adams personally as a man of insane jealousy, tremendous self-conceit, and ungovernable temper. He also bitterly criticised the foreign and domestic policy of the Adams administration, and disclosed secrets of the political management of the time. Hamilton's intention was to send this pamphlet privately to trusted Federalist leaders, with the adjuration that the safety of their cause demanded that the Federalist Presidential Electors should be induced to cast their ballots for Pinckney for President, and keep the second place for Adams. But Aaron Burr, getting wind of this remarkable document, procured a copy of it and had it printed in the chief Republican newspapers of the country.

Although the commotion arising from the explosion of this bomb-shell was tremendous and was most depressing to the Federalists, there was no such rush of Presidential Electors to the Republicans, when their balloting began, as the Jeffersonians had confidently expected. For weeks the result was in doubt. The difficulty of communication between points not very remote from each other kept the country long in suspense; but, on December 16th, while the Federalists were exulting over the fact that the returns footed up forty-seven votes for Adams and forty-six for Jefferson, the returns from South Carolina decided the fate of the Federal party, and a majority was given to the Republicans in the Electoral College.

Now came on the first disputed electoral count; and the elation of the Jeffersonians was temporarily dampened. Although the candidates in the national election had been voted for as nominated for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency, respectively, the constitutional provision relating to the selection of the highest name on the list for President still remained in force. Jefferson and Burr each received seventy-three votes; there was no highest candidate. Burr, with his characteristic talent for intrigue, had steadily kept in view the possibilities of his own election to the presidency, and had even taken pains that one of the New York electors should be persuaded to substitute his (Burr's) name for that of Jefferson on the ballot which he was to cast at the meeting of the Presidential Electors of his State. Now that the election was to be thrown into the House of Representatives, Burr stood as good a chance of being the choice of the members as Jefferson did. At least Burr thought so, and he put forward his schemes with confidence and alacrity.

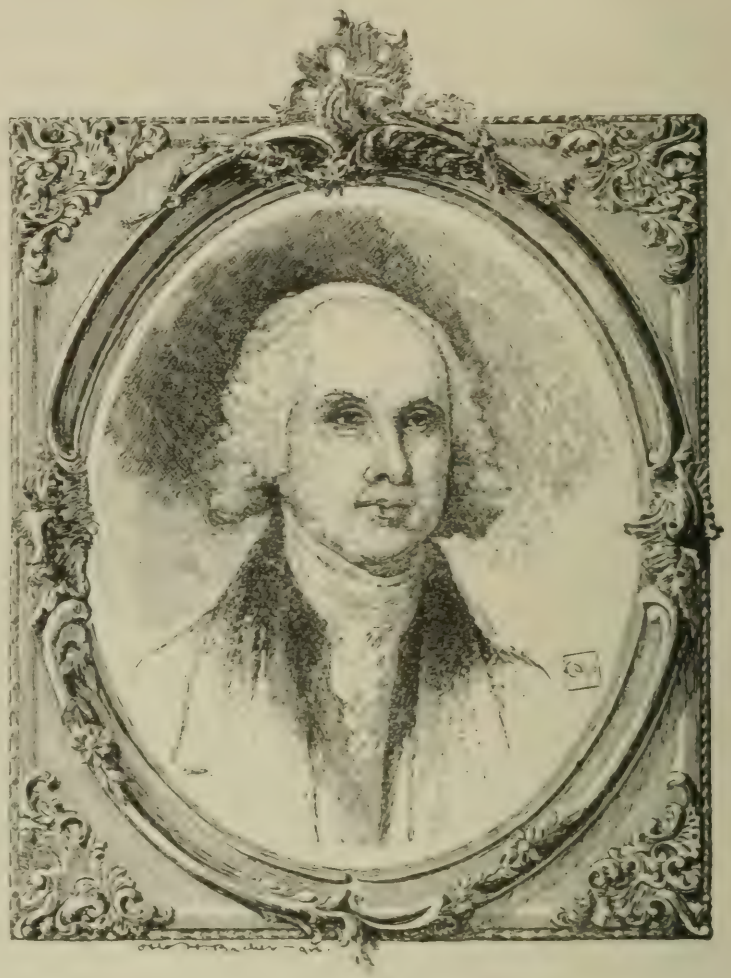
The Federalists, naturally tickled by this complication, did not behave with generosity. They proposed to hinder any choice by the House, expecting to carry the contest into the Senate, and that body, under the Constitution, would be allowed to choose some senator, or the Chief-Justice, to act as President until Congress should meet again, and a new election by the people be ordered. Or, if worst came to worst, they would vote for the intriguing, but little-known, Burr rather than for the detestable Jefferson. When President Adams was besought by the now thoroughly alarmed Jefferson to interfere to prevent these plans from being executed, he coldly said that he could not think of interfering with the prerogatives of Congress.

Great was the excitement throughout the United States when, after the formal counting of the electoral vote and the declaration of the fact that there was no choice for President, the two Houses of Congress separated and the House of Representatives began to ballot, February 11, 1801. There had been threats of armed intervention in behalf of Jefferson, and there were rumbles of popular applause for Burr. Washington,

the new capital of the republic, difficult of access and poorly provided with accommodations for sojourners, could not find room for the thousands of persons who flocked thither to watch the proceedings. Roll-calls in the House were incessant, and at first night sessions were held, to the great discomfort of members, some of whom took their nightcaps, pillows, and wraps with them to the Capitol. Finally, on the thirty-sixth ballot, the Federalists, who had all along obstructed the election, gave way, and Jefferson was elected, receiving the votes of ten States. Burr had the votes of four States, and two (Maryland and Vermont) cast blank ballots. The contest had lasted six days, and the release of public attention from a long and tense strain was fortunate and notable.

The price demanded by the Federalists for their surrender to Jefferson was fixed in caucus, and was formulated by James Bayard, of Delaware, and Alexander Hamilton, of New York, these men having managed the Federalist phalanx in the interest of Jefferson. That price was assurances from Jefferson that the Federalists might fully trust him to carry out their wishes; he would take good care of the infant navy, look carefully after the public credit, which had been maintained under the policy of Hamilton, and would not remove any petty Federal office-holder who had taken part in the late campaign under the Federalist banner. The first disputed presidential election case had been decided, and that, too, as might have been expected, by a bargain between the electors and the elected. The first political revolution in the United States was accomplished.

A pleasing story of Jefferson's inauguration that has long been current represents him as riding to the Capitol and tying his horse to the fence, and then entering almost unattended to take the oath of office. This fable has been dispersed. Current accounts relate his ceremonial installation into office surrounded by martial music, banners, and guns. Salvos of artillery announced his arrival and departure from the Capitol, and the militia paraded in front of his lodgings before he left for the ceremony. His inaugural address formulated the political creed of the Democratic-Republican party, of which he was the leader and exemplar. The author of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions declared in favor of State rights, frugal expenditures of the national revenues, honest elections, payment of the public debt, a well-regulated militia, freedom of the person, press, and re-



James Madison.

From a picture by Gilbert Stuart—property of T. Jefferson Coolidge.

ligious belief, and the diffusion of knowledge.

One of the earliest of Jefferson's innovations was his disregard of the custom of a ceremonious visit of the President to Congress to read or deliver in person his annual message. Jefferson's critics said that he was not able to ac-



George Clinton.
From a painting by Ezra Ames.

quit himself creditably as a speaker and reader, and so he wrote his message and sent it by a messenger. But fierce Republicans had all along resented the public appearance of the President in the halls of Congress. William Maclay, during the administration of Washington, wrote in his diary, in harsh terms, several accounts of Washington's formal visits to the Capitol, one occasion being to explain to the Senate in session certain pending Indian treaties which the President was anxious to see ratified at once and over which the Senate hesitated. Maclay says that Washington's "motions were slow rather than lively, though he showed no signs of having suffered by gout or rheumatism. His complexion pale, nay, almost cadaverous. His voice hollow and indistinct, owing, as I believe, to artificial teeth before his upper jaw, which occasioned a flatness of—;" but here some friendly hand intruded to tear from the diary the rest of the stanch old Republican's description of the father of his country, and the picture is left incomplete.

Removals from office for political considerations engaged Jefferson's attention when he had firmly seated himself in the presidential chair. District-attorneys and marshals of the Federal courts, "the shield of the Republican part of the community," Jefferson called them, were the first to go. But the removal of Elizur Goodrich, Collector of Customs at New Haven, Conn., gave occasion for one of Jefferson's most famous utterances. The removal of Goodrich and the appointment of Samuel Bishop were highly distasteful to the merchants, more especially as Bishop was an aged man, and already held the offices of town-clerk, mayor, justice of the peace, judge of the probate court, and chief judge of the common pleas. In his reply to the merchants' remonstrance, Jefferson argued that the right to appoint men to vacancies during a recess of the Senate implied a right to remove. For how could there be vacancies unless removals made them? Of vacancies he said: "Those by death are few; by resignation none." Altogether, Jefferson made thirty-nine removals from office, none of which, he said, was for political reasons, difficult though this may be to believe. Washington had made nine removals, and Adams the same number.

But several of Adams's appointments, on the eve of his quitting the presidential office, were certainly inconsistent with decorum. Adams, whose home was in Braintree, Mass., had been nicknamed by his adversaries "The Duke of Braintree," and the twenty-three circuit judges whom he appointed to fill places just created by Congress, in the last hours of his official life, were stigmatized as "The Duke of Braintree's Midnight Judges." Unsuccessful attempts were made to oust them.

But although politics and official patronage first became wedded in Jefferson's reign, more notable events shed lustre on his administration. The acquisition of Louisiana Territory by purchase from France was the most brilliant stroke of that administration, although this was accomplished by an invasion of the political creed of the Democratic-Republicans almost ludicrous in its audacity. The treaty by which the purchase was completed was negotiated by Monroe and approved by the President without any apparent authority whatever; and when the ratification of that convention came up for consideration, the Republicans were forced to take the same position that the Federalists had when the Jay Treaty was under debate; and the Federalists calmly ate their own words and argued against the lawfulness and constitutionality of Jefferson's action. The President, however, confidently appealed to public sentiment to justify his course; and the acquisition of this magnificent territory gave us material from which have since been carved the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, the greater parts of Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado, and the Indian Territory. This was the first annexation of territory to the United States, acquired by purchase from a foreign power.

The first schism in the Democratic-Republican party was that of the "Quids," who, under the leadership of the vituperative and eccentric John Randolph, formed a faction of extreme State Rights men with ultra-Democratic proclivities. Randolph had become alienated from Jefferson on account of purely personal grievances, and he took occasion to disagree with the President's views when Jefferson's message regarding Spanish aggressions was sent to Congress, in December, 1805. He now acted with the Federalists, and there was joined to his faction a knot of men who later on opposed the nomination of Madison as Jefferson's successor. This schism lasted through Jefferson's second term, but disappeared when Madison was chosen, in 1813, and Monroe entered his cabinet as Secretary of State. Randolph's attacks upon Jefferson were doubtless very galling to the President, who was accused of employing "back-stairs influence" on Congress, and was generally assailed in terms too vulgar for quotation.

Foreign affairs plagued American politics greatly during Jefferson's two terms; but as the Democratic-Republicans, or Democrats, as they now began to call themselves, were in an overwhelming majority in both branches of Congress, they were enabled to carry through all party measures. Jefferson arbitrarily rejected a new treaty with England, and was fiercely assailed therefor by the Federalists. In consequence of foreign complications arising from the war between France and other European powers, an embargo on American commerce was declared, and our ports were closed until the Administration, frightened by threats from poverty-stricken and oppressed New England, induced a modification of the odious act. The taking of alleged British deserters from the decks of the American frigate Chesapeake by the British frigate Leopard, after a disgracefully feeble resistance, was another incident that irritated the people and added fuel to the flames of political dissensions. The trial of Aaron Burr for high treason was another distressing event in Jefferson's administration, for although the President (who refused to attend as a witness when summoned), attempted to secure the conviction of Burr, he was finally acquitted by the Virginia court in which he was tried. During the excitement caused by the Burr expedition

down the Mississippi, the alarmed Senate, which was overwhelmingly Democratic, passed a bill to suspend the writ of habeas corpus; and another invasion of the creed of their party was the passage of the Cumberland Road Bill, authorizing the expenditure of public money for the building of a so-called national highway, and thereby first raising the question of the constitutionality of making internal improvements at public expense.



James Monroe.

From a painting by Gilbert Stuart—now the property of T. Jefferson Coolidge.

Notwithstanding the complaints of the New England and Middle States against the monopoly of the executive office by Virginia, James Madison was nominated by the Democrats in the spring of 1808, Jefferson having refused to consider a third term. Madison was first named by the Legislature of his own State, and was formally nominated by a Congressional caucus. The Federalists, who were now completely out of power in all but two or three of the States, nominated C. C. Pinckney, of South Carolina. Madison was elected by a large majority, and the returns showed that the Federalists were well-nigh exterminated, although they still made a vigorous fight for life.

During Madison's first term the old question of a National Bank was revived by an attempt to recharter the United States Bank. Although opposition to such an institution was a cardinal principle of the Democratic faith, the rechartering scheme found favor with the ruling majority in both branches of Congress, and was only defeated by the casting vote of the Vice-President (George Clinton), when the bill was before the Senate. The war-clouds that now began to rise changed the policy of the dominant party, which, under Jefferson (and so far under Madison), had been in favor of peace at almost any price. The Administration was supine under the most outrageous acts of Great Britain toward the commerce of the United States, and such leaders of the party as Henry Clay, in the House, and John C. Calhoun and William H. Crawford, in the Senate, loudly called for war. Madison, who was disposed to hesitate, was plainly told that he must assume a more belligerent attitude if he expected another term of office. As that good man wanted another term, he surrendered, and was put in nomination by a Democratic-Republican caucus of Congress. But Dewitt Clinton, of New York, who was regarded as the candidate of the war wing of the Democrats, and who had been promised the nomination in case Madison did not yield, was so dissatisfied with the turn affairs had taken that he remained in the

field and was nominated by a Democratic caucus of the New York Legislature, and subsequently, by an assemblage in New York City which closely resembled a political convention, the first of which we have any record in national affairs. The Federalists, who managed this convention, supported Clinton; but a portion of that party went over to Madison, who was chosen by one hundred and twenty-eight electoral votes, Clinton receiving only eighty-nine.

The war with England (1812), during which the city of Washington was sacked and burned, and President Madison narrowly escaped capture, was the fruitful source of many new and lasting political complications. The war was bitterly opposed in New England, where it caused great commercial distress, and where the enemy had effected a landing on the coast of Maine. The celebrated Hartford Convention, called by influential Federalists, to confer upon the grievances of the New England States, was part of the general expression of discontent. Its mysterious proceedings were misrepresented, and an impression was erroneously given of its intention to discuss and advocate secession. During this war, too, originated the odious epithet of "Blue Lights." Commodore Decatur complained that whenever he attempted to get out to sea from the port of New London, Conn., under cover of the night, a signal of blue lights was shown by the residents who were opposed to the war. A rigid inquiry failed to find any ground for this charge, but the term "Blue Light Federalists," with sly reference to the Hartford Convention, galled the spirit of the survivors and heirs of that party for more than a half-century afterward.

The Treaty of Ghent, of which Henry Clay was one of the American negotiators, concluded the war, and may be said to mark the final disappearance of the Federalist party. In the next Presidential election, that of 1816, James Monroe was given all the electoral votes but those of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware. The Federalists, who carried those three States, supported Rufus King, of New York, but they made no formal nomination for the Vice-Presidency. Once again "the Virginia influence" made itself felt when, four years later, Monroe was nominated and elected for a second time, receiving an almost unanimous vote, the Federalists cutting no figure in the contest.

For the first time since the first election of Washington there was apparently but one party in the United States. This was the beginning of that fallacious condition which was known as the "Era of Good Feeling," under which new parties and new political feuds and jealousies were taking form.

For the first time, too, during an electoral count, objection to the counting of the vote of a State was made. Missouri, which had been admitted to the family of States under the celebrated compromise, claimed the right to cast a vote in the Electoral College. The State had not then (February, 1821) accepted the condition of admission, which was that it should never interfere with the constitutional privileges of citizens of other States; and the assembled wisdom of Congress, under the guidance of Henry Clay, decided that the result of the count should show how many votes the highest candidate would have with the vote of Missouri, and how many without that vote. With this weak and paltering settlement of a grave question, the dispute was ended, and a new era in American politics began.



THE GOING OF THE WHITE SWAN

A STORY OUT OF LABRADOR

By Gilbert Parker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LYNCH

"WHY don't she come back, father?"

The man shook his head, his hand fumbled with the wolf-skin robe covering the child, and he made no reply.

"She'd come if she knew I was hurted, wouldn't she?"

The father nodded, and then turned restlessly toward the door, as if expecting someone. The look was troubled, and the pipe he held was not alight, though he made a pretence of smoking.

"Suppose the wild-cat had got me, she'd be sorry when she comes, wouldn't she?"

There was no speech yet in reply, save gesture, the language of primitive man; but the big body shivered a little, and the uncouth hand felt for a place in the bed where the lad's knee made a lump under the robe. He felt the little heap tenderly, but the child winced.

"S–sh, but that hurts! This wolf-skin is most too much on me, isn't it, father?"

The man softly, yet awkwardly too, lifted the robe, folded it back, and slowly uncovered the knee. The leg was worn away almost to skin and bone, but the knee itself was swollen with inflammation. He bathed it with some water, mixed with vinegar and herbs, from a basin at his hand, then drew down the deer-skin shirt at the child's shoulder, and did the same with it. Both shoulder and knee bore the

marks of teeth—where a huge wild-cat had made havoc—and the body had long red scratches.

Presently the man shook his head sorrowfully, and covered up the small disfigured frame again, but this time with a tanned skin of the caribou. The flames of the huge wood-fire dashed the walls and floor with a velvety red and black, and the large iron kettle bought of the Company at Fort Sacrament, puffed out geysers of steam.

The place was a low hut with parchment windows and rough mud-mortar lumped between the logs. Skins hung along two sides, with bullet-holes and knife-holes showing: of the great gray wolf, the red puma, the bronze hill-lion, the beaver, the bear, and the sable; and in one corner was a huge pile of them. Bare of the usual comforts as the room was, it had a kind of refined life also, joined to an inexpressible loneliness; you could scarce have told how or why.

"Father," said the boy, his face pinched with pain for a moment, "it hurts so, all over, every once in a while."

His fingers caressed the leg just below the knee.

"Father," he suddenly added, "what does it mean when you hear a bird sing in the middle of the night?"

The woodsman looked down anxiously into the boy's face. "It hasn't no meaning, Dominique. There ain't such a thing on the Labrador Heights as a bird singin' in the night. That's only in warm countries where there's nightingales. So—*bien sûr!*"

The boy had a wise, dreamy, speculative look. "Well, I guess it was a nightingale — it didn't sing like any I ever heard."

The look of nervousness deepened in the woodsman's face. "What did it sing like, Dominique?"

"So it made you shiver. You wanted it to go on, and yet you didn't want it. It was pretty, but you felt as if something was going to snap inside of you."

"When did you hear it, my son?"

"Twice last night—and—and I guess it was Sunday the other time. I don't know, for there hasn't been no Sunday up here since mother went away—has there?"

"Mebbe not." The veins were beating like live cords in the man's throat and at his temples.

"'Twas just the same as Father Corraine bein' here, when mother had Sunday, wasn't it?"

The man made no reply, but a gloom drew down his forehead, and his lips doubled in as if he endured physical pain. He got to his feet and paced the floor. For weeks he had listened to the same kind of talk from this wounded, and, as he thought, dying son, and he was getting less and less able to bear it. The boy at nine years of age was, in manner of speech, the merest child, but his thoughts were sometimes large and wise. The only white child within a compass of a thousand miles or so; the lonely life of the



The joy of the hunter seized him.—Page 69.

hills and plains, so austere in winter, so melted to a sober joy in summer; listening to the talk of his elders at camp-fires and on the hunting-trail, when, even as an infant almost, he was swung in a blanket from a tree or was packed in the torch-crane of a canoe; and, more than all, the care of a good, loving—if passionate—little mother; all these had made him far wiser than his years. He had been hours upon hours each day alone with the birds, and squirrels, and wild animals, and something of the keen scent and instinct of the animal world had entered into his body and brain, so that he felt what he could not understand.

He saw that he had worried his father, and it troubled him. He thought of something.

"Daddy," he said, "let me have it."

A smile struggled for life in the hunter's face as he turned to the wall and took down the skin of a silver-fox. He held it on his palm for a moment, looking at it in an interested, satisfied way, then he brought it over and put it into the child's hands; and the smile now shaped itself, as he saw an eager pale face buried in the soft fur.

"Good! good!" he said, involuntarily.

"*Bon! bon!*" said the boy's voice from the fur, in the language of his mother, who added a strain of Indian blood to her French ancestry.



His life had been spent in the wastes.—Page 69.

The two sat there, the man half-kneeling on the low bed, and stroking the fur, so gently, so gently. It could scarcely be thought that such pride could be spent on a little pelt by a mere backwoodsman and his nine-year-old son. One has seen a woman fingering a splendid necklace, her eyes fascinated by the bunch of warm deep jewels—a light not of mere vanity, or hunger, or avarice in her face, but the love of the beautiful thing. But this was an animal's skin. Did they feel the animal underneath it yet, giving it beauty, life, and glory?

The silver-fox skin is the prize of the North, and this one was of the boy's own



Placed them on a shelf in a corner before a porcelain figure of the Virgin.—Page 72.

harvesting. While his father was away he saw the fox creeping by the hut. The joy of the hunter seized him, and guided his eye over the "sights" of his father's rifle as he rested the barrel on the window-sill, and the animal was his! Now his finger ran into the hole made by the bullet, and he gave a little laugh of modest triumph. Minutes passed as they studied, felt, and admired the skin, the hunter proud of his son, the son alive with a primitive passion, which inflicts suffering to get the beautiful thing. And this feeling and admiration of theirs was all so soft and gentle, too. Perhaps the tenderness as well as the wild passion of the animal gets into the hunter's blood, and tips his fingers at times with an exquisite kindness—as one has seen in a lion fondling her young, or in tigers as they sport upon the sands of the desert. This boy had seen his father shoot a splendid moose, and as it lay dying, drop down and kiss it in the neck for sheer love of its handsomeness. Death is no insult. It is the law of the primitive world—war, and love in war.

They sat there for a long time, not speaking, each busy in his own way: the boy full of imaginings, strange, half-heathen, half-angelic feelings; the man roaming in that savage, romantic, superstitious atmosphere which belongs to the North, and to the North alone. At last the boy lay back on the pillow, his finger still in the bullet-hole of the pelt. His eyes closed, and he seemed about to fall asleep, but presently looked up and whispered: "I haven't said my prayers, have I?"

The father shook his head in a sort of rude confusion.

"I can pray out loud if I want to, can't I?"

"Of course, Dominique." He shrank a little.

"I forget a good many times, but I know one all right, for I said it when the bird was singing. It isn't one out of the book Father Corraine sent mother by Papine the courier; it's one she taught me out of her own head. P'r'aps I'd better say it."

"P'r'aps, if you want to." The voice was husky.

The boy began:

"*O bon Jésu, who died to save us from our sins, and to lead us to Thy country where there is no cold, nor hunger, nor thirst, and where no one is afraid, listen to Thy child. . . . When the great winds and rains come down from the hills, do not let the floods drown us, nor the woods cover us, nor the snow-slide bury us, and do not let the prairie-fires burn us. Keep wild beasts from killing us in our sleep, and give us good hearts that we may not kill them in anger.*"

His finger twisted involuntarily into the bullet-hole in the pelt, and he paused a moment.

"*Keep us from getting lost, O gracious Saviour.*"

Again there was a pause, his eyes opened wide, and he said:

"Do you think mother's lost, father?"

A heavy broken breath came from the father, and he replied, haltingly: "Mebbe, mebbe so."

Dominique's eyes closed again. "I'll make up some," he said, slowly. "*And if mother's lost, bring her back again to us, for everything's going wrong.*"

Again he paused, then went on with the prayer as it had been taught him.

"*Teach us to hear Thee whenever Thou callest, and to see Thee when Thou visitest us, and let the blessed Mary and all the saints speak often to Thee for us. O Christ, hear us. Lord, have mercy upon us. Christ, have mercy upon us. Amen.*"

Making the sign of the cross, he lay back, and said: "I'll go to sleep now, I guess."

The man sat for a long time looking at the pale, shining face, at the blue veins showing so painfully dark on the temples and forehead, at the firm little white hand, which was as brown as a butternut a few weeks ago. The longer he sat, the deeper did his misery sink into his soul. His wife had gone, he knew not where, his child was wasting to death, and he had for his sorrows no inner consolation. He had ever had that touch of mystical imagination inseparable from the far North, yet he had none of that religious belief which swallowed up natural awe and turned it to the refining of life, and to the advantage of a man's soul. Now it was forced in upon him that his child was wiser than himself, wiser and safer. His life had been

spent in the wastes, with rough deeds and rugged habits, and a youth of hardship, danger, and almost savage endurance had given him a half-barbarian temperament, which could strike an angry blow at one moment and fondle to death at the next.

When he married sweet Lucette Barbond his religion reached little farther than the thought of Gitche Manitou, and behind this was an almost equal belief in the Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills and those Voices that could be heard calling in the night, till their time of sleep be past, and they should rise and reconquer the North.

Not even Père Corraine, whose ways were like those of his Master, could



"I said there was enough powder on the floor to kill all the priests in heaven."—Page 74.

ever bring him to a more definite faith. His wife had at first striven with him, mourning yet loving. Sometimes the savage in him had broken out over the little creature, merely because barbaric tyranny was in him—torture followed by the passionate kiss. But how was she philosopher enough to understand the cause!

And when she fled from their hut one bitter day, as he roared some wild words at her, it was because her nerves had all been shaken from threatened death by wild beasts (of which he did not know), and his violence drove her mad. She had run out of the house, and on, and on, and on—and she had never come back. That was weeks ago, and there had been no word nor sign of her since. The man was now busy with it all, in a slow, cumbrous way. A nature more to be touched by things seen than by things told, his mind was being awakened in a massive kind of fashion. He was viewing this crisis of his life as one sees a human face in the wide searching light of a great fire. He was restless, but he held himself still by a strong effort, not wishing to disturb the sleeper. His eyes seemed to retreat farther and farther back under his shaggy brows.

The great logs in the chimney burned brilliantly, and a brass crucifix over the child's head now and again reflected soft little flashes of light. This caught the hunter's eyes. Presently there grew up in him a vague kind of hope that, somehow, this symbol would bring him luck—that was the way he put it to himself. He had felt this — and something more — when Dominique prayed. Somehow, Dominique's prayer was the only one he had ever heard that had gone home to him, had opened up the big sluices of his nature, and let the light of God flood in. No, there was another: the one Lucette made on the day that they were married, when a wonderful timid reverence played through his hungry love for her.

Hours passed. All at once, without any other motion or gesture, the boy's eyes opened wide with a strange, intense look.

"Father," he said slowly, and in a kind of dream, "when you hear a sweet horn blow at night, is it the Scarlet Hunter calling?"

"P'r'aps. Why, Dominique?" He made up his mind to humor the boy, though it gave him strange aching forebodings. He had seen grown men and women with these fancies — and they had died.

"I heard one blowing just now, and the sounds seemed to wave over my head. Perhaps he's calling someone that's lost."

"Mebbe."

"And I heard a voice singing — it wasn't a bird to-night."

"There was no voice, Dominique."

"Yes, yes." There was something fine in the grave, courteous certainty of the lad. "I waked, and you were sitting there thinking, and I shut my eyes again, and I heard the voice. I remember the tune and the words."

"What were the words?" In spite of himself the hunter felt awed.

"I've heard mother sing them, or something most like them:

"Why does the fire no longer burn?
(I am so lonely.)
Why does the tent-door swing outward?
(I have no home.)
Oh, let me breathe hard in your face!
(I am so lonely.)
Oh, why do you shut your eyes to me?
(I have no home.)"

The boy paused.

"Was that all, Dominique?"

"No, not all."

"Let us make friends with the stars;
(I am so lonely.)
Give me your hand, I will hold it.
(I have no home.)
Let us go hunting together.
(I am so lonely.)
We will sleep at God's camp to-night.
(I have no home.)"

Dominique did not sing, but recited the words with a sort of chanting inflection.

"What does it mean when you hear a voice like that, father?"

"I don't know. Who told — your mother—the song?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose she just made them up — she and God. . . . There! There it is again!

Don't you hear it—don't you hear it, daddy?"

"No, Dominique, it's only the kettle singing."

"A kettle isn't a voice. Daddy——" He paused a little, then went on, hesitatingly.—"I saw a white swan fly through the door over your shoulder, when you came in to-night."

"No, no, Dominique, it was a flurry of snow blowing over my shoulder."

"But it looked at me with two shining eyes."

"That was two stars shining through the door, my son."

"How could there be snow flying and stars shining too, father?"

"It was just drift-snow on a light wind, but the stars were shining above, Dominique."

The man's voice was anxious and unconvincing, his eyes had a hungry, hunted look. The legend of the White Swan had to do with the passing of a human soul. The Swan had come in—would it go out alone? He touched the boy's hand—it was hot with fever; he felt the pulse—it ran high; he watched the face—it had a glowing light. Something stirred within him, and passed like a wave to the farthest courses of his being. Through his misery he had touched the garment of the Master of Souls. As though a voice said to him there, "Someone hath touched me," he got to his feet and with a sudden blind humility, lit two candles, placed them on a shelf in a corner before a porcelain figure of the Virgin, as he had seen his wife do. Then he picked a small handful of fresh spruce twigs from a branch over the chimney, and laid them beside the candles. After a short pause he came slowly to the head of the boy's bed. Very solemnly he touched the foot of the Christ on the Cross with the tips of his fingers, and brought them to his lips with an indescribable reverence. After a moment, standing with eyes fixed on the face of the crucified figure, he said, in a shaking voice:

"*Pardon, bon Jésu! Sauvez mon enfant! Ne me laissez pas seul!*" *

* "Pardon, good Jesus. Save my child. Leave me not alone."

The boy looked up with eyes again grown unnaturally heavy, and said:

"Amen! . . . *Bon Jésu!* . . . *Encore! Encore, mon père!*"

The boy slept. The father stood still by the bed for a time, as if made of stone, but at last slowly turned and went toward the fire.

Outside, two figures were approaching the hut—a man and a woman; yet at first glance the man might easily have been taken for a woman, because of the long black robe which he wore, and because his hair fell loose on his shoulders and his face was clean-shaven.

"Have patience, my daughter," said the man. "Do not enter till I call you. But stand close to the door, if you will, and hear all."

So saying he raised his hand as in a kind of benediction, passed to the door, and after tapping very softly, opened it, entered, and closed it behind him—not so quickly, however, but that the woman caught a glimpse of the father and the boy. In her eyes there was the divine look of motherhood.

"Peace be to this house!" said the man, gently, as he stepped forward from the door.

The father, startled, turned shrinkingly on him, as if he had seen a spirit.

"Monsieur le curé!" he said in French, with an accent much poorer than that of the priest, or even of his own son. He had learned French from his wife; himself was English.

The priest's quick eye had taken in the lighted candles at the little shrine, even as he saw the painfully changed aspect of the man.

"The wife and child, Bagot?" he asked, looking round. "Ah, the boy!" he added, and going toward the bed, continued presently, in a low voice: "Dominique is ill?"

Bagot nodded, and then answered: "A wild-cat, and then fever, Père Corraine."

The priest felt the boy's pulse softly, more softly than would have been looked for in one who had lived forty and more years among savages, who had toiled and suffered, for God's sake, as it is required of few to suffer. Then with a close personal look he spoke,



"She threw up her hands to her ears with a cry a bit wild."—Page 75.

hardly above his breath, yet distinctly too :

"Your wife, Bagot?"

"She is not here, monsieur." The voice was low and gloomy.

"Where is she, Bagot?"

"I do not know, monsieur."

"When did you see her last?"

"Four weeks ago, monsieur."

"That was September, this is October — winter. On the ranches they let their cattle loose upon the plains in winter, knowing not where they go, yet looking for them to return in the spring. But a woman—a woman and a wife —is different. . . . Bagot, you have been a rough, hard man, and you have been a stranger to your God, but I thought you loved your wife and child!"

The hunter's hands clenched, and a wicked light flashed up into his eyes ; but the calm, benignant gaze of the other cooled the tempest in his veins. The priest sat down on the couch where the child lay, and took the fevered hand in his very softly.

"Stay where you are, Bagot," he said ; "just there where you are, and tell me what your trouble is, and why your wife is not here. . . . Say all honestly—by the name of the Christ!" he added, lifting up a large iron crucifix that hung on his breast.

Bagot sat down on a bench near the fireplace, the light playing on his bronzed, powerful face, his eyes shining beneath his heavy brows like two coals. After a moment he began : "I don't know how it started. I'd lost a lot of pelts—stolen they were down on the Child o' Sin River. Well, she was hasty and nervous, like as not—she always was brisker and more sudden than I am. I—I laid my powder-horn and whiskey-flask—up there!"

He pointed to the little shrine of the Virgin where now his candles were burning. The priest's grave, kind eyes did not change expression at all, but looked out wisely, as though he understood everything before it was told.

Bagot continued : "I didn't notice it, but she had put some flowers there.



"On your knees and swear it."—Page 77.

She said something with an edge, her face all snapping angry, threw the things down, and called me a heathen and a wicked heretic—and I don't say now but she'd a right to do it. But I let out then, for those stolen pelts were rasping me on the raw. I said something pretty rough, and made as if I was goin' to break her in two—just fetched up my hands, and went like this!"— With a singular simplicity he made a wild gesture with his hands, and an animal-like snarl came from his throat. Then he looked at the priest with the honest intensity of a boy.

"Yes, that is what you *did*—what was it you *said* which was 'pretty rough?'"

There was a slight hesitation, then came the reply : "I said there was enough powder spilt on the floor to kill all the priests in heaven."

A fire suddenly shot up into Father

Corraine's face, and his lips tightened for an instant, but presently he was as before, and he said :

"How that will face you one day, Bagot! Go on. What else?"

Sweat began to break out on Bagot's face, and he spoke as though he were carrying a heavy weight on his shoulders, low and brokenly. He replied :

"Then I said, 'And if virgins has it so fine, why didn't you stay one?'"

"Blasphemer!" said the priest, in a stern, reproachful voice, his face turning a little pale, and he brought the crucifix to his lips. "To the mother of your child—shame! What more?"

"She threw up her hands to her ears with a cry a bit wild, ran out of the house, down the hills, and away. I went to the door and watched her as long as I could see her, and waited for her to come back—but she never did. I've hunted and hunted, but I can't find her." Then, with a sudden thought, "Do you know anything of her, Père Corraine?"

The priest appeared not to hear the question. Turning for a moment toward the boy, who now was in a deep sleep, he looked at him intently. Soon however he spoke.

"Ever since I married you and Lucette Barbond, you have stood in the way of her duty, Bagot. How well I remember that first day when you knelt before me! Was ever so sweet and good a girl—with her golden eyes and the look of summer in her face, and her heart all pure! Nothing had spoiled her —you cannot spoil such women —God is in their hearts. But you, what have you cared? One day you would fondle her, and the next you were a savage—and she, so gentle, so gentle all the time! Then, for her religion and the faith of her child;—she has fought for it, prayed for it, suffered for it. You thought you had no need, for you had so much happiness, which you did not deserve—that was it. But she: with all a woman suffers, how can she bear life — and man — without God? No, it is not possible. And you thought you and your few superstitions were enough for her.—Ah, poor fool! She should worship you! So selfish, so small, for a man who knows in his heart how great God is.—You did not love her."

"By the Heaven above, yes!" said Bagot, half starting to his feet.

"Ah, 'by the Heaven above!' no, nor the child. For true love is unselfish and patient, and where it is the stronger it cares for the weaker; but it was your wife who was unselfish, patient, and cared for you. Every time she said an *ave* she thought of you, and her every thanks to the good God had you therein. They know you well in Heaven, Bagot — through your wife. Did you ever pray—ever since I married you to her?"

"Yes."

"When?"



The mother came to her husband's arms.—Page 78.



"There was no white swan."—Page 78.

"An hour or so ago."

Once again the priest's eyes glanced toward the lighted candles.

Presently he said: "You asked me if I had heard anything of your wife. Listen, and be patient while you listen. . . . Three weeks ago I was camping on the Sundust Plains, over against the Young Sky River. In the morning, as I was lighting a fire outside my tent, my young Cree Indian with me, I saw coming over the crest of a land-wave, out of the very lips of the sunrise, as it were, a band of Indians. I could not quite make them out. I hoisted my little flag on the tent, and they hurried on to me. I did not know the tribe—they had come from near Hudson's Bay. They spoke Chinook, and I could understand them. Well, as they came near, I saw that they had a woman with them.

Bagot leaned forward, his body strained, every muscle tense. "A woman!" he said, as if breathing gave him sorrow—"my wife!"

"Your wife."

"Quick! Quick! Go on—oh, go on, monsieur—good Père Corraine."

"She fell at my feet, begging me to save her. . . . I waved her off."

The sweat dropped from Bagot's forehead, a low growl broke from him, and he made such a motion as a lion might make at its prey.

"You wouldn't—wouldn't save her—you coward!" He ground the words out.

The priest raised his palm against the other's violence. "Hush! She drew away, saying that God and man had deserted her. . . . We had breakfast, the chief and I. Afterward, when the chief had eaten much and was in good humor, I asked him where he had got the woman. He said that he had found her on the plains—she had lost her way. I told him then that I wanted to buy her. He said to me, 'What does a priest want of a woman?' I said that I wished to give her back to her husband. He said that he had found her, and she was his, and that he would marry her when they reached the great camp of the tribe. I was patient. It would not do to make him angry. I wrote down on a piece of bark the things that I would give him for her: an order on the Company at Fort o' Sin for shot, blankets, and beads. He said no."

The priest paused. Bagot's face was all swimming with sweat, his body was rigid, but the veins of his neck knotted and twisted.

"For the love of God, go on!" he said, hoarsely.

"Yes, 'for the love of God.' I have no money, I am poor, but the Company will always honor my orders, for I pay sometimes, by the help of Christ. *Bien*, I added some things to the list: a saddle, a rifle, and some flannel. But no, he would not. Once more I put many things down. God knows it was a big bill—it would keep me poor for ten years.—To save your wife, John Bagot, you who drove her from your door, blaspheming, and railing at such as I. . . . I offered the things, and told him that was all that I could give. After a little he shook his head, and said that he must have the woman for his wife. I did not know what to add. I said—"She is white, and the white people will never rest till they have killed you all, if you do this thing. The Company will track you down. Then he said, 'The whites must catch me and fight me before they kill me.' . . . What was there to do?"

Bagot came near to the priest, bending over him savagely:

"You let her stay with them—you, with hands like a man!"

"Hush," was the calm reproving answer. "I was one man, they were twenty."

"Where was your God to help you, then?"

"Her God and mine was with me."

Bagot's eyes blazed. "Why didn't you offer rum—rum? They'd have done it for that—one—five—ten kegs of rum!"

He swayed to and fro in his excitement, yet their voices hardly rose above a hoarse whisper all the time.

"You forget," answered the priest, "that it is against the law, and that as a priest of my order, I am vowed to give no rum to an Indian."

"A vow! A vow! Son of God, what is a vow to a woman — to my wife?"

His misery and his rage were pitiful to see.

"Perjure my soul! Offer rum! Break my vow in the face of the enemies of God's Church! What have you done for me that I should do this for you, John Bagot?"

"Coward!" was his despairing cry, with sudden threatening movement. "Christ himself would have broke a vow to save her."

The grave, sweet eyes of the priest met the other's fierce gaze, and quieted the wild storm that seemed about to break.

"Who am I that I should teach my Master?" he said, solemnly, and with a great nobility in his voice. "What would you give Christ, Bagot, if He *had* saved her to you?"

The man shook with a deep grief, and tears rushed from his eyes, so suddenly and fully had a new emotion passed through him.

"Give—give!" he cried; "I would give twenty years of my life!"

The priest got to his feet, and his figure stretched up with a gentle grandeur. Holding up the iron crucifix, he said: "On your knees and swear it, John Bagot."

There was something inspiring, commanding, in the voice and manner, and Bagot, with a new hope rushing through his veins, knelt and repeated his words.

The priest turned to the door, and called, "Lucette!"

The boy, hearing, waked, and sat up in bed suddenly.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, as the door flew open.

The mother came to her husband's arms, laughing and weeping, and an instant afterward was pouring out her love and anxiety over her child.

Père Corraine now faced the man, and with a soft exaltation of voice and manner, said:

"John Bagot, in the name of Christ, I demand twenty years of your life—of love and obedience of God. I broke my vow, I perjured my soul, I bought your wife with ten kegs of rum!"

The tall hunter dropped again to his knees, and caught the priest's hand to kiss it.

"No, no—this!" the priest said, and laid his iron crucifix against the other's lips.

Dominique's voice came clearly through the room: "Oh, my mother, I saw the white swan fly away through the door when you came in."

"My dear, my dear," she said, "there was no white swan." But she clasped the boy to her breast protectingly, and whispered an *ave*.

"Peace be to this house," said the rich voice of the priest.

And there was peace; for the child lived, and the man has loved, and has kept his vow, even unto this day.

For the visions of the boy, who can know the divers ways in which God speaks to the children of men!

THE WANDERERS

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

All in the middle night, across the crystal hollow of the dark,
Before the black pines' tempest-torn gigantic glooms remembered morn,
Heard I, indeed, strange music toss and beat about the winds? And, hark,
Were there no sweet and piercing cries, was there no echo of a horn?

For what a glorious company hung out of heaven before me there,
As, leaning forth, along the height I caught the glitter of their flight!
From depths of shoreless mystery what shapes were these trooped down the air
Shooting white fire abroad, and clear their splendor streaming on the night?

His casque whose ruby led the field was it then Mars that swept and gazed?
In gleaming gauzes veiled about were these the Pleiades looked out?
On corselet, belt, and sword, and shield, Orion's breathing diamonds blazed?
White and majestic, Sirius followed upon the mighty rout?

And slowly out of dusky space, one, stately, coming from afar,
The fulness of some golden chord marking the measure of his ward,
The whole of heaven upon his face, was it the bright and morning star,
Was it but Lucifer that wore the lustre of the living Lord?

Or were they, bound in vaster flight, Magnificent Existences,
For firmaments of unknown sky, that paused a moment fleeting by
The dark and dreaming earth that night? I only know, beholding these,
Held not my hand a Mightier Hand, an atom of the dust were I!

MENTAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE JAPANESE

By George Trumbull Ladd



A RECENT ship crossing the Pacific carried among her passengers a writer of books and newspaper articles, who had been engaged for a large sum of money (as he himself informed some of his fellow-passengers —naming the exact amount) to "write up" the East for a "syndicate." The fixed point of view already taken by this traveller was obvious enough; it was American throughout. His impressions of China and Japan were definitely formed while as yet the widest of oceans lay between him and these unknown lands. And after a diligent consultation of the ship's library, as weather and health during the voyage permitted, these impressions seemed to have been definitely formulated. At any rate, an acquaintance of mine affirms that on happening to overlook a manuscript of our investigator into Oriental affairs, he, to his great astonishment, read these words: "When I was in China, I saw," etc. And this was some hundreds of miles eastward of Yokohama!

How much Japan has been benefited or afflicted by similar reports from travellers it would be difficult even to conjecture. Doubtless, the sum-total of such misinformation is something enormous; whether the net result is an excess of undeserved praise or of undeserved blame for the institutions, customs, and products of this interesting country, I am unable to say. Of this I am sure, that the candid and penetrating observer will continually undergo a process of disillusion, correction, reformation, new disintegration, and still more recent reconstruction of opinion. If—to take a trivial example—he has learned from very distinguished transient visitors, or from residents of tolerably long standing, that "babies do not cry in Japan," and then actually hears several babies crying the first day of his stay in Japan, he will bear the original shock as best he may. But after recovery from it, and from many another similar shock, he will doubtless conclude to use his own ears and eyes and to make his own reflections and conclusions. This, however, he will do cautiously and yet courageously, with much inquiry and deference toward the experience of others. He will probably also acquire an increased respect for definite, scientific training of the powers of observation and reflection, whether accompanied by literary distinction or not, and whether favored by long residence, or compelled to content themselves with a briefer experience.

The superficial observer may most properly end by praising highly such a characterization as Miss Scidmore has given the Japanese. On the surface, and apparently, they are, as she so graphically depicts them, the embodiment of a bewildering variety of contradictions, the attempt of a race to enfold in its sentiments and customs the largest amount of opposing characteristics. But, of course, no one accustomed to the scientific study of the mental life of individuals or of peoples can rest satisfied with such a characterization.

What I have written thus far may be taken both as introduction and as apology. It is an introduction to my own attempt to penetrate somewhat more deeply than is customary into the psychology of the Japanese. The externals of nature in Japan, the "traits" of the people, the products of their art, their more obvious customs, and their more hidden home-life, have all been frequently, and sometimes well, described. What interested and piqued me—constantly and intensely—during my three months' stay in the country was the desire to enter sympathetically, and yet fully and critically, into the controlling forms of mental life. What are the characteristic conceptions, sentiments, emotions, and practical activities of this interesting, this provoking race? Such is the ques-

tion for which, as a professional student of mind, I eagerly sought an answer.

But even the attempt to answer such a question, although in the brief and sketchy way of which a magazine article admits, requires an apology from one who has spent only three months among the people. And here the superficial character — psychologically considered, if I may so say—of most of the previous descriptions of the Japanese must be, in part, my apology. Besides this, however, I may perhaps claim some warrant for a certain hope of success, in unlimited professional interest, in a fair amount of acquired professional skill, in freedom from bias, and abundance of sympathy, and in certain rather unusual opportunities for the study of my problem. At any rate, whatever is to be said will be said with the real feeling, if not always with the protestation, of modest deference to those better qualified to judge than any stranger can easily be. When the very few trained students of mental life among the Japanese themselves speak out all that they really think about their own countrymen, these words of a "foreigner" will either hold up or bow down their head, according as native reflection confirms or corrects them.

First of all, then, what point of view must be assumed in order best to understand the Japanese? My answer is unhesitating here: that of ethnic psychology. In other words, we must consider the mental life of the people as a historical development affected in somewhat peculiar way by its present environment. Into the problem, then, three sets of factors enter, as mutually influential in determining each other, and so giving us the more complete answer. These are the more nearly original race characteristics; next, the effect of historical conditions during those centuries of which we have some trustworthy historical information; and, finally, the disturbing and modifying effect of the sudden changes introduced during the last generation. Materials for a minute and complete account of the first two classes of factors, even if such an account were appropriate in a popular article, are not so abundant or so trustworthy as the student might desire. Scholars, writing in other lands than Japan (where the censorship of the press still controls with an iron hand the effort historically to trace the beginnings of the reigning family and of the national life), may conjecture, with tolerable success, the races from mixture of which the nation sprung. But probably we shall never arrive at anything like the same certainty concerning the ethnic origin of the Japanese as that which belongs to the history of France, England, and the United States, or even of India and China. If the blood of the people is a mixture, it is a mixture in which every element is tinctured with essentially the same emotional characteristics.

The main outlines of the historical development of the Japanese are too well known to need more than a reference here. Up to the establishment of the Tokugawa rule by that great genius, Ieyasu (on the whole, it seems to me, the greatest genius that Japan has ever produced) the more thorough consolidation of the national and political life of the people had not taken place. The development of their native and untrained spirit had been modified, in some manner, by imported religious and social factors. But the dynasty of this genius was originally founded, and lasted until it suddenly fell in pieces (although it had been for more than a century undermined), because it so thoroughly took advantage of the mental characteristics of the race.

The world has been astonished at the rapidity of the changes which have gone on in Japan during the last forty years. There is solid ground on which this attitude of the foreign mind may plant itself. Yet it is, as the reaction of the last four or five years has proved, and as careful observation of every slightest detail indicative of the underlying currents of mental life convinces one, very easy to overestimate the amount and mistake the character of these changes. Connecticut clocks, and kerosene oil and lamps, have penetrated everywhere. An excellent telegraph, postal, and lighthouse system has been established. Railroads and electric lights are being extended over the land. The beginnings of an educational arrangement for the people have been made, and some im-

portant social changes are taking root in the national life. But the truth is that the great, controlling currents of that life flow on practically unaltered. The underlying sentiments, the emotional movements which sway the multitudes, the ways of looking at nature, at the ruler, and at human life, remain essentially the same as those to which "Old Japan" was subject during hundreds of years. As respects these matters, the differences between the old and the new are superficial. Not only similar but identical ethnic convictions and impulses — of the social, political, moral, and religious order alike—enter everywhere, as the principal factors, into all intelligent explanation of what the "New Japan" seems to think and to do.

Let me say again, I must not be understood as depreciating or underestimating the great changes which have taken place during the last generation among the Japanese. Nowhere else has a people come so near to fulfilling the prediction: "A nation shall be born in a day." But from the psychological point of view these changes are as yet superficial rather than profound. They strike the eye of the traveller and surprise him; they explain little or nothing to the student of the national mental life.

But, on the contrary, when once we have attained the historical point of view, and when we understand the mental life of the race as seen from this point of view, much which appears otherwise inexplicable and even contradictory becomes perfectly plain. Over the hot and still active fires of traditional sentiment, ethnic emotions, and hereditary customs, a thin crust of modern Western civilization—adopted and adapted largely under distasteful and enforced conditions—has been laid. The crust is the appearance; the unassuaged but concealed interior fires are the dominant reality. So far as the Western civilization is plainly of superior material advantage—military science, applied physical science, and, in a measure, sanitary science—it is received and assimilated with commendable cleverness and surprising rapidity. A few years even suffice to establish in the minds of many Japanese the opinion that this cleverness in adaptation entitles them to consider the products of Western civilization peculiarly their own. A claim to be the originators of improvements soon follows the adoption of them. But, so far as the great social, political, ethical, and religious principles, in which modern civilization has its very life, are concerned, and even so far as the scientific view of nature which has led to the triumphs of applied science is important—all this is as yet almost wholly foreign to the Japanese mind. Nay more: it is "foreign," indeed, in their peculiar meaning of the word; it often appears not only unintelligible but repugnant, yes, even contemptible.

What wonder, then, if that which is ethnic and worked into the very life-blood of the race, breaks out constantly through the thin crust of foreign and adopted instrumentalities and customs? It is the constant assertion and reassertion of the power of historically dominant mental factors which gives the appearance of perplexing contradictoriness to so much that happens in Japan. This is true, whether we consider the great waves of social reaction, and rapid political change, which periodically sweep over the whole nation, or have regard to the minutest details of daily intercourse. United in a few controlling social and political sentiments, almost to the last man, the Japanese are yet unable to form and hold together for more than a few months any consistent governmental policy, or to prevent their political parties from an endless splitting-up and internal strife over minor points that should be compromised through the power of dominating conceptions and principles. Obviously and traditionally polite to the verge of obsequiousness, they appear capable of the most extreme insolence; flinging away life for trifles in their readiness to display a self-sacrificing courage, they are—when judged by Anglo-Saxon standards—often guilty of the most culpable meanness and cowardice. Having the most delicate æsthetical sensitiveness in certain directions, they are in other directions surprisingly oblivious to all sense of proportion and

propriety. Out of the noblest sentiments and impulses, originate with them some of the most hideous of crimes. But all this is understood when once we agree to take the point of view suggested by ethnic psychology.

Mr. Barnett has charged the Japanese with "frivolity;" but it must be confessed that, whatever truth there is in the items brought forward to confirm this charge, the word is an unfortunate selection. For, if by "frivolity" we intend the opposite of seriousness, Japan—I should be inclined to urge—contains, of all civilized nations, about the smallest number of frivolous people. On the contrary, I agree with a foreign teacher who has had unusual opportunities, combined with natural gifts, for studying the Japanese, in the opinion that extreme seriousness over minor matters is rather, with them, a characteristic fault. Nor, in a somewhat wide and fairly intimate acquaintance among them, do I recall more than two or three persons to whom the charge of frivolity would properly apply. But somewhat characteristically fickle (and this, for reasons which I shall explain later) they certainly appear to be. It is their changeable conduct, as due to the sentimental, impulsive, and spasmodic activity of the native mind, which Mr. Barnett really means. And thus much, as exaggerated by the present conditions, Professor Ukita—while justly criticising Mr. Barnett for not taking the historical point of view—in a recent article in *Rikugo Zasshi* virtually admits. No little fickleness, without real frivolity, when looked at from the point of view of ethnic psychology, is thoroughly consistent with the mental temper and habits, under existing circumstances, of the Japanese.

But what is the peculiar temper, and what are the characteristic habits of the race that inhabits Japan? And what are the principal sentiments, forms of emotion, and practical activity that have been described as breaking through the thin crust of an imported civilization? I shall now attempt to answer this question, and illustrate my answer as well as the present limitations will admit.

Psychology has been accustomed to acknowledge—although, it must be confessed, on not wholly satisfactory scientific evidence—four leading types of temperament. The distinction applies pretty nearly as well to entire nations as it does to individuals, or to the different ages through which each individual passes. Now, Japan, of all nations standing well up in the scale of civilization, seems to me most distinctly marked by the prevalence of one of these four types. This fact may perhaps be accounted for by the long centuries of exclusion of foreign blood and foreign influences, and by the equality of the physical and social conditions under which the earlier life of the nation developed. This distinctive Japanese temperament is that which Lotze has so happily called the "sentimental temperament." It is the temperament characteristic of youth, predominatingly, in all races. It is, as a temperament, characteristic of all ages, of both sexes, and of all classes of population, among the Japanese. But, of course, in Japan as everywhere, the different ages, sexes, and classes of society, differ in respect to the purity of this temperamental distinction. Many important individual exceptions, or examples of other temperaments, also occur.

The distinguishing mark of the sentimental temperament is great susceptibility to variety of influences—especially on the side of feeling, and independent of clear logical analysis or fixed and well-comprehended principles—with a tendency to a will that is impulsive and liable to collapse. Such susceptibility is likely to be accompanied by unusual difficulty in giving due weight to those practical considerations which lead to compromises in politics, to steadiness in labor, to patience in developing the details of science and philosophy, and to the establishment of a firm connection between the higher life of thought and feeling and the details of daily conduct. On the other hand, it is the artistic temperament, the temperament which makes one "interesting," the "clever" mind, the temperament which has a suggestion of genius at its command.

In all relations of life, the illustrations of what has just been said are abundant in Japan. The characteristic Japanese attitude of mind toward nature is sentimental, rather than scientific or practical. This attitude has been for centuries embodied in, and fostered by, the prevalent religions, both Shintō and Buddhism. The former was originally a mixture of ancestor worship and nature worship; in both factors the worship rests upon a basis of sentiment, without clear conception or principles to guide practice. Buddhism, too, is, with the body of the people, largely sentimental hero-worship. The beautiful, the grand, the strange, even the grotesque, in nature excites vague feelings of sympathy, longing, aspiration, awe. The mountains and waterfalls are the chosen places for temples and shrines. Even the sceptical modern Japanese raises his hat, with a sentiment approaching the religious, when he sees Fuji from land or sea, or looks between the twin rocks at Futami to behold the sun rise from behind the water. The bent and withered crone who offers you her woodenware to sell, at Hakone or at Nikkō, handles with genuine special interest and affection every piece that has some mark of peculiar graining, some worm-eaten place, or knot, or other imperfection. Several times have I seen an entire carload, who had sat absolutely unmoved as one of their number changed his vesture (even down to the scantiest of loin-cloths) before them, rise in company to admire the "incomparable" mountain as it came into view. Few hotels or tea-houses, even in the country, are too mean not to have their walls adorned with one or more poems in praise of nature.

Nor is this pervasive and sympathetic sentiment, this feeling rather than conception or practical regard of nature, a recent growth, or confined to the lower orders of the people. Sentimental poems and reflections on natural beauty belong also to remote times, and proceed from the hearts of the most noteworthy sages. That celebrated Japanese expounder of the Confucian ethics, Kyu-So, in his treatise on "Sincerity," with a naïve departure from his subject, makes the moon the topic of much sentimental reflection. The poets in all ages have ornamented their verses with "the appearance" of the moon, but they have not known—he thinks — its "profound feeling." To him, the philosopher, it is "the Memento of the Generations;" and when he sees the moon with such a reflective spirit, he mourns. With an appeal to the same hereditary spirit, but with a precisely opposite effect, do I find the modern Japanese youth (the English phrasing would lead one to conclude that he is a pupil of the Koto Chu Gakko) regarding a waterfall near Nikkō. I quote the words I discovered pencilled over the door of the neighboring shrine.

"I nowe vigited Gatisko and I see This wonderful toring
My pleguare are very rarge and Therfor sank much your kaind."

[Jakko is far from being a "wonderful torrent;" but the large pleasure which it gave this visitor is characteristic of his people, and the thanks rendered to the god for his kindness is touching and commendable.]

It is this quick susceptibility of sentiment, and the predominatingly sentimental way of regarding all natural objects, which is a chief characteristic of Japanese art. It not only considers all natural objects from the point of view of sympathetic, soulful feeling, but it also endows these objects themselves with the same feeling. It vaguely but deftly realizes, in the artistic representation of nature, the true thought that the spirit of nature is a kinsfellow of the spirit in man. What Eitel says of that philosophical form of Confucianism which was developed by Shushi in China, holds good pre-eminently of the attitude toward nature of the Japanese people. "What has been so often admired in the philosophy of the Greeks . . . that they made nature live (*i.e.*, with human feeling); that they saw in every stone, in every tree, a living spirit; . . . this poetical, emotional and reverential way of looking at natural objects is equally a characteristic," etc.

The political life and the political

changes of Japan are also controlled to an astonishing degree by sentiment. So far as selfishness does not rule here, as everywhere else, in politics, it is the sentimental way of looking at all things political, rather than the ethical way, or that of clear conception of political rights and duties, which is dominant. Supreme over all, and worked into the very life-blood of the people, is the feeling of reverence and loyalty toward the emperor. This sentiment, which, in the multitude, approaches, if it does not actually become one of religious worship, asks itself no questions, and founds itself upon no clearly conceived principles. It is essentially unreasoning in origin and character, often hopelessly unreasonable in expression. In fact, up to date, even the conservative and respectful representation of historical facts as bearing upon this sentiment is repressed and punished in a way quite inconsistent with all our Western notions of the most fundamental political rights.

A friend of mine who is a teacher in one of the government schools, informs me that, when nothing else will control the wild Japanese youths in the schoolroom, the mention of the emperor's name has upon them the most magical of soothing effects. These same youths would probably not hesitate to treat with violence anyone whom they understood to be speaking with a slightly too low tone of reverence concerning his majesty; and it would be difficult to predict to what lengths they might proceed in the punishment of a culprit so great in their eyes. Yet they have scarcely a semblance of knowledge concerning those principles of political rights and duties which the English or American youth of like age and station will be found to possess, as it were, inbred. Not long ago a foreigner, in his enthusiasm for the national welfare of the Japanese, expressed in a public lecture his hope that, soon, the nation would become Christian, and even the emperor—— But, as I heard the story from excellent authority, the unfortunate speaker never finished his sentence; and it was only with considerable difficulty that he was rescued from the angry mob into which his audience had been turned, hurried into a jinrikisha, and sent to a neighboring town, where he arrived so frightened by the unexpected result of his most benevolent wish, that he could not force his disturbed mind and trembling fingers to pay his "coruma" man the right sum, and had to call upon the landlord for assistance. Still more recently, the enraged pupils of a government school have used that extreme power which pupils possess in all the schools in Japan, to force the removal of a teacher on a charge of *lese majestatis*, because he had praised the love of *all* men as the duty of all.

In the attitude of the average Japanese toward other individual men, this same characteristic of predominating sentimentality is obvious enough. It is difficult to secure from natives friendship and devotion, or even much steadfast interest, for anyone out of whom they cannot make and maintain a hero. Said a Japanese writer, who knew his countrymen well: "Most Japanese are hero-worshippers. They are a difficult people to manage, except by a hero to whom they can look up. Yet they are very easily led away by a hero. They move on the sensational currents of the hero's opinions, and lack individuality. . . . Their weak point is that they cannot rise above their hero. If he makes a mistake or fails, they also do the same. If he falls, they do likewise. This has been true of us, as close examination of our history will show."

In the daily social intercourse of the people — and especially, of necessity, among the better classes—the effects of the characteristic sentimental temperament are constantly apparent. Of these effects, some are such as to give an appearance of great delicacy and beauty to the details of life; but others impress the more robust and practical Westerner with a sense of insincerity and weakness. The politeness of the Japanese is marked by all travellers; it has passed into a proverb. To those who are willing to take the purely sentimental point of view, many of the national habits are most delightful. But none are more severe in the feeling of repulsion which is produced by much that is characteristic of polite Japan,

than some of the natives themselves, on return from a life of several years in foreign lands. "A rough manner with a kind heart"—wrote one of these natives—"is far better than a petty artificial politeness with no heart-meaning. Japan is one of the politest nations in the world, but alas! the heart is not in it. Artificial politeness is a national habit."

But one cannot feel that the words just quoted represent the entire truth. The interest which expresses itself in honorific titles for the tea and the hot water and the bath, at the wayside inn, the elaborate salutations exchanged with the maid who waits upon you, the smile and repeated "Sayonara" at parting, are genuine outcome of a certain very unusual and characteristic refinement of national feeling. And what a very embodiment, as it were, of the most delicate sentiment is the Japanese good-by—"Sayonara" ("if it must be so"). To suppose, however, that this appearance signifies the same genuine refinement of ethical and spiritual character which anything similar would probably signify in an Englishman or an American, would be to go still wider of the mark.

The real and predominating attitude of the popular mind toward "the foreigner" is still the same unreasoning sentiment that it has ever been. A few, and only a very few, even of the educated Japanese, have any intelligent and sympathetic knowledge of that type of mental life which has been developed by a Western and Christian civilization. Among the people of all classes, uninformed, unreasoning feeling toward all foreigners still underlies the crust of enforced or selfish and conventional politeness. This sentiment is a mixture of surprise and admiration with repulsion and contempt. A well-principled, or even a cosmopolitan, feeling toward all human kind, an "enthusiasm of humanity," is a rare and difficult thing to find in Japan. What but the knowledge of this mental attitude of his countrymen could have influenced an intelligent native preacher to say, in extremest praise of the power of divine grace: "It can make you love *even* a foreigner"?

In the general character, as well as the details, of much social intercourse in Japan, a fine, quiet susceptibility to varied and refined feeling makes itself manifest. I cannot easily forget the great pleasure and warm approval which I have myself experienced in being the guest at several characteristic entertainments. Within the apartments of one of the Buddhist temples in the suburbs of Tōkyō, a party of us met one evening for dinner. Of the company were a viscount, a captain in the navy, the son of one of the highest officials in Japan, and several prominent professors of the Imperial University. The entertainment consisted, chiefly, in watching the work of an enthusiastic old man who painted before us, for our recreation, two or three *kakemonos*. The dinner and pleasures in-doors finished, the guest was invited to walk in the moonlight and enjoy the quiet beauty of the monastery's garden — centuries old. Here remarks were exchanged concerning the ancient monks who had planted and fostered the garden, and concerning the happiness and advantages of a life free from striving, unrest, and toil, according to the true Buddhistic pattern.

It is, however, when the genuine Japanese attaches himself intelligently to an ideal cause that the vigor and beauty of the best work possible for such a temperament appears. What in all history can be shown more tender and more touching than Neesima's poetical quotation to reveal the feelings of his deepest heart toward his beloved Dōshisha?

"When the cherry blossoms open on Mt. Yoshino.
Morning and evening I am anxious about the fleecy clouds on his summit."

Or again, when urged to take up work in the provinces, he replied in the words of a poem written by the wife of one of the earlier Shōguns:

"However glad the city's spring may be,
The thought of fading country flowers deep sadness brings to me."

The same characteristic sentimentality extends even to the view which a large number of the finest youths of

Japan take of themselves. There is probably no country in the world where so large a proportion of the clever young men have their ambitions fired with desire to do something worthy for their liege lord, or their country, or the particular ideal cause which their imagination has espoused. In politics, scholarship, sociology, and religion, an uncommon proportion of striplings are ready to offer themselves as informers and reformers, as leaders and as prophets. Where this ferment of aspiration, accompanied by the sentimental view of what one man—and he young, unknown, and no other than "I myself"—can accomplish, is also joined to even a fair amount of judgment and patient willingness to undergo training and to submit to rebuffs, it produces some truly splendid results. No more interesting and lovable young men have I met anywhere. But far too frequently the sentiment becomes a form of self-conceit for the psychologist's study rather than a picture of intelligent, sturdy devotion to a well-conceived ideal. In no other land is there so much of obvious tendency to what is recognized as a type of "grandiose paranoia" as in Japan. This characteristic exhibition of the sentimental temperament, although naturally much exaggerated by the present conditions of the country, is in accordance with the historical development of the race.

But in Japan, as elsewhere, it is impossible to understand profoundly the life of the people, or even intelligently to explain the more trifling details of daily conduct, without a knowledge of the ethical ideas and feelings that are controlling. And here again—even pre-eminently here—we must consider the ethical sentiments rather than any conceptions clearly seized or any systematic development of the rules of conduct from superior ethical principles. The same thing is undoubtedly true of all peoples, of the most civilized of Western nations as well as of the most civilized of Eastern nations. The Japanese mind is, of course, never other than the same human mind whose life expresses itself in the civilization of England and the United States, but no less faithfully in the civilization of this Oriental land. Yet here, as nowhere else in the world, vague but lofty and inspiring ethical sentiment, as distinguished from clear thinking on questions of ethics or rules of living, formed in accordance with so-called "sound common sense," dominates and purifies but also distorts the conduct of the people.

According to the most influential ethical teaching of Japan as well as the inbred feeling of the multitude, the virtues are all subordinate to one; they are all indeed absorbed, as it were, in that one. This supreme and all-absorbing virtue is *fidelity*—first of all, and without limit or question, to the lord, your political superior, and, under him, to parents, husband, or other domestic superior.

It is true that Kyu-so, the Confucian teacher already referred to, whose ethical doctrine represents perhaps the best education of the Samurai of a century and a half ago, says: "Benevolence, the principle of love, is the virtue of the heart. And with this virtue are all the others, for they are included in it and come from it. . . . Benevolence means the heart which loves mankind and is the chief of virtues." It is true also that Confucian ethics generally is not wanting in genial discourse upon this chief of the virtues. But this Japanese philosopher does not mean by "benevolence" the same thing which Christian ethics understands by the term; and this phase of Confucian theory never became a living principle, recognized and placed in control of conduct, among even the morally best of Japan.

On the other hand, fidelity has been for centuries, and still is, regarded as the one virtue which justifies all forms of conduct, and not infrequently glorifies those actions which appear to our Western and Christian notions the most hideous crimes. Under the feudal system of Japan, and in appeal to the sentimental temperament of the race, a development of the Chinese philosophy took place which Dr. Knox, in his introduction to a translation of the "Shundai Zatsuwa," contrasts with that which took place in China, as follows: "So, too, does loyalty take pre-

cedence of filial obedience, and the ethical philosopher can praise without qualification men who desert parents, wife, and children for the feudal lord. And with the loyalty, an undue exaltation of the disregard of life, an exaltation that comes near to canonizing those who kill themselves, no matter how causelessly, no matter though crime be the reason for an enforced suicide." On this subject we may quote further from the body of this philosophical work. "When you cross your threshold and pass out through the gate go as men who shall never return again. Thus shall you be ready for every adventure you may meet. . . . Especially three things must never be forgotten, the blessing of parent, lord, and sage. Parents bestow and cherish the body; not a hair even is apart from them and their love. But the daimyō gives us all we have and maintains us — not a chop-stick save from him. And the sage instructs us and saves us from the state of brutes." In another passage, the same philosopher reminds his hearers that, "of old, when the emperor commanded that books of poetry be made, the names of dancing-girls and priests appeared with the names of nobles, and even of the emperor himself. . . . So does my talk of fidelity bring in Samurai of distinguished families with dancing-girls and beggars. Fidelity knows no distinction of high or low. This is its virtue."

The sentimental regard for this supreme virtue of fidelity has produced many most splendid examples of self-sacrificing heroism in the history of Japan. No ancient site of a castle, scarcely a hill-side, river-bank, or grove, that has not been consecrated with some such example. Its expression still frequently runs — as has always been the case—a speedy course to the end of a violent death. The supreme test and the value of fidelity are found in the willingness to serve—just how clear knowledge does not show, but vague sentiment suggests that it must be somehow—by committing *harakiri*. The slighter the provocation, and the less practical benefit of this supreme act of loyalty, the more does the Japanese sentimental ethics praise the act itself. Tender youths and weak women, by the score and by the thousand, have thus been "faithful"—as they understood the virtue—"until (up to the limit of) death."

No observer possessed of right ethical feeling can fail to respond with a thrill of admiration to this exhibition of willingness to undergo martyrdom at the behests of the sentiment of fidelity, without regard to the extreme and useless form which the exhibition may take. Better this than sordid, cowardly selfishness; far better than the failure, under any uplift of noble emotions, to rise above the lusts of the flesh or the pride of life. And in the estimate of that absolute justice with which rests the making-up of the final account, the helpless victims of sentiment, in the more distorted and hideous results of its working, will, doubtless, stand far better than those degenerate representatives of a foreign civilization, to whom not a few of these victims have been offered up.

At the same time, no student of the national ethical life who is candid and thorough as well as sympathetic, can fail to recognize and to deprecate the limitations, the weakness, and even the great amount of folly and crime, to which the predominance of this blind and undisciplined sentiment of fidelity leads the people of Japan. Essentially unchanged have the currents of national feeling, and the course of conduct, flowed for centuries in this land. And to-day, although the government has suppressed some of the more repulsive features of the deeds resulting from the feeling, the feeling itself is still the dominating ethical power over the people. Doubtless, from the political point of view also, it is well that this is so. For the temporary and relative relaxation of the power of this sentiment—especially among the young men of the more intelligent classes—which the so-called "new era" introduced, has been productive of not a little to occasion serious alarm for the future well-being of the country. A semi-religious but irrational reverence for, and sentiments of loyalty to, the temporal lord, or to the head of the

family, is safer for the state than no controlling ethical feeling, or than the absolutely *non*-moral attitude of the popular mind toward authority.

An interesting and instructive volume might be written for the purpose of tracing into all its various ramifications, in law, custom, and habit, as well as in the more detailed working of mental life, the sentiment of fidelity among the Japanese. The sentiment announces itself in many ways that seem quite inexplicable, when judged by the standard of average Western ideas and practices of an ethical sort.

Not long ago, a Japanese under arrest for another crime gratuitously and falsely made confession of the murder of Missionary Large. After the falseness of his confession was discovered, he was questioned as to the motive that had induced him thus voluntarily to stretch out his neck to the halter. The man responded that he had wished to save the honor of his country, which was suffering in the eyes of all from the failure of the police to discover the perpetrators of the murder. The better acquainted any observer is with the real workings of the Japanese mind, the readier will he be to believe that the rogue, who lied in the confession, spoke true in declaring the motive for it. For an obscure youth or woman to commit suicide, with the feeling that somehow the good of the country is thus to be secured, and some real or fancied stain upon the national honor wiped away in self-sacrificial blood, is to act consistently *à la Japonaise*.

This predominance of the blind ethical sentiment of fidelity not only produces "queer" results—as sound Western sense would certainly consider them; it also represses other virtues, and even furnishes the motive to various forms of crime. To this cause in part (but only in part) do I attribute the fact that the virtues of truth-telling, honesty, and purity as a matter of moral self-protection have never risen to the dignity of independent virtues in Japan. As such, and disconnected from the sentiment of loyalty to some person or cause, they have little if any hold upon the conscience of the Japanese people at large. In saying this I do not intend to raise the much-debated question as to the relative amount of falsehood, dishonesty, and impurity in the Eastern lands as compared with the Western and so-called Christian lands. Even if I were able to establish beyond a doubt my impression, that Japan is not for a moment to be compared with the United States, or England, or any country of Northern Europe, in respect of these virtues, I should not in doing this strengthen precisely the point I wish to make. My point now is simply this: Japanese mental life gives to my mind little or no sure token that it regards the value or the obligation of these virtues *as such*. To these virtues I might add that of a feeling of, not to say a due rational regard for, the sacredness of human life.

I cannot avoid, in this connection, making the remark that even the lower interests of Japan are, to this very day, suffering incalculably from the undeveloped condition of virtues so fundamental to the advance in civilization of every nation. Japan cannot prosper, as it might otherwise, financially, until the body of the people set more store by the commercial value of truth-telling and fair-dealing. As to sentiment in favor of these indispensable commercial virtues, it is the almost unvarying testimony—alas!—of the experienced, that such sentiment scarcely exists. The truth is illustrated whether one drinks a bottle of soda before inquiring the price, or buys an expensive curio. To secure comfort, the traveller must never mind, must shut his eyes, or draw the veil of sentimental interest in the country and the people over his financial transactions. To secure what Western notions consider justice is not made difficult by the government or the courts, chiefly, but by the whole undeveloped, undisciplined mental life of the people.

A single narrative of personal experience may serve to illustrate traits that are common enough in Japan. A party of us, arriving at Komoro with the intent to ascend Asama-Yama by moonlight, had ordered horses to be at the tea-house by ten o'clock in the evening. They had been faithfully promised, but, according to almost uniform custom in

Japan, they did not arrive on time. Messenger after messenger, despatched by the waiting company, brought back word—first that one man, then two, then three, and then the "head-man" of the stable, had gone after the horses; none of the men had returned, to be sure, but "*tadaima*" ("immediately") the horses would arrive. The wearied and disgusted foreigners fought mosquitoes from the platform of the tea-house until half-past three A.M. Then my Japanese friend, with truly refreshing directness, took the matter vigorously in hand; and within a half-hour the beasts stood waiting for us in the waning moonlight. After listening to his account of the warnings with which he urged the "master of horse" that serious results would follow treating so distinguished personages in such shabby fashion, I asked: "Did you tell him that important international complications might arise out of the affair?" "Not exactly that," was the humorous answer, "but I did say that it would undoubtedly have an unfavorable effect upon treaty revision!" Time and remoter consequences, however, do not concern the average Japanese; and to make the whole thing complete, the landlord endeavored, on our return, with the most childish of excuses, to charge double the contract price, and being accused of his falsehood, admitted it most shamelessly to escape a threatened complaint.

But the picture of results in certain directions, which follow from unthinking adherence to a sentimental loyalty, ending in blind, unquestioning obedience, must be drawn—if faithfully—in yet far darker lines. There are thousands of the daughters of Japan, at the present hour, who are leading lives which Christian ethics has taught Western woman to shrink from more than from death, in "obedience" to this sentiment. Doubtless, in the larger number of cases the personal revolt against the demand which is made by such loyalty to parents, or other superior, is not great. But an occasional suicide shows how severe may be the real sacrifice of some of these slaves, sold under the power of this controlling sentiment.

So interesting a peculiarity of Japanese ethics may profitably be illustrated further, by a quotation from a philosopher, by a reference to a play, and by a narrative of fact. The three shall be given in the reverse order of their mention.

During my stay in Japan the vernacular press gave an account of the shocking murder of his wife by a farmer, said to be—as judged by the standard of his class—an intelligent and hitherto law-abiding man. This poor wretch had become impressed with the belief that a certain portion of the human body, if used as medicine, would cure the oncoming blindness of his aged mother. After making a long journey in the vain attempt to provide, without himself resorting to violence, the desired cure, he returned home determined to offer up his own life for the recovery of his parent's eyesight. But who then should make sure that the remedy would be applied; for the mother seems to have had no knowledge of the dreadful sacrifice which was being prepared for her? This question the man saw no way to be sure of answering, after his own death. He then selected his only child for the offering, but his heart failed him when he attempted to consummate the dreadful deed. And now the man's wife, learning of his wishes for the first time, out of this same sentiment as directed toward husband and mother-in-law, but especially out of love to her child, offers herself as the victim. It was only, however, after the wife had placed a cord around her own neck, and averting his eyes, that the man brought himself to the pitch where he could realize his conception of the binding law of fidelity toward parents. Where else in the so-called civilized world—one is moved to ask—could so hideous a crime be connected with so much of lofty sentiment? The government will punish the criminal. The educated classes will take little note of the significance of the occurrence. But the crime itself, if brought before the great body of the people, would create no shock, would probably not be considered a crime. The deed accords exactly with those ethical sentiments which have controlled

for centuries the history of the national life, and which to-day reign almost unbroken in their sway over the multitudes.

A play had just been put upon the stage of one of the principal theatres of Tōkyō, which deals with this sentiment of loyalty on the servant's part toward his master. The hero of the play stands in this relation toward a samurai of the olden style. The play turns upon the master's declaration that he must have money; the servant, in fidelity to his master, will obtain the money for him, by any means and at any cost to himself. I found no more instructive ethical study than in watching the attitude of the audience—composed chiefly of the upper artisan classes—toward the efforts of the hero of this play. By a project which Western ethical ideas would consider worthy of being stamped with the blackest kind of infamy, the hero proposes to extort money for his master from another wealthy samurai. But when, being on the point of failure, and the sword of this samurai has already been prepared to strike off his dastardly head, he bares his neck with a dramatic swell and shows the place through which the sword must go, tattooed with Buddha's image, he carries all obstacles before him. The samurai cannot strike through that image to cut the head from a man so faithful to his master. He not only pardons this servant, but loads him with money; and the scoundrel—so I am inclined to believe that theatre-going classes in England and the United States, relatively much lower than this Japanese audience, would regard him—is greeted as the hero with unmistakable applause.

There appears nothing strange in the present attitude of the peasant and artisan classes of Japan toward the most fundamental virtues, as well as the most reprehensible crimes, when we consider carefully the sentiments of the distinguished teachers of Confucian ethics, as well as the influence of both Shintō and Buddhism (so far as they have had any influence on morals) in the past history of the nation. The philosopher Kyu-So's selected instances of the noteworthy and virtuous samurai, place the supreme test of fidelity and courage in the willingness to inflict and to suffer death. So Andōyaimon, when the offer of pardon from the feudal lord who had conquered his master, reached him, "with grief and anger there, before the messenger, wrapped the letter round his sword and killed himself." So Nagaoka's wife, when her castle was surrounded by the enemy, joined hands with her women, and "jumped into the fire and died." And not only those whom we all—men and women of the Western civilization—would easily admire, but even moral monstrosities like the boy Kujurō, are held up to admiration by this Japanese teacher of ethics. This youth of fifteen years, when he had killed his companion in a quarrel over a game of *go*, and had been required to commit *harakiri*, showed not a trace of any emotion over his crime, or his own approaching death. But on the day appointed, "he rose early, bathed, dressed himself with care, made all his preparations with perfect calmness, and then, quiet and composed, killed himself." Says our philosopher: "No old, trained, self-possessed samurai could have excelled him. . . . It would be shameful, were it to be forgotten that so young a boy performed such a deed." And thus it comes about that this youthful murderer is introduced as a notable one among heroic examples in *Shundai Zatsuma. Book One—Benevolence!*

It is not alone, however, on the side of feeling and of devotion that the predominance of the sentimental temperament, with its charms and its disappointments, its strength and its weakness, can be traced everywhere along the currents of the Japanese mental life. The other side of this temperament, as it were, has to do with the volitions, with the habitual forms of the activity of so-called will. This temperament, it has already been said, is characterized by impulsive will, with a tendency to collapse under the strain required for fighting coolly and steadily against unyielding obstacles the battle of a cause, the battle of life. The courage which comes from throwing one's self into a cause, without selfish regard for consequences, and with might,

mind, and devotion, has been common enough in the history of Japan. And, although the last thirty years have undoubtedly developed much more of sentiment cynical and distrustful of ideals, and of the unchivalric temper of mind, a similar courage is common enough still. The whole nation would probably be aflame with it, should any uniting cause—like a threat to the continuance of the imperial dynasty or to the autonomy of the country—call it forth. In any such case, the exhibitions of fidelity and courage would probably revert speedily to the ancestral type.

This ancestral type of courage is sentimental, and sentimental courage is impulsive and ready to hasten to the supreme issue. It is not that courage which endures the patient overcoming of obstacles, the long succession of compromises necessary to reach an end, the ability to contend with steadiness, nerve, and careful reservation of the last forces until the time of extreme need arrives.

The impulsive, unsteady will, in connection with a quick susceptibility to variety of sentiments, makes itself manifest in all the daily work and daily life of the Japanese people. This is one reason why, as every traveller in the East knows, it is the Chinese rather than the Japanese who are sought and trusted in mercantile and commercial affairs of every kind. It is true that the hereditary feeling of the better class of Japanese toward money transactions partakes largely of the thought of Balzac: *L'argent ne devient quelque chose qu'au moment où le sentiment n'est plus.* But besides the other reasons why so clever a people are, according to Western standards, lacking in qualifications for business, is their unsteadiness of purpose. Nor is this failing manifest in business alone; in politics, in devotion to a life-plan, in education, in religion, the same thing appears.

Connected with this impulsive will is the tendency to sudden, complete, and final collapse of purpose, whenever destiny seems to have decided that the thing wished for cannot be attained, or the thing dreaded is sure to come. This form of will has perhaps been fostered by the fatalistic teaching of Buddhism, and by its doctrine of submission and obedience; but it belongs to that very type of mental life which is characteristic of the Japanese.

In the monastery garden of Kinkakuji, at Kyōto, the visitor is shown where Yoshimitsu, nearly five hundred years ago, drew the water for his tea, where he drank it, and where he washed his hands, etc. Here this great shōgun had retired, having surrendered the title to his son, shaved his head, and assumed the garb of a Buddhist monk. His course of action can be paralleled by that of other rulers, weary of the semblance of power, in many nations and eras of history. But voluntarily to give up all contest for the reality of power is characteristic of the national habit in Japan, whenever the signs of the approaching fatalistic decision are adverse. And Bismarck, chafing under enforced retirement, or Gladstone coming forward at eighty, with courage and cheerfulness, to resume the reins of government, are characteristic of the Western civilization.

There is no more expressive phrase in the Japanese language than this:—*Shikata-ga-nai* ("it cannot be helped)." "The game is up:" it is probably this feeling that makes the hardened criminal in Japan submit to forms of arrest, and of safe-conduct and safe-keeping, which would be laughed to scorn by his kinsman in crime who has the spirit of the Western civilization. To surrender completely when the limit seems to be reached is even regarded as a point of honor. The will which has this quality, will bear patiently and uncomplainingly a large amount of suffering; it will respond with heroic devotion and bring in its hands, as an offering, its own life. But it is hard for it to fix a plan and adhere to this plan in the face of repeated disappointments and defeats. And when it is strained but a little too hard in one direction, it knows no way to relax but to fly off to some other extreme, under the influence of a new theory, a new sentiment, a novel and now charming idea. Or it may go into pieces which cannot be gathered and made to adhere, even for

a short time, to any other object of interest and effort.

Shikata-ga-nai, and that ends it;—this is the refuge of the maid who has dropped her tray of dishes, of the jinrikisha runner who has tipped over his vehicle, and, not infrequently, of the student who has failed in his examinations, or the statesman whose measures have not carried.

At a memorial service, held for Mr. Neesima in the city of Tōkyō, Mr. Hiroyuki Kato, President of the Imperial University, made an address. After disclaiming all belief in Christianity or any other religion, and all interest in the cause for which the deceased hero's "steadfast spirit" had suffered, he praised most warmly the character of the hero, and held him up as an example of enduring, indefatigable devotion, for imitation by all Japanese. "We are a clever people," said President Kato. "Western nations commend us in this respect, and they are doubtless right. . . . It is a good thing to be clever, but to be clever only is to lack strength. Cleverness and steadfastness of purpose rarely go hand in hand. The former is apt to taper away into shallowness and fickleness, and the shallow, fickle mind can rarely carry through to its end any great undertaking. While there are undoubted exceptions, yet I think this is our weakness, that we have not the endurance, the indefatigable spirit of men of the West. Foreigners criticise us for our mobility, and in itself mobility leads to no good results. . . . Without other qualities we cannot compete successfully with the West."

This judgment of a native leader of modern education in Japan, is true of the present temper and conduct of the people, beyond a fair and reasonable doubt. But it is also true of their most profound, inherent national spirit, of their characteristic temperament as a race. And only the long-continued and diffusive work of some great moral influence can change this spirit, and so elevate the Japanese, in respect of these grave deficiencies, to an equality with the civilization of the West. Japan will doubtless continue to excite the interest of the civilized world; it will be greatly admired and profusely praised —indiscriminately so by those individuals whose own minds have the weaknesses that go with excess of sentimentality. But it will never become great as a nation, among the nations of the earth, and as well-rounded *men* count greatness, until some such moral influence has wrought a mighty change in the spirit of the people.

In politics and in education, in opinions on questions of policy, questions of ethics, and questions of religion, in matters of social and business engagement, the effects of artistic and varied susceptibility, quickness in receiving and skill in appropriating all manner of impressions, but with impulsive will and great lack of steady, tenacious purpose, and of sound, practical reason, are apparent in Japan. The political, educational, and religious leaders of the country, even during its modern era, have been, to an extent which occasions wonder in the foreign mind, men whose lack of these eminently Occidental qualities would have made leadership difficult or impossible for them among the Western nations. Of one example of such leadership, we quote the author's estimate in "Things Japanese." "Mr. Fukuzawa, Director of the Keiō Gijiku," says Mr. Chamberlain, "is a power in the land." "Writing with admirable clearness, publishing a popular newspaper, not keeping too far ahead of the times; in favor of Christianity to-day, because its adoption might gain for Japan the good-will of Christian nations; all eagerness for Buddhism to-morrow, because Buddhist doctrines can be better reconciled with those of evolution and development; pro and anti-foreign by turns, inquisitive, clever, not over-ballasted with judicial calmness, this eminent private school-master, but who has consistently refused all office, is the intellectual father of half the young men who fill the middle and lower posts in the government of Japan." This power of Mr. Fukuzawa in Japan is gained, not less because of his complete temperamental resemblance to the majority of the best among his countrymen, than because of his exhibition of disinterested labors for their welfare. But in

England or in the United States, this temperamental characteristic would be so serious an impediment to success, that little or no power over the educated classes could be exercised by one who was swayed by it to such an extent as Mr. Fukuzawa.

I believe that my general estimate of the mental characteristics of the people of Japan, carried out into details, will explain satisfactorily almost all their traits and customs, both the engaging and the irritating, the significantly weak and the significantly strong ; while it is of the very essence of the sentimental temperament to exhibit *all* those apparently contradictory forms of feeling and of behavior which have been the puzzle of foreign observers of the Japanese, from the beginning of their intercourse with foreigners to the present time.

It would require a far more ardent disciple of Mr. Buckle than any intelligent student of anthropology, in the most modern spirit, is likely to be, to advocate a wide-spreading causal influence from the climate and geography of Japan, over the fundamental characteristics of thought, feeling, and volition, which belong to the Japanese race. But an illustrative analogy between the two cannot fail to suggest itself. Japan is the land of much natural scenery that is pre-eminently interesting and picturesque. It is the land of beautiful green mountains and of luxurious and highly variegated flora. It is the land that lends itself to art, to sentiment, to reverie and brooding over the mysteries of nature and of life. But it is also the land of volcanoes, earthquakes, floods, and typhoons ; the land under whose thin fair crust, or weird and grotesque superficial beauty, and in whose air and surrounding waters, the mightiest destructive forces of nature slumber and mutter, and betimes break forth with amazing destructive effect. As is the land, so— in many striking respects — are the people that dwell in it. The superficial observer, especially if he himself be a victim of the unmixed sentimental temperament, may find everything interesting, æsthetically pleasing, promising continued kindness of feeling, and unwearied delightful politeness of address. But the more profound student will take note of the clear indications, that beneath this thin, fair crust, there are smouldering fires of national sentiment, uncontrolled by solid moral principle, and unguided by sound, practical judgment. As yet, however, we are confident in the larger hope for the future of this most "interesting" of Oriental races.

SAWNEY'S DEER-LICK

By Charles D. Lanier

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

I

I PAUSED in our stealthy passage over the big ridges and, grounding my gun near the brink of a half-choked mountain-spring, began to reassure myself as to the noble stillness of the hills, and as to the unreality of lingering phantom rumblings and clatterings, the deafening, inhuman babel of the city, a thousand miles away.

Sawney, my silent rear-guard, moved forward to join me after a slowly searching glance had convinced him that no cotton-tail buck nor "gang" of turkeys was feeding in the vast sweep of chestnut timber—a perfect natural park that had opened to our view.

I suspected he was going to break the eloquence of the still-hunter's speechlessness when, with hands clasped over the muzzle of the old mountain rifle, which was long enough to act as a comfortable support for his chin, he fixed his eyes on the little stream that flowed out of the high ridge.

"Highest water we've seen," I muttered, with an accent which implied a readiness to be corrected.

"Naw. Little Lick on yan side Jump Mount'n's higher," he said, in the deliberate, smothered tones of the man whose home is in the woods.

He still stared from under his bushy eyebrows at the rivulet which slowly made its way through the dense covering of fallen leaves.

"Thirty-seven deer I've killed in five yards o' that spring-head," he finally mumbled.

The thing seemed decidedly improbable, the more so that only half a mile down the mountain swung one of the railroad's audacious curves. But I had Sawney's eyes and profile, as well as the intimacy of many hunting seasons, to tell me that he was one of those rare humans, who, from lack of temptation, or simplicity of character, or limitation of intellect, or all, merely went through life without being subjected to dilemmas between truth and falsehood.

"An' I reckon," continued the old man, appreciating the delicacy of my silence, but unable to forego the pleasure of mystifying me a bit further, "there's been three hundred killed, in my time, right here."

"How come so many at this little hole-in-the-ground?" I inquired, in self-defence.

"Drink," he answered, shortly, with a nod toward the spring.

I laid my gun on the leaves, threw back my hunting-cap, and stretched out for a long draught. But, instead of the icy, sparkling drink I had expected, the water was temperate and strong with sulphur.

"Oh, it's a lick, is it?" I remarked, in an enlightened tone.

"A lick," he repeated, "an' befo' they begun to run their railroads into this country an' hound the deer out of it, a man could have faith in bringin' home vensun if he was willin' to stay here a few hours in the night. Bucks will have sulphur when they git ready for it if they *know'd* hunters was waiting for 'em. Thar's the log whar you laid behine, and the prong o' the saplin' is still growin' in front of it whar you aimed yo' gun fo' the head o' the lick, and knew when to pull by hearin' 'em drink, if there war'n't no moon."

I examined these relics, wondering somewhat at his unusual loquacity.

"It's *my* lick spring," he went on presently, with a look on his face that was new to me. "An' this piece o' the Beard Mount'n we're standin' on, is my land, my reel *es*tate."

This was almost more than I could swallow. He was well known in Masterson, the straggling hamlet guarded by these great mountains, as a shiftless Nick o' the Woods, who had no business to be the father of such a pretty, capable daughter as Linda Moore. The "boom" of the iron ore, the railroad, and the summer resort element not far away, had made it more of a crime in the Alleghanies than of yore to be shiftless.

"Where are you going to put up your furnace, Sawney?" I joked, carelessly; and then repented deeply, for I knew the old man had become unhappy over his poverty and low estate, because of his daughter.

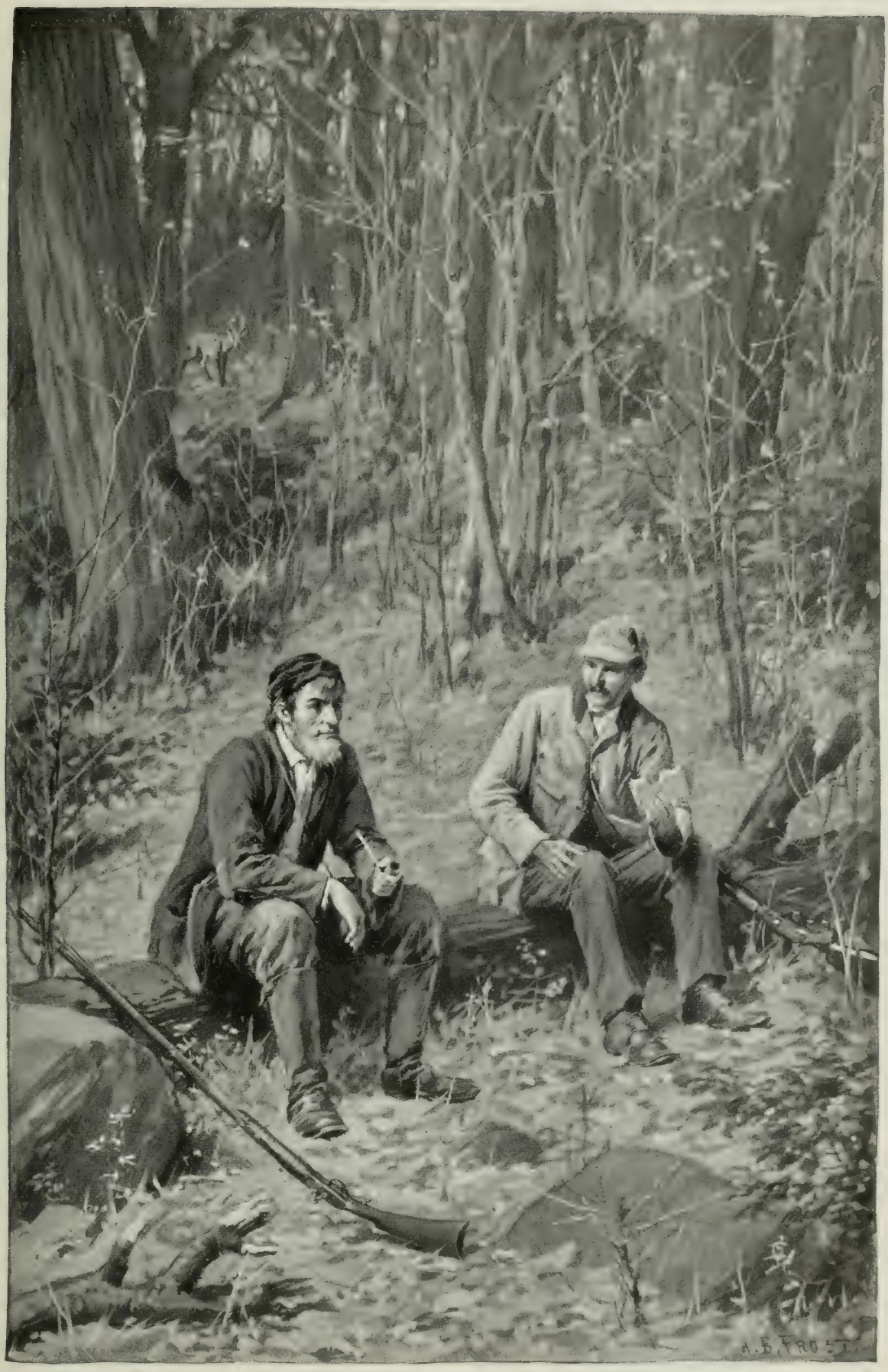
"The big beech yander's one corner," he continued, without paying any attention to me, "an' that white bowlder's another, an' the lightnin' blasted pine on the ridge an' the head o' the draft make the fo' corners, containin' an' includin' an a*ree-er* of thirteen and one-half acres, more nor less."

I considered it best to let him explain himself without promptings.

"Colonel Bob lef' that piece to me an' my heirs when he sold this mount'n to the Syndi*cate*. Colonel Bob used to come up from the Valley, every year when the ches'nuts were fallin', an' go into camp fo' deer an' turkey an' b'ar. A many night we've laid out behine that log, and when he sold out befo' he died, he took into his head to give me this little piece up in the mount'n, whar we've hung up mo' bucks 'n most people ever seen."

"Colonel Bob Stewart?" I inquired, producing the sandwich that was to do the duties of dinner, and taking a seat on the historic log.

"Yes, suh. He *was* a man. I've been at New York"—Sawney sat down too, and looked up to catch the effect this statement would have on me—



"It does seem to me like some people have all the luck in this world."—Page 96.

"more'n thirty years ago; yes," he added, in vague calculation, "more'n forty. Went with Colonel Bob 'count of some slaves he got into trouble about. I guess it's a bigger town now'n it was then?" I nodded. "But it was a powerful big town then. What's the name of that street up the middle, that main street?"

"Broadway," I suggested, after a rapid appeal to the laws of association.

"That's it. I walked one evenin' up that street, away from the water an' al'ays keepin' the road part on my left hand. I walked farther'n I ever seen a town road last, and then crossed over an' come down on th' other side, straight back, but al'ays keepin' the road part on the left hand." He paused until I nodded my comprehension of this phenomenon.

"I never seen so many humans at onct. Goin' up there was a stream of 'em, and comin' down there was just as many. But what 'stonished me," said Sawney, with the air of being about to draw rather heavily on my credulity, "was, they all seemed to have somethin' on hand. Maybe they didn't," he qualified seriously, "and was just out like me, but it 'peared t' me as if they mighty near all of 'em had somethin' on hand."



I explained that he was most likely right in his estimate of Broadway's busy-ness, and his wonder subsided in reflective puffs at a corn-cob pipe.

"So we're hunting on your property," I said, thinking to please what had seemed a queer little streak of vanity in him.

"Yes, suh. When I was tryin' to send Lindy to Sta'nton to school—Colonel Bob's daughter gave half what it cost—I had Sam Wilson down in the Post-office write to the Syndi*cate* that bought the rest of the mount'n from Colonel Bob, an' offered to sell 'em this piece, thinkin' they might be willin' to pay a good figger to have the whole piece."

"Wouldn't they buy it?"

The old man looked somewhat abashed. "They wrote a letter sayin' the rest of the mount'n went at a dollar an acre, an' that comes to thirteen an' a half fo' my piece. They said they'd make it a round fifteen, but that wouldn't help Lindy's schoolin' worth speakin'. It does seem to me like some people have all the luck in this world," he said, almost bitterly; "there's Sam Carlstone——"

A sharp cracking of dry twigs made us both turn quickly. Not fifty yards behind stood, with lowered antlers, a handsome buck, his hair rising along his back like a quarrelsome cat's, and his pretty forefoot stamping angrily in the leaves. He had evidently taken umbrage at the queer, amorphous appearance made by the backs of our hunting-coats as we slouched on the log, but his challenge faded instantly when the movement disclosed to him the deadly nature of the quarrel he had picked. Fairly shrinking in his terror, he bounded away, while Sawney, with the quickness of thought, snatched his rifle from the ground, drew blood with the hasty shot, and gave us a weary trail till nightfall.

II

"My Dear Rowlett: I have been referred to you by a party in a queer case



that has come up in the arrangement of one of the most important hotel enterprises that our railroad is pushing. Near where the main line crosses the back-bone of the Alleghanies we are putting up a magnificent resort, and we have already advertised widely that the chief attraction of the 'Montebello' is to be the warm sulphur baths which are fed by a spring rising a half-mile or so up the mountain. We expected to allow a good price to the Syndicate for the use of this spring, but had entertained no idea of possible trouble, because, as you know, the heaviest capitalists are interested in both concerns. But when the final arrangements came to be made, it turned out that the title to the land about the spring had not been transferred to the Syndicate with the rest of the mountain property, but belongs to an old curmudgeon of a hunter or moonshiner, whom I understand you have at times employed as a guide.

"Our people have tried every means of bringing him to his senses, for we must have the matter decided at once, but he will not accept any of the offers, and insists on referring the question to you. If you are willing to be troubled in the matter, I hope you will get a power of attorney from old Moore—that is the moonshiner's name—and I shall be honored if you will lunch with me on Friday at the 'Lawyer's,' at any hour which is accustomed to find you peckish.

"Yours truly,
"C. Nicholas Van Muysden."

The typewriter at my elbow looked up in lady-like surprise at the exclamation which escaped me.

Van Muysden has not to this day quite forgiven me for the number of thousands of dollars which were transferred from the coffers of the Appalachian Railroad Company to my old man of the mountains.

On conferring with Sawney concerning the changes which this snug little fortune would make in his life, he asked me if there was enough of it to enable Linda to study in Europe with her chum at the Staunton school. His eyes sparkled when I calculated that this might easily be arranged. When I added that there would be capital left to build himself as good a house as any in Masterson, he did not show just the expected enthusiasm over the scheme. Then I reminded him that it was his duty to Linda to put on some style and live like her friends down in the Valley. He replied that he had been thinking about it; that he would not care to stay in Masterson, where everybody would laugh at his store-clothes; and that if there was "enough," he wanted to go to the city, where he could learn quicker to be like Linda's friends, and where there would not be anyone to bother him. She would be away a whole year, and he thought he could get used to city clothes and their fine

ways against the time they came back. Whereupon I took mental note that the poison was getting in its work.

Men who have hunted much together are bound by very subtle ties. It is unlike other comradeship—that of the woods and streams and mountains—and it respecteth neither birth nor fortune nor temperament. Are not the days and nights of a still-hunt the best of a man's life? They are certainly the least bad. Then he can be brave without needing an audience to applaud; he is truthful; he can speak and be silent; he is modest, and he is at the service of a friend with his life and all that is his. If this spell be broken with the striking of the tents, is it not better to have been in camp?

And it is a true and sweet bond between two men to love the same things—all the more so when few people love them, or even see them. The hunter speaks but little of them, and that awkwardly. When he lies in ambush and shivers with awe and exaltation through the succession of infinite glories that surround the birth of a day, he is speechless, nor even meets his comrade's eye. But either understands, and is content and remembers. He remembers, too, how there was no question in the cold bear-hunt, when the icy Wallawhatoolah lay before them, as to who should stagger through the river with the other on his back; for was not Sawney already wet from his plunge through the "run" below? When Jack, the brave little hound, dragged himself home through the night and storm, after running a buck over thirty miles of fearful ridges which had daunted the rest of the pack—was it not a great secret pleasure to find that both of us felt the weary, torn creature must be brought into the best room of the cabin, maugre all Linda's rules of tidiness? And for an hour have we not watched Jack's limping and groaning efforts to screw himself into a position that promised comfort, offering him mild suggestions and encouragements, which he received with a deep, strange look of gratitude and love from his dark eyes and upturned face?

Ah, those were indeed pipes of peace we smoked, while the hound, finally asleep in the roasting blaze of the great log-fire, gave ever and anon ghostly little half-yelps on the trail of the dream-stag before him!

It needs, then, no set terms to explain why there was something more than curiosity in the motives which led me to see Moore once in a while, when he had been transplanted to the city by this astounding stroke of fortune.

He displayed as much anxiety to get there as any devotee of the Fifth Avenue clubs, as any old exquisite whose day might be spoiled by an error of a few degrees Fahrenheit in his Macon, whose feelings could not be more deeply hurt than by the sight of a woodcock split down the back.

Of course, I took care to warn the two, on my visits to their modest apartments, against the importunities of sharks and beggars. But the daughter had quite her share of common sense and adaptability, and her father was shrewd enough in a slow, straightforward way.

As to beggars, however, my explanations that it was really not charitable or kind to give money to the gentry one meets on the streets, were not altogether successful. It was quite amusing to see Sawney look guiltily after me one afternoon, as we parted on the street, while he gave a piece of money to a ragged fellow who had doubtless been following us for squares in the hope of this *tête-à-tête*.

"They'll spend it on drink," I objected, when the next opportunity came to tax him with it, "and you are doing an injustice to them and to those who really need it."

"Yes, suh," Sawney said, doubtfully; "I can stand 'em lookin' ragged, and hungry too, for I've been both, and it ain't so bad; but when they've got a limpin' gait like they're foot-sore, no man's been on a long hunt with a chafin' boot kin send 'em away. It's the awfullest feelin'—havin' to walk round with a hurt foot, an' it must be worse on these here pavements."

It was quite the best part of the play when he went with me for his first sight of the stage, to see Sawney's fright and self-consciousness when we walked down the aisle, among so many finely



The dear delight of those five minutes of battle.—Page 101.

dressed people, into the glare of a thousand lights; and the look of astonishment on his face as the curtain rose, the dawning understanding, and the complete surrender to the rapture of the story which was being acted. When the dastardly villain, after the customary twists and turns, was finally run to earth and gloriously choked by a hero whose virtue outshone even his tall patent-leather boots, my companion forgot everything and himself in the ecstasy of the *dénouement*, and was brought back to a sitting posture and utter confusion by his daughter's admonition, who blushed very much.

Even after one of these rare sprees, Sawney was always up in time to see the sun rise—that is, if the sun *did* rise in a big city and did not simply appear over the chimneys about an hour after the real event. This strange habit was the cause of much discontented speculation on the part of the janitor and the ancillary element of the apartment-house, all of whom the new tenant treated with a simple but complete courtesy that was somewhat disconcerted by their unresponsive attitude.

In these early sorties the old man tramped out to the Park, where he wandered around undisturbed, save now and then by the desultory suspicion of a brass-buttoned "limb." It was the hour which, every day for a generation, had brought Sawney and his long rifle into the mountain.

After an hour or two he would return to breakfast with his daughter, having punctiliously purchased a paper from one of the *gamins*, whose enterprise, repartee, and activity in boarding the cable-cars were never-ending sources of interest to Sawney. But these morning papers were the cause of some discomfort to him.

"When there's a good piece in one of 'em," he told me, "I start to read it, an' I hang to her pretty steady now, an' I believe I'd finish some of 'em all right if there wa'n't a new paper comin' out again befo' I've had half a chance. Then befo' I know it there's a whole pile, and Lindy begins to laugh at me about not keepin' up."

On the whole, with the exception of one occasion when he carried to a violent termination his espousal of a small boy's cause, whose terrier had been captured by the official dog-catchers, the



old man seemed to be getting along fairly well in his new environments, and I began to see him less and less frequently. His daughter departed on her European campaign. I was called away from the city for a month, and when I returned he had moved to other quarters, nor could their whereabouts be learned. Any uneasiness I might have felt on his account was allayed by the consideration that he knew the way to my office and to my rooms, and that he would certainly tell me if trouble came. So he disappeared from my busy city life.

III

The through train, "double-headed" for the furious assault it had made on the mountain, pulled up at a lonely tank station, and, with a great gasp of

finished effort, began a nervous systole and diastole of shorter breaths. It was an hour before the dawn of a clear frosty day, and the air cut gloriously as I stepped, laden with guns and valises, from the Pullman to the ground, which was frozen so hard beneath the steely gleam of the stars that it gave out a metallic ring beneath my footfalls.

The yearning for another hunting tramp over these great blue ridges had been backing up in my heart for two years, and now I determined to lose not a day, not an hour, of the two weeks' respite. The sun had scarcely risen when, booted and ammunitioned, with a Winchester over my shoulder, I left the little room in the mountain cabin strewn with wildly discarded "things," and set out for a distant ridge that had been wont to harbor lusty "gangs" of wild turkeys in the old days when Sawney initiated me into the secrets of these lordly hills.

There came a renewed feeling of regret that I had not been able to find any trace of him, in my thought to bring him back to his old haunts to share this hunt.

It was not a time, however, for regretting anything very much, for I was blessed with not only "health and a day," but with a gun and a mountain in addition. The ten steep miles to Bear Knob were for me miles of full anticipation, of swiftly rushing blood, of sweet recognition of this giant tree, of that favorite burst of view over the happy Valley clear to the humps of the Blue Ridge. Here is the green, mossy, pine-inhabited "draft," where the sun never shone, where there was always a pair of pheasants to herald my soft approach over the carpet of "needles" by noisily buzzing off to the laurel-covered hills; there is the gaping crevice in a giant ledge of gray rock where we surprised the three bears that heavy winter. The dear delight of those five minutes of battle, the haunting recollection of the beasts' effluvia, are present again, and make me glad that I am here.

Then came the pleasant toil up and down the ridges and drafts of the Knob. An unwary pheasant flew up into a tree to be decapitated by my 38. Every now and then a frisky gray squirrel, searching for some chance relics of the last nut harvest, led me into an arduous and disappointed approach under the suspicion that his rummaging about was the scratching of the big birds I sought.

But the leaves underfoot, those rustling sentinels that guard so constantly and surely their forest folk, were dry and alert. With the utmost caution they crackled out an alarm to the keen-eared turkeys, if any were there, before I could see or hear them, though there were plentiful "signs" of their feeding.

But as the sun was melting the peaks to the west into vaporous gold, while I worked my way very cautiously down the mountain in the direction of the cabin, a far away, plaintive *Kyouck, Kyouck, Kyouck!* suddenly brought my heart to my mouth. Not daring to attempt an answer, I began to creep with infinite care toward the call I had been yearning to hear. Nearer and nearer, until apparently within rifle range, I slowly moved; the Winchester was cocked, every nerve was concentrated in my straining eyes to catch a glimpse of the tall, gallant bird before me. Was it imagination, or was that dark object in the laurel clump—a thin, high-set whistle, the signal of the still-hunter to his mate, startled me as if a cannon had been discharged. It was repeated, and out of the laurels stalked a tall mountaineer in gray home-spun, high boots, the regulation 'coon-skin cap, and the long-barrelled rifle of the hills, with its slender, graceful stock.

"I seen you a matter of fifty yards back," he said, with a low laugh. "If you'd 'a been a turkey I could 'a stopped ye without spilin' the breast."

It was Sawney. The rascal had been "yelping" for a flock he had scattered, and had decoyed me. I walked over to his coign of vantage in the brush, and found a stately gobbler "hung up" on a mighty laurel.

"But what are you doing here, Sawney?" I asked.

"Same's ever," he said, briefly.

"How long have you been up here?" I persisted, thinking that he was prob-

ably on a visit to the old hunting-ground just as I was.

"A leettle over a year," he answered in a somewhat shamefaced way.

"Nothing happened to your property, I hope?" I saw that I was worrying him.

"Naw, sur."

We were sitting on the stem of a huge tree that a recent storm had sent crashing down into the laurel thicket. The rich autumn smell of the brown woods and leaves mingled with the exquisite fragrance from the still sappy heart of the shattered oak. In an embarrassed mood Sawney plucked from its modest place underfoot a tiny mountain evergreen, with firm, perfect, wax-finished leaves, among which was set a red berry like a solitary drop of pigeon's blood. He looked west to the glory which was there, and took a free draught of the sweet, cool air. I thought I understood.

That night I joined the old man, as of yore, in the little cabin where he was living alone and content, and when we had eaten his broiled squirrel and fed the dogs, and admired the skin of his last wildcat, I beat an incontinent retreat into the Land of Nod, while the pipe was still burning and Sawney had not ceased to break out in chuckles over the *contretemps* of the afternoon.

SALVATION ARMY WORK IN THE SLUMS

By Maud Ballington Booth

THE trailing arbutus beneath the decaying leaves and forest *débris* in early spring comes to my mind when I think of the slum workers of the Salvation Army; for just so are their lives in relation to the forest of humanity in which they live — out of sight, willingly buried away beneath the darkness, misery, and ill-repute of the slums in which they make their home, yet sending forth the fragrance of their pure, holy lives.

To those who only know of the Salvation Army from repute, and who have never looked into the detail of its many branches, it may seem strange that one special division of the work should be called the "Slum Brigade," when they have the impression that all its work is carried on for the searching out and reaching of the outcast, depraved, and unchurched. By those unacquainted with the poor it is not understood that there are as many different classes and grades among them as among the rich. Those who live with and study the multitudes, have learned that they also have their feelings and prejudices, and ideas of caste, that make them live in so many little circles in the great underworld of poverty and misfortune. There are, for instance, the respectable honest poor, who work when they can, and through hard toil and thrift manage to keep their self-respect and to a surprising extent fight the wolf from the door except in the hardest seasons, when many of them would rather starve than beg. Then we find a class made up of the more unfortunate who are constantly feeling the pinch of dire distress, who work occasionally, and whose homes become one or two rooms in a tenement of the poorest character, from which they constantly have to go for shelter into the many low lodging-houses. By day they wander the streets, during their non-working hours. Again there is the lower class that knows no home, the members of which herd together in the greatest squalor, and live the hand-to-mouth existence of a hopeless drifting life, where work is not sought, finding the means of a drunken subsistence from illegal sources. Another class is made up of criminals, who exist entirely through their crimes, and make a very much less precarious living than the aforementioned classes—"living on their wits" they would call it. Yet again there are vast multitudes who, alas, have drifted down from more fort-

unate circles through their abandonment to vice and drunkenness, and who continue going down further and further through all the different grades, until they come to the very lowest and most hopeless pauperism.

When the Salvation Army launched out upon its work of raising and helping the outcast, it, in a very marvellous manner, reached, and is now reaching, the poor, otherwise untouched by religious influence. Street loungers, drunkards, wife-beaters, wild, reckless youths, and fallen women, were attracted to its halls, by the hundreds of thousands, by the open-air procession, and through the lively and enthusiastic character of its services. As years rolled on the problem of the lowest outcasts of Slumdom, and how to reach them in bulk (not by ones or twos), faced the leaders of this movement. Undoubtedly there were thousands living as heathen, aye, almost as savages, right in the midst of our prosperous cities; people who would not come to our halls, who had never even heard the sound of our drum, and many of whom lived crowded like rats in their wretched haunts, shunning the daylight, to come out only under the cover of night, which was made horrible by their debauchery and crime. Some of these had not even fit rags in which to come out among their more fortunate fellow-men, and others lay too sick in their garret to come out into the daylight.

It was in the city of London that this special need was first faced, and means devised to meet it. Investigations had been made revealing an appalling state of affairs. The houses of the poor were found to be in the most unsanitary state of neglect, and so dilapidated in many instances that floors and stairways were giving way, and dangerous rents in the rotten ceilings became hazardous to the tenants in the rooms above. For these miserable broken-down homes the people were paying rentals which left them with but a few pennies for their subsistence and the support of their families. The wretchedly poor wages upon which human beings were trying to exist, and the many cases of death from starvation as a consequence, came to light in a way which shocked London and raised a great hue and cry about the outcasts and their bitter lot.

It was just then that the army's first Slum Brigade was inaugurated, and it was a new and very original departure, though on the same old lines of adaptation of measures which had been one of the principles of the movement from its inception. This was before the day of College Settlements, Toynbee Halls, or other work of that kind, so that the army was pioneering in a field new and untried. The Slum Brigade was composed of women who volunteered from the army's ranks of already trained workers, to go down among the denizens of Slumdom, exactly on the same principle as our workers go to the Foreign Mission field to become natives to the native. They were to live in the heart of the worst neighborhood, and to live as their neighbors, becoming poor as the poor around them, and severing themselves from the world of the past as completely as if the shades of Africa's forests had closed around them. It was in no sense an experimental work to be done for a season, just as "an experience" to prove helpful in other fields of labor, but was to be a practical consecration of themselves to a *life work,* with a willingness to do or suffer anything that might come of hardship, sickness, and heartache, out of a genuine love for the outcasts whom they sought to help and save.

They do not go to the people in a spirit either of pity or patronage, but just with the neighborly interest and affection that can only be acceptable when given by those who breathe the same atmosphere and live in the same surroundings. The blue uniform and well-known bonnet were laid aside, and poor thread-bare dresses and shawls substituted for them, with the addition of coarse gingham aprons. Their home, which was two rooms in one of the poorest districts, was not to be furnished in the style of those they had left, but was to be made like the homes of their poor neighbors, without carpet, or anything that could speak of comfort or ease; just the necessary table and chairs, stove and bed, and with food as simple and inexpensive as possible. We thor-

oughly believed that becoming one with them would be the most effectual way of winning their hearts and confidences, and that it would be more easy thus to find out the best methods of helping them, and also who were the most deserving of help.

Then, regarding their duties, they were not to consider themselves mere spiritual advisers of the people, nor to confine themselves only to the nursing of the sick, or the giving of spiritual comfort to the dying. They were to hold themselves ready to do anything and everything in the way of kindly offices that could bring them into close personal touch with the people, and these included the scrubbing of floors, washing of dirty children, nursing of the sick, sitting up with the dying, laying out of the dead, the stepping in as peace-makers in drunken brawls, and many other kindly acts more hazardous, difficult, and trying than I can explain here.

It is, however, needless to say that as this army is a movement whose chief interest is in spiritual matters, all these many kindly deeds performed for the temporal welfare of the people were to pave the way for the straightest and most earnest kind of dealing on matters concerning the soul. If the tree be good the fruit will be good. If the heart be sound, that which emanates from it will be sound also. Hence the theory of the Salvation Army has always aimed at the root of the matter. You would better society! Then set to work and better its individuals; better them in the only really effectual way, by bringing something to their hearts which will purify, change, and exalt them. Reforms which aim only at educating, giving employment, or improving the environment will not prove a permanent cure for the terrible social degradation and misery of the people; for where vice, crime, disregard to cleanliness, and utter immorality exist, they will make chaos of your order, filthy ruin of your improved dwellings, and merely use your higher education in the perpetrating of cleverer crime and more extended mischief.

Returning to the temporal side of the question, the pauperizing of the people by gifts was to be very carefully avoided, and relief in food or clothing could only be given in cases of absolute starvation or nakedness. The work began in a very small and humble way in a part of East London called Hackney Wick, but it very soon spread to Whitechapel, Seven Dials, and the Borough, and then out into the provincial towns of England. From a very small experiment developed a very large and successful work, which proved without doubt the effectiveness of the new measures. Many people in other denominations have also been stirred up to do like work upon their own lines by this brave example, though none of the schemes yet on foot have succeeded in reaching the people of the under-world as the army has reached them, nor do they profess to have got to the rock-bottom depth of degradation which the Slum officers have succeeded so wonderfully in reaching.

At the very outset of this special branch of work I was appointed to assist in its oversight, hence its advance and development have always been of very special interest to me. One of our first cases during the earliest weeks of work in Hackney Wick I think I shall never forget. One of our officers reported to me that in a certain dilapidated house in a back court she had come upon a very pitiful case of poverty. I went with her to see the family. The stairs of the dwelling were so filthy and rickety that we had to walk cautiously, feeling our way with our hands along the wall for support which the bannister no longer furnished. Up two flights of stairs we came to the door of the room, and on throwing it open entered the home of a whole family. The room was very small. Exactly opposite the door was a heap of rubbish and refuse upon which lay a baby. It was absolutely without clothing, and was so dirty, that it looked gray from head to foot. It had the abnormal development of head and face so often seen in the starving children of the slums. Resting on its little hands it raised its head and looked at us, and it seemed to me to be more like a little monkey than the child of human parents. Glancing

from the baby to the other occupants of the room I saw a child of some two years standing by the empty hearth, for there was no trace of fire, though it was winter time. Near the child stood a young man with a despairing and consumptive look upon his face. In one corner of the room lay a few rags upon the floor, which was the bed of the family, and in the centre of the room was to me the most pitiful picture of all—the mother, so dirty, degraded, and hopeless looking that it made one's heart ache to think that she was the sister of the many fortunate women who had never stretched a hand to help her. Her garments were so torn that they did not serve as a decent covering, her hair was tangled and matted, and the bloated condition of her face made her look absolutely revolting. By her was an old box serving as a table, and upon it stood a lamp with a cracked and blackened chimney. She did not look up as we entered but continued her work of match-box making. Rapidly and silently she worked, passing box after box from her nimble fingers, and it seemed as if it would be impossible for us to open conversation. Guessing there was a key to her heart as sure as to that of more fortunate mothers, I picked the little baby from the floor, and sitting down amidst the rubbish, held it in my arms while I talked to her about it. She told us she had no time to wash the children, nor to wash herself for that matter, and seemed quite indifferent to any kindly words we might say to her. So kneeling down close beside her we poured out our souls in prayer in the simplest phraseology we could use to a personal friend and Saviour. When we turned to look at her we found to our joy that though she had not stopped her work, her heart had been reached, the tears were coursing down her face, and her poor husband was also weeping. Scrubbing-brushes, soap, and pails were next in order, and our slum officers visited this family to do the scrubbing and washing which the mother had not time to do. No time! I do not wonder she had no time—when you realize that she had to make twelve dozen match-boxes to realize the sum of five cents, and out of that five cents she had to find her own paste and string, and after they were made had to carry them several weary miles to get her pay. Her husband had been out of work for weeks, and she had to support the family. The little child of two years had the day previous to our visit been dreadfully burned. There had been a fire in the grate that day and his dirty little pinafore had caught. When we saw him he had a frightful open wound from his chest downward. This wound was dressed day after day and the children washed by the loving hands of those whom they learned to look upon as their dearest friends and nearest neighbors. The case was followed up for years and became a most encouraging and satisfactory one.

Thus was the work conceived, commenced, and carried forward in the Old World. But that which is of far more moment to us as American citizens is its operation in the most needy slums of our great cities.

It is now five years since we began the Slum Brigade work in New York City. I had often, while engaged in other branches of army warfare, looked forward with great expectation to the time when we should be ready to explore and begin operations in the heart of Slumdom, but when I broached the subject to those who had lived in the city far longer than I had, they invariably met me with the assertion that there was no such need here as in the Old World, and that the slums of America were far better in every way than those of which I spoke. Not a few among our friends and critics told me that there was really little need of such work in America, while others assured me that the measures we thought of adopting would surely prove a failure. At that time the book on "How the Other Half Lives" was not written, and there was nothing like the interest manifested in public print regarding the great problems of the slums.

Being determined to investigate the matter for ourselves, we selected two of our devoted and faithful workers, and sent them out to become natural-

ized to the slums—if I may use the expression. Taking a couple of rooms in a house of most unsavory repute and disreputable surroundings, they made it their head-quarters; commencing their work quite unannounced as Salvationists, wearing the most ragged clothes, and keeping their mission a secret. The rooms they hired were so filthy that it took one whole week to scrub and disinfect them. They had been formerly occupied by women of disrepute. The neighbors (there were many families in the same house) were of the most drunken, demoralized character, and the notorious Water Street houses were right in the rear of them. They had a Chinese laundry on one side of them, and a house of ill fame on the other. Their furniture consisted of one bedstead, plain deal table, an extra mattress for the floor, two chairs and a packing-case to serve as a third, and an old stove which, only having three legs, was accommodated with some bricks to serve as a fourth. A few necessaries in the way of crockery-ware, soap, scrubbing-brushes, pails, etc., completed their worldly possessions, so that there was nothing to make watching neighbors think, as their furniture was unloaded, that they were any other than "the likes of us."

To those who know nothing of practical slum work the account of slumming described by some of the popular writers of the day carries very misleading ideas with it. I have heard of the work of one novelist in which he describes the heroine, who takes her refinement and sweet lady-like surroundings into the slums with her, as decorating her walls with peacocks' feathers and making fragrant her room with flowers, thus offering a little oasis in the desert to her rough and illiterate neighbors. This may sound very picturesque and charming from the pen of the novelist, but were anything of that sort perpetrated in the slums of New York it would call forth the greatest ridicule and resentment from the neighbors, who could not derive a particle of benefit from such an object-lesson. In two other books which I have in mind the novelist describes the heroine as winding up amid a blaze of diamonds and orange blossoms, after her months' or years' experimental slumming, with her poor slum neighbors as invited guests looking on in admiration!

No child's play is the life of the woman who wishes to consecrate herself to the reclaiming of the lost, and those influences that make a wall or barrier between her and the fallen and unfortunate, must be abandoned forever. At the very onset of the work when the slum-workers had just settled into their new home I went down to spend a short time with them, that I might help in the work of exploring, and might see for myself the need of the New York slums. My dress was an old much-worn calico wrapper out at both elbows, and hanging in tatters around the skirt. An apron with a very large burn in the centre, shoes which, while they were not fellows, boasted of more ventilation than was customary, and were laced with white string, while the whole costume was crowned with an ancient hat the side and crown of which had been partly demolished. My companions were attired in the same fashion, and I think I can truthfully say that the only thing about us calculated to arouse suspicion was the fact that we were clean, but fortunately this was accounted for in a very happy way by some little children as they shouted after us "Them's from the country," and added sotto voce remarks about the "green-" ness of our appearance. It may be naturally asked why rags and tatters were necessary in our work, hence it should be understood that they were merely *temporary* necessities, for when thoroughly acquainted with the needs and duties of the new battle-field, our slum officers were to work in their own name as Salvationists, and were to replace by neat though poor garments the rags with which they commenced. On the occasion of which I speak, however, we were doing detective work, and to do it successfully such disguise was necessary. We did not learn the needs of slumdom under the guidance of a police detective. We knew our mice too well to visit them with a bell-decorated cat! Every inch of the ground had to be patiently and wisely approached, gained, and held without any

show of fear, or any appearance of strangeness.

It will be quite impossible to picture here the sights and scenes I have with my own eyes witnessed, not only on this but on subsequent visits, and as I have been there but a few times, and for but a few brief hours or days, I personally have seen nothing compared with the large experience of our brave and ever-growing band of slum workers. I could not have believed from looking at the outside of the buildings, the terrible conditions to be found upon the inside. I can say, without fear of exaggeration, that I have found a state of dirt, poverty, and misery quite equal to anything I have seen or heard of in the city of London. I remember one garret, for instance, in the same street as our slum quarters, hardly more than a stone's throw from them. The floor was not only ingrained with dirt and grime but was rat-eaten and rotten. The windows were broken and the holes in the miserable frame stuffed up with old rags. The low-hanging rafters were festooned with cobwebs, and the cobwebs in their turn so laden with soot that we could imagine them funeral draperies. Though it was bitterly cold winter weather, and a woman with a cancer eating out her life sat rocking in bed with only one flimsy garment to cover her, yet there was no fire in the broken old stove. The bed itself had broken down and she lay amid the ruins. The only chair in the room had no bottom to it and no back. In a little inner room, with no light or ventilation, the lodger was sleeping, while the drunken husband stood crying and muttering at the foot of the dilapidated bed. No food, no fire, no comfort—filth, vermin, cold, and despair were all we found that day at the top of a great house which had once been some gentleman's mansion.

Then there are the cellars in which you would hardly think that human beings could live, and yet there we have found them living on the cold damp floor, racked with pain, and with the constant annoyance of troops of rats running around.

Even more terrible to me are the large rooms of the common lodging-houses, in which without a pretence of curtain, screen, or partition, the beds of five or six families are placed, and adults and children live together, cooking at one common stove, fighting, brawling, drinking, and dying, in a state of unhealthy crowding which we would not think of permitting to our domestic animals.

On that first Sunday it was an appalling thing to me to see an almost uncountable number of drunken people. We found them lying dead-drunk in the hallways, drunk on the stairs, and drunk in their miserable homes; one man lay drunk under the table, while three drunken women fought together in the room. In another place we found two men and three women all in the violent stage of drunkenness who berated us in the most lively manner, pointing to the crucifixes upon the wall and saying that that was all the religion they wanted, and that was a great deal more religion than many of their neighbors had.

These, however, are not the only haunts visited by the Slum Brigade—saloons and dives being included in their every-day calling list. Several evenings a week are set aside for this much-needed field of work, and amid the whirling dance, and the obscenity and profanity of the lowest of these resorts their loving words and sweet pure voices have brought calm and hope, and a message of the better life to those who would otherwise have been unreached and uncared for.

In the first experimental visits we did not go from room to room, knocking at the door and asking for admittance on the ground that we had come to read the Bible, to sing or pray with the people, nor did we take with us a bundle of tracts. Our plea was that we were looking for sick cases, which was perfectly true, and we hunted up every home, and room, and garret in which a sick baby or suffering person could be found. We explained that we had some spare time and wanted to give this spare time in caring for those we could nurse, and in the helping of our neighbors. At first the slum workers were regarded with suspicion, often met with absolute rebuff, but by degrees

their useful, loving, patient toil was rewarded by the gaining of the confidence of the people, and open doors and welcoming faces met them everywhere.

One instance will serve to show how, though rebuffed at first, they persistently won their way into the homes of their neighbors. It was at the beginning of the work in the city of Boston. They had been there so short a time that they were not known in some of the larger tenement-houses in a district known as the Cove, where they themselves lived. They were systematically calling at room after room in a big tenement-house when they happened on an open door, and stepping in they found a man trying, in a helpless way, to calm a crying baby. The room was a miserable wreck, filthy and neglected, and with broken furniture. There was no fire and apparently nothing for the child to eat. In answer to their kindly questions and sympathetic faces he told them it was all his wife's fault; she was a drinking and fighting woman, that the night before she had got into a drunken brawl with another woman, that they had been separated by the police, and both taken to the lock-up, she having her baby in her arms at the time. He added that he could not stand his child being taken off like that, so he went and brought it from the police station. Wasting but little time in words they set to work, commenced tidying the room, lit the fire to warm the baby's milk, and were just engaged in making the little thing clean and comfortable when they heard an angry voice from the door ordering them to "get out." Looking up they saw a perfect fury of a woman with dishevelled hair and blackened eyes standing on the threshold of the room, and, grasping the situation at once, they concluded that the mistress of the home had returned and resented their presence. "Get out of this," she screamed, "get out, I tell you! I want to have nobody come into my place when I'm away." As they tried kindly to explain matters to her, the husband in more than authoritative tones told *her* to "get out," that she should not interfere with them, and that she was the one who should not darken his threshold any more. She, however, continued to abuse and berate them in the most violent language, adding that she would take them both by the hair of the head and throw them down-stairs unless they vacated the room immediately. Finding it then impossible to explain to her their real mission they left the room, asking her as they went if she knew of any sick cases upstairs which they could visit. "Go and find out for yourselves," was her sullen reply, as they turned their faces toward their next piece of work. Coming down some time later, after having cared for the wants of a bedridden and friendless old man whom they found in the attic, they discovered the father and mother gone, and the baby lying in the room alone. They started down in search of the parents, and found the mother standing on the threshold of the street-door. They took the opportunity to talk with her again for a moment, explaining to her how sorry they were to have caused her any annoyance or distress, and assuring her that they were really her friends, and that they would do anything to help her, gladly. "Well," she said, "if you are my friends prove it to me." "We will most certainly," they answered, backing home the assurance by an invitation to come round to their own little room and have a cup of tea with them right away. Waiting only to fetch her baby she accompanied them to their little room, and after the refreshing influences of soap and water, tea and toast, she quite melted to their kindly words and earnest pleadings. With the tears running down her face she said, "Will you forgive me, will you forgive me? I did not know what sort of women you were. I had not seen the like of such women as you, and I could not believe you were there for a good purpose. I thought you were there to take my place, and were just like all the other women round here." And then she entered into the story of her sad life, with the great blighting curse of drink, which had ruined home after home, and brought her to the lowest verge of misery and despair. When the time came for her to return home she told them she dared not go. Her husband had told her he would never let her darken the door of

his room again, and she felt it would be as much as her life was worth to go back there. Leaving her in their rooms they went back to the husband, eliciting the promise from him to allow her to come in and stay if she would do better. Returning to her with the news they promised her that they would pray earnestly that he might receive her kindly, and that it might be the starting-point of a new life. On their visit the next morning they found the room clean and tidy, the woman meeting them with a cheerful, glad smile, exclaiming, "Oh, your prayers must have something in them for my husband did not beat me, and says I am to stay right along." So the first seeds of peace and love took root, and this case is but one example of many hundreds which could be quoted from the experience of our workers.

Much has been written concerning the overcrowding of the poor. In those portions of our cities which have justly gained for themselves the name of Slum, I must fully indorse all that I have seen written on the subject, and am sure the *worst has not been told.* There are tenement-houses in which some thirty and odd families reside, and when it is remembered that these families sometimes consist not only of parents and children but of other relatives and lodgers, the unhealthy and morally degrading conditions can better be understood. In two rooms it is quite common to find a mother and father, grown sons and daughters, and little children, with only two beds for the family, while the rest will be upon the floor or wherever they can sleep. In one case our officers found in two very tiny rooms a man and wife and son, the son sleeping in a mere cupboard of a room, and his mother acknowledged that she had let out half his bed to a couple of lodgers. The demoralizing influence on the little children is one of the saddest phases of this overcrowding. The woes endured and wrongs done to babyhood in the slums can never be written and will never be known until the revelations of eternity. Yet, among all their dirty, miserable surroundings, poverty, and crime, there is no more interesting place to study humanity than in this underworld of misfortune and sorrow. Little rays of generosity, gallantry, honor, and neighborly sympathy are constantly flashing out from hearts that you would consider totally hardened. Many of those whom you might think were debased and ignorant surprise you with their sharp wit, and the way in which they see through matters would often deceive more fortunate humanity. The "tough" of New York City, though he may be desperate and dangerous, cannot be looked upon as a senseless, degraded sot. He is quick-witted, full of life, fun, and energy, and makes as good a friend and defender as he does a bitter enemy and persecutor.

In contrasting the denizens of the Old World slums with those of the New, I should say that the brain capacity, wit, and spirit of the people is far in the ascendancy here, while the crime and desperateness for evil may be additionally strong. Again, it should be remembered that in some cities the slums are exceedingly cosmopolitan. This is particularly so in New York City and the city of Chicago. To meet this difficulty we have in our Slum Brigade representatives of all the different nationalities, French, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Irish, Italian, and American, which enables our workers to reach many who could not possibly be reached, and dealt with in other than their own language.

The work which began in New York City has not only spread to four different localities of that city, but has now branched out to Brooklyn, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, and in all these different centres is being carried on, with the same devotion, whole-heartedness, and common-sense practical tact which has won for it the esteem and affection of the people of the New York slums. We find that each city has its peculiarity and its special phase of difficulty. Whereas the slums of New York may be worse in extent, in the crowding of population, and in their cosmopolitan character, yet the slums of Philadelphia are even more deplorable in some respects. The sanitary condition of the Philadelphia slums is simply appalling; the officers

tell me that it has been a common thing for them to see the drainage running down the gutters of the city. The houses, through not being constructed for tenements, add another difficulty. In a house in which perhaps five or six families live, the stairs go through each dwelling-room, hence the family at the top has to pass through the quarters of each of the other families on the way to their own room. This makes the publicity of their life greater and as a consequence, immorality is increased.

The slums in the city of Boston are in a much smaller area, and yet some of the most frightful cases ever reported to us come from that city. One which made a great deal of stir at the time in the daily press was a case discovered by our girls of a woman in a dying condition. The poor creature lay upon the floor, having received no food or attention for several days. She was too weak to call for help and could only ask them in a whisper for a drink of water. Not a particle of food was found in the cupboard, and the room was utterly without furniture, while in one corner a dozen empty whiskey bottles spoke of that which had wrought the ruin. In such a terrible condition of filth and corruption was the poor woman, that when they tried to lift her they found it impossible to do so, and had to return to their rooms to reinforce themselves with disinfectants to make the process of washing the poor body possible. She died some hours afterward in the hospital, but a great sensation was caused in the neighborhood from the fact that such a horrible case could exist unheeded, and unqualified praise was given to the army workers who had proved so willing to face the most repulsive task of rendering her help. In writing to me of this case, one of the brave girls closed with these words "Oh, I shall never again need spurring to go out after the lost. I thank God more than ever that I am a '*Slummer.*' After yesterday I can never be anything else."

It would be impossible to describe in detail all the toil, sacrifice, and suffering which this work entails upon the workers, or the brave heroism and love with which they accomplish it. They are not salaried workers, and could in no sense be called hirelings, for each one has volunteered simply and solely out of a burning desire to seek and bless these unloved, helpless outcasts. This fact helps them much, as this class is only too quick to inquire if you are "paid to do it."

Perhaps the duty which absorbs the greatest part of their time is that which we call visitation proper, viz., the systematic house-to-house and room-to-room visitation of all the worst homes in their neighborhood. During the last six months 15,782 families were thus visited. A visit does not mean a mere pastoral call, but often means the spending of several hours in practical work. Sometimes it includes a whole night of patient nursing. It brings with it very often hard and difficult work in the way of scrubbing, cleaning, disinfecting. No one has the slightest idea who has not visited the slums of the terrible extent to which they are infested with vermin. For women brought up in very different circumstances and accustomed to absolute cleanliness, the self-sacrifice which this alone entails can be really understood.

So it has been accepted in the slums that we can be called upon at any moment of day or night for help in emergency; that we are turned to more readily than we had hoped in our most sanguine dreams. In sickness it is our duty to call in the doctor or to send for the ambulance, for they often run to us as their first resort. In drunken rows and murderous brawls the Army girls are more readily turned to by their rough neighbors than the police, and their influence is often more effectual. In cases of destitution and starvation found out casually by their neighbors, they are naturally consulted as to the best means of bringing help in the readiest and most practical manner, without the awkward and sometimes fatal delays of a red-tape system of relief—because they are right on the ground and know and understand the needs and deserts of such cases.

One morning a knock was heard at the door and two young "toughs" of the neighborhood asked the "Slum Sisters" to visit some women who were

very sick in a street close by. They promptly consented, though they thought perhaps the boys were up to some fun or mischief. They found, however, on going to the number given that the case was a genuine one. The stairway was so dark that they had to grope and literally crawl up. They found a small, miserably dirty room. It was raw and cold, for it was early spring time. A poor fire was smouldering in the grate. It had been lit by the "toughs," who beneath their rude exterior had warm, kindly hearts. In a bed, the coverings of which were very dirty, sat a poor old woman, helpless and sick. They found that no one had been to help or minister to her, and that for some days she had been too sick to leave the bed and care for herself. They were surprised at the patience and meekness of the weak voice that answered them as they spoke kindly to her. She told them she had been unable to get out of bed for a week, but that mother had been sick much longer, and as she spoke she called out, "Mother!" Something began to move beneath the pile of rags that served as bed-clothes, and then out came a claw-like, grimy hand, and moving the sheets they saw a gaunt, white face, with a few straggling white hairs. It was the aged mother, dying of want and neglect. She had lain on the mattress so long in one position that it had worn into a deep hole; the slats had given way and she had sunk through with it. They had literally (after helping her daughter from the bed) to lift her out of this hole. The uncared-for condition revealed was terrible. No one had washed her, and she had been unable for weeks to wash herself. In such a case, of course, clean sheets have to be furnished, clothing, common though clean, has to be given, and then food, which is often the first tasted in days, is served by the hands that have lovingly prepared it. This woman died a few days after being found, and her daughter was taken to the hospital in a hopeless condition.

The visits paid in saloons and dives are naturally of a different character. There it has to be personal, dealing face to face with the people upon the danger of their wild lives, and the sorrow and misery that is coming to them. Sometimes it has to be very straight and earnest talk to some drunken man. At others gentle, affectionate pleading with some poor outcast girl, down whose painted cheeks the tears of bitter remorse fall, as the word "hope" is brought home to an almost hopeless heart. In many of the places thus visited, no other Christian workers would be admitted, and were they admitted they would indeed feel strange. Our women work entirely without escort, and this very fact appeals to the spark of gallantry in the hearts of those rough, hardened men, and if anyone dared to lay a finger upon the "Slum Sisters," or say an insulting word to them, champions would arise on every hand to defend them, and fight their battles for them. Twenty-one thousand eight hundred and eleven visits have been made in saloons and dives during six months, and these visits are often lengthened into prayer-meetings, which include singing and speaking, to a more interesting congregation, and certainly a more needy one, than can be found within the walls of many a church. The practical good, the changed lives, the wonderful cases of conversion resulting from this work a thousandfold repays them for the facing of such revolting scenes of debauchery and drunkenness as must be witnessed.

Street work is another phase of their mission which needs courage and a great deal of tact. In this they deal with the people whom they have not found within the saloons, and could not find in their homes, many of them being sailors and members of the floating population, who can be more readily reached on the streets than anywhere else, especially when it is remembered that some of them have no lodging-places and make the streets their home. They are talked to in a friendly and yet very practical way during the evening hours, when there is a great deal of street lounging, and the opportunity offers. Forty thousand three hundred persons have been thus dealt with, and in many instances have been followed up to their homes, where the deeper

work has been done in their hearts, and their lives transformed in consequence.

Yet another means of reaching these people is the gathering of them into our halls or meeting-places. Meetings are not opened until the other work has been some time in existence in a slum district; and then when well known through their visitation, saloon work, and nursing, the slum officers hire a small hall, right among their neighbors, and invite them into it for the army meetings. The officers still wear their slum uniform, and these meetings are led by the same women who do the visitation and other work. The audiences are chiefly composed of men, very often young men such as form the toughest gangs in down-town sections of the cities, an exceedingly interesting and needy audience, sharp and quick to catch the point in anything said and ready to detect instantly anything affected or insincere. To talk to such an audience would be a splendid training and a profound revelation to any preacher of the Gospel to-day if we could bring him upon our platform on a Sunday night. The bright, lively songs of the Salvation Army, the ever-changing phases of the meetings, and the thorough bond of sympathy between the speakers on the platform and the roughs in the hall, make these meetings a source of great power and interest. Of course, there are occasionally fights among the audience, chairs are upset every now and then, windows are broken, a constant fire of remarks is carried on, and a great many exceedingly amusing as well as tragic events take place (mere incidents of war to the slum officer), and yet through it all a deep, powerful wave of influence carries into the hearts of the people the sincerity and truth of things spiritual. Those who have come out, and through our penitent form joined the ranks of the Salvation Army and become soldiers in the slums, do so almost at the risk of their lives, and we have already had one martyr. Some have confessed crimes, even the crime of murder, at our penitent forms, and have been willing to rise up, go out, and make restitution for the wrong committed, even to the giving themselves into the hands of the authorities.

Collections are taken up right among the poor themselves in these meetings, and they almost always amount to sufficient during the month to pay the hall rents. We believe, as far as possible, in making them feel an interest and responsibility in such matters, and we find enough pride and independence on their part to make them shoulder it gladly, and take a real interest in the financing of such work. In one city where meetings were begun recently, on one of the first nights we had an audience of thirty-two people and every individual in the audience was drunk. This will show the need, and also demonstrate the fact that it requires some tact and wisdom to deal with such people effectually.

Very touching are some of the stories of the help given to the army by these people of the slums. It is the custom with us to set aside one week in the year as a "week of self-denial," in which all Salvationists deny themselves something by which they can save money, and send it into one common fund for the helping forward and maintenance of the work. In this "our boys," as we call them, have helped nobly, even before their conversion. During the last self-denial week in the slums of New York $100 was raised, and, in some instances, the unconverted men, even, saved their beer-money for the week and handed it over.

An interesting case of conversion took place in one of these meetings a little while ago, the man being a hardened drunkard. In testifying afterward he gave as a reason for his first attendance at army meetings, the fact that he had stood at the door of a saloon right opposite our Day Nursery, and watched the little children swinging in front of the brightly curtained windows, and he said, in his own language, "Boys, I had never seen babies treated like that before, and I felt there must be some good in the women who did it, so I just came to see what made them so good." This nursery work is one which is having a deep reflex influence on the lives and hearts of the population in their neighborhood, as well

as proving a great blessing to the little ones who are taken in out of their miserable homes and lodging-houses and safely cared for during the day. Our idea in starting the Nursery (and it was the first day nursery in the down-town slums of New York) was to take these little ones during the day from their tired and hard-worked mothers, so as to enable the mothers to gain an honest living, and yet to shelter the poor little ones from the misfortunes and dangers that await them if their mothers go to work leaving them behind.

I shall never forget one pitiful little child who used to be locked in a room without food and without care or companionship, while his mother went out for the whole day. This child, not yet able to walk or talk, used to crawl about on the dirty floor, wailing pitifully with hunger, and yet hurrying away under the bed or table in abject terror when his mother came in. The Slum Sisters at times called when the mother was out, and found the door locked; they knocked upon it, and the little one would come and coo to them through the door.

The misery of little children cannot be described or imagined, and yet there is worse still. Little ones have been brought to us whose poor little bodies have been black and blue from head to foot from the blows and ill-treatment they have received. Tiny girls under two years of age have been brought to our nursery, having been so maltreated that it would have been better had the villains into whose hands they had fallen murdered them outright. Cases of drunkenness in mere babies have also made our hearts ache — children who had not only inherited the terrible taint, or been nursed by drinking mothers, but who had had the spirits poured down their little throats to still them when crying, so that they lived almost always in a state of torpor and their death was only a matter of time. In such cases we can only look upon the death angel as an angel of light! In some instances, by the taking of the little children into this nursery, we have saved young women from the easy yet unspeakably wretched life of the streets. Finding themselves mere weak girls with the burden of a little life to support, they have stood face to face with the problem of how to live when they have almost wished that it were easy to die. On one hand all avenues for honest work have seemed closed, while on the other an easy way to make money, and plenty of it, has been opened out before them. One young girl of seventeen brought her baby to us. She had had no home for the last six weeks (since her child's birth), and yet she clung with a desperate love to the little creature, and it was an unspeakable comfort to her to come and fetch it every night, and take it to the little home she was able then to provide for it by the earnings of her hard day's work.

The nursery is not furnished with elegant brass-bound cots, but is in keeping with all the other furnishings in our slum work. As we began the nursery so have we kept it on the same lines of neighborly help, keeping carefully from it anything that might speak of wealthy outside patrons and help, which would lead the people to feel that they could impose upon us, or abandon their children upon our hands. The cribs are soap-boxes furnished with a comfortable little mattress, clean sheets, and blankets, ornamented with a barrel-stave which is cleverly contrived as an awning, over which mosquito-netting is hung. Swings, accommodating the babies old enough to occupy them, baby-creepers, and rocking-horses, and toys of all sorts (some sent from the nurseries of the more fortunate) are used for the little ones, and in fine weather they are taken on to the Brooklyn Bridge, or on trips on the horse-cars to breathe some fresher air than that which they are accustomed to. Babies from the earliest age up to three years, in every possible stage of babyhood, can be found there. They are provided with clean clothing, are given a bath (very often the only baths they ever receive in their little lives), and good food, with plenty of motherly love and tender, gentle nursing, which is perhaps more to these tiny starved hearts than is the food even to the little hungry bodies. Two thousand three hundred and forty little children have been

cared for in the New York City crèche during the last six months.

In cities where the slum nurseries have not yet been opened, a great deal is done for the little ones in their own homes. In Chicago, a family was discovered where the mother had six little ones, and her husband was in jail. The room in which she lived was so infested with rats that she had to carry her children up to the roof to sleep with them there; and when the winter came and she could no longer do so, she had to sit up all night to drive the rats off. The little garments which were given to the children by our slum officers she with tears showed them one morning had been literally eaten to pieces by the rats. Not only were our officers able to clothe and care for these little ones, but they succeeded in getting the whole family into suitable lodgings and obtained work for the parents.

During the last six months 6,402 garments have been wisely given to absolutely needy cases, and food has been cooked by the slum workers and given out in 12,405 meals during the same period.

Not only do they thus minister to the people in life, but they are constantly called to watch with the dying and to perform the last acts of care for the dead. In contrast to these duties are the many calls to come and lend their loving care as frail little beings are ushered into life.

The support of this work is not costly when compared with the amount of good accomplished. Nothing is expended in buildings, offices, high salaries, or indeed in any way that would use the money before it could reach the actual object for which it was given. The expenses connected with the slum work are the bare necessaries of the workers' existence in simple food and clothing, and the rental of their humble rooms. This is contributed by friends (sometimes by strangers) who hear of the work; and (as I said before) help in the rentals of meeting-places in the slum districts is collected from the people themselves. Of the work accomplished much will never be known or chronicled.

As the gnarled and ungainly oyster-shells from the mud and ooze of the sea-bottom are forced to yield up to the earnest seeker their priceless pearls, so from the midst of the darkness and degradation of the slums purified and precious gems will be gathered, and those who toiled and found shall be among the "blessed" and the rich of Heaven.

SUNSET

By Josephine Preston Peabody

There in the west, a dying rose
Burns out its life; and the petals red,
Fallen apart
From the golden heart,—
Fade into ashes about it—dead.

One rose less in my garden grows;
Lo, the unresting Wind, that blows
Round the whole earth from sea to sea,
Gathers the one rose more from me.
Keep it,—Eternity.

GOOD TASTE

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT A PLACE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

By Augustine Birrell

WE meet here to-night in a great centre of middle-class education. As I breathe the words I am constrained to sigh. Those poor, dear middle classes, to which I am afraid most of us belong, how we have been hectored and lectured and bullied and adjured to mend our clumsy ways, and to get out of our holes and corners, and how piously have we turned both cheeks to the smiter! Instead of stoning the prophets who have abused us, after the intelligible, though reprehensible fashion of the Israelites, these very prophets have long been our favorite authors. Photographs of them, turning up their critical noses at the middle classes, adorn, or, at all events, are upon, our writing-tables. We, and we alone, when you come to think of it, took tickets for those lectures. We, and we alone, bought those books. Without us these prophets must have perished in their pride.

We have earned the reward of humble and docile spirits. Our worst enemy cannot deny that we have enormously improved both in taste and manners. Our horizons are wide. We seek excellence wherever we can find it—even, and not in vain, in Dr. Ibsen. The ignorance, inattention, prejudice, rashness, levity, obstinacy, which so unhappily used to characterize our judgments, are—what shall I say?—in course of removal. Our libraries, our walls, the things we have about us, all testify to an awakened conscience, if not to a wholly purified taste.

We are still exposed to ridicule. Somehow we are not general favorites. The barbarians, as Mr. Arnold used to call our nobility, do not understand our desire for polite learning, and shamefully misconstrue our well-known partiality for university extension lectures. The emancipated *littérateurs*, who every week expound to us the principles of taste as they are understood in the *ateliers* of Paris, are forever making fun of the one solitary shred of Puritanism that still clings to our garments —I mean our desperate conviction that even art should be decent. As for the working-man, he has got it firmly rooted in his head that, whoever else he is going to be like in the future (and as to this he has not quite made up his mind), he means to be as little like us as our common humanity will let him.

Ladies and gentlemen, let us face the situation. It seems generally admitted that what is called the future does not belong to the middle classes. To whom it does belong is uncertain, but it is not ours. I must say this seems just a little hard. Here we have been all these years polishing and furbishing ourselves up, kissing the rod, submitting to every sort of rebuke from all kinds of unqualified persons, attending countless lectures, filling endless note-books, and thereby qualifying ourselves to play a great part in a highly educated state, only to be told as we emerge breathless, but triumphant, the finished article, that we are fussy futilities, played-out platitudinarians, whose ideas have long since ceased to

fructify, and whose ideals wholly fail to satisfy the aspirations of the millions who teem around us.

It may very well prove to be so, and, if it must be so, why, so be it. I decline to be the champion of any class, entertaining, as I shall continue to do, the larger hope that the future will be found to be the property of all men and women alike who have unselfishly striven to help forward the accomplishment of the vast task of the future, the equitable distribution of wealth, both material and spiritual, over the whole area of society.

But to return to that sad, sad subject — ourselves. Even if we are moribund our duty remains clear. The great actor, Kean, when smitten with mortal illness, declared it to be his intention to devote his last days to polishing up his *Richard III.* We are cast in a nobler part. Let us die as we have lived, studiously endeavoring to improve ourselves. This confronts me with my subject.

I am not here to affirm what is the great end and aim of education. It may well be I do not know—it is certain I could not compel you to believe me. I am here merely to say that the best fruit of a good school and college education is the possession of taste. Were I to use the word education in its widest sense, as meaning the education or discipline of life, then, of course, a good and strong character is its best fruit; and I am not going to deny that a good man may have bad taste in literature and art, and a bad man good taste.

What is taste? The melancholy tendency of words to become depraved and vitiated in meaning has often been noticed. Taste has suffered in this way, and has lost tone. It has become associated with old chairs and tables. A young married woman who contrives, by the adroit adjustment of Japanese screens, to turn her respectable drawing-room, twenty-four feet by sixteen, into something not unlike the Maze at Hampton Court, is declared to have wonderful taste, but hers is not the taste to which I am referring. Let me give you three definitions — the first Burke's, the second Carlyle's, the third Schopenhauer's.

In his treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," which it is the stupid fashion not to read, Burke writes: "I mean by the word taste no more than that faculty or those faculties of the mind which are affected with, or form, a judgment of the works of the imagination and the elegant arts. The cause of a wrong taste is a defect of judgment, and this may arise from a weakness of the understanding, or, which is much more commonly the case, it may arise from a want of proper and well-directed exercise, which alone can make it strong and ready. . . . It is known that the taste is improved, exactly as we improve our judgment, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise; they who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly, and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any hidden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds." The passage from Carlyle runs as follows: "Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accomplishments they are to be seen."

This is Schopenhauer's definition: "Taste consists in a capacity of *reception*—that is to say, of recognizing as such what is right, fit, beautiful, or the reverse; in other words, of descriminating the good from the bad."

To these I would add, did time permit, the whole of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Seventh Discourse," but time does not permit and I hurry on.

Speaking for myself, I could wish for nothing better, apart from moral worth, than to be the owner of a taste at once manly, refined, and unaffected, which should enable me to appreciate real excellence in literature and art, and to depreciate bad intentions and feeble execution wherever I saw them. To be always in the right must be supreme satisfaction. To be forever alive to merit, in poem or in picture, in statue or in bust; to be able to distinguish, as if by instinct, between the grand, the

grandiose, and the merely bumptious; to perceive the boundary between the simplicity which is divine and that which is ridiculous; between gorgeous rhetoric and vulgar ornamentation; between pure and manly English, meant to be spoken or read, and sugared phrases which seem intended, like lollipops, for suction; to feel yourself going out in joyful admiration for that which is noble and permanent, and freezing inwardly against whatever is pretentious, wire-drawn, and temporary—this is indeed to taste of the fruit of the tree, once forbidden, of the knowledge of good and evil. How are we to set about getting taste? You have, I am sure, heard the story of Dr. Thompson, the late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, on being asked whether a certain Fellow had not a great deal of taste, replied, "Yes, a great deal, all bad." The taste we are in search of is good taste.

Bad taste comes by nature, and good by taking thought. To go wrong is natural, to go right is discipline. *Laborare et orare* should be the motto of everyone who desires to cultivate the faculties of taste, which, it must be remembered, are judicial faculties, and involve passing judgment upon human achievements. There is a hateful expression one frequently hears, "unaided intelligence." There is such a thing, and usually it might be better named "impudent ignorance." A stupid but learned judge is far less harmful to the community than a clever *ignoramus*. As between man and man, both judges will probably do a vast deal of injustice, but whilst the learned fool will only err in the application of principles he leaves untouched, the clever *ignoramus* would in five years, were the Court of Appeal to let him alone, let loose upon us the foundations of the great deep.

Good taste, we may be certain, is only attainable by the exercise of the mind, by study, by thought. Healthy exercise for mind and body, that is our ceaseless cry. This is why we attend lectures and ride on bicycles, and do many other strange things.

What is the kind of mental exercise most likely to cultivate taste? Well, first of all you must know something about the subject on which you propose to deliver judgment, and this preliminary knowledge is best gained by the careful study of the great models of perfection existing in the subject you are dealing with. As to what these models are, there is no real dispute. It is said *de gustibus non est disputandum*, meaning thereby that there is no chance of agreement on such subjects, that the jury must be discharged — in short, "tastes differ." The saying is characterized by the usual untruthfulness of proverbs; for a good thumping lie, recommend me to a proverb. As a matter of fact, there is less difference of opinion amongst qualified persons on questions of taste than on any other kind of question. Burke has pointed out that there is more general accord on the merits of any particular passage in Virgil than as to the truth of any proposition in Aristotle. There are some things which are indisputable. We are miserable sinners, that is certain; the tiger and the ape still spring and swing within us; but in spite of that, and by virtue of something ordained or suffered for the human race, we are capable, if rightly trained, of perceiving the difference and maintaining the distinction between things great and things little. Some of our judgments are irreversible, and our first studies should be of those things which *sana mens omnium hominum attestatur*, and which therefore stand on high, never to be pulled down. The remoter these things are from our immediate environment the better they are suited to be studied line by line, and in an atmosphere free from personal elements. Homer, Virgil, Dante are better models of style and diction than any of our own poets, for this reason, if for no other, that we are compelled by what I may compendiously, though feelingly, describe as "the surrounding difficulties," to study them with a severity of purpose and accuracy of mind we might be unwilling to bestow upon Shakespeare and Milton, or even on Spenser or Chaucer.

That we waste a good deal of time over Greek and Latin is very likely, but we ought to remember that we are not taught those languages in order to write commercial letters in them about con-

signments of Greek wine or baskets of Neapolitan figs, but to purify the springs of taste, to awaken in the caverns of the mind the echoes of perfection, to plant as seedlings in the breast those conceptions of grandeur, dignity, grace, movement, and felicity, which, growing with our growth, may accompany us to the grave, and so possibly prevent us spending all our days admiring the worthless and extolling the commonplace.

Not one boy in a thousand becomes a scholar in the strict sense of the word, but the place of Homer, of Virgil, of Horace in our educational system does not depend upon the out-put of scholars. These great masters play the same part in our æsthetic education as does the Matterhorn, even to the man who never gets beyond the first hut. The rapture of the summit is not for that rudimentary mountaineer, who will, nevertheless, carry down with him into the valleys the knowledge of what a mountain is. No mole-hill need in future ever hope to palm itself off upon him as a member of the great race; that traveller will know better. So, too, he who has once caught the clear accents, learnt the great language of a true master of poetic diction, though his scholarship may be unripe, is not likely to be found wallowing among the potsherds, or, decked out with vulgar fairings, following in the wake of some noisy charlatan in his twenty-fifth edition.

I know names can be cited against me—I could cite them myself, but politeness restrains me—of men who have plundered the schools of their honors, who, once at least, knew Homer and Virgil by heart (when there was something to be got out of them), who have studied the best all their lives, and who yet remain the easy prey, the ready victims of every kind of literary barbarity, and are as incapable of distinguishing between grandeur and rhodomontade, between pathos and hysteric blubbering, as a rhinoceros. It is terrible that this should be so, but we must never let the incorrigibility of the individual destroy our faith in the species.

It is also true that there have been poets and prosemen of fame and lustre who never shed a tear over a *gradus*, or were called upon to construe a verse of Horace. John Keats knew no Greek; John Bright never read Virgil, and yet the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" and the speeches made during the American War are classics—pure, beautiful, restrained, noble, all that poetry or speech can be. But we are not concerned with these vagaries. We deal with the average man. Our task is the consideration of how best to educate our own critical faculties. Keats was a resplendent genius (here is a difference on the very threshold); he was also a painstaking student; had he been taught Greek at school he would have purified his diction earlier than he did. John Bright took immense trouble, and, like all true orators, was far more taken up with the turn of his sentences than with the truth of his facts. Had he known Virgil he would have loved Milton none the less, and would have forborne to praise the poems of Mrs. Janet Hamilton and some others.

"It does not matter," says Hans Andersen, in the story of the "Ugly Duckling," "being hatched in a duck-yard if you were first laid in a swan's egg," but I am assuming that we have not only been hatched in a duck-yard, but likewise laid in a duck's egg, and I am considering how best we may become, not beautiful swans, which *ex hypothesi* is impossible, but ducks of good taste and sound æsthetic principle.

Next to the accurate study of some of the great models of perfection I place an easy, friendly, and not necessarily a very accurate acquaintance with at least one other modern European language, and if it is to be but one let it be French. The "Lion and the Unicorn" look very well in our national coat-of-arms—best of all, perhaps, swinging on an elm in front of some ancient but still licensed hostlery—but they are wofully out of place in criticism. Yet it is very difficult to get the lion and the unicorn out of an Englishman's head, or to persuade him to believe that his own way of looking at things is not the only way, nor always the best. A very slight acquaintance with French literature and art is sufficient, I will not say to nip this error in the bud, but at least to varie-

gate the hue of the flower. To see the excellence of foreign methods and achievements, whether those of Balzac or Hugo, of Millet or Corot, of Got or Coquelin, is in itself an education of the critical faculties, opening our eyes and increasing our just demands. Mr. William Watson, a poet of considerable critical sagacity, has a spirited sonnet, "On Exaggerated Deference to Foreign Literary Opinion," in which he maintains that there is no good reason why we should "doubt of our own greatness till it bears the signet of your Goethes or Voltaires." Mr. Watson is quite right; but though it is a small matter what Voltaire thought of us, it matters a good deal what we think of Voltaire.

Lastly, and confining myself, as perhaps I have done all through, to literary matters, I would urge upon the young people I see before me to form the habit of reading books of sound and sensible reputation. Do not be driven off the beaten track by jokes about "Books without which no gentleman's library is complete." Because the gentlemen of the press have not time to read these books, and, like Lord Foppington, prefer the sprouts of their own brain, is no reason why you should not read them. Your brains, perhaps, are not of the sprouting kind, and where will you be then? The best wines do not effervesce, and to bubble and sparkle are not the highest qualities of literature. Nowadays, unless an author goes off with a pop, nobody orders him. This is a pity, for, depend upon it, in literature as in life Wisdom is justified of her children. It is only from wise and sensible people we can really learn anything, except, indeed, what to avoid, and there can be no true taste without superior knowledge.

To take a single example: There is Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," a sober, sensible, learned work, but not effervescent. It is falling into disrepute, and if you ask why, you will probably be told by some young exquisite, who has never read it, that its author must have been a blockhead because he did not sufficiently admire Shakespeare's sonnets, and calls them remarkable productions, and goes so far as to wish Shakespeare had never written them. To display temper on such a subject is ridiculous. Replace Hallam, if you can, by a writer of equal learning and better judgment; but till you have done so, the English student who wishes to get a general acquaintance with the course of European literature, will not do wrong to devote a few hours a week to the careful reading of this book, even though it does not bubble or sparkle.

For the same kind of reason we should cultivate the habit of reading authors famous for the clearness of their styles, even though they are not, nowadays, reckoned profound or poetical. I mean writers like Dr. South, Sir William Blackstone (as he wrote his "Commentaries" himself, not the mingle-mangle of subsequent editors). I don't mean we should prefer these authors to Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, De Quincey, or Ruskin. All I say is, don't forget that, "other things being equal," "without prejudice," for you may safeguard the terrible proposition as much as you please, clear, breezy common-sense and lucidity of expression are excellent and enduring qualities in literature. We have now got thus far, the faculties of taste are acquired by exercising the mind, and first by the acquisition of *knowledge*, without which there can be no true taste. There are all sorts of ways of acquiring this knowledge, but I have suggested that, for people of only average susceptibility, there is no better way than the careful study of the admitted models of perfection, and that for this purpose the antique models are better than the modern. To correct the infirmity of a purely national point of view, I have pointed out the wisdom of acquiring an easy acquaintance with at least one modern language, while in order to preserve sanity and clear-headedness I have advised the frequent reading of sound, sensible books.

There is, of course, another kind of mental exercise necessary for the formation of taste, but it needs no time spent upon it. I mean the actual process of making comparisons. This we are always doing. We cannot help it. We are constantly delivering judg-

ments. Fortunately we have no power to issue execution, though we sometimes think we can.

"Accursed be the heart that does not wildly throb, and palsied be the eye that will not weep over the woes of Mr. Montgomery's 'Wanderer of Switzerland;'" so exclaimed in a fine frenzy a critic in a *Monthly Register* of 1807. His charitable wishes, however, harmed nobody at the time, and now only serve to make us smile. But such folly may teach us a lesson. Most of our judgments are, it is to be feared, sad rubbish. Well did Browning make his Unknown Painter exclaim:

"These buy and sell our pictures, take and give,
Count them for garniture and household stuff,
And where they live needs must our pictures live,
And see their faces, listen to their prate,
Partakers of their daily pettiness,
Discussed of—'This I love, or this I hate,
This likes me more, and this affects me less.'"

Our silly likes and dislikes, our obtrusive and frequently offensive egotisms, our terrible "unaided intelligence" are always leading us astray and setting our heels where our heads ought to be. I read the other day, in a criticism of a picture exhibition, that most of the pictures were extremely well painted, but they were not pictures anyone would wish to possess. One knows what idle talk like this means. It is as when people say, with a silly simper, that though they admit Miss Austen's novels are well written, they prefer Miss Balderdash's because her characters are "nicer." People like this apparently do not recognize the obligation to admire a work of art because it is well done. If anyone rebels at the rigor of this doctrine I cannot help it. If he persists in his opposition he must be turned out. Brawling is forbidden in the Temple of Taste.

By labor and thought, by humility, docility, and attention it is within the power of each one of us to acquire a fair share of good taste. It is important to steer clear between the optimistic vulgarity of those who are so satisfied with themselves as to be content to take their ignorance as a complete touchstone of taste and the pessimistic cynicism of men like Schopenhauer, who maintain that works of genius cannot be properly enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. This latter proposition is, I believe, wholly inaccurate. Take our own great poets. Who dare say that Chaucer and Shakespeare, Bunyan, Dryden, Burns, and Wordsworth have only been properly enjoyed by readers of equal intellectual rank with these poets themselves? It is flat blasphemy. The scheme of Providence is, happily, far otherwise. In matters intellectual poor men, if they will but cultivate their one talent diligently, may live like princes on the endless resources of the rich. Where money is concerned I am quite of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that, when all is said and done, it is better being rich than poor; but so far as the enjoyments of the fruits of taste are concerned, the mere consumer is perhaps more to be envied than the producer, who usually endures much anguish and dolor.

Our problem is to eschew the evil and to seek after those things which are of good report. Begin as students; do not rebel against authority; avoid violent judgments and passionate opinions, which only tell the world where you have been educated, in what college or studio, and otherwise leave it none the better informed. Ultimately the good prevails and the bad disappears. It may be an amazing thing that in a world like this, in which folly is, to say the least of it, well represented, great works always win great reputations. But they do. Nothing is more certain than this. There is no need, therefore, to be nervous about genius. The high heavens are on its side. The thing to be nervous about is yourself. How is your little æsthetic force to be expended, and how are your few years to be spent? Whose livery do you mean to wear?

I do not think I can usefully add anything more, but as I do not often get the chance of preaching I will end with a word of warning.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked and written about the consolations of literature, the ministry of books, and I know not what other fine phrases.

To listen to some people, you might

fancy it within their power to build a barricade of books and sit behind it mocking the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. It is all, or nearly all, a vain pretence.

At the most, literature is but a drug for pain, and no very effective one. The sorrowful man will carry his sorrows with him, at least as much into his library as into his counting-house, and will find it as hard to forget them in the one place as in the other. By the time you can doctor your grief with a favorite volume you are already more than half cured. The pangs a romance can stifle must first have become very drowsy.

Being desirous to clear my mind of cant as much as possible, I feel bound to express my conviction that, though I am a very bad player, a game of golf, if I had any luck in my "drives" and any happiness in my "putts," would be far more likely to make me forget for a while the troubles besetting me than my favorite author, although I love many not far short this side of idolatry.

Do not, therefore, be tempted to turn æsthetics into religion. Taste is a charming goddess, whose altars we should keep always decked with flowers; but she is not fit to be the queen of heaven, for her medicine-chest holds nothing potent enough to cure our worst ills. But we are not always in doleful dumps, and when we are not, there is great happiness and much mental discipline to be had and obtained from and by the possession and exercise of that good taste which I hope all here may enjoy for the rest of their lives, coupled with good health.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. HOLMES AS PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY

By Thomas Dwight, M.D.

WHO is that young man who said BONE?" asked Dr. Holmes of a student at the close of one of his recitations in anatomy, in the autumn of 1864. Having received the answer, he went to the young man, whom he found lingering in the hall, spoke to him by name, reminded him of how well he had known his father, and made him welcome to the school. Little did that beginner then dream that he was to succeed the distinguished man whose greeting filled him with pleasure. The interest in so trifling a matter as a student's pronunciation, and the kindness which led him to act on the information he received, were distinctly characteristic of Dr. Holmes. In fact, however, pronunciation was to him hardly trifling. A false accent, an awkward turn of phrase jarred on his delicate organization. In his rhymed lesson he had written:

> "Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
> The careless lips that speak of sŏap for sōap;
> Her edict exiles from her fair abode,
> The clownish voice that utters rŏad for rōad."

"What are you doing?" he once asked another student in the dissecting-room. "Ligating arteries, sir." "Why not say tie?" asked Dr. Holmes, "I find that country practitioners ligate arteries, and that surgeons tie them." The best of this anecdote is that the unappreciative student spread it as a joke against Dr. Holmes. His quick observation of details was one of his most evident traits, joined to the activity of mind which led him to follow up the clues. It is told that he once asked a passing student what relation he was to a certain physician long dead. The student denied all knowledge of him, but Dr. Holmes

begged him to ask his father, as the similarity of the shape of the head was so striking that he thought there must be some relationship, which in fact proved to be the case.

To return to my own recollections of Dr. Holmes: in my student life, from the time that he spoke to me in the hall he always paid me special attention, which increased as my fondness for anatomy developed. His kindness continued without interruption until the end of his life. During that autumn I frequently recited to Dr. Holmes, and saw the great patience and interest with which he demonstrated the more difficult parts of the skeleton. In November began the dreary season of perpetual lectures, from morning till night, to large classes of more or less turbulent students. The lectures began usually at nine, sometimes at eight, and continued without interruption until two, old students and new for the most part attending all of them. The lecture on anatomy came at one o'clock five days in the week. I lack power to express the weariness, the disgust, and sometimes the exasperation, with which, after four or five hours of lectures, bad air, and rapid note-taking had brought their crop of headaches and bad temper, we resigned ourselves to another hour. No one but Dr. Holmes could have been endured under the circumstances.

For the proper understanding, not merely of anecdotes, but of causes which had their influence on Dr. Holmes's scientific life, I must say a word or two of the plan of the old building in North Grove Street. Above the basement, a long, straight, steep flight of stairs led from the first to the second story, down which, according to Dr. Holmes, the late Dr. John K. Mitchell predicted the class would some day precipitate itself like a certain herd of swine. Directly in front of these stairs was a small room, the demonstrator's, where the dissections for Dr. Holmes's lectures were made. Opposite to it was a similar room, called the professors' room, in which they sat for a few minutes before and after lectures—little used, however, except by the late Professor J. B. S. Jackson, the eminent curator of the museum. The remainder of this floor was occupied on one side by the museum and on the other by the amphitheatre.

A passage ran along either side of the amphitheatre from which a space under the seats could be entered. It should be evident from this description that there was no place which any professor could call his own and where he could study in peace. As Dr. Holmes has since told me, he probably would have done more original work if he had had better accommodations. In later years this want became so urgent that he boarded up for himself a little room under the seats where he kept his plates and his microscopes. It was a poor thing, but his own, and he valued it as such. In his parting address he said: "I have never been proud of the apartment beneath the seats in which my preparations for lectures were made; but I chose it because I could have it to myself, and I resign it with the wish that it were more worthy of regret, into the hands of my successor, with my parting benediction. Within its twilight precincts I have often prayed for light like Ajax, for the daylight found a scanty entrance and the gaslight never illuminated its dark recesses. May it prove to him who comes after me like the cave of Sibyl, out of the gloomy depths of which came the oracles which shone with the rise of truth and wisdom."

In 1887 he wrote me: "If I were a score or two years younger than I am, I might be tempted to envy you, remembering my quarters at the old college, and being reminded of your comfortable and convenient arrangements in the new building. But I do not envy you—I congratulate you, and I only hope that I did not keep you waiting too long for the place. . . ."

The amphitheatre, the seats of which were at a steep pitch, was entered by the students from above, through two doors, one on each side, each of which was approached by a steep stairway between narrow walls. The doors were not usually opened until some minutes after the hour. The space at the top of these stairs was a scene of crowding, pushing, scuffling, and shouting indescribable, till at last a spring shot back both bolts at once, and from each door a living avalanche poured down the steep

alleys with an irresistible rush that made the looker-on hold his breath. How it happened that during many years no one was killed, or even seriously injured, is incomprehensible. The excitement of the fray having subsided, order reigned until the entrance of the professor, which was frequently the signal for applause. He came in with a grave countenance. His shoulders were thrown back and his face bent down. No one realized better than he that he had no easy task before him. He had to teach a branch repulsive to some, difficult for all; and he had to teach it to a jaded class which was unfit to be taught anything. The wooden seats were hard, the backs straight, and the air bad. The effect of the last was alluded to by Dr. Holmes in his address at the opening of the new school in 1883.

"So, when the class I was lecturing to was sitting in an atmosphere once breathed already, after I had seen head after head gently declining, and one pair of eyes after another emptying themselves of intelligence, I have said, inaudibly, with the considerate self-restraint of Musidora's rural lover, 'Sleep on, dear youth; this does not mean that you are indolent, or that I am dull; it is the partial coma of commencing asphyxia.'"

To make head against these odds he did his utmost to adopt a sprightly manner, and let no opportunity for a jest escape him. These would be received with quiet appreciation by the lower benches, and with uproarious demonstrations from the "mountain," where, as in the French Assembly of the Revolution, the noisiest spirits congregated. He gave his imagination full play in comparisons often charming and always quaint. None but Holmes could have compared the microscopical coiled tube of a sweat-gland to a fairy's intestine. Medical readers will appreciate the aptness of likening the mesentery to the shirt ruffles of a preceding generation, which from a short line of attachment expanded into yards of complicated folds. He has compared the fibres connecting the two symmetrical halves of the brain to the band uniting the Siamese twins. His lectures frequently contained aids to memory which seemed perhaps childish to the more advanced. I can almost hear him say, speaking of the acromion process of the shoulder-blade, "'Now,' says the student, 'how shall I remember that hard word?' Let him think of the Acropolis, the highest building in Athens, and remember that the acromion is the highest point of the shoulder."

All who have seen it will remember his demonstration of how the base of the skull, its weakest part, may be broken by a fall on the top of the head. He had a strong iron bar bent into a circle of some six inches in diameter, with a gap left between the ends just large enough to be filled by a walnut. The ring was then dropped to the floor so as to strike on the convexity just opposite to the walnut, which invariably was broken to pieces.

In my second year, through the kindness of Dr. Cheever, now Emeritus Professor of Surgery, then demonstrator, I was thrown into closer connection with Dr. Holmes. It was the duty of the demonstrator to prepare the dissections for the lectures. One of the features of the Harvard Medical School, from my earliest recollections, was the elaborateness of the preparations for the anatomical lecture. Not only were many hours spent on the dissection itself, but every refinement of neatness and even elegance—clean sheets, careful draping, effective arrangement of specimens and pictures—received the most careful attention. This arrangement of the amphitheatre with an eye to artistic effect, was the combined work of the professor and demonstrator. It is remarkable that the series of demonstrators, from almost the beginning of Dr. Holmes's administration to its close, were men of marked ability and were brilliantly successful in practice. Drs. R. M. Hodges, D. W. Cheever, C. B. Porter, H. H. A. Beach, and M. H. Richardson, followed one another without interruption. Dr. Cheever did me the honor of asking me to help in preparing the dissections. This gave me the opportunity to meet Dr. Holmes behind the scenes and established a charming approach to intimacy. He would appear a little before the lecture, examine the dissection, note any pecul-

iarities, and praise most heartily. I often ran under the seats after the lecture had begun to hear the public commendation he was sure, in his good nature, to bestow on any originality of the dissection. Sometimes he would consult books on anatomy, saying to me, "You must never tell that you saw me," a prohibition which I do not think he meant very seriously at the time; one which he certainly would not wish me to observe now. Indeed, I shall take a similar liberty in some other matters.

One would think, from Dr. Holmes's wonderful facility of expression, that lecturing year after year on the same subject, the lectures would have been as child's play. But I am convinced that this was not so. "You will find," said he to me at the time that I succeeded him, "that the day that you have lectured something has gone out from you." To his sensitive organization I imagine that the trials incident to the tired, and in early years more or less unruly, class, were greater than his friends suspected. I remember once his telling Dr. Cheever and myself, how exceedingly annoying it is to the lecturer to have anyone leave the room before the close. I often marvelled at the patience he displayed.

In spite of the attention bestowed on dissection, I do not think that he much fancied dissecting himself, though our Museum still has some few specimens of his preparation. Once he asked me which part of anatomy I liked best, and on my saying "The bones," he replied: "so do I; it is the cleanest." Still he usually gave the class the time-honored joke that bones are dry.

Dr. Holmes was in those days Professor of Physiology as well as of Anatomy, though by far the greater part of his course was given to the latter. Indeed, he pretended to give but a sketch of the more important parts of physiology. Dr. Holmes's courtesy in speech and writing is well known. He laughed away homœopathy, phrenology, and kindred delusions with a good nature quite free from bitterness. Of phrenology, he wrote: "I am not one of its haters; on the contrary, I am grateful for the incidental good it has done. I love to amuse myself in its plaster Golgothas, and listen to the glib professor as he discovers by his manipulations 'all that disgraced my betters met in me.'" Nevertheless, in his lectures, with a happy hit or two, he exposed its absurdities. Almost the only topic on which he could not speak with patience was the cruelty often practised in vivisection. Like all sensible men, he recognized the necessity of vivisection. He has called it "a mode of acquiring knowledge justifiable in its proper use, odious beyond measure in its abuse," but I am sure that in his heart he hated it bitterly. But if in physiology he eschewed vivisection, believing, perhaps, with Hyrtl, "that nature will tell the truth all the better for not being put to the torture," he did some work which now would be dignified with the name of experimental psychology. "I have myself," he writes, "instituted a good many experiments with a more extensive and expensive machinery than I think has ever been employed — namely, two classes each of ten intelligent students, who had joined hands together, representing a nervous circle of about sixty-six feet, so that a hand-pressure transmitted ten times around the circle, traversed six hundred and sixty feet, besides involving one hundred perceptions and volitions. My chronometer was a horse timer, marking quarter-seconds." He varied these experiments by having the transmissions made from hand to foot and from hand to head.

He was fond of psychological discussion, but in his lectures could give but little time to it. His reaction from the horrors of old-fashioned New England Calvinism had pretty thoroughly swept away all belief in revealed religion. He may have seemed to go with the current near to materialism, but, in truth, his clear mind saw that there were facts, at all events in the moral and intellectual spheres, which that soulless doctrine cannot account for. So brilliant a writer as Dr. Holmes must occasionally deal in paradox. I doubt if he meant, for instance, that a remark which has shocked many, namely, that early piety is another name for scrofula, should be taken *au pied de la lettre.*

Here is his definition of life: "The state of an organized being, in which it maintains, or is capable of maintaining, its structural integrity by the constant interchange of elements with the surrounding media."

Dr. Holmes took the greatest interest in the manufacture of the microscope, speaking always enthusiastically of its discovery and successive perfectioning. He was not free from the fault of that time, which was to spend many hours in testing the perfection of lenses rather than devote one's whole energies to the study of nature. Nevertheless, in 1847 he made, or certainly believed that he made, a discovery of cells in bone, which he showed at a meeting of the Society for Medical Observation. "I was on the look-out," he wrote me in 1889, "for bone-cells in the medical journals and books, and found nothing until about two years after my discovery of these (from the cancelli of the neck of a human adult femur) M. Robin described some cells which he had found, not corresponding very well with mine." The last note which I ever received from him, dated May 30, 1894, was to request me to find the pictures which he had had made of these cells. I am in hopes that he may have gone into this subject in memoirs which are yet to see the light.

One interview which I well remember, was my examination by Dr. Holmes for my degree. In those days all examinations were oral, and not severe. But the Faculty having done me the honor of granting me a special examination, it was held with less than usual formality at Dr. Holmes's house. He began by asking me to tell what I chose. Anxious to show the extent of my knowledge, I started at once with a minute description of the cranial nerves. Dr. Holmes stopped me, however, before I had gone very far, and began a series of the most difficult questions. If, in the vanity of youth, I had any idea that I knew about as much as my master, I was speedily undeceived. In a pleasant conversation afterward, I asked my examiner if he usually put such questions. He replied: "Oh, no! When you are examining a man who is to practise where he gets a quarter of a dollar for a visit, you cannot expect great knowledge; so if he does not seem to know much, I ask him about the biceps, and if he answers on that pretty well, I pass him." I think he added: "And so would you, if you have any humanity." It must be remembered that this is long ago, and that for years before Dr. Holmes's resignation the examinations were wholly written.

For many years after my graduation I saw more or less of Dr. Holmes. When in my earlier days I spoke to him about taking private pupils in anatomy, he said: "When you begin to teach you will learn how little you know." He added that it is very instructive to feel forced to keep just in front of one's students.

For a considerable time, occupying a subordinate position in the school, I was a member of the faculty, and often met him in the councils of that body. Modest and quiet, he said very little. He watched the steps of my anatomical career with a kind interest. He wrote me after the event that he always had wished I should succeed him.

In the autumn of 1882, in consequence, it is said, of an offer from his publishers, Dr. Holmes resigned the chair which he had filled for thirty-five years. The faculty requested him to continue until the first of December. Some days before that he reached an appropriate stopping-place, and ended his course without formality. But the pressure for a last public lecture, as the closing scene, was too strong to be withstood. This took place on November 28th. The anatomical room was packed to the very doors by the students, while the faculty filled the amphitheatre. The scene was most impressive as the whole audience arose on his entrance. A member of the first class stepped forward, and in a few words, carefully prepared but rather tremulously delivered, presented a silver loving-cup as a gift of the class and expressed their regret at the separation. Dr. Holmes was so surprised and affected that for once his readiness failed him. He could but utter a few disconnected sentences of thanks, and say that, lest his feelings should overcome him, it were better he should

keep to the lecture he had written.* He began by saying that everyone is the chief personage, the hero, of his own baptism, his own wedding, and his own funeral; but that there were some other momentous occasions on which it is not out of place to talk of one's self. He then gave the general history of his professional life, dwelling particularly on his reminiscences as a young man of those who had preceded him both at home and abroad. It was on this occasion that he alluded to his early attack of lead-poisoning through the mental contact with type metal. Though there was nothing remarkable in the words, there was a pathos in his voice as he referred to the building he was leaving. Speaking of the long flight of stairs, he said, "I have helped to wear those stairs into hollows — stairs which I trod when they were smooth and level, fresh from the plane. There are just thirty-two of them, as there were five and thirty years ago, but they are steeper and harder to climb, it seems to me, than they were then."

Another memorable occasion when Dr. Holmes addressed a large audience was that of the opening of the new building of the Harvard Medical School, in the autumn of 1883. The lecture was delivered in the large hall of the Institute of Technology. The faculty and government of the College were on the platform, a large and distinguished audience filled the seats. Dr. Holmes did not have all the brilliancy of his prime, but there were bright sparkles. Two episodes in the lecture were to me particularly interesting, both of which require a word of preface. Some few years before, the question of admitting women to the Medical School had been debated at great length. In spite of powerful influence the new movement had been defeated, chiefly through the determined opposition of a great majority of the faculty. Dr. Holmes had inclined to the losing side, but I do not remember that he ever showed much enthusiasm in the cause. On this occasion, after speaking in his most perfect style on woman as a nurse, with a pathos free from mawkishness which Dickens rarely reached, he concluded, "I have always felt that this was rather the vocation of woman than general medical, and especially surgical, practice." This was the signal for loud applause from the conservative side. When he could resume he went on: "Yet I, myself, followed the course of lectures given by the young Madame Lachapelle in Paris, and if here and there an intrepid woman insists on taking by storm the fortress of medical education, I would have the gate flung open to her, as if it were that of the citadel of Orleans and she were Joan of Arc returning from the field of victory." The enthusiasm which this sentiment called forth was so overwhelming, that those of us who had led the first applause felt, perhaps looked, rather foolish. I have since suspected that Dr. Holmes, who always knew his audience, had kept back the real climax to lure us to our destruction. But, if I felt that in this episode the laugh was against me, the other incident brought me a malicious satisfaction. A few months earlier much had been done, by persons I will not name and methods I will not characterize, to arouse popular prejudice against dissection and the Harvard School. The dominant party in the Medical School, with short sighted timidity, looked upon dissection as something to apologize for, instead of to glory in. They had arranged that when the building should be thrown open to the guests, at the close of the address, the dissecting-room should be closed, and had taken special measures to prevent the exhibition of anything of anatomical interest. It must have been a disagreeable surprise to them to hear Dr. Holmes say: "Among the various apartments destined to special uses, one will be sure to rivet your attention; namely, the anthropotomic laboratory, known in plainer speech as the dissecting-room." He then went on to speak at length and with great plainness on dissection and the teaching of practical anatomy, paying a deserved tribute to his demonstrators. There was no help for it; the committee, however unwilling, had to throw open the doors of the dissecting-room to the visitors. The

* Dr. Holmes acknowledged the gift by a letter in his best style, published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, December 7, 1882.

satisfaction which I experienced is probably of little interest to anyone else; but what Harvard may boast of is, that this old man who had retired from the cares of office, who was a man of peace, who had been but little before the public as an anatomist, should have boldly upheld the honor of the college and vindicated its reputation when younger men shrunk from the subject.

I find it hard to do full justice to Dr. Holmes as an anatomist, or rather as a teacher of anatomy, for my point of view and my methods in almost every detail are radically different from his. Anyone who has experience in lecturing recognizes that he must decide whether he will address himself to the higher or lower half of the class. Dr. Holmes lectured to the latter. It was a part of his humanity to do so. He felt a sympathy for the struggling lad preparing to practise where work is hard and money scarce. "I do not give the best lectures that I can give," he said on several occasions; "I should shoot over their heads. I try to teach them a little and to teach it well."

His knowledge of anatomy was that of the scholar, rather than that of the practitioner. He delighted in the old anatomists, and cared little for the new. He maintained that human anatomy is much the same study that it was in the days of Vesalius and Fallopius. He actually button-holed book agents, little accustomed to be pressed to stay, in order to put them to shame by the superiority of the illustrations in his old anatomies. It pleased him to discuss whether we should say the Gasserian or the Casserian ganglion. His books were very dear to him. He had said more than once that a twig from one of his nerves ran to everyone of them.

Literature was his career. That early attack of poisoning from type was fatal to his eminence in any other. Though I fear many will disagree with me, I venture to say, that while he would have been a great anatomist had he made it his life's work, he could never have been a great teacher of anatomy. Successful teaching of concrete facts requires a smack of the drill-master, which was foreign to his gentle nature. The very methods which did so much to make his lectures popular and charming, at times irritated the more earnest students, hungry for knowledge. It would be ungrateful of me not to add, that the student interested in any point of anatomy who went to Dr. Holmes for help, always received the greatest encouragement and sympathy.

I have said enough to prove his kindness in my own case. The two following notes to the late Dr. George C. Shattuck,* then dean of the faculty, show him in another and equally amiable light.

"21 Charles Street,
September 22, 1864.

"Dear Dr. Shattuck: You will be interested in this young man, who wishes to begin the study of Medicine.

"He is wide awake, full of good intent, and always *goes to your church* on Sunday when he is in town.

"He wishes to give his note for lecture fees, and I hope you will accommodate him in this and in such other ways as he may ask with reference to instruction, for he is a youth of promise, and may do us honor by and by.

"Trusting him to the good offices of the Dean, I am

"Yours always,
"O. W. Holmes."

"164 Charles Street,
September 3, 1868.

"Dear Dr. Shattuck: Please make a note of the name of —— as a subject of your well-known benevolent offices as Dean. He gave his note, and is not able to pay it yet, and must be favored for good reasons.

"His father was a noted temperance lecturer, but fell from his high estate and is now a care and a burden to his friends. His mother came to see me with a letter from an old friend and schoolmate of mine in her pocket, which interested me very much, and assured me that this was a case for every consideration and kindness.

"So, most benignant and benevolent of Deans, don't forget the name of ——, but when he comes to you, put off his pay day until late in the Greek Calends,

* I am indebted for these to the kindness of Dr. George B. Shattuck.

or get him on the free list and make the worse than widow's heart sing for joy.

"Faithfully yours,
"O. W. Holmes."

None who knew Dr. Shattuck will doubt that he did his utmost to further both of these suits.

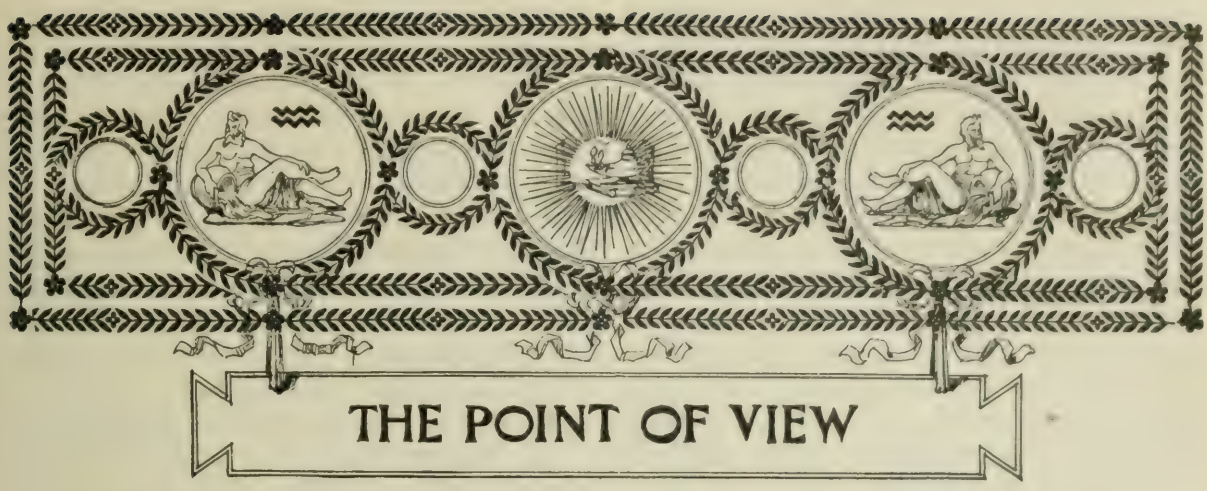
Dr. Holmes's relations to the class were always most pleasant. They could not be otherwise. For years I have tried to take to heart the remarks he made on the relations of teacher and students in his introductory lecture of 1847. It would be a good rule to oblige every teacher to read them once a year.

"There are intrinsic difficulties in the task of the lecturer, whatever may be his subject or capacity. There are days, for instance—I appeal to every expert in this art and mystery—when some depressing influence takes the life out of one's heart and the words away from his lips, as there are others when his task is a pleasure. He lies at the mercy of fits of easy and of difficult transmission, controlled by subtle influences he cannot withstand. . . . A long course of lectures tries all the weaknesses of teachers and pupils. There is no little trick of the one, and no impatient habit of the other, which will not show itself before they part company. The teacher will have his peculiar phrases, which soon become notorious and characteristic; his gestures and movements more or less inelegant; his bodily infirmities, it may be, which he cannot disguise in the broad daylight and the long hour. He will get the wrong word for the right, and so confuse the student of slow apprehension amidst the whispered corrections of the more intelligent; he will fail to be understood when he thinks he has been clearest, and apologize when no one has suspected him of failure.

"The student will have his hours of disgust and lassitude; the cramped muscles will sometimes stretch out in ominous yawning, or some favorable corner will invite him to repose, and his senses will dissolve away in the sweetest of all slumbers, whose lullaby is the steady flow of didactic expatiation. All these weaknesses must be mutually pardoned, and for this both must have a permanent sense of the true relation of teachers and pupils, as friends, a little separated in years and in some points of knowledge, pursuing a common end which one sees more clearly than the other, and therefore takes the lead in following, but which both see imperfectly, and which neither of them will ever completely attain."

To have left these wise and kindly words as a guide to one's successors, is to have done a service to education. One values them all the more that they recall Dr. Holmes so strongly. He was very human and very lovable. His chief characteristic as Professor of Anatomy is expressed by calling him the students' friend.





THE POINT OF VIEW

In his once famous essay on "Characteristics," Carlyle amplified the thesis that the healthy man knoweth not of his health, only the sick, and predicated unconsciousness of all elevated and successful activity. On the other hand, a writer in The Point of View some time ago maintained, with equal skill and enthusiasm, that nothing is more pleasing and profitable than to think and talk about one's self. He coupled one's friend with one's self, to be sure, but the friend was clearly a sop to Cerberus—one's self and one's friend in this sphere being as mutually exclusive as Codlin and Short. Carlyle's contention is rather extreme, perhaps, and fails to distinguish between consciousness and self-consciousness; one may certainly have his "eye on the object" and be advantageously conscious of doing so at the same time. But what struck me at the time, about the Point of View's advocacy of thinking and talking about one's self, was the fact of its needlessness, even if sound, since everybody nowadays is everlastingly doing just this.

No phenomenon associated with the modern development of the individual and the withering of the world is more conspicuous, I think, than what may legitimately be called egocentricity. What a man does now concerns him rather less than his attitude toward it. Everyone appreciates this in him and anxiously reassures him. There is hardly a conversation, unmarked by flippancy, in which the subject does not speedily drop out of sight, to rise to the surface again or not as the participants succeed or not in persuading each other of what they do not mean. What do I think of this or that now, depends a good deal on what I thought of it last week or last month. And it is not this or that but I that is, but should not be, in question. Intercourse was never so personal. Your friend or acquaintance is constantly engaged in courteously inspecting your ego or modestly considering his own. Compliment has reached a directness that, however mechanical, is peculiarly intense, and it is aimed between the eyes. No interest is evinced in the accomplished fact, which is a mere excuse for enthusiasm that it is you or I who accomplished it. "Men" have taken the place of "principles" with a vengeance. Even children have caught the infection. Once, their interest in themselves would have taken the form of brag, but at present it is comically real and unaffected, and their experiences revolve around the ego with naïf and wearisome endlessness. Other egos can look out for themselves, but what will happen to the external world if this is kept up is mere guess-work—probably extinction, if Berkeley's view that it depends upon us is sound.

It is difficult to believe this state of affairs, directly due to thinking and talking about one's self, a salutary one. Self-examination is a good thing beyond doubt, at stated intervals and to specific ends. But self-admiration, or self-reprehension, or self-study implies an importance that the subject does not possess. The soul's relation to its problems it is incumbent upon it—under grave penalties—scrupulously to examine. But its own constitution is too much like that of others to reward attention in any degree exclusive, and its points of difference are not very idiosyncratic. Almost anyone might reasonably echo Henry Esmond's

exclamation about himself: "Gracious God, who was he?" At all events, even if salutary, egocentricity lacks satisfactoriness, to my notion. Possibly good may come of introverting one's mental vision, though as a matter of fact it has not and does not. *Circumspice.* All the same the process is enervatingly uninteresting. Why care how the Old Man of the Sea is anatomically constructed? The thing to do is to dislodge him (by other than vinous means, of course) and proceed on one's way toward the acquisition of a philosophy somewhat more universal, and the attainment of a prospect broader and more bracing.

When I was a child, I was the silent but deeply protesting victim of an institution which, at that time of limited observation and smaller experience, I believed to be peculiar to our household, but which I have since come to know is a revered and established part of the theory and practice of every well-ordered and respectable family. Namely, the Family Party.

The Family Party is an association of kinsfolk, into which it is held to be blasphemy to admit an outsider, and in which the revel of family affection and fond remembrance is supposed to be unrestrained. I have never been able to discover the origin of this institution, nor have I yet found any logical reason for its present existence, as I shall hope to show farther on. But as it is well sometimes to show a safe respect for things one is not able to understand, I may indicate that I think the Family Party may possibly be the last expression of that ancient ancestor-worship (still devoutly practised in many parts of the world) which John Fiske associates with the earliest ideas of a God.

In the family about which I am best informed, it was considered binding upon each matron to celebrate this high and solemn festival in her own home about twice a year. As there were in the family (on both sides) fourteen distinct households with conscientiously disposed heads, it is readily to be seen that the occasions of this function in my life were like the language of Truthful James, "painful and frequent and free." We seemed to be existing in a continual state of Family Party, in consequence of which there was neither time nor strength left for other social privileges. Perhaps that is why, to this day, I have never been reconciled to the necessity for such occasions at any time or under any provocation.

The truth is that family life may be defined very much as Byron defined love—as an institution very honorable, and very necessary to keep the world a-going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned. Daily living along in the same relations with the same persons is distinctly trying to the frail stuff that even the best human nature is made of. There is nothing to be gained by concealing the fact that we are all glad upon occasion to get away from the people who know our faults, and to sun ourselves for a time in the approbation of those who think us always as charming as we feel sure we are sometimes. Nor is there anything to be deprecated in this desire. Whether it be simply an expression of the dramatic instinct which inheres in us all, in varying degrees, or whether it is only the healthful instinct to get rid of our own persistent ego and be somebody else for a little while, it makes much of the charm of social life, and is therefore not to be condemned.

Just here is where the Family Party crosscuts human nature. Its members being familiars, it offers no opportunity for humbug, however charming and harmless. Its laws are those of reality, and successful social contact is built on ideality. In one of the clever new plays, some one asks, "Are we all friends here?" "Most of us are friends," is the answer, "the rest are relations." This sentiment is not to be approved, except for its humor, since it seems to cast an unwarranted reflection on the situation in most families. The trouble with the Family is, not that it is not friends, but that it is too much friends. There is no questioning the worth of relations. It is positive and persistent and satisfying, and doth the heart good like a medicine. But there are times when one's taste reaches out toward confections, however sure one may be of the value of the drug. Social occasions are such times. Then one wishes to make excursions into new fields, and to pluck the flowers of fancy. He wants to wear his own bit of purple and find his friend wearing

his. It is a time for self-pleasing expansion, and he does not wish his next of kin to be a witness thereto. The eye of the relation is wonderfully sharp to see, and his ear to hear, and his brain to understand!

The celebration of the Family Party is always supposed to be specially indicated at the holiday season. Perhaps there is something peculiarly self-satisfying in drawing about the Christmas log with one's own and none beside. Perhaps, too, that is why it is a bit stupid; self-satisfaction is the stupidest thing I know. Certain it is that the Family is frequently known upon these sacred occasions to get sleepy and bored, even in the very quick of the revel. Such is the unfortunate influence of a full dinner, much family affection, and a total lack of inspiration to vanity.

In view of these sad but undoubted facts, I am moved to suggest a small, even a tentative reform in families where the Christmas Party is a function sacred to itself. Into the pudding of holiday happiness (I regard the homely figure as extremely appropriate) inject the occasional plum of a stranger. You will be surprised to see what a new flavor he will impart to the family dish, and how your appetite will be quickened by his presence. What the sparkle is to champagne, what the whiff of powder is to the soldier, what the sound of the violin is to the dancer, the presence of a stranger will be to the Family Party. He will bring life into dulness, interest into indifference and earnestness into ennui. He will give you something to shine for. And the special delight of this arrangement will be, that at Christmas-time, this Man Without a Family will be sure to need you even more than you need him.

A THOUGHTFUL woman, to whose international criticism I was listening the other day, insisted that the talk of clever Englishmen was more attractive—to women like her at least—than that of clever Americans, because it had "an absence of anxiety and strain" about it which was restful and did not "keep your nerves on edge." "The cleverest American men all posed to a certain extent," she said; they were obviously interested in their "effects," had an attitude of justifying themselves, of playing the game rather for profit than amusement, which made their superior alertness produce a sense of fatigue. Whereas your corresponding Englishman seemed to care so much less what you thought about *him*, to be so free from a nervous dread of being "stupid," to be so unhaunted by doubts as to whether the whole thing were worth while, and especially to be so much more interested in what he was talking about than in how he talked about it, that you forgave him the absence of a few epigrams for the sake of the quality that made him willing to do without them.

These classifications by sharp national lines cannot be carried too far; they are always embarrassed by everybody's host of exceptions, and I myself remember with some amusement that perhaps the cleverest Englishman I know is a rather self-conscious talker and *diseur de mots*, while one of the cleverest Americans chats with the unconsciousness of a brilliant child. But taken by and large there is a good deal of truth in what the thoughtful woman said; and it is proverbially wise to learn from what we may in this case certainly call the enemy—for who has any business to be more attractive to even one American woman than an American man? Whether it be a modicum of that national trait of self-satisfaction and contentment which in large masses is one of the chief aggravations of the Englishman to other races, or only an absence of that painful sense of responsibility for things in general that sits so hard on the American mind, there is something that we can acknowledge, if we are quite frank, and take a lesson from, in the British type she had in view. A freedom from fussy anxiety about exact adjustment to their environment, an objective interest in other things, combined with a disposition to take themselves somewhat for granted, a healthy tendency to value what they observe by its entertainment or its importance instead of by the way they can dress it up into exhibition material, these have been great strengths of Englishmen always, and offset some of the defects of their qualities—inconsiderateness, immobility, insularity, and everything else (as Alice in Wonderland might say) that begins with an *in*, except incapacity.

The suggestion of the thoughtful woman's

point extends beyond the field of talk, to which she applied it. We abound in our intellectual activity, in adepts in the art of putting things—from promoters to analytical psychologists; we do not perhaps greatly abound in objective observers—in Darwins or Lubbocks;—but that is another Point of View. We have grafted on the qualities of the old race a great many acutenesses and alertnesses and subtleties; there are some traits we do not want to lose in the process.

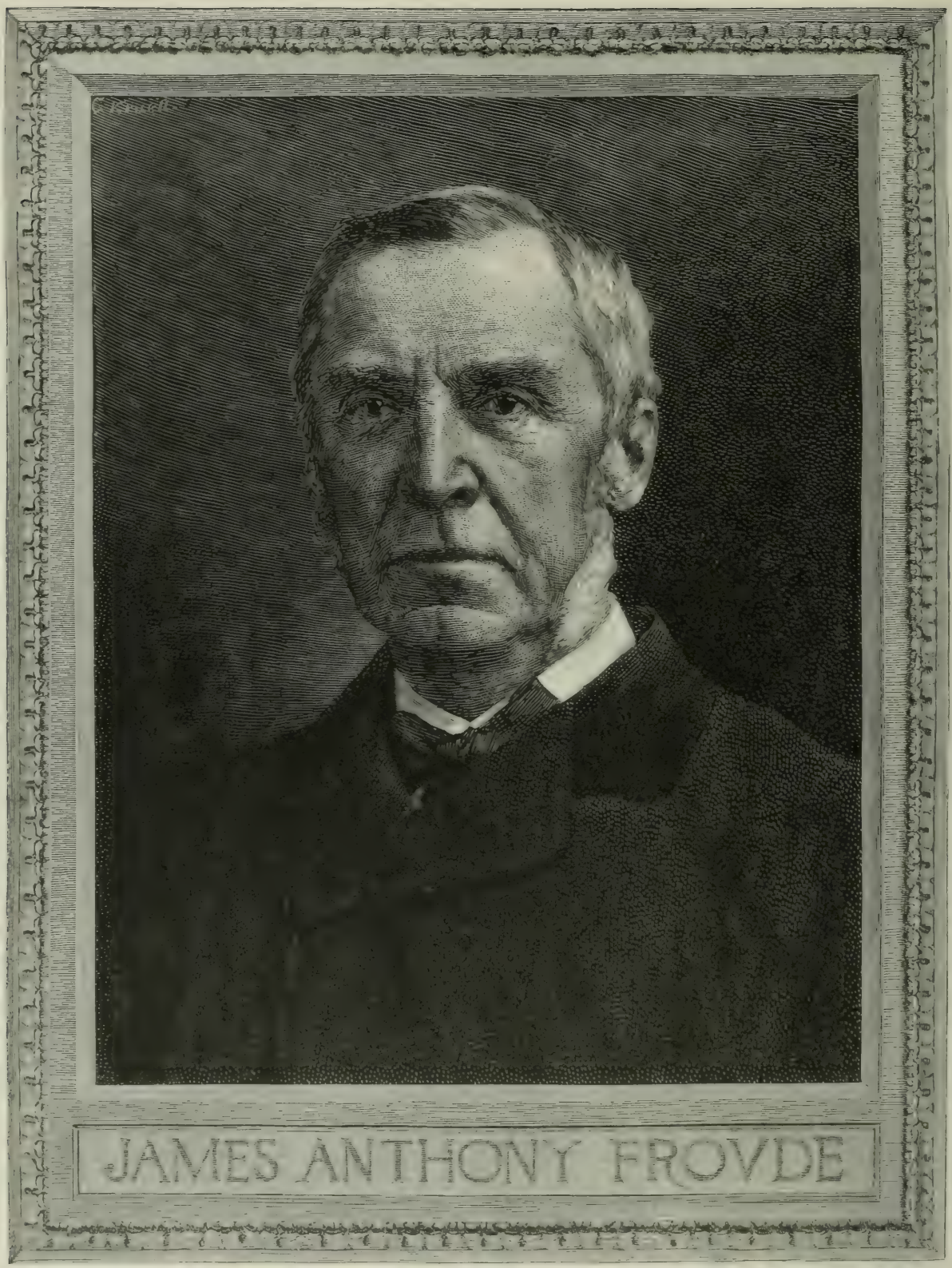
"And out of old bookes, in good faithe," said Geoffrey Chaucer, "cometh al this new science that men lere." Yet also out of the old books comes the discarded science at which men jeer. There is great refreshment in coming upon an old book, too humble for a classic, and finding in it the delightfully positive, autocratic, indisputable theories of a previous day, whose wisdom is being eagerly refuted in our present. In 1834 some inspired Philadelphian wrote "A Young Ladies' Own Book;" in it he warns his readers, his delicate, retiring "Young Persons," against indiscriminate reading as follows: "But of all reading what most ought to engage your attention are works of sentiment and morals. Morals is that study in which *alone* both sexes have an equal interest, and in sentiment yours has even the advantage. The works of this kind often appear under the seducing form of novel and romance, here great care and the advice of your older friends are requisite in the selection."

And he further advises them stanchly: "The mere suspicion of irreligion lowers a woman in general esteem. It implies almost a reflection on her character, for morality cannot be secure without religion. A woman must hold no converse with the enemies of either. She knows that the romance which invests impiety with the charm of sentiment, must not lie upon her table; nor must she be supposed to be acquainted with the poem which decks out vice with the witchery of song." Among the "female" authors mentioned by this authority as unlikely to exercise a pernicious influence are found Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Opie, and Mrs. Barbauld. If he still lives in an honorable old age, I cannot but wonder if this Triton of the minnows heads the lists against "Trilby," and if "The Heavenly Twins" have made him apostate to his own beginning-of-the-century convictions.

There has been much said about woman the past year, and her ability, from the management of municipal affairs to the management of a chafing-dish; but few have ventured to sum up her accomplishments with such candid condescension as is shown in the following: "It is quite different with women and with the other sex. Many a weary step must a man take to gain the laurel, and often is his meed withholden, even when fairly earned. But the female *bel-esprit* flutters from one fancy to another, writes a sonnet, skims a periodical, deciphers an alphabet, divides a crystal, glitters in a souvenir, and the crown of Corinne is by acclamation placed upon her brow."

Somewhere else the author objects to having women take tables at fairs, as he does not enjoy seeing them "barter their gay wares in a public mart." A dingy little book is this "Own Book," firm with conviction, condescending to a pliant public, and with lavender-scented memories of our grandmothers about its marred pages—our grandmothers who have long been "indolent house-wives in daisies lain;" nevertheless it brings its present belated reader to a realizing sense of the tremendous step women have taken across a chasm of tradition, since the day when they were seriously counselled to "correct that propensity to gadding, that disinclination to the retired occupations of home which too many have evinced from the days of the apostle to the present time."





ENGRAVED BY GUSTAV KRUELL.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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THE ART OF LIVING

THE DWELLING

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

I

MR. AND MRS. JULIUS CÆSAR, who, as you may remember, divide their income into parts with mathematical precision, were not as well off in this world's goods at the time of their marriage as they are now. Neither Mr. Cæsar's father nor Mrs. Cæsar's grandmother were then dead, and consequently the newly wedded pair, though set up by their respective families with a comfortable income, felt that it was incumbent upon them to practise strict economy. Then it was that Julius conceived what seemed to them both the happy idea of buying a house dirt cheap in a neighborhood which was not yet improved, and improving the neighborhood, instead of paying an exorbitant price for a residence in a street which was already all it should be.

"Why," said Julius, "shouldn't we buy one of those new houses in Sunset Terrace? They look very attractive, and if we can only induce two or three congenial couples to join forces with us we shall have the nucleus of a delightful colony."

"Besides, everything will be nice and new," said Mrs. Julius, or Dolly Cæsar, as her friends know her. "No cockroaches, no mice, no moths, no family skeletons to torment us. Julius, you are a genius. We can just as well set the fashion as follow meekly in fashion's wake."

So said, so done. Julius Cæsar bent his intellect upon the matter and soon found three congenial couples who were willing to join forces with him. Before another twelve months had passed, four baby wagons—one of them double-seated—were to be seen on four sunny grass-plots in front of four attractive, artistic-looking villas on Sunset Terrace. Where lately sterility, mortar, and weeds had held carnival, there was now an air of tasteful gentility. Thanks to the example of Dolly Cæsar, who had an eye and an instinct for such matters, the four brass door-plates shone like the sun, the paint was spick and span, the four gravel paths were in apple-pie order, the four grass-plots were emerald from timely use of a revolving lawn sprinkler, and the four nurse-maids, who watched like dragons over the four baby wagons, were neat-looking and comely. No wonder that by the end of the second year there was not a vacant house in the street, and that everybody who wished to live in a fashionable locality was eager for a chance to enter Sunset Terrace. No wonder, too, that Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar were able, by the end of the fourth year, to emerge from Sunset Terrace with a profit on the sale of their villa which made it rent free for the entire period, and left them with a neat little surplus to boot, and to settle down with calm minds on really fashionable Belport Avenue, in the stately mansion devised to them by Mrs. Cæsar's grandmother.

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"Mr. Cæsar's father."

Now, it must be borne in mind that a Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar can sometimes do that which a Mr. and Mrs. George J. Spriggs find difficulty in accomplishing. Spriggs, at the time of his marriage to Miss Florence Green, the daughter of ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Homer W. Green, conceived the happy idea of setting up his household gods in Locust Road, which lies about as far from Belport Avenue in one direction as Sunset Terrace in the other. Both are semi-suburban. It also occurred to him at the outset to join forces with three or four congenial couples, but at the last moment the engagement of one of the couples in question was broken, and the other three decided to live somewhere else. To have changed his mind then would have involved the sacrifice of one hundred dollars paid to bind the bargain to the landowner. So it seemed best to them on the whole to move in, as they had to live somewhere.

"It's just a little bit dreary, isn't it?" said Florence Spriggs, pathetically, as she looked out of her bow window at the newly finished street which was not finished, and at the grass-plot where there was no grass. "But I sha'n't be a bit lonely with you, George."

"I wonder if the color of this house has been changed," said Spriggs, presently, as he glanced up at the façade and from that to the other houses in the block, each of which was vacant. He and Florence had gone out after dinner to take a stroll and survey the neighborhood which they hoped to improve.

"Of course it hasn't! How could it be?" said Florence.

"Somehow it looks a more staring shade of yellow than it did the first time we saw it. And I don't fancy altogether the filigree work on the door, or that Egyptian renaissance scroll set into the eastern wall, do you, dearest? However, we're in now and can't get out, for the title has passed. I wonder who will buy the other houses?"

They were soon to know. They were alone all winter, but in the early spring



"Julius, you are a genius."

a family moved in on either side of them. The houses in Locust Road, like those in Sunset Terrace, were of the villa order, with grass-plots, which were almost lawns, appurtenant. Though less pleasing than those which had taken the more discerning eye of Mrs. Julius Cæsar, they were nevertheless comparatively inoffensive and sufficiently tasteful. Neighbor number one proved to be of an enterprising and imaginative turn. He changed the color of his villa from staring yellow to startling crushed strawberry, supplemented his Egyptian renaissance scroll and filigree with inlaid jewel and frost work, stationed a cast-iron stag in one corner of the grass-plot and a cast-iron Diana with a bow in another, and then rested on his laurels. Neighbor number two was shiftless and untidy. His grass-plot did not thrive, and the autumn leaves choked his gravel path. His windows were never washed, his blinds hung askew, and his one maid-of-all-work preferred the lawn to the laundry as a drying-room. His wife sunned herself in a wrapper, and he himself in his shirt sleeves. A big mongrel dog drooled perpetually on the piazza or tracked it with his muddy feet, and even the baby-wagon wore the appearance of dilapidation and halted because of a broken spring.



"I sha'n't be a bit lonely with you, George."

The Spriggses tried to be lenient and even genial with both these neighbors, but somehow the attempt was not successful. Neighbor number one became huffy because Spriggs took no notice of his advice that he embellish his grass-plot with a stone mastiff or an umbrella and cherub fountain, and neighbor number two took offence because Spriggs complained that the ventilator on his chimney kept Mrs. Spriggs awake by squeaking. Mrs. Spriggs did her best to set them both a good example by having everything as tasteful on the one hand and as tidy on the other as it should be. In the hope of improving them she even dropped suggestive hints as to how people ought to live, but the hints were not taken. What was worse none of the other houses were taken. As Spriggs pathetically expressed it, the iron stag on the one side and the weekly wash on the other kept purchasers at bay. He tried to buoy himself up by believing that a glut in the real estate market was the cause why the remaining villas in Locust Road hung fire, but this consolation was taken away from him the following spring when an active buying movement all along the line still left them without other neighbors. The unoccupied villas had begun to wear an air of dilapidation, in spite of their Egyptian renaissance scrolls and the presence of a cast-iron Diana. To crown the situation the baby of neighbor number two caught diphtheria from being left in its halting wagon by the maid-of-all-work too near the cesspool on the lawn, and was kissed by the Spriggs baby before the fact was discovered. If there is one thing more irritating to the maternal mind than another, it is to have dear baby catch something from the child of people whom you repro-

bate. One feels that the original horrors of the disease are sure to be enhanced through such a medium. When the only child of the Julius Cæsars died of the same disease, contracted from a germ inhaled on Belport Avenue, the parents felt that only destiny was to blame. On the other hand, though the Spriggs baby recovered, Mrs. Spriggs never quite forgave herself for what had happened. Before the next autumn Spriggs parted with his estate on Locust Road for so much less than he had paid for it that he felt obliged to accept the hospitality of his wife's father, ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Green, during the succeeding winter.



"In his shirt sleeves."

The moral of this double-jointed tale is two-fold; firstly that the young householder cannot always count upon improving the neighborhood in which he sets up his goods and chattels after marriage, and secondly, that, in case the neighborhood fails to improve, a tenancy for a year or two is a less serious burden than absolute ownership. It is extremely pleasant, to be sure, to be able to declare that one has paid for one's house, and I am aware that the consciousness of unencumbered ownership in the roof over one's head affords one of the most affecting and effective opportunities for oratory which the free-born citizen can desire. The hand of many a husband and father has been stayed from the wine-cup or the gaming-table by the pathetic thought that he owned his house. As a rule, too, it is cheaper to pay the interest on a mortgage than to pay rent, and if one is perfectly sure of being able to improve the neighborhood, or at least save it from degeneration, it certainly seems desirable to be the landlord of one's house, even though it be mortgaged so cleverly that the equity of redemption is merely a name. But in this age of semi-suburban development, when Roads and Terraces and Parks and Gates and other Anglo-European substitutes for streets serve as "springes to catch woodcocks," a young couple on real estate ownership bent should have the discerning eye of a Mrs. Julius Cæsar in order not to fall a prey to the specious land and lot speculator. If you happen to hit on a Sunset Terrace, everything is rose color, but to find one's self an owner in fee on a Locust Road, next door to crushed strawberry and a cast-iron stag, will palsy the hopes of the hopeful.

What attractive, roomy, tasteful affairs many of these semi-suburban villas, which are built nowadays on the new Roads, Terraces, Parks, Gates, and even Streets, are to be sure. There are plenty of homely ones too, but it is a simple matter to avoid the Egyptian renaissance scroll, and the inlaid jewel work and stained-glass bull's eyes if one only will. They seem to be affording to many a happy solution of the ever new and ever old problem, which presents itself to every man who is about to take a wife, whether it is preferable to live in the city or the country. These new suburbs, or rather outlying wards of our large cities, which have been carved out of what, not many years ago, was real country where cows browsed and woods flourished, must be very alluring to people who would fain live out of town and still be in it. When, by stepping on an electric car or taking the train, you can, within a quarter of an hour, be on your own piazza inhaling fresh air and privileged to feast your eyes on a half acre or less of greensward belonging to yourself, there would seem to be strong inducements for refusing to settle down in a stuffy, smoky, dusty, wire-pestered city street, however fashionable. Rapid transit has made or is making the environs of our cities so accessible that the time-honored problem presents itself under different conditions than

formerly. There is no such thing now as the real country for anybody who is not prepared to spend an hour in the train. Even then one is liable to encounter asphalt walks and a Soldier's monument in the course of a sylvan stroll. But the intervening territory is ample and alluring.

For one-half the rent demanded for a town house of meagre dimensions in the middle of a block, with no outlook whatever, new, spacious, airy, ornamental homes with a plot of land and a pleasing view attached, are to be had for the seeking within easy living distance from nearly every large city. When I begin to rhapsodize, as I sometimes do, I am apt to ask myself why it is that anybody continues to live in town. It was only the other day that I happened, while driving with my wife in the suburbs, to call her attention, en-



"He looked tired — he always does."

thusiastically, to the new house which Perkins has secured for himself. You may remember that Perkins is the thin nervous lawyer with four daughters, who is solicitous as to what will become of them when he is dead. We drove by just as he came up the avenue from the station, which is only a three minutes' walk from the house. He looked tired — he always does — but there was already a fresh jauntiness in his tread as though he sniffed ozone. He looked up at the new house complacently, as well he might, for it is large enough even for four daughters, and has all the engaging impressiveness of a not too quaintly proportioned and not too abnormally stained modern villa, a highly evolved composite of an old colonial mansion, a Queen Anne cottage and a French château. Before he reached the front door, two of his daughters ran out to embrace him and relieve him of his bag and bundles, and a half-hour later, as we drove back, he was playing lawn-tennis with three of his girls, in a white blazer with pink stripes and knickerbockers, which gave his thin and eminently respectable figure a rather rakish air.

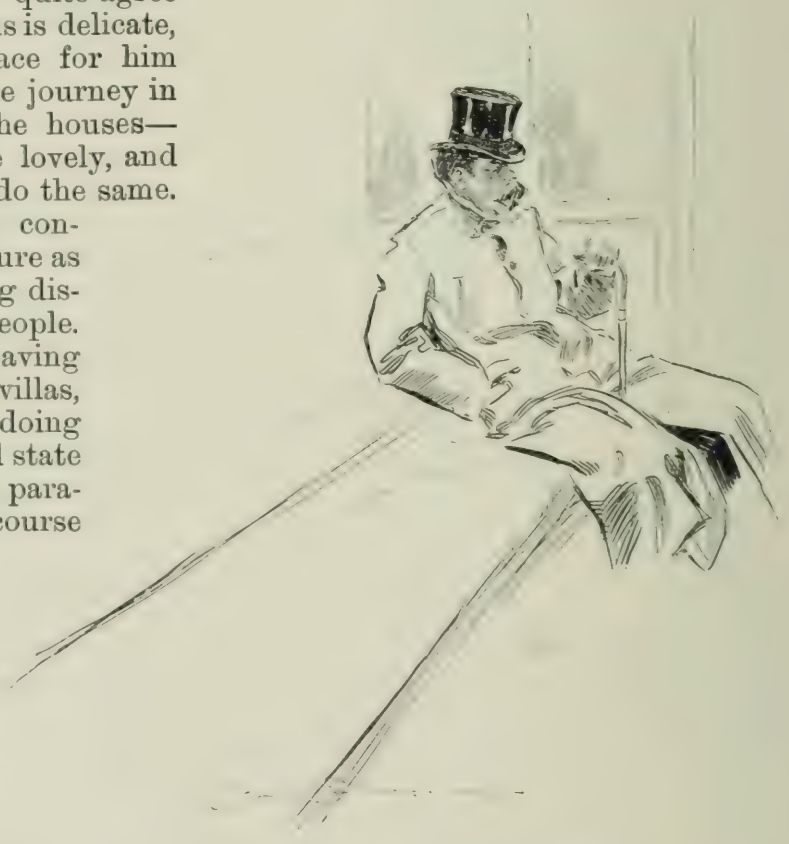
"Barbara," I said to my wife, "why isn't Perkins doing the sensible thing? That's a charming house, double the size he could get for the same money in town—and the rent is eight hundred or a thousand dollars instead of fifteen hundred or two thousand. He needs fewer servants out here, for the parlor-maid isn't kept on tenter-hooks to answer the door-bell, and there is fresh air to come back to at night, and the means for outdoor exercise on his own or his neighbor's lawn, which for a nervous, thin-chested, sedentary man like Perkins is better than cod-liver oil. Think what robust specimens those daughters should be with such opportunities for tennis, golf, skating, and bicycling. On Sundays and holidays, if the spirit moves him and his wife and the girls to start off on an exploring expedition, they are not obliged to take a train or pound over dusty pavements before they begin; the wild flowers and autumn foliage and chestnut-burrs are all to be had in the woods and glens within a mile or two of their own home. Or if he needs to be undisturbed, no noise, no interruption, but nine hours sleep and an atmosphere suited to rest and contemplation on his piazza or by his cheerful, tasteful fireside. Why isn't this preferable to the artificial, restless life of the city?"

"And yet," said Barbara, "I have heard you state that only a rich man can afford to live in the country."

Women certainly delight to store up remarks made in quite another connection, and use them as random arguments against us.

"My dear Barbara," said I, "this is not the country. Of course in the real country, one needs so many things to be comfortable nowadays — a large house, stables, horses, and what not— it has always seemed to me that a poor man with social or cultivated instincts had better stay in town. But have not Perkins and these other semi-suburbanites hit the happy medium? They have railroads or electric cars at their doors, and yet they can get real barn-yard smells."

"I doubt if they can," said Barbara. "That is, unless they start a barn-yard for the purpose, and that would bring the health authorities down upon them at once. If this *were* the country, I could entirely thrill at the description you have just given of your friend Mr. Perkins. The real country is divine; but this is oleomargarine country. On the other hand, however, I quite agree with you that if Mr. Perkins is delicate, this is a far healthier place for him than the city, in spite of the journey in the train twice a day. The houses— his house in particular, are lovely, and I dare say we all ought to do the same. He can certainly come in contact with nature—such nature as there is left within walking distance — easier than city people. But to console me for not having one of these new, roomy villas, and to prevent you from doing anything rash, I may as well state a few objections to your paradise. As to expense, of course there is a saving in rent, and it is true that the parlor-maid does not have to answer the door-bell so often, and accordingly can do other things instead. Consequently, too, Mrs. Perkins and the four girls may get into the habit of going about untidy and in their old clothes. A dowdy girl with rosy cheeks and a fine constitution is a pitiable object in this age of feminine progress. Mr. Perkins will have to look out for this, and he may require cod-liver oil after all. Then there is the question of schools. In many of these semi-suburban paradises there are no desirable schools, especially for girls, which necessitates perpetual coming and going on trains and cars, and will make education a wearisome thing, especially for Mrs. Perkins. She will find, too, that her servants are not so partial to wild flowers and chestnut-burrs and fresh air as her husband and daughters. Only the inexperienced will apply, and they will come to her reluctantly, and as soon as she has accustomed them to her ways and made them skilful, they will tell her they are not happy, and need the society of their friends in town. Those are a few of the drawbacks to the semi-suburban villa; but the crucial and most serious objection is, that unless one is very watchful, and often in spite of watchfulness, the semi-suburbanite shuts



"The electric car at the fag end of the day."



"I call it Henley's Folly."

himself off from the best social interests and advantages. He begins by imagining that there will be no difference; that he will see just as much of his friends and go just as frequently to balls and dinner-parties, the concert and the theatre, the educational or philanthropic meeting. But just that requisite and impending twenty minutes in the train or electric car at the fag end of the day is liable to make a hermit of him to all intents and purposes by the end of the second year. Of course, if one is rich and has one's own carriage, the process of growing rusty is more gradual, though none the less sure. On that very account most people with a large income come to town for a few months in winter at any rate. There are so many things in life to do, that even friends with the best and most loving intentions call once on those who retire to suburban villas and let that do for all time. To be sure, some people revel in being hermits and think social entertainments and excitements a mere waste of time and energy. I am merely suggesting that for those who wish to keep in close touch with the active human interests of the day, the semi-suburban villa is somewhat of a snare. The Perkinses will have to exercise eternal vigilance, or they will find themselves seven evenings out of seven nodding by their fire-side after an ample meal, with all their social instincts relaxed."

Undeniably Barbara offered the best solution of this question in her remark, that those who can afford it spend the spring and autumn in the country and come to town for the winter months. Certainly, if I were one of the persons who are said to have too much for their own good, I should do something of the kind. I might not buy a suburban villa; indeed, I would rather go to the real country, where there are lowing kine, and rich cream and genuine barnyard smells, instead of electric cars and soldiers' monuments. There would I remain until it was time to kill the Thanksgiving turkey, and then I would hie me to town in order to refresh my mental faculties with city sights and sounds during the winter-spring solstice, when the lowing kine are all in the barn, and even one who owns a suburban villa has to fight his way from his front door through snow-drifts, and listen to the whistling wind instead of the robin red-breast or tinkling brook. Patterson, the banker, is surely to be envied in his enjoyment of two establishments, notwithstanding that the double ownership suggests again the effete civilizations of Europe, and was once considered undemocratic. Patterson, though his son has been through the Keeley cure, and his daughter lives apart from her husband, has a charming place thirty-five miles from town, where he has many acres and many horses,

cows, and sheep, an expanse of woods, a running stream, delicious vegetables and fruit; golf links, and a fine country house with all the modern improvements, including a cosey, spacious library. Then he has another house—almost a palace — in town which he opens in the late autumn and occupies until the middle of May, for Patterson, in spite of some foibles, is no tax dodger.

Yes, to have two houses and live half of the year in town and the other half in the country, with six to eight weeks at the seaside or mountains, so as to give the children salt air and bathing, or a thorough change, is what most of us would choose in case we were blessed with too much for our own good. But, unfortunately or fortunately, most of us with even comfortable incomes cannot have two houses, and consequently must choose between town and country or semi-country, especially as the six or eight weeks at the sea-side or mountains is apt to seem imperative when midsummer comes. According, therefore, as we select to live in one or the other, it behooves us to practise eternal vigilance, so that we may not lose our love of nature and wreck our nerves in the worldly bustle of city life, or become inert, rusty, and narrow among the lowing kine or in semi-suburban seclusion. In order to live wisely, we who dwell in the cities should in our spare hours seek fresh air, sunlight, and intercourse with nature, and we whose homes are out of town should in our turn rehabilitate our social instincts and rub up our manners.

Regarding the real country, there is one other consideration of which I am constantly reminded by a little water-color hanging in my library, painted by me a few years ago while I was staying with my friend Henley. It represents a modest but pretty house and a charming rustic landscape. I call it Henley's Folly. Henley, who possessed ardent social instincts, had always lived in town; but he suddenly took it into his head to move thirty miles into the country. He told me that he did so primarily for the benefit of his wife and children, but added that it would be the best thing in the world for him, that it would domesticate him still more completely, and give him time to read and cultivate himself. When I went to stay with him six months later, he was jubilant regarding the delights of the country, and declared that he had become a genuine farmer. He pished at the suggestion that the daily journey to and from town was exhausting, and informed me that his one idea was to get away from the bricks and mortar as early in the afternoon as possible. Just two years later I heard with surprise, one day, that the Henleys had sold their farm and were coming back to town. The reason — confided to me by one of the family—was that his wife was so much alone that she could not endure the solitude any longer. "You see," said my informant, "the nearest house of their friends was four miles off, and as Henley stayed in town until the last gun fired, the days he returned home at all, and as he had or invented a reason for staying in town all night at least once a week, poor Mrs. Henley realized that the lot of a farmer's wife was not all roses and sunshine." From this I opine that if one with ardent social instincts would live wisely he should not become a gentleman farmer merely for the sake of his wife and children.

II

Whether we live in the city or the country, it must be apparent to all of us that a great wave of architectural activity in respect to dwelling-houses has been spreading over our land during the past twenty years. The American architect has been getting in his work and showing what he could do, with the result that the long, monotonous row of brick or freestone custom-made city houses, and the stereotyped white country farm-house with green blinds and an ell or lean-to attached, have given place to a vivid and heterogeneous display of individual effort. Much of this is fine and some deadly, for the display includes not merely the generally tasteful and artistic conceptions of our trained native architects, who have studied in Paris, but the raw notions of all the builders of custom-made houses who, recognizing the public de-



"Throw the responsibility on their wives."

sire for striking and original effects, are bent upon surpassing one another. Therefore, while we have many examples, both urban and suburban, of beautiful and impressive house architecture, the new sections of our cities and suburbs fairly bristle with a multiplicity of individual experiments in which the salient features of every known type of architecture are blended fearlessly together. The native architect who has neither been to Paris nor been able to devote much time to study has not been limited in the expression of his genius by artistic codes or conventions. Consequently he has felt no hesitation in using extinguisher towers, mediæval walls, battlement effects, Queen Anne cottage lines, Old Colonial proportions, and Eastern imagery in the same design, and any one of them at any critical juncture when his work has seemed to him not sufficiently striking for his own or the owner's taste.

Satisfactory as all this is as evidence of a progressive spirit, and admitting that many of even these lawless manifestations of talent are not without merit, it is nevertheless aggressively true that the smug complacency of the proprietor of the suburban villa, which is hedged about by a stone rampart of variegated rough stone on an ordinary building lot, has no justification whatever. Nor has the master of the castellated, gloomy, half-Moorish, half-mediæval mansion, which disfigures the fashionable quarter of many of our cities, occasion to congratulate himself on having paid for a thing of beauty. The number of our well-trained architects, though constantly increasing, is still small, especially as compared with the number of people of means who are eager to occupy a thing of beauty; then, too, even the trained architect is apt to try experiments for the sake of testing his genius, on a dog, so to speak—some confiding plutocrat with a love of splendor who has left everything to him.

The result is that grotesque and eye-distressing monsters of masonry stand side by side on many of our chief avenues with the most graceful and finished specimens of native architectural inspiration. As there is no law which prevents one from building or buying an ugly house, and as the architect, whose experiment on a dog tor-

tures the public eye, suffers no penalty for his crime, our national house architecture may be said to be working out its own salvation at the public expense. It is the duty of a patriotic citizen to believe that in this, as in other matters of national welfare, the beautiful gradually will prevail; and assuredly the many very attractive private residences which one sees both in the city and the country should tend to make us hopeful.

Why is it that the rich man who would live wisely feels the necessity for so large a house in the city? Almost the first thing that one who has accumulated or inherited great possessions does nowadays is to leave the house where very likely he has been comfortable and move into a mammoth establishment suggesting rather a palace or an emporium than a house. Why is this? Some one answers that it is for the sake of abundant light and extra space. Surely in a handsome house of twenty-five or thirty feet front there should be light and space enough for the average family, however fastidious or exacting. In the country, where one needs many spare rooms for the accommodation of guests, there are some advantages in the possession of an abnormally large house. But how is the comfort of the city man enhanced by one, that is, if the attendant discomforts are weighed in the same scale? It has sometimes seemed to me that the wealthy or successful man invests in a prodigious mansion as a sort of testimonial; as though he felt it incumbent on him to erect a conventional monument to his own grandeur or success, in order to let the public entertain no doubt about it. But so many otherwise sensible men have deliberately built huge city houses that this can scarcely be the controlling motive in all cases. Perhaps, if asked, they would throw the responsibility on their wives. But it is even more difficult to understand why a sensible woman should wish one of the vast houses which our rising architects are naturally eager to receive orders to construct. A handsome house where she can entertain attractively, yes: an exquisitely furnished, sunny, corner house by all means; a house where each child may have a room apart and where there are plenty of spare rooms, if you like; but why a mammoth cave? She is the person who will suffer the discomforts to be weighed in the same scale, for the care will fall on her. We have in this country neither trained servants nor the housekeeper system. The wife and mother who is the mistress of a huge establishment wishes it to be no less a home than her former residence, and her husband would be the first to demur were she to cast upon others the burdens of immediate supervision. A moderate-sized modern house is the cause of care enough, as we all know, and wherefore should any woman seek to multiply her domestic worries by duplicating or trebling the number of her servants. To become the manager of a hotel or to cater for an ocean steamship is perhaps a tempting ambition for one in search of fortune, but why should a woman, who can choose what she will have, elect to be the slave of a modern palace with extinguisher towers? Merely to be able to invite all her social acquaintance to her house once a year without crowding them? It would be simpler to hire one of the many halls now adapted for the purpose.

The difficulty of obtaining efficient servants, and the worries consequent upon their inefficiency, is probably the chief cause of the rapid growth of the apartment-house among us. The contemporary architect has selected this class of building for some of his deadliest conceits. Great piles of fantastically disposed stone and iron tower up stories upon stories high, and frown upon us at the street-corners like so many Brobdingnagians. Most of them are very ugly; nevertheless they contain the homes of many citizens, and the continuous appearance of new and larger specimens attest their increasing popularity. Twenty years ago there was scarcely an apartment-house to be seen in our cities. There was a certain number of hotels where families could and did live all the year round, but the ten-story monster, with a janitor, an elevator, steam heat, electric light, and all the alleged comforts of home was

practically unknown. We have always professed to be such a home-loving people, and the so-called domestic hearth has always been such a touchstone of sentiment among us that the exchange of the family roof for the community of a flat by so many well-to-do persons certainly seems to suggest either that living cheek by jowl with a number of other households is not so distasteful as it seems to the uninitiated, or else that modern housekeeping is so irksome that women are tempted to swallow sentiment and escape from their trammels to the comparatively easy conditions of an apartment. It does seem as though one's identity would be sacrificed or dimmed by becoming a tenant in common, and as though the family circle could never be quite the same thing to one who was conscious that his was only a part of one tremendous whole. And yet, more and more people seem to be anxious to share a janitor and front-door, and, though the more fastidious insist on their own cuisine, there are not a few content to entrust even their gastronomic welfare to a kitchen in common.

It must be admitted, even by those of us who rejoice in our homes, that there is much to be said in favor of the apartment-house as a solver of practical difficulties, and that our imaginations are largely responsible for our antipathy. When once inside a private apartment of the most desirable and highly evolved kind one cannot but admit that there is no real lack of privacy, and that the assertion that the owner has no domestic hearth is in the main incorrect. To be sure the domain belonging to each suite is comparatively circumscribed; there is no opportunity for roaming from garret to cellar; no private laundry; no private backyard; and no private front-door steps; but to all practical intents one is no less free from intrusion or inspection than in a private house, and it may also be said that reporters and other persevering visitors are kept at a more respectful distance by virtue of the janitor in common on the ground floor. The sentiment in favor of limited individual possession is difficult to eradicate from sensitive souls, and rightly, perhaps, many of us refuse to be convinced;



"All Irish."

but it remains true that the woman who has become the mistress of a commodious and well-managed apartment must have many agreeable quarters of an hour in congratulating herself that perplexities concerning chores, heating, lighting, flights of stairs, leaks, and a host of minor domestic matters no longer threaten her peace of mind, and — greatest boon of all — that she now can manage with two or three servants instead of five or six.

In this newly developed fondness for flats we are again guilty of imitating one of the effete civilizations—France this time—where it has long been the custom for families to content themselves with a story or two instead of a house ; though we can claim the size and style of architecture of the modern apartment pile as our special brand upon the adopted institution. The introduction of the custom here seems to me to be the result of exhaustion of the female nervous system. The American housewife, weary of the struggle to obtain efficient servants, having oscillated from all Catholics to all Protestants, from all Irish to all Swedes and back again, having experimented with negroes and Chinamen, and returned to pure white, having tried native help and been insulted, and reverted to the Celtic race, she—the long-suffering — has sought the apartment-house as a haven of rest. She — the long-suffering — has assuredly been in a false position since the Declaration of Independence declared that all men are created equal, for she has been forced to cherish and preserve a domestic institution which popular sentiment has refused to recognize as consistent with the principles of Democracy. Our National creed, whether presented in the primer or from the platform, has ever repudiated the idea of service when accompanied by an abatement of personal independence or confession of social inferiority. Therefore the native American woman has persistently refused, in the face of high wages and of exquisite moral suasion, to enter domestic service, and has preferred the shop or factory to a comfortable home where she would have to crook the knee and say " Yes, ma'am." At the same time the native American woman, ever since " help " in the sense of social acquaintances willing to accommodate for hire and dine with the



" And Swedes."

family has ceased to adorn her kitchen and parlor, has been steadily forced by the demands of complex modern living to have servants of her own. And where was she to obtain them? Excepting the negro, only among the emigrants of foreign countries, at first among the Irish, and presently among the English and Swedes, all of whom, unharassed by scruples as to a consequent loss of self-respect, have been prompt to recognize that this field of employment lay open to them and was undisputed. They have come, and they still come in herds to our shores, raw and undisciplined, the overflow from their own countries ; and as fast as they arrive they are feverishly snapped up by the American house-wife, who finds the need of servants more and more imperative ; for some one must do the elaborate cooking, some one must do the fine washing, some one must polish the silver, rub the brasses, care for the lamps, and dust the bric-a-brac in her

handsomest establishment. And no one but the emigrant, or the son and daughter of the emigrant, is willing to.

The consequence is that, though the native American woman is as resolute as ever in her own refusal to be a cook or waitress in a private family, domestic service exists as an institution no less completely than it exists in Europe, and practically under the same conditions, save that servants here receive considerably higher wages than abroad because the demand is greater than the supply. There is a perpetual wail in all our cities and suburbs that the supply of competent cooks, and skilled laundresses and maids is so limited, and well-trained servants can command practically their own prices. The conditions of service, however, are the same. That is, the servant in the household of the freeborn is still the servant; and still the servant in the household where the mistress, who has prospered, would originally have gone into service had she not been free-born. For there is no one more prompt than the American house-wife to keep a servant when she can afford one, and the more she is obliged to keep the prouder is she, though her nervous system may give way under the strain. By this I do not mean that the servants here are ill-treated. On the contrary, the consideration shown them is greater, and the quarters provided for them are far more comfortable on this side of the water than abroad. Indeed, servants fare nowhere in the world so well as in the establishments of the well-to-do people of our large cities. Their bedrooms are suitable and often tasteful, they are attended by the family physician if ill, they are not overworked, and very slight checks are put on their liberty. But they are undeniably servants. The free-born American mistress does not regard her servants as social equals. She expects them to stand up if they are sitting down when she enters the room. She expects them to address her sons and daughters as Mr. Samuel and Miss Fannie, and to be called in turn Maggie or Albertine (or Thompson or Jones, *à l'anglaise*) without a prefix. She does her best, in short, to preserve all the forms and all the deference on the one hand, and the haughtiness or condescension on the other which govern the relations between servant and mistress abroad. From the fact that we need so many more servants than formerly, to care properly for our establishments, the servant here is becoming more and more of a machine. That is, she is in nearly the same category with the electric light and the furnace. We expect him or her to be as unobtrusive as possible, to perform work without a hitch, and not to draw upon our sympathies unnecessarily. The mistress of one or two girls is sure to grow friendly and concerned as to their outside welfare, but when she has a staff of five or six, she is thankful if she is not obliged to know anything about them. The letter which appeared in a New York newspaper some years ago, from an American girl, in which she declared that she had left service because her master and his sons handed her their dripping umbrellas with the same air as they would have handed them to a graven image, was thoroughly in point. The reason the native American girl will not become a servant, in spite of the arguments of the rational and godly, is that service is the sole employment in this country in which she can be told with impunity that she is the social inferior of anyone else. It is the telling which she cannot put up with. It is one thing to be conscious that the person you are constantly associated with is better educated, better mannered, and more attractive than yourself, and it is another to be told at every opportunity that this is so. In the shop, in the factory, and in other walks of life, whatever her real superiors may think of her, they must treat her as a



"Free to become the first lady in the land."

social equal. Even that shrill-voiced, banged, bangled, impertinent, slangy, vulgar product of our mammoth retail dry-goods system, who seems to believe herself a pattern of ladylike behavior, is aware in her heart that she does not know how to behave, and yearns to resemble the well-bred woman whom she daily insults. But the happiness, of her life, and its main-spring, too, lies in the consciousness that she is free to become the first lady in the land, and that she herself is to be her sole critic and detractor. Why is she not right in refusing to sacrifice her independence? Why should she sell her birth-right for a mess of pottage?

An anomalous condition of affairs is presented by this contract between the free-born American woman as a mistress and as a revolter against domestic service, and it seems to me that one of two things must come to pass. Necessarily we shall continue to have cooks, waiting-maids, and laundresses; at least our food must be prepared, our drawing-rooms dusted, and our linen ironed by some one. But either we shall have to accept and acknowledge the existence among us of a class, recruited from foreign emigrants and their descendants, which is tarred with the brush of social proscription in direct violation of democratic principles, or we must change the conditions of domestic service—change them so that condescension and servility vanish, and the contract of service becomes like the other contracts of employment between man and man, and man and woman.

It is fruitless now to inquire what the free-born American woman would have done without the foreign emigrant to cook and wash for her. The question is whether, now that she has her, she is going to keep her, and keep her in the same comfortable and well-paid but palpable thraldom as at present. If so, she will be merely imitating the housewives of the effete civilizations; she will be doing simply what every English, French, and German woman does and has done ever since class distinctions began. But in that case, surely, we shall be no longer able to proclaim our immunity from caste, and our Fourth of July orators will find some difficulty in showing that other nations are more effete in this respect than ourselves. Twenty-five years more of development in our houses, hotels, and restaurants, if conducted on present lines, will produce an enormous ducking and scraping, fee-seeking, livery-wearing servant class, which will go far to establish the claim put forth by some of our critics, that equality on this side of the water means only political equality, and that our class distinctions, though not so obvious, are no less genuine than elsewhere. In this event the only logical note of explanation to send to the Powers will be that social equality was never contemplated by the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and that, though it is true that any man may become President of the United States, there are as great inequalities in morals, intellect, and manners among sons of liberty as among the subjects of the Czar. To this the Powers will be justified in uttering a disappointed and slightly ironical "Oh!"

But perhaps the foreign emigrant will have something to say on the subject. Perhaps the horde from across the seas, now lured by high wages, will decrease in numbers, or it may be that their descendants here will learn through contact with the free-born revolter against domestic service to revolt too.

What would the free-born American mistress do then? With the free-born revolter still obdurate, and the foreign emigrant ceasing to emigrate or recalcitrant, she would be in an unpleasant fix in her elaborate establishment conducted on effete principles. In this practical dilemma, rather than in an awakened moral sense, seems to lie our best hope of regeneration, for it cannot be denied that the free-born American mistress is doing all she can at present to perpetuate the foreign idea of domestic service, and it seems probable that so long as the foreign emigrant is willing to be bribed the true principles of democracy will be violated. Already the difficulty of obtaining servants is inducing home-loving families to seek the apartment-house. A more distinct dearth would speedily change the relations between mistress and servant into

that of contractor and contractee, as in other employments in this country. It may be that the descendants of the emigrant will be unable to resist the lure offered them, and that the free-born mistress will triumph. If so, we shall become no better and possibly no worse than the effete civilizations we promised to make blush by the worth of our institutions.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

By Augustine Birrell

IT is part of the melancholy of middle age that it dooms us to witness one by one the extinguishment of the lights that cast their radiance over youth. When I was at Cambridge, in the early 'seventies, the men we most discussed were Newman, Froude, Carlyle, and Ruskin—Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. The names of Swinburne and George Meredith were indeed hotly canvassed by a few, but neither of these distinguished men was then well enough known to youngsters to allow of general conversation about their merits. To have read "The Shaving of Shagpat," "Rhoda Fleming," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," was to betray a curious taste and a desire to be wise above your fellows, while Mr. Swinburne's splendid verses were for the time the badge of a coterie. So it was about the names I have mentioned the battle raged most furiously, and of them all but one is left.

Nor can it be said — death makes no difference. When a great writer whose books we read as they came forth warm from his heart goes over to the majority, he does not forthwith join the ranks of the dead but sceptred sovereigns who rule us from their urns. To those who come after us he may or may not be able to make out a title to possession of their memories; but for us the personal note, the emotion once awakened by the living voice, interferes with a cool literary judgment. The Johnson of Boswell is known to us all, and is the only Johnson we do know; but he is not the Johnson of Bennet Langton or Beauclerk or Levett. A single interview, had we ever had one, with the sage in Bolt Court would put Boswell out, and to that extent destroy the purely literary impression of the world's greatest biography. The charm for us about the men I have named is that they and we were alive at the same time.

Mr. Froude's death is a personal infliction upon the Old World and the New. He had many friends, and not a few enemies, in both hemispheres. He was a strenuous man who enjoyed himself in many ways, and could adapt himself to a great variety of circumstance. With sorrow he was indeed well acquainted—he knew what it was to be both bitterly disappointed and cruelly wounded. He carried about with him in all his wanderings much sad human experience; his philosophy of life was more sombre than sweet. I do not think anybody who knew him would have described him as a happy man. But for all that he managed to enjoy himself heartily enough.

"The storm has passed away, the dripping trees are sparkling in the warm and watery sunset. Back, then, to our inn, where dinner waits for us, the choicest of our own trout, pink as salmon with the milky curd in them, and no sauce to spoil the delicacy of their flavor. Then bed, with its lavender-scented sheets and white curtains, and sleep—sound sweet sleep that loves the country village and comes not near a London bedroom."—("Short Studies," Fourth Series, p. 351.)

And his enjoyment of books, if they were the right sort, was as keen as his love of a trout-stream. He was an old-fashioned scholar who read books for

fun or to find reasons for his preconceptions, or (it may be) stories with which to pelt his enemies. The note of personal enjoyment or eager animosity runs through most of his "studies." Just before starting for South Africa he bethinks himself of what Aristotle and Goethe have said about Euripides, and how, ever since Oxford and "the statutory four plays" he had left Euripides unread, and so he slips him into a coat-pocket, and "for six weeks Euripides became an enchanter for me, and the Grecian world was raised from the dead into a moonlight visibility with softest lights, and shadows black as Erebus."

Here in foggy London he would sit the live-long day reading with unflagging zest those tremendous folios, the "Historia sui Temporis" of Thuanus, the book Johnson regretted he had never translated. Froude may have hated correcting proofs or groping among manuscripts at Hatfield, but he loved reading about men and women, and never wearied of repeopling the silent past.

"For the mere hard purposes of history, the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' are the most effective books which ever were written. We see the hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcinous, we see Nausicaa among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the market-place dealing out genial justice. Or, again, when the wild mood is on, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armor as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord we know what we should see there; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope."—("Short Studies," i., p. 332.)

With all his faults thick as autumn leaves upon him, Froude was a great writer well equipped to play a great part. It may be his fate to stand corrected, just as it is Freeman's fate to be superseded, but he will long continue to be read—who can doubt it?—not merely for the vivacity of his too often misleading descriptions and for the masculine vigor of his style, but for the interest of his peculiar point of view, the piquancy of his philosophy, the humor of his commentary, for his quick insight into certain phases of faith and shades of character. And, when all is said and done, these things are at least as interesting as anything else. Never let us speak disrespectfully of accuracy, of research, of stern veracity, of unbiased judgments, or lightly confer the grave title of historian upon hasty rhetoricians who have refused to take pains; but the fact remains that for the ordinary thinking man who has taken his degree, an ounce of mother-wit is often worth a pound of clergy, and that even the so-called history of an inaccurate genius may be not only more amusing but more profitable reading than the blameless work of a duller nature.

The first thing that must strike the mind of anyone who looks at Froude's writings as a whole is their amazing sameness of object, or, at all events, point of view. It is always the same nail he is hammering on the head. It reminds one of Pope's ruling passion. It crops up everywhere and at all times, firing his zeal wherever he is. What is that object? Why to counteract what he calls "the Counter-Reformation;" to denounce monkery; to unfrock priests by stripping them of all sacramental pretensions; to topple over everything standing between man and the Force which called him into being; to preach good works and plain home-spun morality. This was Froude's work from 1849 to 1894. If only he was about this business he did not mind blundering about his facts; a misquotation or two never disturbed his night's rest. He wanted to get at men's minds, not to store their memories. Sacerdotalism, whether enthroned in the Vatican or burning borrowed candles in Lambeth, was the enemy at whose head he aimed his blows. It was for this he wrote his "History" in twelve octavo volumes. Had Henry VIII. not chanced to be the majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome and married a wife in

spite of a Pope, Froude would have left him severely alone ; but doing what Henry did, Froude put on his royal livery, and did him suit and service, striking on his behalf many a cruel and one or two unmanly blows. His excuse must be his devouring hate. With him the sermon was always more important than the text. In his secret soul we suspect Froude cared no more for Henry than Carlyle did for Frederick.

James Anthony Froude was born in Devonshire, in 1818. From his two early books, "Shadows of the Clouds" (1847), and "The Nemesis of Faith" (1849), which are clearly partly autobiography, we carry away a rather disagreeable impression of his youth. His father, Archdeacon Froude, was a masterful Anglican of the old high-and-dry school, who thought doubts ill-bred and Non-conformity vulgar. The doors of his rectory were not open to free currents of opinion. He had no copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" in his library. The eldest son, the brilliant and short-lived Hurrell, took to High-Churchism and the cult of the Royal Martyr as some boys take to drink, and having turned it into a hobby-horse, rode merrily away. The younger son, though very impressionable to personal influences, was cast in a different mould, and from the moment when he first realized that Anglicanism was not everything, began to be uncomfortable in an atmosphere of priests, parishioners, and penny-clubs. A painful struggle began, and the choice between wounding a father's feelings and choking his own thoughts had to be made. When we recall how Thomas Arnold was induced to believe it wicked to entertain a doubt as to the existence of a triune God, we need not wonder that an imperious archdeacon and a friendly bishop managed, by a judicious mixture of kicks and kisses, to wheedle a young man of vague opinions and no excessive scrupulosity of disposition into Holy Orders. Froude, it is tolerably plain, never loved the Church of England. Years after Newman had left the English Episcopal Church he was able to write with a sad sincerity: "Can I wipe out from my memory or wish to wipe out those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion rite in my own Church of St. Mary's, and in the pleasantness and joy of it heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls." Froude entertained no such fine feelings. He had been kidnapped into the ministry. When the time came to regain his freedom, he leapt for joy. "My living is resigned — my employment gone. I am again free, again happy, and all the poor and paltry net-work in which I was entangled, the weak intrigues which, like the flies in summer, irritate far worse than more serious evils—I have escaped them all. . . . All I really grieve for is my father." —("The Nemesis of Faith," p. 76.)

It is certainly difficult to discover in Froude's writings any traces of departed fervor or unction, and yet if he never had any how are we to account for his close relations with Newman, and his share, such as it was, in the "Lives of the Saints?"

In the earlier of the two sketches which make up the little book "Shadows of the Clouds," which was published anonymously in 1847, and gave great annoyance to the Archdeacon, Froude boldly deals with the subject of the "Lives of the Saints."

"I thought you knew me too well to be surprised at my taking to the 'Lives of the Saints,' taking to anything that offered itself. You know I affect to be a philosopher who does not believe that truth ever shows herself completely in either of the rival armies that claim so loudly to be her champions. She seems to me to lie like the tongue of the balance, only kept in the centre by the equipoise of contending forces, or rather, if I may use a better illustration, like a boat in a canal drawn forward by a rope from both sides, which appear as if they would negative each other and yet produce only a uniform straightforward motion. I throw myself on this side or on that as I please without fear of injuring her. The thought of the great world sweeps on its own great road, but it is its own road; quite an independent one, not in the least resembling that which Catholic or Prot-

estant, Roundhead or Cavalier, have carved out for it."

This is not a very pious passage, and I find it impossible to believe that Froude's Neo-Catholicism was ever more than a piece of eclecticism, a boyish tribute to Newman, for whom his admiration outlasted his faith. A visit to Ireland, paid just after his degree, introduced Froude, for the first time in his life, to Evangelicalism, as it was called, that Evangelicalism for which, so Newman tells us in his "Apologia," he had learned to entertain a profound contempt, but which affected his young disciple very differently. In Ireland Froude met men "who had gone through as many, as various, and as subtle Christian experiences as the most developed saint in the Catholic calendar. I saw it in their sermons, in their hymns, in their conversation." He tells us of a clergyman, afterward a bishop, in the Irish Church, who declared in his hearing that the theory of a Christian priesthood was a fiction; that the notion of the sacraments, as having a mechanical efficacy, irrespective of their conscious effect upon the mind of the receiver, was an idolatrous superstition; that the Church was a human institution; that it might have bishops in England and dispense with bishops in Scotland and Germany; that a bishop was merely an officer; that the apostolical succession was probably false as a fact, and if a fact implied nothing but historical continuity. Froude listened to these blasphemies without terror, and returned to Oxford to take up his residence as a fellow, convinced at least of this, that a holy life was no monopoly of the sacramental theory. It was now a mere question of time when Froude should run off the Catholic rails. He read Carlyle's "French Revolution," and contrasted the Scottish author with the Oxford one. "For the first time now it was brought home to me that two men may be as sincere, as faithful, as uncompromising, and yet hold opinions far asunder as the poles. I have before said that I think the moment of this conviction is the most perilous crisis of our lives; for myself it threw me at once on my own responsibility, obliged me to look for myself at what men said, instead of simply accepting all because they said it."—("Nemesis of Faith," p. 156.)

Such a mood means revolt, and before long J. A. Froude was a heretic. What faith was he now to pursue? Positive theological opinions were evidently out of his beat. He might admire his Irish friends and their beauty of holiness, but the Evangelical doctrine of the Atonement would have proved as much a stumbling-block as the miracle of the Mass. Froude's historical imagination came to his assistance. A Devonshire man, he was English to the core, and having quarrelled with priests and popes his thoughts turned to the great discomfiture which befell priests and popes at the Reformation. He very quickly grew excited. He had early perceived that the object of the Tract writers was to unprotestantize England — to make John Bull once more a Catholic, full of reverence for saints and shrines and priests and mysteries; or, as he puts it in "The Nemesis of Faith," p. 151, "to make England cease to produce great men, as we count greatness—and for poetry, courage, daring enterprise, resolution, and broad, honest understanding substitute devotion, endurance, humility, self-denial, sanctity and faith." This is to put the case fairly enough, and from this time forward Froude was, before everything else, a Protestant, preaching a Broad-Protestant John Bullism as opposed to Catholic piety and submission. Theology, properly so called, he abandoned, though as he grew older and became more conservative he discouraged free thought and regretted the days when plain people took their creed from their parson, just as they did their meat from their butcher, with only a very occasional threat of changing their custom. In scientific research and the origin of species he simply took no interest whatever. He would have us believe that his faith in the Judge of all the earth was unwavering, but his readers will find it hard to recall to mind any passage which even approaches the tone or temper of devotional religion. Certainly, on the whole, Froude's antipathies seem stronger than his affections.

Once rid of his Orders and robbed of his fellowship Froude naturally turned to literature, and to literature on its historical side. He had from the first a passion for expressing himself forcibly and clearly. "Oh! how I wish I could write! I try sometimes; for I seem to feel myself overflowing with thoughts, and I cry out to be relieved of them. But it is so stiff and miserable when I get anything done. What seemed so clear and liquid comes out so thick, stupid, and frost-bitten, that I myself who put the idea there can hardly find it for shame if I go look for it a few days after." The man who could write thus was bound ultimately to succeed, and by dint of taking pains Froude obtained the mastery of his pen, and for the last forty years of his life was a great, though careless, artist in words.

The growing devotion to Carlyle was a little puzzling in the opinion of some keen though unfriendly critics, who had opportunities of judging not wholly free from affectation. His talk of "the piety of Oliver and the grandeur of Calvin" did not carry conviction with it. It was Carlyle's humor to fancy himself a Puritan, and he perhaps was one to this extent, at all events, that he would not allow any one but himself to tirade against "old Jews' clothes;" but how did Froude squeeze himself into that gallery?

The true Froude, that is, the Froude apart from his animosities and pet foes, is to be found in such a passage as this:

"We should draw no horoscopes; we should expect little, for what we expect will not come to pass. Revolutions, reformations—those vast movements into which heroes and saints have flung themselves in the belief that they were the dawn of the millennium—have not borne the fruit which they looked for. Millenniums are still far away. These great convulsions leave the world changed—perhaps improved, but not improved as the actors in them hoped it would be. Luther would have gone to work with less heart could he have foreseen the Thirty Years' War, and in the distance the theology of Tübingen. Washington might have hesitated to draw the sword against England could he have seen the country which he made as we see it now."—(February, 1864; "Short Studies," vol. i., p. 28.)

I have exhausted my space. Froude's "History" is justly open to much animadversion. Perhaps his greatest work is his much-abused but most remarkable "Life of Carlyle."

The last book of his is his "Erasmus"—lectures delivered at Oxford from the chair to which he was appointed on the death of his bitter critic, Freeman, by Lord Salisbury—one of those very Neo-Catholics Froude so heartily abhorred. Froude felt no obligations to his patron, and with the shades of the prison-house gathering round him set to work at his old task with all his old vigor. He took as his text the letters of Erasmus, and selecting from them those passages which most interested him as he read them, translated them from the Latin into racy English, passing upon them as he went along his familiar commentary. The result is a most fascinating volume. Erasmus seems alive once more. Whether Froude's Erasmus is the true Erasmus is of course matter of controversy. All Mr. Froude would ever have said is, "It is my notion of Erasmus. What is *yours?*" Good history or bad, it is a blow in the face of Neo-Catholicism, and perhaps that is all Mr. Froude ever meant it to be.

Personal controversy Mr. Froude avoided. He seldom replied to his maddened foes. He made no great pretensions, and held himself aloof from professional authorism. He enjoyed country life and country pursuits, and the society of cultivated women. He has gone from us, leaving the fight in which he took so fierce a part still raging and unsettled. The ranks are closing up and his old place already knows him no more.

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES

By Bret Harte

It was Andrew Jackson Sutter, who despising Mr. Cutter for remarks he heard him utter in debate upon the floor,
Swung him up into the skylight, in the peaceful, pensive twilight, and then keerlessly proceeded, makin' no account what *we* did—
To wipe up with his person casual dust upon the floor.

Now a square fight never frets me, nor unpleasantness upsets me, but the simple thing that gets me—now the job is done and gone,
And we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, leavin' Cutter there with Sutter—that mebbee just a stutter
On the part of Mr. Cutter caused the loss we deeply mourn.

Some bashful hesitation, just like spellin' punctooation—might have worked an aggravation onto Sutter's mournful mind,
For the witnesses all vary ez to wot was said and nary a galoot will toot his horn except the way he is inclined.

But they all allow that Sutter had begun a kind of mutter, when uprose Mr. Cutter with a sickening kind of ease,
And proceeded then to wade in to the subject then prevadin': "Is Profanity degradin'?" in words like unto these:

"Onlike the previous speaker, Mr. Cutter of Yreka, he was but a humble seeker—and not like him—a cuss——"

It was here that Mr. Sutter softly reached for Mr. Cutter, when the latter with a stutter said: "accus-tomed to discuss."

Then Sutter he rose grimly, and sorter smilin' dimly, bowed onto the Chairman primly—(just like Cutter ez could be!)

Drawled "He guessed he must fall back as—Mr. Cutter owned the pack as —he just had played the Jack as——" (here Cutter's gun went crack! as Mr. Sutter gasped and ended) "every man can see!"

But William Henry Pryor—just in range of Sutter's fire—here evinced a wild desire to do somebody harm—

And in the general scrimmage no one thought if Sutter's "image" was a misplaced punctooation—like the hole in Pryor's arm.

For we all waltzed in together, never carin' to ask whether it was Sutter or was Cutter we woz tryin' to abate.

But we couldn't help perceivin', when we took to inkstand heavin', that the process was relievin' to the sharpness of debate.

So we've come home free and merry from the peaceful cemetery, and I make no commentary on these simple childish games,

Things is various and human—and the man ain't born of woman who has got enough acumen to say wot's another's aims!

THE CITY OF DREAM

By Rosamund Marriott-Watson

When Spring was mine and all the ways were green,
And all the valleys veiled in golden mist,
And all the shadows pearl and amethyst,
Through the dim maze of morrows unforeseen
Fair and far-glimmering as the dusky fire
That lights a pine-wood when the sunset dies—
Faint as the cuckoo calling as it flies—
Sweet as the Spring's own secret-smitten lyre—
Now shining clear with sun-washed roof and spire,
Now, wrapped and compassed round with mysteries—
A haunted palace bowered in ancient trees—
I knew the City of my Heart's Desire.

. . . . . .

Even as a late-remembered tryst, it drew
My wandering feet forever to the quest:
Dreaming, I saw it through the gray dawn dew,
Waking, I dreamed for aye to find the clue,
Past this tree-shadowed slope—that blue hill's crest—
Eager I sought my paradise anew
With every sun that fared from east to west.

. . . . . .

The autumn evening closes, mild and gray,
Lit by a fading sunset's narrow gleam,
And still to-morrow-wards I turn and say
—"There, peradventure, I shall find the way"—
And still a strange voice calls by wood and stream,
And still the vision glimmers strangely bright—
The wide world o'er I wander, wander, yet,
And still to-morrow-wards my face is set
To seek the city of my heart's delight.
By pastoral plains with purple rivers twined,
By gardens red with amaranth and rose,
Where crumbling towns lie steeped in rich repose,
The gray towers sleeping in the sun and wind,
By gabled street and grassy orchard-close,
I go—and all as painted shadows seem—
Nor moved to linger, nor to look behind
I pass, and many a happy pleasaunce find,
But never the town, the country, of my dream.



Elihu Vedder.

From the pastel by William Sergeant Kendall.



Diagram of the Huntington Ceiling.



Lazarus.

RECENT WORK OF ELIHU VEDDER

By W. C. Brownell

MR. VEDDER'S recent work, some of which is herewith reproduced, attests his undiminished vitality, but is also particularly noteworthy just at the present time for the relief into which it brings his individual artistic attitude—his æsthetic point of view. It stands out, as indeed all his painting does, very boldly against the background of the current art-for-art's-sake gospel, and in pleasantly serene disregard of the contemporary tyranny of this gospel seems to assert that art has its intellectual side after all. It is sufficiently varied and important to constitute, taken together, an interesting and emphatic example of painting that addresses the mind as well the sense. It is interesting as well as agreeable, significant as well as representative. Whatever view one takes of the province of painting, and nowadays it is the part of wisdom, I should say, for any one but a practitioner or a professor to take all views, the striking contrast that Mr. Vedder presents to most of his compatriot contemporaries of anything like his calibre is piquant and suggestive.

No one needs to be reminded that explicit story-telling and cogent moral-enforcing have ceased to be the aim of the painter. What is called and stigmatized as "literary painting" has few and inconsiderable advocates and devotees. But there is a distinction to be observed between the plastic art that usurps and that which parallels the province of literature. Holbein and Hogarth are not less painters in anyone's estimation because their work

is indued with a significance which to the pure painter is surplusage. If your pictorial composition, in addition to its appeal to the eye, is a focus of intellectual interest and a stimulus of thought and imagination, it enforces its sensuous appeal prodigiously. Conceive otherwise of a great portrait, for example. Is Velasquez's "Innocent X." the mere affair of solidity and surface that the modern emulator of Velasquez in general achieves? It is, on the contrary, in a sense, the epitome of an epoch, and appeals to the psychologist as much as to the amateur. Or, if this be fanciful, take a great landscape and inquire how much it depends for its interest on the sensible excess of the painter's feeling over the natural representation that is its mere material.

Portraits and landscape, however, are not Mr. Vedder's field of effort, which is the field of the imagination. And in this field even the addition to impressionism of the element of suggestiveness or divination and the element of personal emotion are both insufficient. What is required above everything else is thought, the intellectual faculty. And that, I think, is what is largely characteristic of his work; it is penetrated with thought, with reflection, with significance. This is the trait that classes it with the honorable tradition of painting, that keeps it in line with the orderly evolution of the painting that is permanently interesting and attaching instead of merely attractive and pleasing. He does not rest content with aspect, but enforces aspect with meaning. You are not through with a picture of his when you have taken it in. Nor do you return to it again merely for the delight of the eye. Neither is it that sort of symbolic hieroglyphic that casts the heavy burden of its interpretation on you. The painter himself has done the work for you, leaving you the task of appreciation, and, if you like, criticism, for which however he has himself furnished you abundant material. It appeals to your culture, your reading occasionally even, but mainly to your mental zest in seizing and following the thought which the painter has been at the pains of thinking and expressing, and with which he has enriched and enwrapped the mere material of his picture.

Take, for instance, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," here reproduced. The subject is a simple one in the Scripture story. All that an art-for-art's-sake painter, so to speak, would require to illustrate it would be a field, night, and a man sowing tares. The result would, one may imagine, be rather flat, except for the sensuous interest of the accidents; the mind would have little pabulum. Here, on the other hand, you note a dozen phases of significance. The theme is universalized; the man has become the arch-enemy, the night is weird and awe-inspiring, the tares represent the foe of the Church—money—sown at the foot of the cross, its symbol and starting-point; the fallen tabellum indicates a later date than primitive Christianity; there is, in a word, food for thought, for speculation even, added to the qualities of painting. Whether one is pleased or moved by it or not, the work is in the line of the classic, the persistent, tradition. Mr. Vedder has not passed his life in Rome for nothing. His attitude is in harmony with the spirit of the Sistine and the Stanze, which was terribly unconscious of art for art's sake, but sympathy with which in a master of indisputable power is, as I began by saying, especially interesting at the present time, when painting has become so generally an affair of aspects and accidents.

Point of view, however, is one thing, and its illustration quite another. It is not merely his attitude that makes Mr. Vedder's art interesting, it is its character, his attitude being given. A painter may conspicuously class himself with a tradition that has never yielded to the somewhat indolent absorption of impressionism in what is called Nature, or to the submersion of thought in emotion, of meaning in appearance, without for that escaping flatness. Its significance is probably what M. Bouguereau would claim as the cardinal characteristic of his art. Certainly convention is as constant a peril of the classic tradition as of the art in revolt against it, and though perhaps not



Panel for the Bowdoin College Art Building.



"Luna"—Study for the Huntington Ceiling.

more so, since convention is the inevitable concomitant of every point of view that gets itself established, a method is nevertheless freer than a system. In saying, therefore, that Mr. Vedder's painting is a product of mind as well as of sense and emotion, one only clears the ground for adding the really important thing about it, the quality of mind, namely, that it illustrates and expresses.

And this is as individual and original in itself as its author's association with the tradition he follows is noticeable in contrast with the current painting. In the way he conceives and executes a subject he is as eminently characteristic as he is classic. The impasto touch is as unprofitable in eulogy as in censure, and I do not mean to ascribe absolute originality in any large sense to the charming and interesting decorative pieces of the Huntington dining-room and the Bowdoin College art building. Decorative ceilings and panels which should exhibit absolute originality as their most marked characteristic would probably be nearly as markedly grotesque. Examples are not wholly lacking. I mean only to note that these pieces are particularly interesting and charming within the necessarily re-

stricted limits that the decorative convention imposes. They are, in the first place, evidently considered, and in consequence have a look that only the lack of culture that mistakes slap-dash for spontaneity could find artificial. The Huntington ceiling might, perhaps, have been treated in a freer way, with a larger sweep, more characteristic of the painter's genius ; one misses a little the sense of swing everyone has learned to associate with the illustrator of the Rubáiyát, and one can conceive of a Vedder composition flung across a ceiling that would be more largely moving. At the same time the space is contracted, and the pictures were manifestly conditioned by the niggardly opportunities afforded by the architecture, which provided for a heavily coffered gold-loaded structure, leaving only an interstitial effect for the painter to attain. If one wishes the figures were larger and the composition pulled out a bit, that in itself implies one of the best of good faults, and besides, as I say, it is not a fault at all, but a misfortune. There is, by way of compensation, a condensed look that is extremely agreeable, and the composition is packed full of interest and variety. Apollo, Luna, Fortune, Zephyr, are common properties of the decorative painter; but here and in the Bowdoin tympanum



Study for the Central Panel of Ceiling in the Huntington Dining-room.

they are used to express a scheme that is at once elaborate and clear, complicated enough to compel, and simple enough to reward, repeated inspection. The strength and grace of the male, and the suave luxuriance of the female figures are what every cultivated amateur has learned to expect of their author's native inclination for what is large and noble in form.

The general way in which these figures are treated is noteworthy. Each is, so to speak, thoroughly respected and sustains an organic rather than a linear relation to the complete design. The whole is a concentric congeries of units, and not an invertebrate assemblage of details contributing to a composition of which the sole interest is the arabesque of the sum of them. In this way the composition gains greatly in interest. One may look at it again and again, as should be the case with a ceiling above other pictures, perhaps. Mr. Vedder has his philosophy of the plafond. It is not, he thinks, something to be glanced at breakneckedly, appreciated in a moment and then released from further consideration. It is something crowded enough with variety and interest to repay occasional glances by disclosing something fresh at every brief inspection, something that does not demand, however it may reward, sustained attention. It is a picture like another, placed in a position which stimulates rather than fatigues casual interest, and which is not to be taken in all at once though the ensemble should be, as in this case eminently it is, suave and agreeable. Nor should it have a peculiar treatment of its own, with the exaggerated perspective of Pozzi and Tiepolo and the modern Frenchmen. A ceiling has an actual perspective of its own ; why add to it an artificial effect that can only be rightly seized, as I have heard Mr. Vedder remark, " by one man, in one place, with one eye?" Paint your picture as if it were an easel picture, and then hang it on the wainscot line, on the frieze, or on the ceiling, as you may wish, and look at it with the desultory interest that rational decoration demands. Making a background of infinite azure that obliterates the sense of construction, of ceiling, and setting forth on this impalpable clouds and other Boucher paraphernalia, is in his view puerile. I dare say the Boucher practice has its justification, but we are here concerned with Mr. Vedder's. A point, however, in which he does differentiate the decorative from the easel picture is the quality of his painting—though, very likely, he would paint an easel picture in the same way if he wished to give it a permanent position as far away from the eye. The sense of surface is scrupulously preserved. The background is simplified so as to count solely and solidly as background, and the figures treated with a pronounced outline and flat tints that give them relief as figures, and emphasize both the color and linear composition. His oil canvas has thus the accent and crisp effect of fresco, instead of being blended into a mass that, however agreeable in tone and hue must be more or less feeble at the distance imposed upon it.

The "Lazarus" is more intimately characteristic of Mr. Vedder's work than the decorative pieces, more nearly an epitome of his talent. It exhibits very vividly the fusion of force and grace, the blending of power and charm that in their way and degree are peculiar to the painter, and in the last analysis, I think, constitute his distinction. The decorative aspect is superb. The drapery is managed with a freedom that witnesses exhilaration, with a sweep of flowing line at once grandiose and effortless. But the face it fitly frames is of an elevated and winning nobility, not only in character, but in the plastic expression of character, in pose, in planes, in the way in which it is placed and modelled, of which Mr. Vedder alone has the secret. The combined elegance and strength of the treatment beautifully enforce the spirit and significance of the face with which they are in subtle accord. In the presence of such a representation in pigment of a living soul of such sweetness, such dignity, such tranquil pensiveness, such pathetic and moving serenity, such a visible record of mysterious yet not awful spiritual experience secretly cherished and intimately sustaining—in the presence of such food for the mind as



Study for the Figure of Fortune.

For a painting over mantelpiece in the Huntington Dining-room.

this the impressionist who should suggest the shibboleth of "literary painting" might safely be invited by any serious intelligence, nay, by any person of good breeding, to go his way and solace his sterility with the shallowness of his sensuous gospel.

It is on such significant material as this — "The Lost Mind," Aldrich's "Identity," the "Cumæan Sibyl," the pungent and yet tragic philosophy of the Rubáiyát—that Mr. Vedder's imagination exercises itself, with native sympathy, to noble ends. His artistic attitude is in itself interesting, the quality and character of his work, decorative and other, are individual and admirable, but to any but the technical critic it is the personal force from which these derive that is most interesting and stimulating to consider — which is perhaps only another way of saying that what is most interesting to consider in a man's theory and practice is the nature of the personal force in virtue of which they are his.

This personal force in Mr. Vedder's case, I take it, is imagination. And at the risk of intruding metaphysics, I may say imagination as distinguished from fancy, the artistic faculty of the mind as contrasted with that of the senses and the susceptibility. A penetrating feeling for beauty in its full rather than its fleeting aspects, a vibrant though never tremulous sympathy with the emotions associated with these aspects, are eminently characteristic of his imagination; it has a very pronounced romantic side, even as the romantic is commonly understood. And its range is notable. But that which gives it its proper distinction is the accidental nature of its romanticism compared with the way in which it uses this to illustrate and decorate its essential preoccupation with what is less tangible but infinitely more significant. It is the imagination of a man whose natural expression is pictorial, but who is a man as well as a painter, who has lived as well as painted, who has speculated much, pondered much, felt much—and on a plane rather inaccessible probably to most of those to whom beauty is merely its own excuse for being. It is this that places Vedder in the first rank of the imaginative painters of the day. Their name is not legion.



The Enemy Sowing Tares.

BISNAGA'S MADELINE

By Wolcott Le Clear Beard

IT was down in New Mexico that I first made her acquaintance, where we were building the big reservoir at Las Conchas.

Her father, Tim Mullaney by name, was a sub-contractor who had about thirty stations—three thousand feet—of the levee to put up. A melancholy kind of Irishman was Tim, industrious and well-meaning, but the thickest-headed Celt that ever crossed the water.

He wouldn't have lasted two days on the work, if it had not been for Nora, his wife, who was as quick to see as — well, as Tim wasn't, and that's really saying a good deal.

What he had to do was the easiest thing in the world: just earthwork with a little third-class masonry here and there; but he never could get anything right, somehow, and would mix up the simplest instructions unless his wife was by to expound them; so finally—I was the engineer in charge of all that part —I would ride down to his camp and explain what I wanted directly to Nora, who would superintend Tim, and so things got on very nicely after a while, though they were generally broke; but that was because Tim would insist on running the treasury end of the outfit. I had thirteen miles of work to cover, and in that dusty, desert country, with the mercury anywhere between a hundred and four and a hundred and twenty in the shade, my daily ride of twenty-six miles was apt to be a bit tedious; and as Nora's camp was always the neatest—a great thing in that land of flies—and the water in her big red ollas much cooler and more refreshing than anyone else's, I got into the habit, finally, of making my visit to this camp the last one of the day, and stopping a while to let my horse rest, as I chatted with Nora and chaffed Madeline. Madeline was ten years old and a small edition of her mother, so her worst enemy could hardly say her beauty amounted to a fault, but a brighter young woman would be very hard to find. She was also her mother's lieutenant, and an able one, too; for while Nora was busy about the camp—and that, of course, was pretty well all the time—Madeline would patrol the work. Then if anything went wrong there, those who were to blame would hear from it, and very quickly.

It was an odd little figure that I used to see cantering toward me as I walked my horse down the dusty length of the half-finished bank. She always rode astride, with the halter shank twisted around her pony's jaw in lieu of a bridle, and her saddle was a square of canvas cut from an old tent, ornamented with figures drawn on it in ink, in imitation of those the Indians paint on skins. "She tuk all the ink there was in the commishary for thim there dicorashuns," her father had told me, and I have no doubt he spoke truly; but as no one in that camp ever wrote any letters, and kept their one account-book in pencil or didn't keep it at all, just as it happened, it really didn't matter. The pony himself was a curiosity in his way. He couldn't have stood much over eleven hands, and had hair like a goat's. His mane was as shaggy as a Shetland's, and so would his tail have been had not Madeline cut it away in links, so that it looked rather like a telescope.

Then he seemed, as I remember him, nearly as broad as he was long. This was also owing to his mistress, for she, being exceedingly fond of her steed, and having original ideas about horse-training, persisted in keeping him in the small enclosure of the corral, where all the feed was stored, in order that he might help himself to what he most fancied; a method which would probably have killed any other horse in the Territory. She had not gained this privilege for Bisnaga (she had called him after the stumpy, shaggy cactus of that name,

which he much resembled) without a struggle, for Lopes, their Mexican corral-boss, finding his sense of the fitness of things much outraged by this proceeding, took it upon himself to consign Bisnaga to the outer darkness of the main corral. Twice he did this, and attempted it a third time, but Madeline was present on this occasion, and finding her remonstrances unheeded, struck him across the face with a mule whip. He then came toward her, probably to box her ears, so she drew a pistol and cocked it, and he went away. But he always hated her after that.

To return. On the animal thus caparisoned would sit Madeline, in a calico frock, very clean, a pink sun-bonnet, scarlet stockings, and tattered, dusty shoes, almost always without buttons, and held on her feet by a pair of enormous Mexican spurs. These spurs were half the pride of her life. The other half was a much-worn red silk parasol, proudly held aloft when its owner rode slowly, but when at a more rapid gait was furled and used to wallop the pony with.

She wore a leather belt around her waist, fastened with a latego instead of a buckle, and in this was stuck the pistol which completed her attire. It was only a target-pistol about eight inches long; a single-barrelled affair, throwing a ball "about the size of a homœopathic pill," as Mark Twain says; but such as it was, Madeline would hold it very straight indeed.

Thus attired she would come toward me at a lope, and making a sort of military salute with her parasol, would venture to hope that "everything is going right the day;" for Madeline was not without a touch, though a slight one, of her parents' rich brogue.

Then riding gravely along by my side, she would answer my questions, and straighten out her father's muddled replies, as we found him, swearing at his scraper-chasers at the end of the dump, and then would scamper back to the camp to let her mother know I was coming.

I took a fancy to her, and we became great friends. At first, though, all the friendship was on my side, Madeline disapproving of me thoroughly, and on many different counts. To begin with, I was a tenderfoot, as shown by my breeches, boots, and straight spurs, all separate grounds of offence in her eyes. Furthermore, my flat saddle was a trifling affair, not at all suited to the serious business of life. She thought no one who used such a thing could ride, and I couldn't as she did. Few men could. Also, it had no thongs hanging all over it, to tie things on by, and no horn whereby to hold a lassoed steer, about all a saddle was good for, anyway. Then my guns were Smith & Wesson's and not the Colt's to which she was accustomed. These things were surely enough to condemn anyone, but I was guilty of far more serious offences. I made fun of Bisnaga and of her affection for him, affecting to be uncertain as to which owned the other. This filled her small soul with rage, and for a while Madeline hated me fervently. She always spoke respectfully to me, for if she had not her mother would have ascertained the reason why by a method with which she was painfully familiar; but when I was sitting sometimes, in the thatched eating shack, she would get behind it into the corral, where, as she couldn't see me, she was not obliged to take official notice of my presence, and then would make cutting remarks in technical language and sarcastic tone concerning my horse, his conformation and equipments, and occasionally about myself.

One day, however, as I was riding slowly down the road, about a mile from Mullaney's camp, Madeline suddenly went by me like a flash. I had not heard the sound of Bisnaga's little bare hoofs on the soft sand, and neither had my horse, for the vision of a wildly flourished flame-colored parasol made him snort and shy. He wasn't used to being passed, however, so in three jumps was hard on the pony's heels.

She glanced over her shoulder and began frantically to work her passage; spurs, parasol, and halter-shank all going like mad, leaning well forward and lifting her horse, jockey fashion. I then saw that Madeline was racing with me, and really I never thought so small a pony could go so fast. His little legs looked like a mist under him. Of course he hadn't much of a chance

with my long-legged black, so I pulled a bit—gradually, so she wouldn't see it—letting her ride in, a winner by some forty yards. The look of triumph she gave me, as she stopped her panting horse by the corral slip-rails, I wouldn't have missed for anything. This was repeated for the next week or so at frequent intervals, being evidently intended to lower my opinion of my judgment; but having sufficiently humiliated me, Madeline relented visibly, and even became quite affable at times. Then she saw me jump my horse over an arroyo, though I didn't know it until three days later, when she took an opportunity of accomplishing the same feat. Then I learned, on inquiry, that in the intervening time she had put Bisnaga over every ditch he could clear, and tumbled him into those he couldn't, for miles around. Taking this with the fact that I once killed a jack-rabbit in a manner which met her approval, placed me well in her esteem, and I was correspondingly elated.

It was not long after this happy event that I met with an accident. An undermined bank gave way, bringing my horse and me down with it; I underneath, and the horse together with a ton or so of sand on top. It squeezed me somewhat, enough to lay me up with some exceedingly painful injuries, so that I could do nothing but lie on my cot in the shade and watch the buzzards, as they lazily wheeled about above me, and wishing the while that I might get something besides bacon and frijoles to eat, and someone to talk to, for everyone was far too busy to attend to me. It was the third day, I think, when I saw a red spot far down the river trail, which, as it slowly approached, developed into Madeline's parasol. I wondered if she was coming to see me, for it wouldn't strike one that visiting the sick was much in her line, but such was her intention; for Bisnaga's head was turned up the path leading to the thatched veranda where I lay, and I saw that he was dressed for the occasion, wearing a bridle with a large brass army bit, and several feathers stuck in his mane. Madeline stopped him, and pulling the reins over his head as an intimation that he was to stop where he stood, came up to my cot. She replied to my salutations in rather an absent way, and looked at me sternly for some time; but after a while she said, "Mother thought this might taste good after the beans and hog meat," putting on the chair by my side a napkin-covered parcel as she spoke. I thanked her as well as her mother for their kindness, but if she heard me she made no sign, so there was a pause after I had finished, until she asked "How'd it come to be?" I told her, and she considered some time, and then—"Bisnaga wouldn't do no such fool thing as that." Anxious to conciliate, I said I was sure of it, but Madeline was above flattery and only observed, "If he did I'd fair frazzle a blacksnake out on 'im." This seemed to exhaust the subject, so I said no more, but she appeared to be ill at ease as she stood there, with one arm around the cottonwood log which served as a pillar, scratching her right leg with her left spur; but finally, nerving herself for a desperate effort, she straightened up. "Mother says she's sorry you're hurted, and hopes you'll be better soon," said she. Then scrambling on to her pony's back she turned him, and shouting back "And so do I," threw in her spurs and vanished in a cloud of dust. I laughed, but I understood her. Though the sentiment recorded above might be justified by an extreme case, she couldn't stop to listen to a reply in a like vein. That was too much. Undoing the napkin, I found a chicken, beautifully roasted—one of Nora's cherished stock—and it seemed to me that I had never eaten anything so good before.

Every day after that, Bisnaga would come slowly up the path, bearing some delicacy, and each time would disappear at his top speed as his small mistress voiced her wish for my recovery. I wanted to make some acknowledgment to the child for all this, but it was a difficult matter to accomplish—she didn't want no pay, she said. But she was fond of personal adornment as any other young savage, and through this my opportunity came. She was wearing, one day, by way of a necklace, two nickel-plated buckles,

once part of a pair of suspenders, strung on a buckskin thong instead of a ribbon. A pendent would add finish to this ornament, I suggested, and ventured to offer to act in that capacity a little gold charm I had; a fish, of Mexican workmanship, jointed in many places, so that it would wriggle when touched. She demurred stoutly at first, but the bewitching squirm of which the thing was capable, together with my arguments, finally prevailed, and I fastened it between the two buckles with a bit of string, so that it hung, flopping as she moved in a most realistic manner. She really thought a great deal of that fish.

Above her parasol, rather, I think it ranked, though somewhat beneath her spurs. Then she began bringing me bits of information—and very useful ones sometimes—that she gathered in her journeys back and forth concerning the work, until at length I was able to go my rounds once more.

The long, hot summer had fairly burnt itself out; the days were not quite so torrid, and the nights a great deal cooler, when, returning one morning after a week's absence on some temporary duty, I found something out of the common going on in the work. The first camp I came to, Brainard's, was deserted, but the next few were showing a most unaccustomed activity. They were working faster, and the bosses were shorter-tempered than was usual. It was the doing of Schultze, the chief contractor, they told me. It seems that he had been much taken with an earth-moving machine he had seen somewhere—a sort of overgrown scraper, pulled by cables—and was desirous of resuming such sub-contracted sections as suited his purpose in order to work them with this arrangement; therefore they, the subs, were trying to get what they could out of it before the first of the month, when they might be thrown out. It was Mullaney's part, they said, that Schultze was most anxious to regain, but Tim had some clause in his agreement which made it harder to oust him than the rest, so he had hired Brainard's outfit and was working night and day to hold his contract. I was sorry for all this, Tim being rather a favorite of mine in spite of his stupidity; for, in his way, he would try to stick to the specifications and do what he was told, while most of the rest used what brains they had in devising methods by which they could avoid doing so.

Hurrying through with the work of the other sections, I galloped on to Tim's.

Here was a change indeed. He had trebled his force, and the bank was alive with horses and men. Everything was pressed into the service, carts and wheelbarrows eked out the scanty supply of scrapers, and even four- and six-horse wagons went groaning down the levee, loaded with the sandy clay. One team was composed of a big gray Percheron horse, a black mule hardly smaller, and two tiny pintos, attached to a Fresno scraper, and driven by a tall Apache who stalked gravely behind, probably tempted by the high pay to work long enough to enable him to purchase American sardines, rifle-cartridges, canned string beans, and other things dear to the aboriginal heart. There were three or four Indians and a few white men there, but, as is always the case in that country, the great bulk were Mexicans of mongrel race—greasers.

All were working feverishly under the profane oratory of the foremen, and working all wrong, too, for Tim having had a whole week in which to make mistakes, had embraced the opportunity; but I straightened him out after a while, and rode over to Nora's domain, the camp. The change here was as noticeable as on the dump. The corrals were crowded with tired horses from the night-shift, and the surrounding chapparal was dotted with the sleeping forms of their Mexican drivers. The little blacksmith shop had acquired a new forge, and both were blazing merrily. The eating-shack was being enlarged, for the pole framework of the extension was in place, and a huge pile of green arrow-weed was being laid on as thatch by two Indians, as it was handed up to them by a third, while close by stood Nora, vociferously superintending. The cottonwood-shaded

plaza, formed by the camp buildings and tents, was filled with Mexicans, chattering and smoking their crooked brown paper cigarettes as they considered whether or not they should go to work or rest, after having pretended to labor for half a day or so.

Nora saw me coming and walked toward me, wiping her face, heated by her eloquence, as she came. She fairly beamed with pleasure, and the invitation to dismount and rest was even more cordial than usual. "Yes, sorr," she said in answer to my comments on the turn affairs had taken, "things do be booming now for sure. They have to be. You see, sorr, that we have an oiron conthract with that little Dutch blaggard, an' it ses we must put up twenty-foive hoondther thousand yards of dirt befoor the furst of Novimber. But, ses he, that's naught but a formality, ses he, an' if yez goes ahead in a modherate way, sure 'twill be all right; but four days gone by, who should roide down the bank but that sem man, an' gev a warnin' to Tim that he should requoire the turrms of the conthrac' carried out as he said. He only wants to get that big slusher in here, that's pulled by a shtring, an' pulls down more durt than it can put up. Tim was going to throw everything up, but I wuddent let him, so I med him borra money on our stock an' buy more, an' hoire more yet, an' greasers an' everything. We'll call the little divil's bluff yet. We're hard put to it for foremen, though. Sure we had to put the store boss on the dump, an' so Maddy's running the commishary. She paused to take breath, well pleased evidently at the way things were going. There was excitement in this, and contention, so Nora was in her element. They deserved to win, and I hoped they would, but doubted it, for I knew chief contractors are deep and full of guile. I looked in at the door of the little commissary-store, though, as I rode back, and saw Madeline, delighted with her new sphere of action, trying in voluble greaser-Spanish to overcharge a Mexican teamster for a pair of brogans which didn't fit him, and then set out for the home camp.

There didn't seem to be much in my mental prophecy of evil at first, the force was increased day by day, and the long bank grew in a manner wondrous to behold. Tim exhausted his magnificent vocabulary in endeavoring to do justice to the shortcomings of the new foremen, and made more blunders himself than any of them, or, for that matter, than all of them; for Nora was much too busy to take charge of her husband and the camp both, as she had formerly done; so I had to make two visits now, one in the morning to look over what the night-shift had accomplished, and another in the evening to see if anything had been done properly during the day; for Tim took personal charge then.

For some days after this Nora's smile grew broader and more comprehensive, for Schultze made no attempt to play his hand. No open attempt, that is, but somewhat versed in the ways of his kind, I began to see in him the instigator of the petty annoyances that now made themselves felt. Tools were requisitioned on other service; foremen enticed away or made too drunk to go on duty; commissary and cook-house supplies came irregularly; Tim's time-checks became hard to cash, and a thousand and one other things of the same kind, all trivial enough in themselves, met with good nature and overcome in triumph; until at last the supply question began to be serious.

Neither men nor horses can work without food, and they had come to rather short commons for both, once or twice, so the laborers began to growl and leave.

Day by day this became worse and Nora's face grew longer, until in a week the crisis came. I had paid my morning visit, when things were much as usual, though I noticed as I passed that Madeline was no longer in the store—there was nothing left to sell—and that the feed-pen inside the big corral was almost empty. Nora said, however, with all her old manner returned, that though they were down pretty well to their last, it would be all right, for a big order of goods had come in that morning from Albuquerque, and three six-horse teams had gone over to fetch them. Schultze had been there, and had offered them

terms for their contract which had been refused, I gathered, with considerable shortness. He had just gone on down the line, so I would probably meet him. I did not, however, and it would have done no good if I had, for as the engineers recognized officially only the principal contractor, the disposition said contractor made of the subs under him lay entirely outside our province. His presence was shown by several idle sections down below, and this shortened my work, so that my second visit to Tim's was made much earlier than was common. As I approached I saw that the overhanging cloud of dust was missing, and no shouting of foremen or teamsters could I hear, so I knew the smash must have come, and without stopping at the levee I rode into the camp. Here it was lively enough, for the little plaza was covered with bunches of excited Mexicans, all jabbering at once in some groups ; in others listening to the frenzied oratory of some self-appointed leaders as they recapitulated their grievances against the "Mayordomo"—Tim—and counselled instant vengeance against him and all "gringos." Their looks promised evil to all—so much so, that the knowledge that the horse I rode was able and willing to outrun anything in the county, afforded me considerable satisfaction at the time.

The three saloon-tents outside the camp limits had attracted crowds which reminded one of the flies gathered around the unwashed tin plates which still stood, from the men's dinner, on the long tables in the newly enlarged shack, in front of which a small knot of Mexicans, with malignant faces and important manner, stood listening to Nora's broken Spanish as she tried to explain the situation to them as the representatives of the rest, though without much success, apparently; for from time to time they would interrupt her fiercely, with questions and rattling oaths, when her right hand would twitch nervously toward a bulge in the body of her gown which I had never noticed before. They were too much occupied to notice me until I spoke ; then the Mexicans departed to expound, with gestures and blasphemy, the information they had gathered, and which their attendant brethren eagerly awaited on the plaza. Poor Nora ! Her nerve was gone now, and she almost broke down as she told me, her brogue richer than ever in her excitement, how the men had just finished eating when the great wagons came rattling back from the little railway station, fifteen miles away, laden only with a curt note from the supply-dealer, to the effect that the goods ordered had been forwarded, and awaited them on cash payment ; but owing to unfavorable reports from Mr. Schultze as to their solvency, no credit—not even the usual thirty days —would be given. This settled matters, for Tim could as easily pay the national debt as to raise the ready money for that grocery bill, so there was nothing left to do but to announce the fact to the assembled men and abide by the consequences. The white men — foremen and mechanics — had grumbled a little at the delay ; but as all knew the pay would come, and as work was plenty on the other contracts, they packed their blankets and departed, but with the greasers it was different. They couldn't or wouldn't understand anything ; they wanted payment at once, and threatened all sorts of things in case of its not being immediately forthcoming. She stopped long enough to give me a note, which she had nearly forgotten, she said, though it was to have been handed me directly I came ; then she took up her story again, only too glad to have some one to talk to. I read the note ; it was an order from head-quarters to return at once, "as fast as your horse will carry you : stop for nothing." There was no trifling with this, so I started on a gallop for home. I was not used to such orders, even from our imperious old chief, and they troubled me ; so I pushed on still faster as I wondered what their cause could be. Specks in the road quickly became men, with blanket rolls over their shoulders, plodding along in the same direction, who hailed me as I passed with questions I could not stop to answer. Then wagons, and as I flashed by I could see that they were loaded with tents, faro and craps layouts, and barrels of whis-

key, all going to the broken camp as buzzards gather round a newly dead horse, for idle men would be but too ready to pledge their pay at an enormous discount for "artificial" whiskey, or to lose it at faro or the seductive monte. Two of these trains in one mile, five in the next, and I pulled up my winded horse at the office-door and ran into the chief's sanctum. He was sitting there with his chair tilted back, softly whistling a tune as he gazed placidly into space. I had reported as ordered, I told him. He finished the air he was executing, and observing, "I know it," commenced a new one. "What was wanted?" I asked. He interrupted his musical performance this time long enough to say, "Nothing;" then took it up again exactly where he had left off.

Our superior was apt to be exasperating at times, and this was one of them. My patience was rapidly vanishing when he roused himself sufficiently to say that if I had stayed in Mullaney's camp I would probably have got hurt, for they were safe, men said, to have a row down there before long, and though he didn't care much individually, my father was a friend of his, so he would prefer returning me alive if convenient. Tim's estimate had been taken and the sheriff had been sent for, so there was nothing for us to do but to keep still and endeavor, in our poor way, not to make fools of ourselves. He had talked with Schultze, he added with a chuckle, and the small Teuton had departed in some haste for the railway station, intending to return the day after the next with the money.

In the outer room, where we lesser fry were wont to congregate, I learned fuller particulars. The chief, it seems had sent for Schultze and remonstrated mildly; but Schultze was obdurate. Mullaney must wait until the first of the month, like the rest. Then waxed our chief wroth, speaking in a manner unwelcome to contractors when coming from chief engineers, and the end of the interview was as has been told. After the hastily taken estimate had been worked out, our German friend had left with barely time to catch his train. "And I'll lay odds," finished Bailey, my informant, a fellow-assistant and an Englishman, "that the little beggar rode three stone lighter when the chief had done with him. My word though! I wouldn't have taken that wigging for six months' pay." The messenger sent for the sheriff rode up with the news that this official was absent, but would return that afternoon or evening.

We had left the little office building of gray adobe as we talked, and were now sitting on the edge of the cliff of black basalt overlooking the upper work—we three assistant engineers and the "boys," as the subordinates of an engineer corps, irrespective of age, are called, watching the scene below.

It would seem much as usual to an unaccustomed eye; but we could see differences. The big cable-way was still swinging great masses of rock into foundations of the dam, accompanied by the flicker of red signal flags, and the shouts of the masons working there. The pile-drivers thumped as usual at the ends of the long rows of piling which stretched across the flat bottom of the cañon, in the middle of which the river, a mere thread at this season, wound sluggishly along, its channel twisted and doubled by infinitesimal rises and hollows in the hot, white gravel through which it ran. Over against the bottom of the cliff, facing the one on which we sat, and forming the other side of the mesa, or table-land, which the cañon of the river cut in halves, we were excavating for foundations, and all day long the scrapers toiled in endless procession down into the big pit, filling with the powdery sand, then straining up the side of the hill they had made, around its back, and down into the hole again. This procession was still there, but its order was very open now, and the horses standing in the corrals showed how many of their drivers were dotting the dusty trail which led to the lower camps. There was idleness there and bad feeling, so there would surely be much drink, and possibly a fight as well; a fight with all the odds on their side, and what Sonora greaser could resist such a prospect? Not these, at all events, and so they had gone, all but a few, who were volunteering their help

in loading a saloon outfit on a big freight-wagon.

The kegs of bad whiskey and stone jugs of mescal were already in; the canvas followed, a few swarthy women of their own race, their gaudy wrappers making bright spots on the sandy stretch, were piled on top, and the whole finally creaked away down the cactus-outlined road, the attendant crowd laughing and singing as they went. Then the sheriff came by in a swinging gallop, with four deputies at his heels, all following the same path. The sun was going down now, and the whistle of the cable-way engine gave the signal for the end of the day's work; the men began trooping from their pumps and pile-drivers toward the cook-house. We had just risen to go to our own dining-room when a sound of something scrambling up the face of the mesa made us pause for a moment and then run round the point of rock which hid its cause. It was Madeline on Bisnaga, and both of them nearly at the top of that almost perpendicular cliff where it would seem that nothing but a goat could go. As we saw them, the little pony attempted to jump up on a ledge of rock from the slope where he was standing. He failed to make it, and slid half-way down the rolling stones on his haunches, but recovering himself quickly under the influence of the big spurs, he scrambled up once more, and was gathering for another spring when one of the boys, dropping over the edge of the cliff, caught the young woman bodily off her charger, handing her up to us like a small bale of goods; while another, taking the pony's head, led him by an easier path to the top. As we set her on her feet, we noticed that there was portent in her attire. She was stripped for action, so to speak, for she had left off both sunbonnet and parasol, while in her belt, balancing her pistol on the other side, hung, in a cowhide sheath of her own manufacture, a good-sized butcher-knife. She had come, she said, with a note to the chief. The greasers were getting ugly now. Lopes, their ex-corral boss, was leading them, and had tried to stop her as she left the camp; but she had ridden hard for the ford leading to Agua Caliente and the down-river settlements, and hid herself and the pony in the dense growth of arrow-weed on the river's edge until they had passed, and then cut across country for our camp. "I didn't dare try the trail up the mesa," she finished; "I could too easy be stopped there, so I had to come this way." She looked down with some complacency, as well she might, at the path she had attempted, and as nearly succeeded in scaling. "Here's the note, anyhow. I rode awful hard, and I'm afraid Bisnaga's all killed up." He certainly was "all killed up," for as he stood there with hanging head and his poor little flanks heaving hard, white with sweat, tinged red here and there where cactus thorns or spurs had penetrated, one couldn't ask for a better miniature of a thoroughly played-out horse.

The chief strolled up to the group, and the note was put into his hands. There were only a few words scrawled in pencil on wrapping-paper, ill spelled and ungrammatical, but very earnest, asking that help might be sent. A few would answer, but with only one white man in the camp "the greasers will surely do us up," adding that he was very respectfully the chief's T. Mullaney. The sheriff had already gone, we told Madeline—she would have met him had she come the regular way—and he could easily hold the Mexicans down, as the speed and accuracy with which he handled that exponent of frontier law—Colt's single action, calibre .45 — was well and unfavorably known to them all.

Words to this effect cheered her somewhat, but she couldn't stay, she said, the "childher" would need her. She must get back. Now. She didn't want any supper. Bisnaga couldn't do it again, we urged, but if she would come in and have supper with us, she should see that he was fed to her liking and afterward could have the bay mare to ride, and some of us would go with her. The pony was clearly too much done up to be of any use, and she hesitated, but made no direct reply. "I'll put Bisnaga into the corral myself," she said, and catching his halter led him off. When, five minutes later, we went to fetch her, we found the pony placid-

ly enjoying his customary surfeit in our feed pen, and the bay mare, the nucleus of a dusty comet, rapidly growing less far down the river road. A person fond of her own way was Madeline, and this was characteristic; but she could hardly take much harm with the sheriff and his men hard by, so we went in to supper.

The chile-con-carne and the situation of affairs had been duly discussed, when suddenly in the doorway stood the sheriff, his men behind him, eying our table wistfully. "Evenin'," he remarked in his soft Texas dialect, which always reminded me of Bret Harte's stories. "Come down to see if I couldn't get yaw men to give us a bite of grub. Been chasin' greasah cattle thieves all the mawnin'. Just got back an' had to come down heah. Ain't eat any since six o'clock." "How's Mullaney's camp?" "Oh, all right for now. Greasahs wah cookin' theah suppuhs. They'll be quiet enough till they get done eatin' and gathah moah of a jag. I'm goin' back when I can get some moah men. Need 'em befoah mawnin', I reckon." We made room for them at the table, which most of us were ready to leave anyway, and gave orders to Joe, our Chinese cook, and Sing, his mate, to get ready whatever could be quickly prepared. It was extra work for the Celestials and they didn't like it. It broke their routine, but they knew what happened to Chinamen who trifled with the sheriff, and so soon had food on the table which seemed very welcome to the half-famished men who sat down to it. We talked it over, a few of us, outside, in consequence of which, seeing that the sheriff was making a most excellent meal, and was presumably therefore in a good humor, I went in and spoke to him. A few of us wanted to see what was going on below, I told him, but we wanted it kept quiet. The chief might not like it; and for that reason he must promise not to let us in for any trial or coroner's jury as witnesses. He was rather a friend of mine, and consented readily enough. Said he: "I won't call on you, but you'll get youah fool hides shot full of holes, like as not." I turned to leave, but he called me back. "If you *do* have to pull youah guns, don't try to club no one with the barrels. Use 'em the way God meant 'em to be used. About belt high. I'll be thah soon." The point was gained, and communicating the joyful news to the rest, we set out, on foot; for not only would the whole camp know if we tried to saddle horses, but though it was six miles by road, the distance was reduced to less than half if one walked across the mesa where no horse could well go, for the table-land jutted out into the river-flat in the shape of a peninsula, and the trail had to double it. It was very dark at first, but after a while the moon came up, lighting a little the narrow path over the bowlder-strewn plain.

We went in single file, Barton, my rodman, who knew the country like an Indian, at the head as guide, then my instrument-man. I came next, followed by Bailey, who, like most Englishmen, being unable to hit anything with a pistol, had armed himself with one of his many shot-guns—an eight-bore ducking affair—with twenty buckshot in each barrel. After him Brown, his rodman, the rear being brought up by the long, shambling form of Smiley, a masonry inspector. He was from Alabama, and also eschewed the prevalent Colts, preferring a pair of double-barrelled derringers, one of which he carried in each side-pocket of his trousers, in order, as he said, that he might, if occasion required, "nail a man through his pants," without wasting time in drawing, such being the pleasing custom of the country whence he came. We slowly made our way across the neck of the peninsula, down the steep pass on its farther side, and out on the flat.

In front of us the levee showed faintly gray against the deep black of the opposite cliff, and turning sharply to the left, we skirted its base, silently, for our footsteps in the yielding sand gave no sound.

As we went the outline of the bank grew more distinct, and finally stood in bold relief against the ruddy glare of a large brush fire, which we could hear crackling fiercely on its other side. Shrill voices floated over to us, speaking in Spanish, angrily. Then came a sound from the camp hard by,

followed by a dead silence ; every voice hushed. We listened, and it came again, Tim's brogue, unmistakable even in its agonized tones. "Hands up!" he cried. "Hands up or I'll—ah—would ye? Drop that rifle! Quick—there, stand back." We broke into a run over the bank, past the fire—deserted now—around the road into the camp. The little plaza was dark. Even the saloons outside had put out their lights, and Nora's tent alone shone like pearl, as tents do when there is a light inside them. The moon was still low upon the mesa, outlining in black the sujuarro cacti that stood like giant candelabra along its edge, and throwing the shadow of the cliff far out on the plain below. The tent had the river at its back. The flaps were down, and before them stood Tim, his face white and set, with a Winchester cocked and held at "ready" on his hip.

A space of forty feet or so, and Lopes stood, while behind him, on the edge of the shadow, were twenty or more of his comrades, all motionless as statues.

As we came we saw that the ex-corral boss's hands were held high above his head; but taking advantage of the diversion caused by our advent, he dropped them to his sides, but he made no move to touch the rifle, lying black against the white sand, at his feet, for that would have been death.

The situation explained itself: there was nothing to say, so we all lined up, with Tim in the middle, and stood by. A little stir among the forms, dimly seen in the black shade, then all was still — deathly stillness, broken only by the hooting of an owl in the brush that lined the river banks. The minutes slowly passed, then a spark winked like a firefly half-way up the mesa ; a bullet sung far over our heads, the report echoed faintly from cliff to cliff, and as it died away a coyote somewhere on the plain above began to yelp, answered by the shrill barking of a little dog from one of the tents ; then the nerve-racking silence again. Five minutes of it, probably—hours it seemed, and I could stand still no longer, so shoving back into its holster the pistol I had drawn, I turned, and lifting a flap, looked into the tent. A lantern, hung well up to the ridge-pole in front, so that it would throw no shadow on the walls, lighted the little interior. In a cot standing on one side the two younger children, a boy and a girl, of four and three years, lay fast asleep, the elder hugging a hatchet with both arms. On a camp-stool at the bed's head sat Nora. She was crying, poor thing, and wiping her eyes with her left hand, while her right held, the butt, resting on her knee, of one of those sawed-off shotguns affected by express-messengers, and so called Wells Fargos. In front and on the other side of the tent was Madeline, trembling and white, but not crying, though her bare feet worked together nervously. She had just been going to bed, probably, when the danger came, for her frock lay on the floor beside her. In one hand she held her little pistol, a box of its tiny cartridges in the other. As I came in Nora looked up. "Gud avenin', sorr," she gasped between her sobs, and Madeline gave me an uncertain kind of smile ; but before I could speak a movement in the crowd outside caused me to drop the canvas and turn back to my place in the line.

The shadow had receded somewhat now, and many stood in the moonlight. Lopes had stepped backward into the crowd, which was increasing every second, one couldn't tell just how, but simply became conscious from time to time that the cluster was extending on both sides and growing deeper. There was undergrowth on our right, and in its shadow a man stole, crouching, around our flank. Smiley stood there, and his derringer barked hoarsely. The figure disappeared, whether hit or not we never knew. Then a sharp crack from behind, and a man howled and clapped both hands to his thigh I looked around—we all did, I think—in time to see Madeline's head and shoulders protruding from under the tent, just before she disappeared suddenly, exactly as though Nora had caught her by the ankles and pulled her back. A young fellow, taking advantage of our divided attention, stooped to pick up the rifle Lopes had dropped. Three of us fired at once, and he fell limply, with his breast across the piece which

had cost him his life, his sombrero, heavy with silver, rolling almost to our feet. A moment's pause was broken again by a coyote on the desert above, and as if he had given a signal, was answered by the scratching of a match on the opposite side of the plaza; then with a crackle and roar the dry thatch forming a side of the blacksmith shop blazed up, the roof caught, and all was bright as day in an instant. A man sprang away from the burning shop, and Tim fired at him—and missed.

A shrill yell, such as greasers delight in on every occasion was raised far back in the crowd, then taken up by them all, and the whole mass surged slowly forward. Those in front had knives in their hands, or cheap, nickle-plated six-shooters of the British bull-dog variety, and advanced slowly, without eagerness, but more as if forced forward by those behind them.

One of our men—which one I could not tell—cried out to them to halt. A shot answered him, the ball ripping the thigh of the man standing next me; then a volley crashed from our men as if by command, and I could see a man drop here and there. The wounded man, Barton, had sunk to a sitting posture, and steadying himself by passing one arm round my leg, was emptying his pistol at the close-standing band of Mexicans.

The smoke hung in a low cloud in front of us, and I remember, in a confused sort of way, the brisk rattle of the pistol-shots, twice punctuated by the roar of Bailey's big duck-gun, and of firing into the dense smoke rapidly with both hands. Our opponents stopped, then gave back a little, and the firing slacked somewhat.

A wandering puff of wind lifted the thickness, showing a man, with a pistol in his hand, standing ahead of his fellows. I shot at him, and he pitched forward on his hands and knees, then rolled over and lay still. The sight made me sick for one moment, but I forgot it in the next, for, as a warning yell sounded from among them, the crowd scuttled to cover like a flock of frightened quail. For an instant the cause was not apparent, but a sharp report was followed by the sudden appearance of the sheriff from the thicket-lined road, with twelve men at his back, all riding as fast as their wiry cow-ponies could run. Most of the Mexicans had taken to the chaparral, but a few ran down the road, and, crossing our front, the officers followed these without a sound. A few scattering shots came from the brush, and the horse ridden by one of the deputies reared and fell backward with a scream. The man was up in a second, uncinching his saddle, while Brown and Smiley, running to the corral, caught the mare Madeline had ridden that day, and led her out. She was saddled, mounted, and away while one tells of it.

The field was clear, and, to my surprise, the dead and wounded were not lying around in bloody heaps as I expected. Six there were, and our rodman, seven in all. The latter had but a graze, and when we had bound it up and given him some whiskey, professed himself quite comfortable and willing to do it all over again.

The posse had not gone far, and soon returned; the sheriff rode up to where we were standing.

"You want to get youah wife an' the kids away from heah," he said to Tim. "I can't spah no men to guahd this place, an' thah's no tellin' when them greasahs'll be back with a lot moah from below. Go to the big camp. We'll help you hahness up, but you must get a wiggle on." Six snorting horses were led out, and the rattling harness thrown across their backs by many willing hands, when Madeline, fully dressed, left the tent and walked over to the corral. She stood looking into the enclosure for a minute, then sat down in a heap on the sand, and for the first time in my knowledge of her, commenced to cry. "I haven't got no horse to ride," she wailed. It was only for a moment though, for she rose, and glancing around severely to see if her weakness had been noticed, she stalked up to the wagon, and began helping to pack the things handed into it. Everything was soon ready; the cots, bedding, children, and Nora were bundled in; Barton was helped to the front seat with Tim, we followed,

finding places anywhere, and the horses started in a canter over the level road toward the home camp. We had toiled up a hill at a walk, and had just reached its top, where Tim, with an oath, pulled in his team and set his brake hard. Nora gave a smothered howl, and some one started to speak, but checked himself and listened instead. We all heard it then, a sound as of many galloping horses, far away, and then a silence, which Tim broke. "For good or ill," said he, "they've crossed the stretch of baked clay and are on the sand now. They'll come to rock directly. Listen." Another moment and the clang of hoofs was plainly heard. "Them horses is shod. The Virgin be praised, they're friends." "Amen," responded Nora, with a sigh; but Smiley jumped to his feet, and putting both hands to his mouth, gave the cry, well known in that country, from which the tribe of Mexican Indians take their name. "Ya-*qui!*" he called, then again "yaqui!" The shrill falsetto of this carries far, like the "coee" of the Australians.

"Yaqui!" a third time. They heard us now, a chorus came back in answer, and in another few seconds they had rounded the point of the mesa and streamed toward us in the moonlight, sixty strong. At their head rode the handsome form of "Greaser Pete," saloon-keeper, gambler, reputed stage-robber, and all around "bad man," yet, withal, a very decent sort of fellow according to his somewhat limited light; he had earned his nickname from his relentless hatred toward the race of which it spoke, and a more congenial mission than his present one could not be found. A mixed lot followed him, mechanics, saloon-men, gamblers, and cowboys; all were represented. Mounted though they were, each on the first four-legged thing he could snatch out of the nearest corral, some with saddles, but more without, all were heavily armed and were riding fast. Our corral boss was among them, and beside his little white mare, Bailey's roan horse and my black, both fully equipped, loped contentedly along.

They gathered around us with eager questions, put all at once, but their leader raised his hand to command silence, and having learned in a few words all there was to know, turned to his followers, and made what was, for him, a rather lengthy address. "Boys," said he, "it seems we're a little late, but we may see some fun yet, if we hurry. Vamenos."

Then with a yell the "committee" dashed off, and we started once more for our camp, which we reached without further incident. We saw that the Mullaneys were made comfortable in a tent, vacated by a foreman for their use, and having helped Barton to bed, turned to our own, well tired out.

I had slept about ten minutes, as I thought at the time, when I became dimly conscious that I was not resting easily. I looked up, and saw that it was daylight, and that Bailey, half dressed, was shaking me violently by the shoulder. "Wake up, man, can't you?" he said, as soon as I was sufficiently awake to understand him. "You're wanted. That child, Madeline, has gone, and we're afraid something's happened her. Search parties are going out. The chief's sending everyone." He left me to complete his own toilet, but I was wide-awake now, and tumbling into my clothes, opened the door to find Bailey, already mounted, and holding the bridle of one of my horses, impatiently awaiting me. We went slowly to save our stock, for we could not tell how far they might have to travel before they saw their corrals again, and as we jogged along, he told me what little he knew of the affair.

It seemed that when she woke Nora had missed Madeline, and on making inquiry had found that she had been seen by a teamster, feeding his horses half an hour before daybreak, on Bisnaga, cantering toward the camp she had left the night before. Tim and another man had gone at once to look for her, but except that Bisnaga was standing, tied to the corral fence, no sign of the child could they find, so they returned and roused the head-camp. It was thought that she had returned after something forgotten in the hurry of leaving, and all feared that she had met with some accident. An object, nearing us rapidly as we talked, we now saw to be a buckboard, driven in a furious gallop by Selwin, one of our instru-

ment men. "Found her?" shouted Bailey, as the team came close enough for him to be heard. Selwin nodded. "Alive?" "Just. I'm going for her mother now." The buckboard rushed by, and we pushed on hurriedly.

A group of men stood around the entrance of the tent. Pete was among them, and the sheriff with some of his posse. "We found her in the brush yonder," one of them was explaining to a new-comer as we rode up. "Leastways that little yaller dawg did. 'Twas a knife that done it, all right enough, with a greaser at the end of it."

The tent seemed to have grown smaller since I had seen it the night before, as I entered it. It was crowded with men, gathered around a cot standing in the middle of the little space, on which, partly covered with barley-sacks, lay Madeline. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing heavily. The upper part of her clothing had been cut away, and her body, throat, and right arm were swathed in rude bandages, made of bandanna handkerchiefs torn into strips, their white spots, in places, dyed a uniform color with the groundwork. Her left arm lay by her side, the hand tightly clinched. A bucket of reddened water, with a crimsoned cloth lying over its edge, stood beside the bed, flanked by a flask of whiskey. On an upturned soap-box by the cot's head sat Tim, leaning over and fanning the child softly with his broad, white sombrero.

"Has she been conscious?" I asked. "No, sorr," he replied, with a catch in his breath. "Just loike this. She med a little moan like eonce, that's all. She'll never tell who done it, I fear." One of the men standing near turned, and with a muttered oath, left the tent. The air was stifling in there, and close with the odor of packed humanity, and seeing Madeline's knife in its cowhide sheath, lying on the ground by my feet, I drew it, and making two long slits in the canvas, opened a triangular window there. Someone followed suit on the other side, and then the fresh breeze gushed through, and Tim, dropping his hat, rested his chin on his hands, and stared hard at the ground between his knees.

The air seemed to revive Madeline a little, for she moved her left arm and opened her eyes. I was bending over her, and as she saw me, she smiled faintly and unclasped her hand. It held her necklace—the buckles with the little fish I had given her. Then her eyes closed again, and the tin buckles jingled on the ground. A cowboy who stood near lifted them, replacing them gently in her upturned palm. I couldn't stand it any longer; so I left the tent, and joined the men outside. I asked the particulars, but there were few to be told. A little dog—the same which had answered the coyote the night before—had guided them to where she lay in the chapparal, and they had brought her in—that was all. A man had gone over to the station to wire for a doctor and a priest, but it wasn't likely they would be in time to do any good. Some men were beating around through the brush, and one of them now walked quickly toward us. "I found this little gun out yonder," he said. "It's hers, ain't it?" A dozen voices testified to this, and the sheriff, taking it from his hand, threw open the breech, and drew out an empty cartridge-shell. "She done her little best," said he, holding it up so all could see. "She surely mahked him, whoevah he was. Find a greasah with a pin-hole in him, and we've nailed the man."

"You can't tell by that. She got one last night," objected Bailey. "That cuss is all right. He had one o' those tinwah six shootahs, so somebody killed him. He didn't do no cuttin'."

The buckboard had accomplished its mission quickly, and now came rattling up the plaza, the horses—a different pair from those we had seen before—panting and white with sweat. Nora was helped to the ground, and as she entered the tent the men inside filed silently out.

We began to organize now. One-half of the men, under the sheriff, were to go through the down-river camps, to catch the criminal in case he had attempted to hide himself among his brethren there; the rest, divided into small squads, were to search the country roundabout. I attached myself to the former party, for, knowing the localities through which we were to go

from my daily work, I could be of more use so. It took us a good while —until well along in the afternoon—to get through this, for the sheriff was very thorough, and each Mexican we met was put through a most rigid examination. Then, at the very last, we found what we thought was a most promising trail, and followed it, ten of us, while the rest worked on down the river.

Straight across the desert it went, we following fast, and finding, at its end, an inoffensive old prospector, who, with two burros, was making for the placer grounds across the Arizona line. Tired and disgusted, Bailey and I tried to get back by a short cut, got lost, and reached our camp at midnight ravenously hungry and tired out.

The boys were still up, and had saved some canned corned beef and biscuit for us, and as we ate, in answer to our questions, told us that we were the last of the search parties to come in except Pete and his men, and no one knew where they had gone. None of the others had found anything. The priest had come in on muleback an hour before. Madeline had rallied a little for a few minutes, just as he reached there, and had tried to speak, but couldn't, though when they asked her as to her assailant, had turned her eyes toward the side of the tent where the corral lay, so they thought that Lopes was the man we wanted. Anyhow, if he was caught, we would accept that hypothesis as correct and run it out on those lines. Didn't we think that was the best way? We did think so, and made an agreement, on the strength of this additional clew, to try it once more; then going to our quarters, we took off our weapons and spurs, lying down otherwise as we stood, to be ready when morning came. We had just fallen into a doze, or at least I had, when a footstep on the veranda aroused me. It was easily recognized as Selwin's, who was lame, and I hailed him. "How is the child—have you heard?" I asked. "She died an hour ago," he replied, and limping to his room, threw himself on his cot, and said no more.

We were not as early next morning as we had intended—we were a long time in getting to sleep the night before—and it was nearly nine o'clock when we got away. The camp was very still as we rode out from it. Not at all a Sunday stillness, for there were no drunken shouts coming from its saloons, and the voice of the faro-dealer was not heard, but a depressed sort of silence that could be felt. Preparations for the funeral were already underway, for it was to take place at noon. Such things must be done quickly in that country. The little grave was already opened, among the cluster of others, on a rise of ground a few hundred yards away, and two of our boys were lining it with greasewood boughs, as the best substitute for evergreen that was to be had, while Selwin was kneeling over a little cross made of heavy timber, on which, with all the skill of a practised draughtsman, he had lettered an inscription, and was now carving it deep into the wood. The sight did not foster kindness of feeling toward the absent Lopes, and we pushed on, making for the nearest ford; for we meant to try the opposite side of the river to-day as the most likely place to find our man.

When we reached it, however, we saw where the water was deepest a tired horse, drinking as though he would never get enough, while on his back sat Greaser Pete covered with dust, but wearing on his handsome and rather sad face an expression of the most complete self-satisfaction. He looked up as our horses splashed in.

"Did you get him?" I called.

"I believe they did," he replied.

"Lopes?"

"Yep. Little hole in his arm."

"Where is he now?"

"Can't say. Purgatory, likely, if there is such a place; if not, he probably went straight through without stopping." Pete was becoming facetious. This was something new.

"How did they send him there?" asked Bailey.

"Cabled him, I imagine," was the response. I looked at his saddle-bow. The lariat that had always hung there was missing now, and Pete, following my glance, smiled, and calling upon his horse, walked out of the river and cantered away.

GIANTS AND GIANTISM

By Charles L. Dana, M.D.

IT is now about two years since a band of Peruvian Indians came to this country for the purpose of amusing the American public. They were not sufficiently interesting to attract attention, so they became stranded and were brought to New York. One of the members of the tribe was known as the Peruvian Giant. He was soon taken ill, and came under my observation at the hospital. I saw at once that he was not only a giant, but a victim of a peculiar disease known as acromegaly (*ακρον*, extremely; *μεγαλος*, great). In persons who have this disorder, the head, and particularly the face, the hands, feet, and the chest grow to enormous proportions, the total height, in most cases, not being greatly increased. However, the Peruvian Giant had not only enormous feet, hands, and head, but he measured six feet nine inches in height, and in stature and weight was genuinely gigantic. He was, in fact, both an "acromegalic" and a giant. He died, after a short illness, from the effects of his disease, and in the brain there was found a little gland known as the pituitary body, enlarged to many times its original size.

Now, it has been suspected, and by many believed, that the enlargement of this gland was the cause of the gigantic growth of the extremities in acromegaly. It occurred to me that it might also be the cause of giantism in general, and the further legitimate inference was that all giants were simply peculiar types of acromegaly, and that giantism was only a form of nervous disease. The idea that big men are not simply freaks, as has been previously supposed, but victims of a neurosis or nervous disorder, was one of sufficient interest to justify me in following up the subject of giants from the neurologist's standpoint, and my results, I think, have justified the expenditure of some little time on the matter, as well as furnished, perhaps,



The Variations in Human Stature.

The giant Winckelmeyr, measuring 8 ft. 6 in., at the left; a new-born child to the right.

some conclusions of interest to the general reader.

Let me return for a moment to my own giant, who was certainly an extraordinary specimen of humanity. His advertised height was seven feet six inches, and his weight three hundred and fifty pounds. Purveyors of freaks, however, consider it legitimate by taking thought to add a little to the stature, in order to complete the alluring phraseology of their announcements. As a matter of fact, his height was a little short of seven feet, while his weight was certainly over three hundred pounds; his jaws and the bones of his forehead were greatly projected, giving to his face an elongated and gruesome appearance. His hands and feet were also very large, but the growth, as in the disease acromegaly, was more in circumference than in length. The character of this growth is very well shown in the picture of the giant's hand, as compared with that of an average man [p. 181]. His chest was also of astonishing dimensions, measuring fully fifty inches without distention. When it is remembered that the average man measures only about thirty-four inches about the chest, and that powerful athletes rarely get a chest measurement above forty-two or forty-three inches, this enlargement can be appreciated. I learned that in life he was quiet in manner, apathetic, not over-intelligent, and very good-natured, seeming little interested, however, in his surroundings. The brain was only of average size, weighing fifty ounces, the ordinary brain weighing forty-eight. It showed some peculiarities of structure which I have described in detail in a technical journal, and they need not be dwelt upon here.

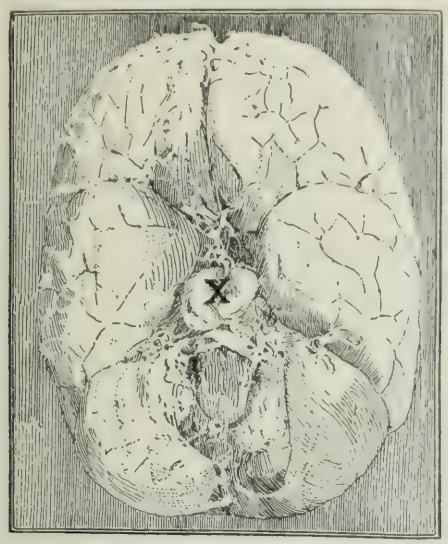


Old cut used in advertising the Irish Giant, Cornelius McGrath, date 1737 A.D.

The disease acromegaly is a very rare one. It was described first by a French physician, Marie, about eight years ago, and since then less than one hundred cases have been observed. In all those cases in which death occurred and an autopsy was made, the enlargement of the pituitary gland was found. No other change so striking or unique was discovered, hence the inference that this enlargement had something to do with the disease, was made. Further investigations have shown that this modest organ, to which, heretofore, little attention had been paid, has a most curious zoological history, and apparently exercises a very profound influence upon the nutrition of the body. In several cases in which the gland was diseased it was observed that the patients wasted away; that the temperature of their bodies fell, and that they showed other and progressive disturbances in nutrition. Experiments upon animals still further proved that its injury or destruction led to emaciation, disturbance in breathing, and various evidences of impaired bodily health, ending finally in death.

The pituitary gland has thus, by reason of these various discoveries, been raised to the rank of an important organ of the body, and one might now claim, with much more justice, that it, rather than the pineal gland, is the seat of the soul. I may, therefore, before going further in my giant story,

say a word about it. It is, in healthy persons, a small round substance, about as large as a pea, placed at the base of the brain, just back of the nerves of



Brain of a Giant showing at X the Pituitary Gland.

the eye as they cross in order to pass out of the skull into the orbits. It is securely protected in a little depression in the skull, just above the roof of the throat (pharynx). This part of the throat is often diseased in children, and when such trouble occurs to a large extent, the health of the child is much affected. Whether the close proximity of the pituitary gland has something to do with this, is a subject of legitimate speculation.

Nowadays, in determining the size of some special part of the body, we often gain a great deal of light by following back the history of it throughout the animal series, and it is through anatomical studies of this kind that our ideas of the functions of this gland are best obtained. In the very lowest types of our vertebrate ancestors, there is an opening between the throat or the mouth-cavity and the brain-cavity, at the point where the pituitary gland lies. This opening leads into a passage which extends through the centre of the brain and spinal cord, and by means of it water and air are carried into the nerve-centres. The pituitary gland, in these lower animals, stands at this orifice and there exercises a two-fold duty. One part of the gland, consisting of nervous matter, acts as a sort of sense-organ and aids in selecting the right kind of watery nutriment. The other part, which is a glandular organ, discharges into the opening in the nervous system a fluid which has a material importance in nourishing the nerves. In other words, this pituitary gland, in the lower animals, acts as a kind of nostril for controlling and helping the nutrition of the nerve-centres. As the vertebrates develop and their structure becomes more complex, the necessity for the nervous part of the gland ceases, and the orifice between the mouth and brain becomes closed up. The glandular part proper, however, which furnishes some material that has an important use to the proper growth and action of the nerve-tissues, remains, and throughout the whole of the vertebrate series, up to man himself, it has not materially changed in proportionate size, though undoubtedly its relative importance has become very much less. The pituitary gland, therefore, we believe to be still an organ which separates from the blood some substance that has an important use in the economy. When destroyed, the body wastes and growth stops; when enlarged and over-active, excessive growth occurs.

The first confirmation that giantism was a nervous disorder and not a freak, came through an elaborate anatomical study of the skeleton of one Cornelius McGrath, an Irish giant, made famous by the attentions originally bestowed upon him by Bishop Berkeley. This benevolent prelate is reported to have taken Cornelius, who was an orphan boy, fed him on some giant-making



The Hand of a Giant (with Acromegaly) and that of a Man of Average Size.

food with such success, that by the time he was sixteen years old he measured seven feet ten inches in height. Just as the good bishop had got him fairly started, however, as an example of ripe nutrition, Cornelius died. His skeleton, which was preserved in the Trinity College Museum, at Dublin, shows an enormous cavity at the base of the skull, in the place ordinarily occupied by the pituitary gland. The measurements of the bones also show all the characteristics of a case of acromegaly. Professor Cunningham, who has made an anatomical study of the skeleton, pronounces McGrath to be an illustration of this disease.

In one of the museums of this city I found an American giant seven feet four inches high, who amiably consented to let me examine him. I discovered that, in addition to his admirably gigantic proportions, he had a most curious development of the bones of one side of his face and head, so that he had, besides some of the general signs of acromegaly, a real manifestation of it on one-half of one extremity. He was five-sixths giant and one-sixth acromegaly, at least.



A Minnesota Giant with Partial Acromegaly.

Several other cases of acromegaly in giants have since been reported, but not to weary my readers, I will add that I have procured photographs of nearly all the living giants now on exhibition, together with some illustrations in the works of Ranke and others, and a study of their features shows that about one-half of them are evidently cases of that disease. For the rest, many seem to have normal proportions, yet it is quite possible that eventually the genuine symptoms of the neurosis will supervene, or have already done so.

It might perhaps be inferred that, if the enlargement of the pituitary gland makes people giants, we could artificially increase the stature by feeding persons of stunted growth upon the extract of the gland. This, however, does not, by any means, follow. It is probable that the gland exercises its influence through some modification of the activities of its living cells, or by abstracting and destroying some constituent of the blood, and not simply by pouring its product in unusual amount into the system. Hence, feeding one with the actual gland-substance would be quite ineffective. Still, we know that it is possible, by certain kinds of gland-feeding, to increase the stature of dwarfed persons very rapidly. There is, for example, a gland called the "thyroid body," lying in the neck, the juice of which, when fed to certain kinds of dwarfs (cretins) causes them rapidly to grow. Experiments in feeding animals and men with the pituitary body are, however, now in progress.

Aside from the special interest which I take in the relation of giantism to nervous disorder, there are many curious facts about giants as a class that are worth notice. There are hardly any truthful records of the giants of the past, though literature is full of wondrous tales about them. A French academician, M. Henrion, once estimated the height of Adam to be one hundred and twenty-three feet, and that of Eve, one hundred and eighteen, proportions that must have appeared most formidable to the serpent, and made the proposition for apples seem a somewhat trivial thing. The same authority brings Abraham down to twenty-eight feet, and makes Mo-

ses only thirteen. Goliath's recorded height is, however, only nine feet nine inches, which is within the bounds of possibility.

Pliny speaks of seeing a giantess ten feet two inches in height, and a skeleton seventy feet long. There are weird stories of the Emperor Maximilian, who was reputed to be nine feet high and to have eaten forty pounds of meat a day. He was surely Rabelais's model for Gargantua. In the fifteenth century there are records of giant skeletons eighteen and thirty feet long. Evelyn speaks of seeing a giantess ten feet six inches tall, but nine feet or thereabouts seems to have been the favorite size for mediæval giants. As one gets nearer the nineteenth century, the height of the big men gets gradually lower. There are still some stories of nine-feet monsters, but no authentic record is given of a human being reaching that height. The heights of the giant only become authentic in the eighteenth century. At that time he developed commercial value as a freak, and as an appendage to persons of smaller dimensions but greater social importance. Descriptions become more numerous in literature and figures more trustworthy. An obliging and candid dealer in freaks has suggested to me that, if one takes from three to five inches from the advertised height of a professional giant, he can reach a fair conclusion as to the facts in the case. Applying this rule, I find that in historic times, giants have averaged from six feet ten inches to eight feet six inches, and the weight from three hundred to four hundred and eighty pounds.



Chang and the Midget.

Through the help of Mr. Edward C. Dana, who has most industriously searched the literature of this subject, I have been able to collect the history of all the giants who have gone on record as public characters since 1700 A.D., and I find that the total does not much exceed one hundred. About twenty of these have been advertised as over eight feet high.



If one confines himself entirely to the giants that have been accurately measured and described by scientists of acknowledged repute (Topinard, Ranke, Virchow, Langer), the list becomes very small. Professor Cunningham collects only twelve, but to this list I can add several more. Four of these measured over eight feet, and the tallest was eight feet four and a quarter inches. The largest woman that ever lived is beyond doubt Marianne Wehde, who was born in Germany during the present century. According to Ranke ("Der Mensch"), at the age of sixteen and a half, she measured eight feet

four and a quarter inches. The tallest men who have ever lived were an Austrian, measured by Topinard, and said to be eight feet four and a half inches, and Winckelmeyr, measured by Doubes, and said to be eight feet six inches. Buffon refers to a Swedish giant of the same height. The number of authentic eight-footers does not exceed four.

The giant Chang, of pleasant memory to those who visited the shows of Barnum, was massive as well as truly gigantic, but his height was only eight feet, and Ranke makes it less.

At the opposite extreme is the dwarf Borulowsky, who was two feet four inches high.

Nearly every race has contributed to giantism, but the English has furnished far the larger proportion, partly, perhaps, because the English have always been fond of seeing giants and paying for the privilege, thereby drawing the merit of physical bigness, which has always been modest, out of its undeserved obscurity. Next to the English, the Irish have supplied the largest number, but the Irish giant is rarely grown nowaday, since that stock has been drawn upon so heavily by America. Germany and the United States have supplied, each, eight or nine men who have won publicity and fame by their exuberant physique. It seems to be the Central and Western States that supply the American giants, and our war records show that in these regions, together with Maine and Vermont, the average stature is the highest. There have been French and Italian, Negro and Arab giants, but the number is few, and it is evident that the temperate zones and the large races supply the most cases of gigantism. It is a curious fact that since biblical days there have been no giants among the Jews.

St. Hilaire thought that giants were more frequent in the southern hemisphere, but my records do not show this, and the stories of Patagonian giants have not been confirmed.

There are a good many giantesses, but the giants outnumber them many times, nor has the giantess ever, except in one instance, reached such proportions as the male. Ethnologists tell us that in small races the female equals the male, but in large races the male shoots ahead.

Students should explain to us why it is that all the giants of our nursery times were strong, bold, cruel, and voracious, creating terror and devastation in their neighborhood among sheep and bad little boys. As a matter of fact, the giant is physically weak, personally amiable, and not over-intelligent. We say this with due respect to all, and with the admission that there are exceptions to the rule. It is true that in his early years, while getting his growth, the giant sometimes performs



A Russian Giantess.

feats of prodigious strength, but the matured giant is inactive, often feeble, and never evil-minded. A man may be big or bad, but he is never both. Perhaps the cultivation of giantism might promote higher ethical standards, and in so far increase the social efficiency of the race.

The giant, I am sure, dies young. One never sees an old giant, and rarely a middle-aged one. In all my records there is but one old giant, and he is only six feet ten, while giantism can hardly be said to begin in the male short of seven feet. These facts are quite in accordance with my theory, that extraordinary size is a disease, a neurosis of nutrition, rather than a chance disturbance of development.

Giants marry and even have children, but these children do not become giants, for their giantism is an incident, like a fever, and can no more be transmitted than the measles. This would not be the case if giants were born with the giant tendency. Then giantism would run through families like six fingers, cleft-palates, strabismus, or club-foot. There will never be a race of giants; nor is it desirable. The most efficient work can be got from a medium-sized human machine, as physics and physiology show. Well-fed races, living in good climatic conditions, tend to become a little larger as the generations pass by, but this increase is slight and has, in most races, ceased to exist.



An American Giant.

Prehistoric man was slightly smaller than the average man of to-day, but not very much. There were no prehistoric giants. The human brain is perhaps a little larger and is certainly more efficient, but the bodily stature is much the same as in the days when men lived in caves and clubbed the bear. (T. Wilson.)

It follows from my view of the case that giantism is not a desirable thing, and may be considered even unsanitary and a legitimate object of attack on the part of students of preventive medicine. They should discourage giants and try to find a way of stopping the terrific impetus to nutrition which the boy of thirteen to sixteen experiences when giantism sets in. Very likely this can be done, but a study of the matter would take me into technical fields, whither I am requested not to go.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—GUSTAV KRUELL



TO GUSTAV KRUELL, a German by birth, but an American in all that pertains to the growth of his art, the American school of wood-engraving owes to-day much of its distinction.

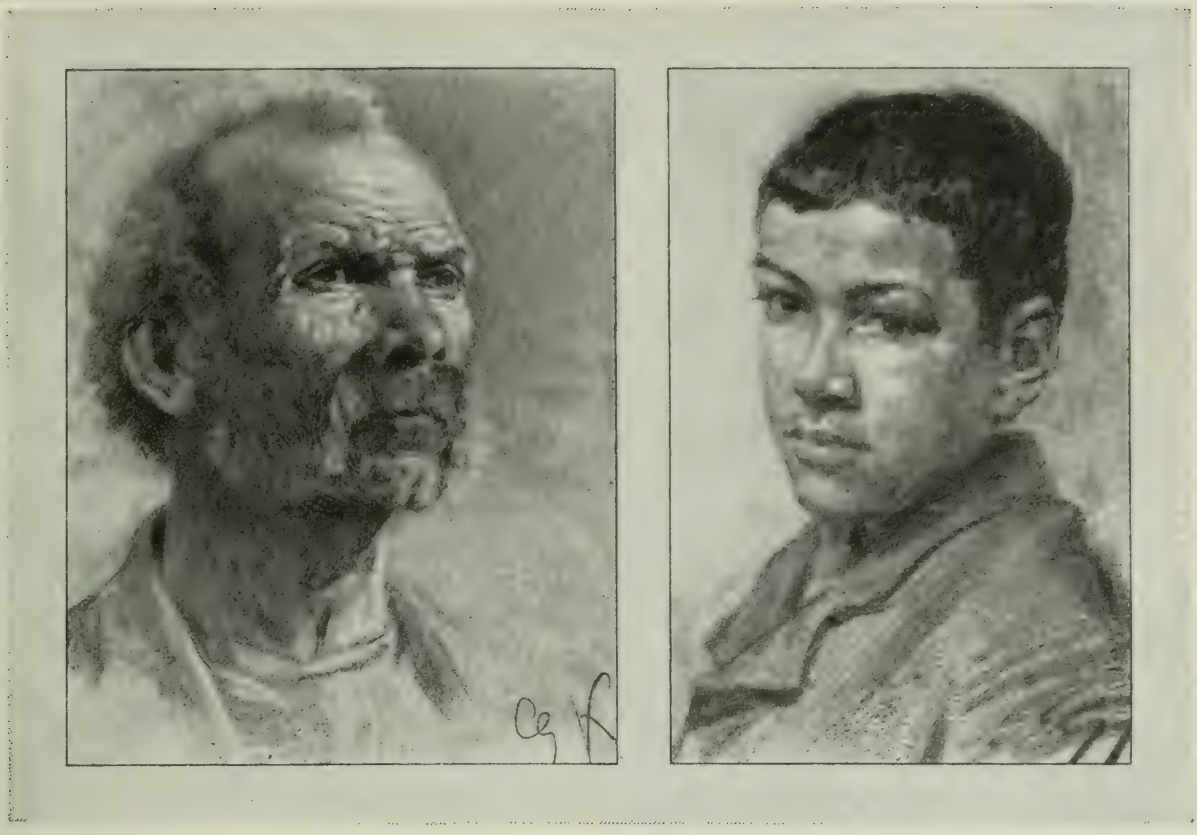
Mr. Kruell was born in Dusseldorf, Germany, fifty-one years ago. After serving an apprenticeship to a die-sinker and general engraver he went to Leipsic, and later established himself as an engraver in Stuttgart. In 1873 he came to America, where his skill at once found employment with some of the leading illustrated periodicals. In 1881 he organized, with his friend Frederick Juengling, one of the most distinguished engravers America has known, the Society of American Wood-Engravers.

In Germany, in the time of his youth, the art that he represented was dull and lifeless and its followers mostly facsimilists. His first real sense of what might be accomplished in the wood came through a study of W. J. Linton's masterly blocks. In them he saw and felt the freedom, the impulses of the artist; they were, as he expresses it, "alive."

*** Three of the illustrations are typical bits of engraving from blocks by Gustav Kruell.

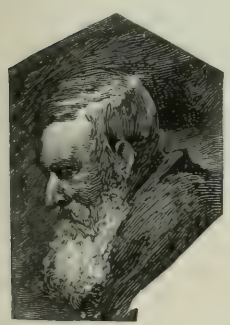
In Linton's use of the graver Kruell found the inspiration he had been striving for. It allowed him some of the freedom of the painter; he felt that he could now express himself in the wood almost as the painter does with the brush. He has always avoided so-called new methods and novel effects in technique for the sake of temporary and eccentric notoriety, well knowing that such things usually indicate the want of appreciation and thorough command of legitimate means. Honesty of intention and vigorous, uncompromising devotion to the best in his art are the dominating notes in Kruell's character and work. Feeling his subject with a rare power of concentration, he believes that a sympathetic rendering of his original is the result to strive for. To give full expression to his work he says the engraver must be first of all an artist in temperament. No amount of technique unallied with the subtle quality that lies deeper than the line, that guides and fills it with the quality we call "artistic," can ever completely satisfy us. Command of the manual niceties of his art, delicacy and sureness in the handling of the graver, has become a minor consideration with him. His hand, thoroughly trained, instinctively responds to the governing ideas back of it. An intense feeling for the result and perhaps a certain impatience at the necessary slowness of the medium in which he works account, no doubt, for the extremely varied quality of his line.

This very diversity, however, this freedom from the bondage of any formal method, enables him to absorb himself in the personality of his subject, and to feel its living influence in his work. In the result no detail is lost, textures are carefully discriminated, peculiarities of attitude, of expression, of dress, are given with fidelity and appreciation of their relative value. To get "inside" is always Kruell's purpose. He is perhaps most successful in reproducing portraits from his own drawings and in combining the best qualities of several



Charcoal Studies from the Life by Kruell.

photographs of the same person. Such work he claims to be within the province of the true artist. The modelling, the quality of line, the technical handling, are his own. There is no intermediary personality to qualify and hamper his treatment; he must invent for himself the best way to interpret the character and peculiarities of his subject. His most notable achievements have been with faces that possess strong and positive individuality. His portrait of Lincoln, made after the photograph used by St. Gaudens in modelling his famous statue in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and a life-mask by Leonard W. Volk, taken about the time of Lincoln's first election as President, is by many thought the finest of all the portraits of the great Emancipator. Both the features and sentiment of the rugged face are finely given. While working on this portrait Kruell says he was completely mastered by the profound undercurrent of melancholy that lay at the bottom of Lincoln's character, and he could not get away from its impression. It kept beating in upon his mind "like some deep dominant tone in a great orchestra."



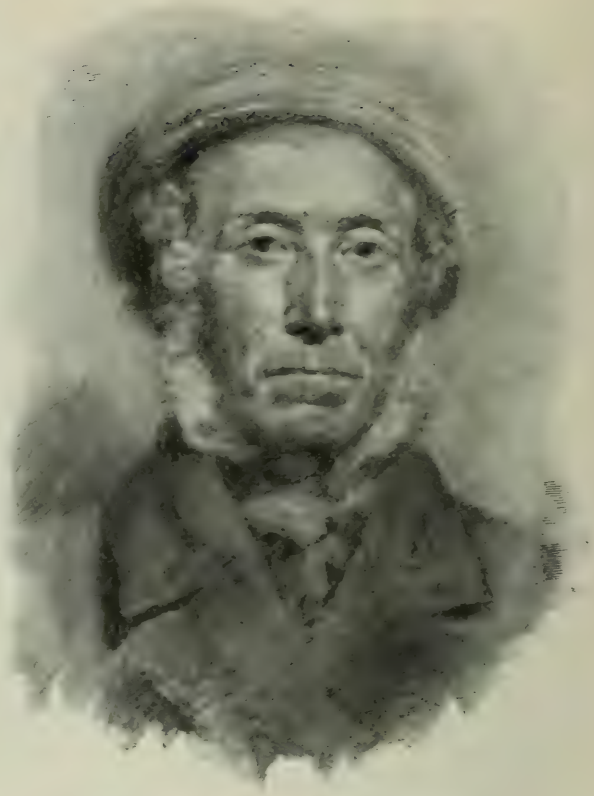
The first of Kruell's contributions to the series of large portraits, of which the Lincoln is one of the most distinguished, were exhibited in 1890. These included two of Darwin, one showing him in middle life, the other at seventy-two, William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips. All are marked with the highest qualities of portraiture. In the Garrison there is a freedom and breadth admirably adapted to the vigorous personality of the man; in the Phillips more reserve, greater softness and tenderness, in accord with the elegance and refined sensibilities of the great orator.

In 1891, the same year the Lincoln was engraved, appeared the portraits of Webster and Lowell. The first, showing the great statesman late in life, gives a powerful impression of the seriousness and dignity that were such marked qualities of Webster's face in repose. The Lowell is admirable for its refined and delicate modelling, and has been accepted by the poet's family and intimate friends as the best portrait of



him in his later years. In 1892 General Grant was added to this series, and a year later the face of another great soldier, Sherman, attracted Kruell by its strong lines and expression of nervous strength. But these are only a few among the many portraits that have brought distinction to Kruell and given him such a high place among modern engravers.

Much of his finest work has appeared in the pages of this Magazine. The beautiful portrait of Thackeray, after the crayon by Samuel Laurence, that appeared in the first volume as a frontispiece to the notable series of Thackeray Letters, will be readily recalled as presenting, with rare felicity, the tenderness and large humanity that so endeared the great humorist to those who understood him. A portrait after a photograph made in London in 1888, which accompanied an article by Dr. van Dyke on "Tennyson's First Flight," shows the poet seated in a chair, his hand resting on a book in his lap, and on his head a broad-brimmed hat. The face in every detail is drawn with firmness and a feeling for the meaning of every line. The portrait of George Frederick Watts, R.A., that appeared in the Christmas number of the Magazine [1894], is a superb exhibition of Kruell's work in his most masterly manner. It is notable for a fine appreciation and blending of both the vigor and refinement that characterize the face of the original. The frontispiece portrait of James Anthony Froude in this number is notable for its fine power of expression, combined with the subtle and sympathetic feeling for character that is such a distinguishing quality in all of Kruell's work, and makes his art one especially adapted to portraiture.



Charcoal Study from the Life by Kruell.



A MORAL OBLIQUITY

By Francis Lynde

IN a certain generic sense, John Devon was a type of his class. In affairs of a strictly pecuniary nature, he was scrupulously honest; and yet he used the time and material of his employers for his own purposes quite as freely as did any of his shopmates in the Poconoke Iron Works, and thought it no wrong. He would make an exact return of the time used upon a remote outside job, but if given piece-work in the shop, he was quite conscienceless about slighting it, if the rough work could be hidden from the eye of the foreman, and if time could be saved at the expense of excellence. In common with other wage-workers, he held an innate animosity toward all things remotely definable by the word monopoly, including within the proscription corporations, capitalists, and employers.

With these generalities, however, the parallel stopped abruptly. There was no better mechanic in Poconoke than John Devon, and his skill was the envy of his fellow-workmen. His accomplishments were such that he might be said to occupy the middle ground which lies between the artist and the artisan; he possessed the delicate touch of the musician with the jeweler's intuitive sense of microscopic dimensions; intricate and unfamiliar mechanisms were open books to him, and without being able to define logic, he could reason infallibly from induction if the subject were mechanical. When the wheel-shaft in the New Hampshire Mills twisted off, it was Devon who fitted a new one, gauging the size of the gigantic and inextricable pulleys with a bit of wire whose length was the diameter required. When the new rock-drill in the granite quarry was disabled by a blast, it was the same incomparable artisan who scouted the idea of sending it to Boston, and who, after working the better part of a night on the broken machine, turned it out in the morning as good as new. When the huge engine in the Nagotuck Mills burst its cylinder head, and the seven hundred looms of the great cotton factory were to be stopped indefinitely, until a new one could be procured from the manufacturers, it was Devon's idea to use the fractured plate for a pattern, and it was he who started the engine again on the third day after the accident.

"Devon's a fine mechanic," said the gratified superintendent of the Nagotuck to John's foreman, when the great wheels of the mills began to revolve again.

"He's a rare good one; if he could only handle men as well as he does tools, he needn't to work at the bench another day."

"No, I suppose not; but you don't often find such fine mechanical skill and any great amount of executive ability in the same man. Have you had Devon long?"

"He was in the shop when I came, an' that was three years ago, come November."

"He's married, I suppose."

"Yes, he's got a nice little woman, she that was Annie Parker, an' I believe there's two or three babies."

"Steady?"

"Steady's a clock, never loses a day, don't drink, hain't any bad habits

as I knows of, an' saves his money. He's got a little place out on Spring Street about half paid for."

"It's a pity there are not more like him," said the superintendent, as Devon began to gather up his tools.

"There is a few, but they're scarcer 'n hen's teeth—oh, John"—hailing the workman as he was leaving the engine-room—"did the boss tell ye about goin' up to Sawyer's place?"

"No; what does he want?"

"I dunno — somethin' about his safe, I believe. Ye can go up there in the mornin' an' see."

Nine o'clock the following morning found the artisan at the kitchen door of a house in High Street. The servant admitted him and led him to a room opening off the front hall. "Go in there an' wait," she said, ungraciously; "Mr. Sawyer 'll come down when he gets good an' ready."

Left to himself, Devon began a slow tour of the room with his hands in his pockets. It was the library, and two of the walls were covered with books. He walked along the cases and ran his eye over the titles: "Humph!" he said, "he's got a raft o' books, but I don't believe there's a 'Nystrom's Mechanics' in the whole lot." The end of the bookcases brought him to the mantel, and he examined the bric-a-brac curiously; a vase of delicate china appealed to his love for fine workmanship: "The man that made that knowed his business; he'd 'nough more patience than I've got, and that's sayin' a good deal." After the mantel there was a window, and he stood looking out into the quiet street. He was standing there when the master of the house entered: "You are John Devon, from the Iron Works, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"They tell me you understand locks; can you change the combination on my safe?"

"I guess so."

"Can you keep your own counsel about it?"

"I'll do better than that—I'll set the tumblers, an' you can take the figures yourself; then you'll be sure that nobody else knows it."

"That will be better—here is the door," pushing aside a panel in the wainscoting, and exposing the front of a large safe built into the wall.

When the change was made, and Devon was screwing on the back plate of the lock, he noticed a bag of coin among the contents of the safe. "Shouldn't think you'd trust this box with much that you could keep in the bank," he said.

"Why not? It's a good safe, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, I s'pose it's as good as any, but it ain't much of a trick to break it open; then, again, your house sets back from a quiet street, an' your neighbors ain't none too close."

Sawyer wrote the figures of the combination on a piece of paper, regarding them thoughtfully for a moment: "What you say is quite true, but a burglar would first have to get into the house."

Devon smiled derisively. "Look here," he said, going to the window, "you think that's a safe fastenin' 'cause when it's turned crossways you can't raise the lower sash nor pull down the upper one—now here's what it amounts to"—he picked up a thin metal paper-knife and slid the blade between the sashes, pushing the fastener aside—"a man could do that just as easy with a piece o' tin from the outside, an' that's only one out of a dozen ways he could get in."

"I suppose you are right about that, too." Sawyer leaned back in his chair and tore the bit of paper into tiny fragments. "Let us say that our burglar is safely inside, there would be two more obstacles: the strength of the safe, and the fact that it projects into my room, and I am a light sleeper. It could scarcely be broken open without awakening me."

"Maybe it couldn't, an' then again, maybe it could; anyway, a man that'd rob you wouldn't be beyond tappin' you on the head with his jimmie for the sake o' peace and quietness."

Sawyer smiled: "You seem to think I shouldn't prove much of a hinderance, and perhaps you are right again, but the Dartmouth men would have mobbed you for the insinuation on the day that I won in the singles."

Devon's contempt for mere strength was as profound as his respect for cunning. "Your winnin' a boat-race wouldn't make your head any harder to crack with a bit o' steel; an' about the safe—I'll guarantee to get into it while your back's turned five minutes, an' you shan't hear a sound. You can write this down for a fact—no man ever made a box that another man can't bu'st open."

Sawyer looked incredulous, and Devon read the doubt in his face; it was almost like a challenge. "Look here," he said, "are you sure that safe's locked?"

Sawyer reached over, twirled the knob of the combination and tried the handles: "You see for yourself."

"All right; now, you're just as sure that I don't know the figures, ain't you?"

"I am."

"All right, again; now just turn 'round an' give me five minutes by the watch."

Sawyer took out his watch and turned away from the safe; he listened intently, but heard nothing. When the five minutes had elapsed, the safe door stood open, and Devon was grinning triumphantly: "That's how much them jim-crack locks amount to," he said, contemptuously.

There was more concern than surprise in Sawyer's manner when he saw the proof of the artisan's skill. "I should like to know how you did it," he said, gravely.

"It's no trick at all with that make o' lock. You saw them notches in the edges o' the tumblers—well, when they're all in line in the right place, the catch that draws the bolt falls into 'em. I puts my ear 'gainst the door, an' I can tell when the tumblers come up into place. You can't do it with all of 'em, but they can all be opened, some way or other."

"Do you mean to say that such a slight difference in sound can be distinguished?"

"I guess that open door proves it, don't it? 'Tain't so all-fired hard, when you know what to listen for."

The master of the house paced the room for a few moments without replying; then he laid his hand on Devon's shoulder: "It's a dangerous gift," he said; "if I were you, I shouldn't make use of it, even in honest ways; it might easily get you into trouble."

"I can't see why it should."

"But it might; some evil-disposed person might hint that you acquired your skill in unlawful ways—in plain words, that you had been a burglar before you became a mechanic."

"I'd like to catch anybody hintin' such a thing," replied Devon, glowering; "I pay my bills, an' everybody knows I do."

"No, everybody doesn't know; on the contrary, if you ever have to prove your honesty you will be surprised to learn how few people really know anything about you."

Ralph Sawyer had been an active man of business with a strong bent toward a very different kind of life—a life of thoughtfulness among books, and of usefulness, in the broader sense, among men. In his case, the unusual had happened, and he was sufficiently successful by the time he had reached middle life, to be able to retreat to the semi-passive ranks of those after whose names the directory compilers write "capitalist." As a director in two of the Poconoke mill companies, his philanthropy became the buffer between oppressive capital and aggressive labor; as the president of the Poconoke bank it found a mission in counterbalancing the popular prejudice against Jarvis Gascott, the cashier, whose misfortune it was that most people disliked him without knowing exactly why.

A few mornings after Devon's errand, this irreproachable man of business, whom nobody liked, was an early caller at the house in High Street.

"Is Mr. Sawyer down yet?" he asked of the servant who answered the door-bell.

"No, he's at breakfast."

"Ask him to come down, please—tell him it's very important."

Sawyer entered the library a moment later and found his man pacing the floor in a manner quite foreign to his usual habit of nerveless placidity.

"Good-morning, Gascott; anything wrong at the bank?"

"No — o, nothing wrong, that is — everything's safe, but I came to ask if you have the combination for the outer door of the vault."

"I haven't it—I have never known it. What's the matter?"

"It's entirely inexcusable—quite so —but Sanborn's been opening it, and I'm ashamed to say that I've completely forgotten the combination—through disuse, you know."

"Where's Sanborn?"

"He went home ill yesterday, and this morning he is delirious; I have been to see him and he did not know me."

Sawyer looked at his watch. "You received the money for the New England pay-rolls, yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then there's only one thing to do —telephone the Iron Works to send men to cut into the vault. You can arrange the desks so as to screen the workmen, and open the doors at nine, as usual; I'll see that you have money enough to keep you going—it won't do to have a senseless run if we can avoid it."

As Gascott stepped to the telephone, Sawyer stopped him:

"Tell them to send John Devon," he said.

Devon was waiting at the bank when the cashier arrived. Gascott admitted him and showed him the door of the vault with the curt order: "You're to cut it open."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Devon, with his hand on the knob of the combination-dial.

"Nothing, only the combination's lost; you'll have to break into it, and time's precious; do you understand?"

Devon nodded and stood idly turning the dial while Gascott helped the clerks to make a screen of the furniture. He saw that the lock was like that in Sawyer's safe, and was sure it could be opened in the same manner. In the moment of hesitation, the craftsman's pride had time to overset the arguments of prudence and the temptation to make the job costly by taking the order literally; in the bustle of rearrangement no one noticed the workman until the clang of the rebounding bolts announced his success.

"By Jove! How did you do that?" Gratitude and astonishment both found voice in the cashier's excited question.

"Oh, it's just a little trick o' mine," replied Devon, with ill-concealed pride. "Was there anything else you was wantin' done?"

The cashier said no, and Devon left the bank, thinking that was the end of the matter. Unfortunately, it was but the beginning. Gascott's gratitude fell by easy degrees into suspicion; by what jugglery had the mechanic learned the combination? or, not knowing it, how did he open the door? It was a mystery, at best, and mysteries in business matters are not to be tolerated any more than those who produce them; upon this point the cashier's mind clarified quickly, and the result was a sentence of peaceable deportation passed upon Devon. Gascott kept his suspicions to himself, and later in the day paid a visit to the Iron Works. Finding Barclay, the superintendent, alone in his private office, he went to the heart of the matter at once.

"What do you know about this man Devon?" he asked.

"I know he is one of the best workmen we ever had."

"But what do you know of his record?"

"Before he came here, you mean? Nothing."

Gascott smiled cynically: "I think a detective would have some trouble in tracing it. Did he report the incident at the bank this morning?"

"No, what was it?"

"We had lost the combination to the vault and he was ordered to force the door; while my back was turned he managed to set the combination, and when I asked how it was done he refused to tell."

Barclay went to the door and called to the office-boy: "Tell Devon to step in here."

When the workman entered and saw Gascott, he scented trouble, and took refuge in a simulated stupidity which might easily be mistaken for guilt. "What was it about the bank vault, John?" asked the superintendent.

"There wa'n't nothin' about it," replied Devon, shifting uneasily from one

foot to the other, and studying the pattern of the carpet.

"How did you open it?"

"With the combination. I was just foolin' with the knob an' the catch dropped in. I guess somebody had set it, all but the last figure, maybe." It was a lie, and both his auditors knew it, but there was nothing further to be said.

When they were again alone, Barclay was the first to speak. "There may be something in what you say, after all; the man was confused, and he evidently lied. I'll look into it, and if I can't trace his record pretty clearly, I'll let him go."

The fruit of this remark was a desultory inquiry among the tradesmen who supplied the Devon household. "What do I know about John Devon? Why, he's a good customer—always pays his bills prompt enough. What? His record? Don't know the first thing in the world about it, n'r I don't know what he dooz with his money, 'cept, of course, that he pays me. No, sir, he might be the biggest rascal in th' caounty, an' I not know it." Thus the grocer, whose reply may stand for the entire result of the investigation.

Unexplained inquiry excites suspicion, and by the time Barclay had made his round Devon's credit was much impaired; the grocer had decided to insist upon weekly settlements, and the butcher had privately resolved to decrease his chances of loss by increasing the items of his account. In the mind of the superintendent, the reflex effect of his own questions combined with the faint praise in their answers to transform doubt into certainty; the upshot of the matter was that Devon was discharged a few days later, on the pretext of slack work and the necessity for retrenchment.

Poconoke was a manufacturing village, and the mechanic was idle but a few days before he found another place. He lost it again in two weeks without knowing why, and from that time the suspicion, now grown into a well-authenticated story, pursued him relentlessly, until his periods of idleness outnumbered his days of employment. Worse still, the day for the half-yearly payment on the house was approaching, and the small savings with which it was to have been met had long since disappeared into the hungry mouth of daily necessity. His credit had waned until it had become a negative quantity, and he had gone from shop to mill and from mill to foundry until there seemed to be no hope of getting further employment in the village. It was at this time, when his fortunes were at the lowest ebb, and he was beginning to feel the desperate attenuation of the partition which separates the most prosperous wage-worker from the outer void of destitution, that he met Tom Upton, a former shopmate in the Iron Works.

"Are you workin' now?" asked Upton, overtaking him on his way home after another day of fruitless search.

"No."

They walked along in silence for some moments before Upton began again, with the air of one who tries to make old comradeship bridge a sinister interval. "I sh'd most think you'd try some other place, John; 't ain't much use o' your stayin' here after what's happened."

"What is it that's happened?" asked Devon, absently.

"Sho, now, John, that ain't no way to treat an old shopmate. Course you know what everybody's talkin' about."

"I don't know nothin'."

"Well, I declare, John Devon, I didn't think you'd up an' deny it to me! You didn't know how they'd found out you'd been in the pen'tenchry out West for breakin' into a bank? Why, I'd a——"

"It's a damn lie!" Devon's face blazed for an instant and he quivered as if he had been struck; then he wheeled abruptly and left Upton standing agape.

That worthy stared after his retreating form: "That's what a feller gets for tryin' to be friendly," he grumbled. "Course he knowed all about it—his denyin' of it so nippy proves that;" and so to the story of Devon's disgrace there came to be added the confirmation of confession.

Devon's rage had time to pass from the molten to the incandescent, and from that to a black heat, before he

reached home. The cruel injustice of the story made him furious at first, but the keen edge of anger was soon dulled by the grinding of present necessity; the payment of seventy-five dollars on the house would be due in three days; there was no money for this or for the more urgent wants of the family, and there was no longer a hope that he could get work in Poconoke. Before he slept, he had resolved to make one more effort in the neighboring village of Kinnequis, and if that failed—there was a confused myriad of suggestions clamoring upon the heels of the alternative.

He carried out his intention the next day, and the afternoon found him weary and unsuccessful. No one needed a machinist; a large shop had suspended a few days before, and the place was full of idle men. His last application was made in the office of a large factory; he stood outside of the railing, waiting his turn, and he could scarcely help hearing the conversation between the visitor who had preceded him and the man at the desk.

"I thought you wouldn't mind putting it in your safe till to-morrow," the former was saying, handing a bulky envelope to the agent.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "How much did you say it was?"

"Just an even five hundred—thank you; I'll come around in the morning and get it."

When Devon had received the usual negative, he wandered into the repair-shop of the mill; coming directly from the office, no one molested him and he loitered about the place for a half-hour, looking at the racks and shelves of tools with apparent curiosity. Then he left the mill, and sauntered slowly up the road toward the village. There was a bit of grass by the wayside, sloping down under a great elm to the bank of the stream which furnished the power for the factory. He threw himself down on the sward and stared absently at the rushing water: "'Twouldn't be much of a job," he said, musingly, "an' then it could be done so that nobody'd ever know. It's stealin', of course, but what's the difference? 'Tain't any worse'n robbin' a man of his good name, an' that's what they've done to me. But then, there's Annie an' the young uns—well, what o' that? They'll never know nothin' about it."

He rose and walked rapidly on to the town, dropping into a saunter again when he saw the sign of a carriage shop. The door stood open, and inside a workman was varnishing a wagon. Devon lounged in and watched the man until he put down the can of varnish, and went around to the other side of the vehicle; he was gone but a moment, but it gave Devon time to drop a thin stream of the sticky liquid from the brush into a pocket match-safe, and when the painter returned, he was leaning against the bench again in the same attitude of idle curiosity, absently kneading a bit of black putty in his fingers. When he left the shop he wrapped the putty carefully in a scrap of paper.

The factory bells were ringing for six o'clock when he reached the boarding-house where he had dined. He ate his supper leisurely, and lounged about the place until the inn-keeper began to close up. "Ye wa'n't calc'latin' t' stay all night, was ye? 'cause if ye be, I c'd rig ye up a shake-down." The tone was hospitable, but Devon shook his head.

"No, I'm goin' to Poconoke. What time does the train go?"

"Jest five minutes short o' midnight."

"All right; guess I'll go down an' loaf at the depot till it comes."

At ten o'clock at night, there are few places fuller of silence and solitude than the yard of a cotton factory. The great brick hive has emptied itself of its workers; the rhythmic clack of shuttles and the soothing whirr of spindles have ceased; the long lines of shafting are motionless and the throbbing pulse of the engine is still; the rapid current of the murmuring water in the canal is checked and the swift rush of the waste from the tail-race has become a black and sullen pool.

The light of the electric lamp suspended from a mast near the gates of the Kinnequis Mill threw the front of the plain building out into sharp re-

lief. The night was dark and windy, and the shadows flitted and gyrated in a grotesque dance with the swaying of the lamp in the sudden gusts. Devon made the circuit of the entire inclosure before climbing the fence at the corner where the shadows were the blackest. When he was fairly inside, the thought that he was fully committed to the evil venture unnerved him a little; but a seared conscience is quickly disarmed, and the passing twinge left him cool and decided. The first necessity was to time the round of the watchman, and he crouched in the shadow until he saw the glimmer of a lantern passing the windows of the second story of the mill. This gave him the opportunity to get the needed tools from the repair shop in the basement, and having obtained them, he secreted himself in the shadows near the small office-building and waited.

The office was the last station on the watchman's round; he came across the yard, let himself in and recorded the time. Coming out again, he put his lantern down while he locked the door, and its light fell directly upon Devon's hiding-place; a cold sweat broke out upon the novice, and he held his breath until the danger was past and the man had gone. Then he tried the window nearest him and found it unfastened, but it grated harshly as he raised it. Once inside, he looked out toward the mill and saw that he had been too incautious; the watchman had heard the noise and stood irresolute. Measured by anxiety, Devon lived an age in the moment of suspense, and would have given much to have his feet set firmly in the ways of honesty again; but with the passing of the danger, the fear-kindled fire of repentance went out, and he went to work as one to whom time is precious.

However much the brute courage of the professional burglar was wanting in Devon, there was no lack of dexterity and mechanical cunning. For light he had only the dancing rays from the swaying electric lamp without; for tools, a small ratchet, a piece of strap-iron, and a slender wire, bent at the end like a curved finger-tip. Encircling the safe with the iron band to hold the ratchet up to its work, he drilled a small hole just above the combination dial; this done, he removed the strap, wound it into a small coil and dropped it into his pocket with the ratchet. Then he inserted the wire and began the delicate task of setting the combination by the sense of touch. Kneeling before the lock, he turned the dial slowly back and forth, while the wire, like the sensitive antennæ of an insect, followed the movement of the tumblers with unerring certainty: it was as if the mind of the man were projected into the piece of mechanism. When a faint click followed the third reversal of the dial, Devon stood up and drew his coat-sleeve across his brow. There was but the turning of a handle between him and the money, and yet he hesitated: he knew that he had reached the dividing line between a life of decency and one of shame. Up to this point the path leading to the evil deed was retraceable; beyond it, retreat would be difficult.

The sound of the bell striking eleven aroused him; in a few minutes the watchman would begin another round, and what remained must be done quickly. He swung the door open, half hoping, half fearing that the money would be in an inner steel cash-box; there was no such receptacle in the small safe, and the envelope lay in plain sight. He took it to the window and pried the flap open with the wire; the money was in a single package and he counted out a hundred dollars, replacing the remainder in the envelope. Another moment of irresolution came with the thought that he might take it all, but caution overcame cupidity; such a course would overset the plan by which he meant to escape suspicion. When the package was carefully resealed, he returned it to the safe, and shut and locked the door, filling with putty the small hole made by the drill, and touching up the surface with a drop of varnish by the light of a match.

"That's what I call a pretty slick job," he muttered, gathering up the handkerchief which had been spread on the floor to catch the chips. "There ain't been no robbery—it'll only be a question o' which one o' them fellers

can make t'other believe he's tellin' the truth."

He lighted a second match to assure himself that there were no telltale traces left, and blew it out suddenly at the sound of a footstep on the gravelled walk outside. He had a scant half-minute in which to crowd himself into a small recess between the safe and the wall, when the watchman entered.

The man saw the open window immediately: "Wonder if that's what I heard awhile ago," he said, closing the window and fastening it. "Seems as if I'd ought to seen it if it 'd been open all along — wonder if anybody's been snoopin' 'round here." He held up his lantern and peered into the corners. The interior of the room, with the single exception of the narrow niche beside the safe, could be seen at a glance, and a single look satisfied him; but Devon could not know this, and he had heard enough of the muttered monologue to make him sure that detection was inevitable. Up to that point he had been simply terrified, but with the certainty of apprehension and punishment, the chill of fear left him, and a new and strange emotion succeeded: he grew hot, and the tingling of his nerves was like the stinging of nettles. Of its own volition, his hand sought the pocket from which the handle of the ratchet protruded, and his fingers closed instinctively around the cold iron; he watched the shadows come and go as the man went from window to window, trying the fastenings, and he felt a twinge of savage disappointment when he finally heard the door close behind the retreating figure of the watchman.

It was, perhaps, a natural sequence: when once a man has put law and social order under his feet, one ill deed is much like another, and stress of circumstances is likely to be the arbiter which decides whether it shall be simple robbery or robbery with murder. The effect of the fit of bloodthirstiness on the artisan was first disquieting and then hardening. He came out of his hiding-place a stronger man and a worse. His caution in replacing the tools and in leaving the yard was not lessened; but the man who had entered the inclosure a novice, left it a criminal. The human ingot had both lost and gained in the devil's crucible—but the gain was of evil and the loss was of good.

On the second day after the incident at Kinnequis, Devon went to pay the instalment due upon his house. Old Deacon Gilman, who held the mortgage, kept the papers in his box at the bank, and they went thither together. While the small transaction was making, someone came in and asked for Mr. Sawyer, getting for reply the information that the president was in Boston. Devon heard both question and answer, and together they put an idea into his brain which turned with unwearying insistence upon the isolated house and the easily opened safe. A hundred ill-gotten dollars are as a handful of sand held loosely, and the fruits of the Kinnequis harvest had already shrunk to a few pieces of silver. Why should he not take advantage of the bank president's absence and help himself from the stores in the insecure safe? He might follow his former plan, taking only enough to raise a question of accuracy in the count, and so send suspicion farther afield. The very audacity of the thing made it measurably safe: Sawyer would hardly suspect the man who had warned him.

The idea crystallized, that afternoon, into a short steel crowbar, having a broad claw at one end. It was made in the small work-shop which was an extension of Devon's wood-shed, and where he had a bench and a diminutive forge. When the small lever was finished it was tested under a thick block screwed upon the bench; the tempered steel bore the strain, but the heavy screws were torn from their holdings. "I guess that key'll unlock any door I'm likely to run against," he said, answering his wife's call to supper.

"Have you found work yet, John?" she asked, when he was washing at the kitchen sink.

"Yes, I've got a curious sort of a job"—he avoided meeting her eyes by sluicing his face in the basin.

"What is it?"

The folds of the kitchen towel afforded a better screen for the remainder of the falsehood: "It's a model for a man

that won't even let me tell his name; says I've got to make it at night in the back shop, so't nobody won't steal his idea an' get a patent on it before he does."

The story was an excuse for an evening in the small shop, where Devon worked until midnight; but the model was a bunch of skeleton keys, the last one of which was completed as the town clock struck the hour.

"Twelve o'clock—I guess that's late enough," he said, dropping the keys into his pocket and hiding the small bar under his coat. "Now, if everything's quiet in the house, I'll be off."

He made a circuit of the cottage, assuring himself that its inmates were asleep, and then made his way by alleys and back streets to the house in High Street. He approached it from the rear and crept cautiously around to the library window, which the blue-black shadow of an intervening tree screened from the glare of the electric lamp in the street. Opening his knife, he pushed the blade up between the sashes and pressed it against the fastening; the catch resisted and he smiled grimly. "That's one time that I put a finger in my own pie," he muttered; "not that it makes any great difference — them screws can't be more'n five-eighths."

The thin edge of the crowbar was inserted under the lower sash and the pressure was applied in a series of gentle little jerks; the crack at the bottom widened noiselessly and finally the window went up an inch or two. Devon put his fingers under it and increased the aperture by imperceptible degrees until it would admit him. Making his way silently across the room, he went down upon his knees before the panel in the wainscoting and felt softly for the knob of the catch; when he grasped it, the air of the room vibrated with the sharp rattle of an electric bell, and before he could regain his feet he was twisting in the grasp of an athletic figure in pajamas. The surprise was complete and the mechanic was taken at a disadvantage, but he knew the consequences of defeat and fought desperately. In rising, he grasped the jimmie and tried to bring it down upon the head of his assailant, but the blow fell short and the bar went flying across the room before it could be repeated. After that the struggle was short and decisive; the artisan, strong enough in the muscles of his craft, was no match for the ex-college athlete, and after a few ineffectual efforts to break away, he fell heavily in the doorway between the library and the bedroom. Sawyer sat upon his prisoner while he loosened the cord from the portière and tied the man's hands; then he dragged him back into the library, sat him up against the wall, and lighted the gas. The softened radiance from the tinted globe illuminated a strange scene: the mechanic, yellow with fatigue and terror, sat braced against the wall, and before him stood the thinly clad householder.

Sawyer was not surprised when the light gave him the identity of his prisoner. "I thought as much," he said quietly. "I heard the story that cost you your place in the Iron Works, for the first time to-day, and I told my informant that he did you an injustice. It seems that I was mistaken."

Devon did not answer, and Sawyer went on: "Of course you're not obliged to criminate yourself, but I should like to know how long you have been at this kind of work."

He paced up and down before his captive, whose eyes followed his movements like those of a dog watching an angry master: "There ain't no call for you to believe what I say, but honest to God, this is only the second job o' this kind I ever was in."

"Where was the other?"

"Down at Kinnequis Mill, the other night."

Sawyer stopped abruptly. "Kinnequis? How much did you take?"

"I got a hundred dollars out o' the mill-office safe."

"So that's where that money went to!" Sawyer's voice hardened. "I suppose you're beyond caring for such things, but your theft has cost an honest man his place. Why did you do it?"

"'Cause people had lied about me till I couldn't get work nor credit—an' besides, I was owin' Deacon Gilman on the mortgage."

"So you verified the lie by turning burglar; well—how does it pay? You've gained a hundred dollars and the chance to work at your trade in the penitentiary for the next eight or ten years; and what's to become of your wife and children?"

Devon hung his head and Sawyer resumed his nervous walk up and down the room: he intended to be severe—it was the plainest duty; and yet—his own mention of the man's family softened his anger, and the magnanimity which follows close upon the heels of victory in the heart of a generous man, was already beginning to reach out toward the criminal. Doubtless the man deserved punishment—he was a criminal, a common robber, a dangerous man who had not hesitated at an attempt to murder when his liberty was in jeopardy; it was manifestly right that he should reap the harvest of his own sowing. But after all, it was the others who would have to eat the bitter fruit; and what a burden of grief for the wife, and what a load of obloquy for the innocent children! And the man himself—was he quite beyond reclaiming? Might not this be made the turning-point in his life?

Sawyer was a man of quick intuitions, and vindictiveness had no part in his character; he turned suddenly upon the humbled artisan. "John Devon, what would you do if I were to untie your hands and tell you to go?"

Devon did not look up; the mention of Annie and the children had touched him, and his voice was husky and almost inaudible. "I'd quit this business for one thing, an' then I'd get work or starve lookin' for it."

"And what else?"

"I'd sell my house an' pay back that hundred dollars; an' I'd straighten up things down to Kinnequis, if I had to turn State's evidence against myself to do it."

"I'm going to see if you mean what you say." Sawyer stooped and untied the cord.

The workman rose and rubbed his hands to dispel the numbness. "Thank ye," he stammered; and being immediately overwhelmed with a sense of the triteness of the phrase, added: "I guess you know what I mean."

"I don't; I know what I hope you mean—that you are going to turn back this disfigured leaf and begin over again. So far as you seem to deserve it, I'll help you. The hundred dollars you took was mine, and if you show a disposition to pay it back, you needn't sell your house; and it won't be necessary for you to go to Kinnequis—I'll take that off your hands too."

Devon tried to reply, but the words choked him and he began over again: "I guess you know how it is—an' then again, may be you don't, either. Men o' my kind—mechanics an' such—don't get much help from you folks as don't have to work for a livin', an' when it comes, it sort o' knocks a man in a heap. I ain't no great hand to palaver, an' never was, but what I want to say is that this here job you've laid out for me ain't a-goin' to be spoilt by no slop-work o' mine."

"I hope not, and you'd better make it thorough." Sawyer led the way through the darkened hall to the front door and stood with his hand on the lock. "The beginning of this night's work lies away back in your life when you took the first hour of time or the first piece of material from your employer. A man can't steal even by littles, and keep his sense of right and wrong unimpaired."

He opened the door and Devon went out. On the step he hesitated. "I s'pose I'll have to leave Poconoke—that fool story's done me up here."

"Don't do anything of the kind; fight it out and live it down right here where it began. I told you I'd help you—go around to the Iron Works in the morning after I've had time to see Barclay."

Devon choked again and half held out his hand; Sawyer grasped it heartily. "God help you, my man; good-night."

THE PASSING OF THE WHIGS

By Noah Brooks

IT is difficult to fix the precise time at which the party known as the Anti-Federalist was renamed the Democratic. When the title by which it was originally called became odious (the Federal Constitution having become fixed in the affections and confidence of the people), Jefferson gave the organization a new name. In a letter written to Washington in May, 1792, the father of the so-called Jeffersonian Democracy said: "The Republican party, who wish to preserve the government in its present form," etc. This is the first use of the name under which Jefferson's party was known, until the breaking out of the French Revolution of 1793; when, the ultra-French faction in the United States being absorbed into the Anti-Federalist or Republican party, the name of Democrat was adopted. The so-called Jacobins (who flourished exceedingly in Philadelphia), enthusiastically assumed the name of Democrat; it was a link that bound them to their friends in France; and the Federalists employed it as a term of reproach. But it was not until after Jefferson had quitted the stage of action that the distinctive title "Democratic," was given to the party of which he was the founder.

As for the political principles of the Democratic-Republican party, originally and authoritatively set forth, we must look for them in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, as well as in the writings of Jefferson himself. As yet, party platforms were not. Generally speaking, the Jeffersonian party was pledged to a strict construction of the Constitution. In the opinion of the leaders, State governments were the foundation of the American political system; the powers of a State are unlimited, except by State constitutions and the Federal Constitution; the Federal Government has no powers other than those granted to it by the Constitution, with the consent of the several States; and whenever there is a doubt as to the exact location of a power, it is to be presumed that said power resides in the State, not in the Federal Government. In other words, the Federal Government has no power to define the boundaries of its authority and functions; that right was reserved to the States. And the seed of secession was wrapped up in the assumption that the Federal Government might assume powers that had not been granted to it, and that in such a case its acts are to be opposed by the legislative, executive, and judicial authority of the States.

Particularly, and in addition to these fundamental principles, the Democratic-Republicans were opposed to a public debt, to large expenditures of the public money (and incidentally to internal improvements), to a navy, to any exercise of the governmental functions in any way related to private enterprises or interests, and to life-terms for the judiciary. They favored liberal naturalization laws, an elective judiciary, and direct taxes on the people. But no sooner were they in the possession of full power in the government, than the Democratic-Republicans made an abrupt change of front on many of the cardinal principles of their political faith. Although strict constructionists of the Constitution, when that instrument had been invoked for the guidance of the National Executive, they regarded with joyful complaisance President Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana territory, utterly unauthorized and arbitrary though it was; they calmly voted to re-charter the United States bank, although Jefferson had declared that the National Government had no power to grant such a charter; and, in addition to these and other flagrant invasions of State rights, they finally voted to in-

terdict and prohibit all the commerce of the several States on rivers, lakes, and the ocean, by the Embargo and Non-intercourse acts of 1800–12.

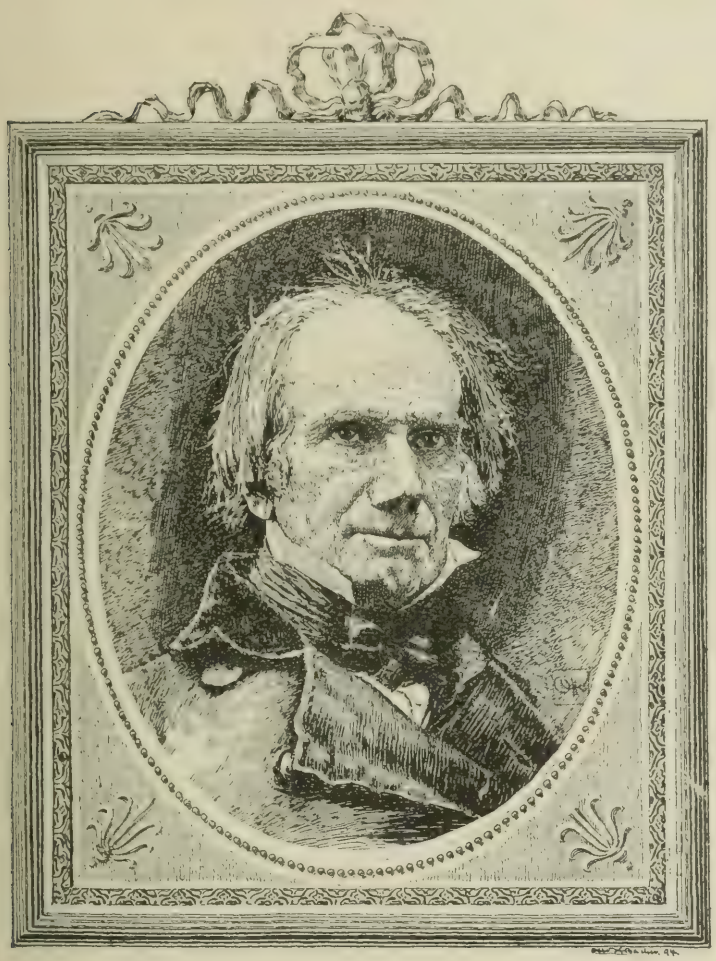
While the Federalist party remained to combat these acts by a feeble protest, this was done, although it must be said that the protestants were quite as inconsistent as their adversaries. They argued against the exercise of Federal powers which they had repeatedly invoked during the administrations of Washington and Adams; they denied now the constitutionality of acts which they had before insisted were not only necessary but constitutional. The fact is apparent that there was growing up in the triumphant and overwhelmingly victorious Republican party, a faction which was determined to commit the party to a policy of loose construction of the Constitution. It was found that the stricter construction was exceedingly awkward to the party in power, binding it as it did to certain methods that tied the dominant party, and hampered its functions when it got possession of the government. The peace-at-any-price policy of Jefferson and Madison crippled the nation while it was being hurried into war; and the suspension of American commerce not only angered the people of the Middle States, but eventually blighted with poverty the agricultural States, which were supposed to be indifferent to the effects of the Embargo. The neglect of the navy and the failure to provide means of defence, were the legitimate outcome of a strict construction of the Constitution. The Embargo, arbitrary and un-democratic as it was, was only one of many acts which proved how incompetent the dominant party was to carry on a war which was eventually concluded by a peace in which not one of the objects for which the war was begun was secured.

During the deceptive peacefulness which bears the title of "The Era of Good Feeling," when President Monroe was making a triumphal progress under the influence of which all the people were jubilantly embracing each other and singing, "Let party names no more," the loose constructionists of the Democratic-Republican organization were silently arraying themselves for their first campaign. Henry Clay, the Mill Boy of the Slashes, who was born in a Virginia log-house and who started in life as a clerk in a retail store in Richmond, had by the sheer force of his genius worked himself up to a commanding position in the front rank of Kentucky lawyers, had already served part of a term in the United States Senate (beginning it before he was of legal age to hold that office), and was now, in the first of his five terms of office as Speaker of the House of Representatives, the fore-ordained leader of the Loose Constructionists.



John C. Calhoun.
From a picture by King at the Corcoran Art Gallery.

This brilliant, dashing, and entirely self-possessed young man took a leading part in Congressional debates. He advocated internal improvements at the national expense, a protective tariff, and a war of reprisals that should carry American aggression into the British possessions in Canada. Exercising his functions as Speaker, he so constituted the standing committees of the House that the war party of young Republicans, of which he and John C. Calhoun were leaders, virtually controlled the legislation of that body. Later on, when Clay and his comrades had seen the inglorious end of a war into which they had hurried the irresolute Madison, they were partially consoled by the battle of New Orleans, which shed a fleeting lustre over the American arms in the closing scene. Clay, who had been one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Ghent, gladly said that Andrew Jackson's victory made it possible for the American envoys to go to London without humiliation of spirit. And, still a Republican, the gallant young Kentuckian entered the scrub race for the presidency in 1824. His competitors were John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, W. H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, and Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, with whom Clay was to have many a fierce bout before either laid down his arms. These were all Republicans, or Democratic-Republicans, if you please, and the contest for the presidency had now, in the absence of party competition, degenerated into a personal squabble; and the squabble became disgraceful when the wrathful Jackson, disappointed in winning the prize, subsequently denounced the "bribery and corruption" by which, as he averred, he had been cheated out of an election.



Henry Clay.
From a photograph by Rockwood of an old daguerreotype.

Clay and Adams favored a loose construction of the Constitution; Crawford and Jackson were strict constructionists; but Jackson favored a protective tariff, and Calhoun, who was an almost unopposed candidate for the vice-presidency, was a loose constructionist so far as internal improvements were concerned, but an ardent State Rights man and a strict constructionist where other matters were involved. Monroe had vetoed the Cumberland road bill, thereby still further unifying the loose constructionists and embarrassing the Republican party; and when Clay emerged from the scrub race for the presidency, fourth in the list of candidates and therefore ineligible as a candidate in the election—then thrown into the House—his final and irreparable alienation from the Jacksonian faction becoming formidable, actually began. The new parties were slowly taking shape.

Unfortunately for Clay, it had become a tradition that the office of Secretary of State was the training-post

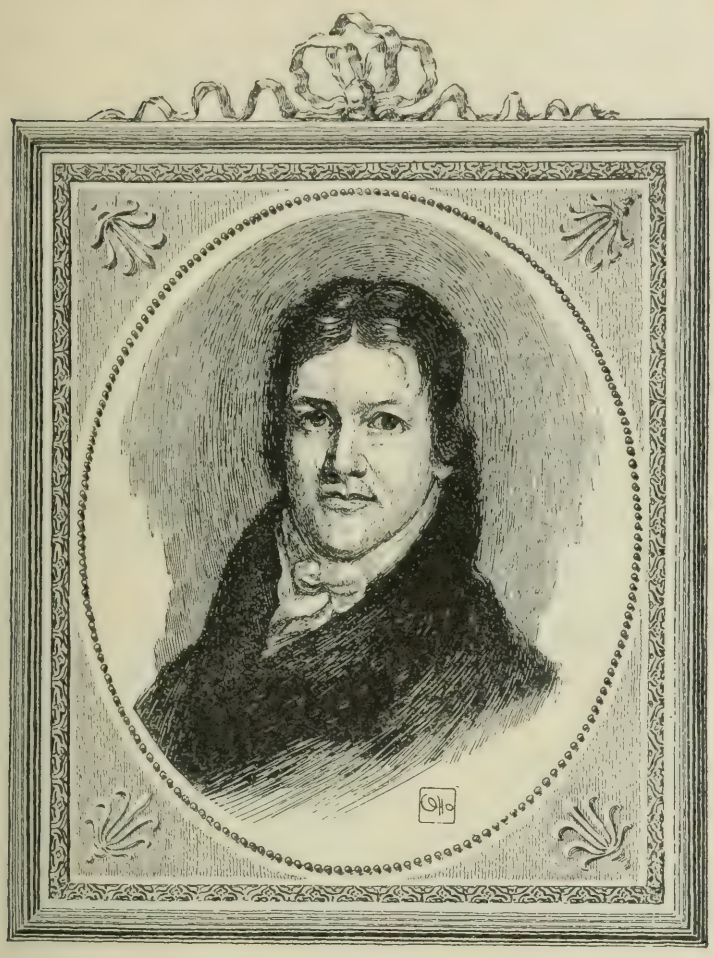
for the presidency. Every Secretary had been eventually translated to the Chair of State, except in instances where appointment had been made to tide over an emergency. Clay, as Speaker of the House, was a greater and more powerful man than Clay, Secretary of State, could possibly be. But, with the presidential bee still buzzing in his bonnet, he consented to take the State Department portfolio from Adams, whose election by the House he had so powerfully promoted; and he thereby invited the undying enmity of Andrew Jackson, and laid himself liable to the charge of making a corrupt bargain when he supported for the presidency John Quincy Adams, whose fitness for the place Clay had all along declared to be far greater than that of either Crawford or Jackson. Nobody seemed to consider that Clay, who was an advocate of a loose construction of the Constitution, would naturally favor the only loose constructionist kept in the field after his own relegation to the fourth and hopeless place on the list of eligibles.

Although Clay angrily denied all participation in any bargain for Adams's elevation to the presidency, and many eminent persons, Chief Justice Marshall, Justice Story, Daniel Webster, and Lewis Cass, had joined in giving what modern backbiters would call "a coat of whitewash" to Clay, the "bargain and corruption" allegation would not down. Jackson, who had at first been inclined to let the matter drop, was awakened to a sense of his wrongs by the fiery and acrimonious addresses with which he was greeted on his way to his Tennessee hermitage; and Clay, on his homeward way, too, was obliged to stop here and there and explain, deprecate, and argue. For many a long year this distressing business clung to his skirts, a persistent burr, irritating his sensitive nature and obstructing his political progress.

All these things created party factions; for we must bear in mind the fact that there was as yet but one party, the Democratic-Republican, of which every one of the leading statesmen of the Republic was a member in good standing. Adams, whose ill-advised invitation of Clay to a place at his council-board had given color to the charge in which both were implicated, still further estranged the friends of Jackson (and friends of other disappointed statesmen, perhaps), and now proceeded to alienate yet further from him the strict constructionists. Generally, he had inclined toward a policy which fairly represented his disposition to interpret loosely the Constitution when the powers of the National Government were to be defined. Now he proposed a great variety of "internal improvements," some of which, apparently modelled on the lines of the state institutions of learning and science patronized by monarchical governments, frightened even Clay and other members of the Cabinet. To crown all, the President appointed commissioners to a congress of American republics to meet at Panama for the purpose of concerting measures for mutual protection, thereby committing the United States to the undertaking, and disregarding the right of Congress to act in a matter so important.

It was this latter incident that drew Clay into the duel which he subsequently fought with John Randolph. The slave-holding interest had now become tolerably solid. The sudden breaking out of the pro-slavery feeling over the proposal to exclude slavery from Missouri, which Jefferson said had alarmed him "like a fire-bell in the night," not only disclosed the determination of the slave-holding States to resist any attempt to restrict the cherished institution, but it acted as a synthetic process, causing the instant coherence of all the elements of the Republican party that were divided on other lines but were fully in sympathy on this single issue—slavery must not be touched by an unfriendly hand. The debates on the Panama Convention, while they served as a muster of the anti-Administration forces, disclosed the fact that there was a fierce faction in the Republican party that was unalterably opposed to any interference with slavery. Certain of the South American republics that were to sit in the Panama Convention had already become "abolitionists" by the enfranchisement of their slaves. Others had

men of a dark color among their legislators and generals. The proposition to meet these men in an international council was odious. When Randolph commented, with his usual vituperativeness, upon this proposed union of



John Randolph.
From a picture by Jarvis in 1811, at the New York Historical Society.

American Republics in convention, he went out of his way to attack Clay, whom he hated, and coarsely bracketed Adams and Clay together as "the coalition of Blifil and Black George—the combination, unheard of until now, of the Puritan and the blackleg." This was the *casus belli* that led up to the duel. No blood was shed; and Thomas H. Benton, who described the encounter with undisguised zest, in his "Thirty Years View," spoke of it as "about the last high-toned duel," as well as "the highest-toned," which he ever witnessed.

Under such conditions as these were formed the factions of "Republicans" and "National Republicans," "Democratic-Republicans" "Adams and Clay Republicans" and "Jackson Republicans;" for all parties still clung to the old name and title. Under such conditions was the Whig party born. For although high tariff and low tariffs, bank and no-bank, the extension of slavery and the restriction of slavery, for a time continued to divide the heirs and assigns of Jeffersonian democracy into jarring factions, the schism already open was too deep for healing.

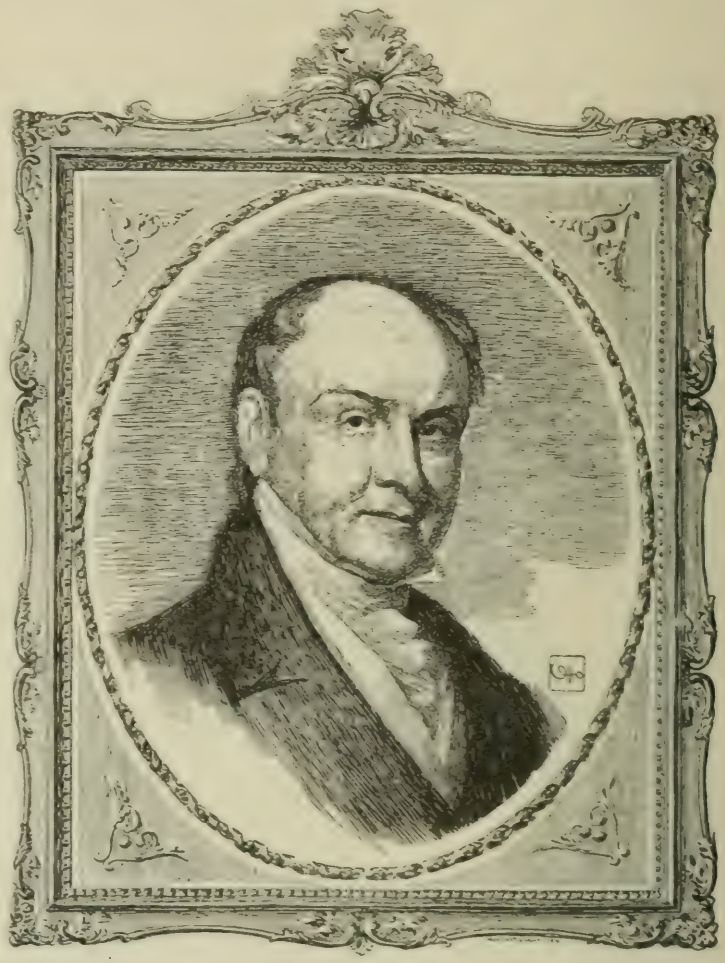
John Quincy Adams was cold, reserved, and a purist of the purists. When he and Andrew Jackson met at a levee in Washington, after their memorable contest for the presidency, the crowd, seeing the two men approach, fell back in mute expectancy; it was possible that there might be a scene. But the defeated Jackson, with fine urbanity and manner, addressed the President-elect in most cordial terms; and the victorious Adams, failing to respond to the proffered olive-branch, chilled the ardent hero of New Orleans with formal iciness. Adams, if he saw that he had created a new party, failed to make anything of his opportunities, and, while he persisted in putting forth his favorite theories of government, took no pains to conciliate Congressional or other form of public opinion to secure the advance of those theories to practice. During Adams's term of office, the Administration had but a small and diminishing majority in Congress. If Henry Clay, with his winning manner, his fascinating address, and his happy faculty for compromise, had then been in the presidential chair, what wonders for the new party he might have accomplished!

Nevertheless, the loose constructionists, who were to some extent then aided by log-rolling and the Western men, were able to enact the tariff of 1828, afterward known as the "tariff of abominations," a measure so extreme in its protection that mutterings of nullifica-

tion were again heard in the South; and there was a general overhauling of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions by those who fell back on the "reserved rights of the States" whenever the aspect of things did not please them. The constitutionality of internal improvements at the public expense also came up for discussion during this administration, and although Congress did not indorse Adams's extravagant notions of a paternal government, unusually large appropriations were voted. Party feeling ran high, and the debates in Congress and in the newspapers verged on indecency in their malignity and venom.

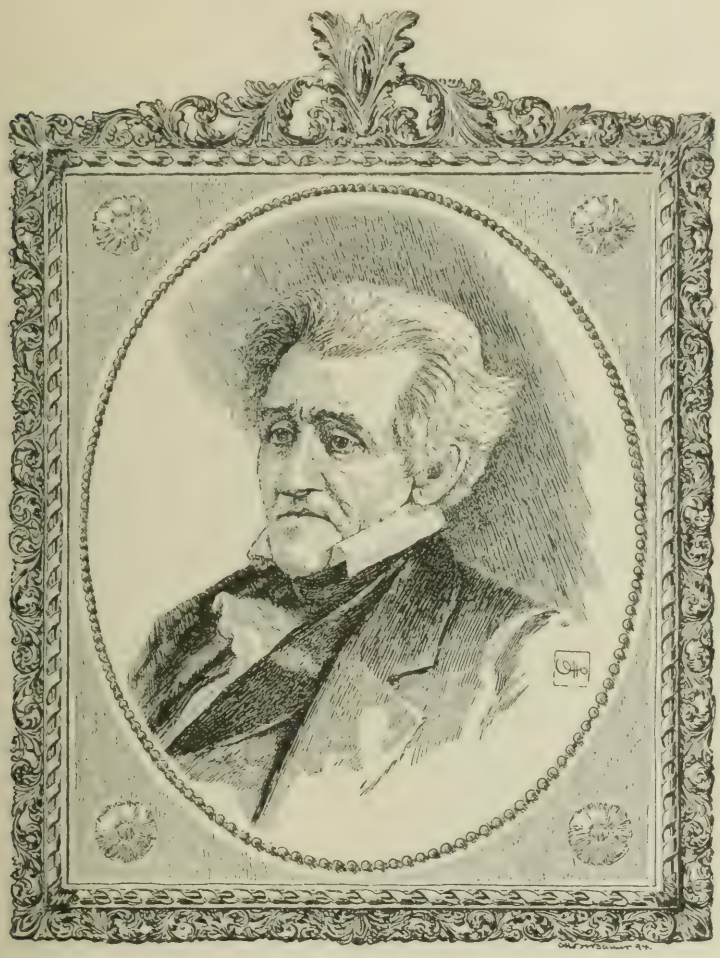
But nothing in modern times can equal the virulence and the apparent exacerbation of the presidential campaign of 1828, when Andrew Jackson was formally entered in the presidential race against John Quincy Adams. For the first time in the history of the Republic the contest assumed a sectional aspect. The Democratic-Republicans had nominated Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, and John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; the National Republican nominees were John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, and Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania. For the first time in our history, too, the presidential electors were chosen by popular vote, South Carolina alone holding out for the old method of election by the Legislature. And by this time, the system of National nominating conventions had come into general use, bringing with it the machine and the machinery of politics. In Jackson's candidacy there were abundant signs of that "working up public sentiment" that has since given us literary bureaus and similar appliances of a presidential campaign.

Personal abuse was rife. Adams, the impeccable, the frigidly just, was accused of a variety of crimes, one of the least of which was that he acted as a procurer for the Czar of Russia. Clay was branded as an unprincipled adventurer, a professional gambler, a libertine, and an accomplice of Aaron Burr. Jackson was stigmatized as a murderer, a duelling manslayer, a cock-fighter and a turf-sportsman. One of the bitterest attacks upon him was made by Jesse Benton, brother of the great Thomas. Jesse, although his brother had made his peace with Jackson, still writhed with anger over the duel he had fought with "the old hero" in the streets of Nashville, fifteen years before, and he pursued him with a pamphlet in which thirty-two separate and distinct crimes and misdemeanors were charged against him. These included only acts for which Jackson himself was responsible. It was reserved for a Washington newspaper to give currency to a cruel slander relating to the private life of the wife of the General. The lady had been divorced from a former husband



John Quincy Adams.
From a picture by Gilbert Stuart.

before she re-married, and both she and Jackson were horrified, later on, at the discovery that that divorce was illegal. The matter was rectified and the couple were lawfully joined in wedlock after they had innocently gone through proceedings which they had supposed lawful. Jackson's wife died just before he was first inaugurated President; and with the wound still rankling in his heart, he refused to meet the retiring President whom he held responsible for the publication of the slander of Mrs. Jackson. When the triumphant hero was on his way to be sworn in at the capital, his predecessor in office was solitarily beginning his journey homeward. The Whig party, as yet unnamed, had been defeated, Jackson having received one hundred and seventy-eight electoral votes against the eighty-three cast for Adams; Calhoun had one hundred and seventy-one votes, Rush eighty-three. Calhoun had been deprived of seven votes (thrown away on one William Smith, of South Carolina) by the machinations of W. H. Crawford.



Andrew Jackson.
From a photograph by Brady.

Now the reign of "the people" had come. Jackson represented the accession of "the great unwashed" to power, after the breed of Revolutionary statesmen and the favorites of the Virginia dynasty had passed away. Jackson was wofully deficient in education and grotesquely unfamiliar with the rudimentary principles of statecraft. He was wilful, easily deceived by the representations of men in whom he might trust, passionate, obstinate to the last degree, a fierce hater, and never averse to "taking the responsibility," however complicated the proceeding or however limited his knowledge of the exigencies of the situation. But his personal integrity was absolute, unquestionable. In two traits he resembled Abraham Lincoln: his honesty and his identification as a man of the people. But only in these two respects do the two men appear alike.

The Old Hero, who was now in his sixty-third year, was supposed, as Daniel Webster humorously said, to have rescued the country from some great but undefined danger. The dear people swarmed to Washington in vast numbers, intent on two things—a sight of the hero, and a grab at the offices. For somehow it had gone out that there was to be that clean sweep which has since become a custom, but was then a threat in suspense. One writer says of the multitudes, "It was like the inundation of the northern barbarians into Rome, save that the tumultuous tide came in from a different point of the compass. The West and the South seemed to have precipitated themselves upon the North and overwhelmed it." At the presidential levee in the White House, a mob which poured into the mansion to gaze upon the Hero and dip into his barrels of punch, was so

disorderly and riotous that tubs of the tipple were carried out of doors to entice a division of the hungry and thirsty; and broken glasses, soiled furniture, and wet carpets proclaimed the advent of the sovereign people.

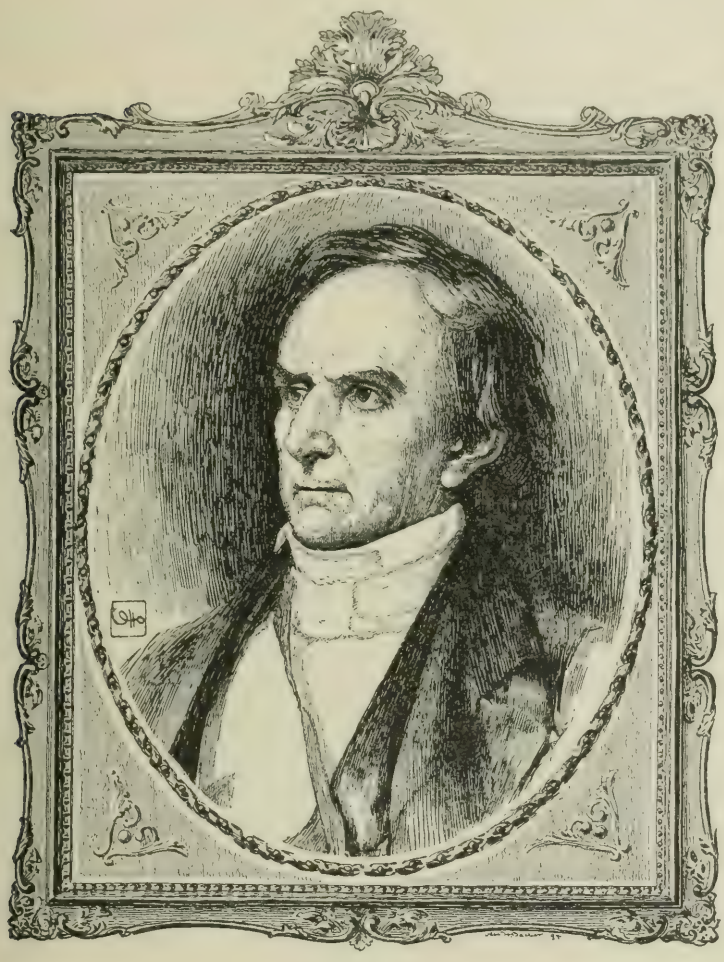
From this time we date that quadrennial division of the spoils of office which has unto this day engaged the attention of the American people. Jackson so composed his cabinet as to make his hostility to Clay as pronounced as possible. It was as if a President should seek to gall his rivals and enemies by calling to his council-board a man whose only fitness for the place was the disfavor in which he might be held by said rivals and enemies. We have seen that Jefferson was the first President to depart from the tradition of making fitness, honesty, and capability the only tests in official appointment. But the arbitrary political changes ordered by Jefferson, unprecedentedly numerous though they were, were as nothing when compared with the wild sweep made by Jackson. Daniel Webster estimated these at two thousand or more; and this was a large number, if we regard the smallness of the Federal establishment of 1829. But it was William L. Marcy, a Senator from New York, who gave currency, three years later, to the saying so often attributed to Jackson, "To the victor belongs the spoils." Marcy was defending Van Buren and the Albany politicians when he said: "They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." And to these illustrious Democrats—Jackson, Van Buren, and Marcy—we owe the formal setting up of the spoils system.

Another of Jackson's innovations was the discontinuance of cabinet councils. His imperious spirit irked even the nominal restraint of advice; and although he may have consulted with a few individuals of his cabinet, more especially the wily and astute "Matty," as he called Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State, he had little to do with others. The Mrs. Eaton scandal was one of the causes of the final disruption of the never very harmonious cabinet. Mrs. Eaton was the wife of the Secretary of War; her maiden name was Peg O'Neal, and her reputation had been trifled with by Washington gossips during her widowhood as Mrs. Timberlake: she was given a cold shoulder by the ladies of the national capital, and when the wives of cabinet ministers refused to receive or recognize her, President Jackson, who had thrown himself into the unsavory quarrel with characteristic heat, made social recognition of the lady a test of loyalty to him, if not to the Government of the United States. In his blind and unreasoning fury, he banned friends and foes, foreigners and Americans alike in his determination to compel respect for the hapless woman who had won his dangerous but honest and chivalrous friendship.

Jackson's dislike for Calhoun, which was later bound to appear in a more serious crisis than this petty scandal, was increased by his discovery that Calhoun, while Secretary of War in Monroe's cabinet, had disapproved of the course of General Jackson when he invaded Florida and carried matters there with a high hand, as if he were an imperial conqueror and not the military servant of a republic. For a time at least, the cohorts of Calhoun and Clay were brought together by the well-nigh insane hatred which Jackson had for those two chieftains. Jackson regarded Clay as the inciter of ill-reports about Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Eaton. Mrs. Calhoun would not receive Mrs. Eaton, and her husband had criticised the course of the general as an invader of Spanish territory. From such sordid materials may political crises be evolved!

It was Jackson who gave us the invention of the "Kitchen Cabinet," an institution that outlasted his day. Three newspaper men, Duff Green, Amos Kendall, Isaac Hill, were the core of this junta. William B. Lewis, related to Jackson by marriage, was a fourth member, and when Duff Green fell from grace and went over to Calhoun, Francis P. Blair became his legitimate successor. These men influenced the unconscious Jackson and fabricated many statements which the honest old hero employed with great zeal as facts. It was Jackson who gave

us that immortal declaration—"Our Federal Union: it must be preserved." It was Calhoun, who, on that same occasion (a Jeffersonian birthday dinner in Washington), who answered Jackson's challenge with the toast, "The Union, next to our liberty the most dear; may we all remember that it can only be preserved by respecting the rights of the States, and distributing equally the benefit and the burden of the Union."



Daniel Webster.
From a picture by Healy at the State Department, Washington.

Jackson, too, invented the "pocket veto," the first example of which was given when he availed himself of his privilege to keep in his figurative pocket for ten days a bill authorizing a government subscription to a Kentucky toll-road, during which interval Congress adjourned and left the bill to die there. This expedient was subsequently useful to President Jackson. It was resorted to by President Lincoln, in 1864, when the Wade-Davis reconstruction bill was similarly put to death.

It is not necessary here to trace the history of Jackson's war on the United States Bank, except to recall the fact that one of the arguments which Jackson used against the bank was drawn from Henry Clay, who, earlier in his career, was a consistent opponent of that institution. We may recall, too, with amusement, Benton's long and chivalrous fight for the expunging of the Senate's resolutions of censure of President Jackson for his course in ordering the cessation of deposits in the United States Bank. It was not until the last days of Jackson's second term of office that the indefatigable Benton, who provisioned the Senate chamber as for a long siege, finally dragooned and wheedled the senators into adopting the famous Expunging Resolutions, and the journal was brought in, and broad black lines were drawn around the now historic entry.

Clay's misfortune was his identification with the bank war when, in 1832, he became a candidate for the presidency against Andrew Jackson, and virtually stood on a platform pledged to support the United States Bank scheme. The Jackson men were not only active and numerous, but they had "a good cry" to go to the country with, and the popular response to the convention that nominated Clay and eulogized the bank was emphatic and overwhelming. One of the earliest champions of a protective tariff, advocating a scheme of finance to which he gave the taking title of "the American system," Clay permitted, even advocated, the dragging of the bank question into the canvass for the purpose of alienating from Jackson the vote of Pennsylvania, that State being the home of the banking institution.

In the presidential election of 1832, we must note one of those curious

cross-currents in American politics, which from time to time have amused us and puzzled foreign observers—the Anti-Masonic diversion. Beginning in Genesee County, New York, with the alleged murder of William Morgan, in 1826, by Freemasons who suspected him of writing a book revealing the secrets of their order, the popular feeling excited against the Freemasons finally assumed a political bias under the skilful manipulation of certain party managers. Local candidates stood or fell as they were opposed to or were in favor of Freemasonry; and in due course of time there appeared, as leaders of the new party, William H. Seward, Millard Fillmore, and Thurlow Weed, the last of whom gave to the world of politics the phrase "a good enough Morgan until after election," the remark being made when doubts were thrown on the statement that the body found floating in Niagara River was that of the abducted and murdered William Morgan. In 1830, the movement was strong enough to excite the New Yorkers with hopes of carrying a national election on that issue—opposition to Freemasonry.

So, when party lines were again drawn for a presidential campaign in 1832, the Anti-Masons were in the field with William Wirt, of Maryland, and Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, as their candidates for President and Vice-President. Mr. Seward, then a young man in politics and in years, had previously gone to Massachusetts to endeavor to induce John Quincy Adams to re-enter politics as the presidential candidate of the Anti-Masons. Mr. Adams's reception of Mr. Seward was characteristic. The chilled ambassador from Auburn records that he could then understand why Adams went out of public life with so few friends. Mr. Wirt received only the electoral vote of Vermont in that canvass. This was the first and last appearance of the Anti-Masons in the open field of National politics. But they were able, in 1835, and again in 1839, to frighten the Whig nominating conventions of those years into dropping Clay, who was a Freemason, and putting up, instead, William Henry Harrison, who, though not an Anti-Mason by political affiliation, was not a member of the masonic order. In the election of 1832, all parties put forward candidates named by National conventions; but the Democrats, as if they regarded Andrew Jackson as their sufficient platform, presented the hero to the people, without a word of comment or a pledge of policy.

Jackson once more inaugurated and the bank war taken up with renewed spirit, another political crisis came when South Carolina, pushing to their utmost the doctrines enunciated in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, declared that the tariff of 1828 (with its modifications of 1832) was unconstitutional, null and void, and should be disregarded. Jackson made preparations to execute the provisions of the custom's laws, and to hang the leaders of the conspiracy for treason. Clay, the Great Pacificator, dexterously interposed with his famous compromise tariff of 1833, and again "the country was saved." It may be remembered that the bill passed by Congress to aid in the enforcement of the tariff law was called the Force Bill, although in South Carolina it was known as "the Bloody Bill." In these later days, a bill to provide for Federal supervision of elections in certain contingencies has been stigmatized in like manner, but without the sanguinary epithet.

We may recall, too, the fact that Calhoun was a protectionist in 1816; in 1831, he denounced the protective principle as unconstitutional and oppressive to the South. So too, Clay, who had, in 1810, furnished Andrew Jackson with anti-bank arguments, found it convenient and consistent, in 1828, to make the cause of the bank his own. And Daniel Webster, on nearly every one of these burning questions of the time, changed his godlike front with equal ease.

It was in February, 1834, that James Watson Webb, of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, hit upon the title of Whig for the National Republican party brought into existence by the administration of John Quincy Adams and led by Henry Clay. The name was suggested, as Webb averred, by

the fact that the party was pledged to resist arbitrary government, as the English Whigs resisted royalist tyranny. It was sought, though unsuccessfully, to brand the Democratic-Republicans with the odious name of Tories. "The



Martin Van Buren.
From a photograph by Brady.

Tories," said Clay, "were the supporters of executive power, of royal prerogative, of the maxim that the king can do no wrong;" the Whigs, he added, "were the champions of liberty, the friends of the people." What more appropriate distinction than this could be made between the Jackson men and the followers of the Great Commoner? The nickname "Locofoco" stuck to the Democrats with more adhesiveness than the epithet borrowed from English politics. Anti-bank Democrats of New York, holding a meeting in Tammany Hall, in October, 1835, were annoyed by the bank faction of their own party who, failing to get possession of the meeting, turned off the gas from the main source of supply. The anti-bank men lighted locofoco matches, as friction matches were then called, and conducted their deliberations thereby to a close. A "self-lighting match" was itself a misnomer, but the name stuck to anti-bank Democrats, who "were hostile to the moneyed interests of the country" for a long time after this.

Andrew Jackson, broken in health and long past the meridian of life, was yet able to designate his own successor, and Martin Van Buren had one hundred and seventy electoral votes, in 1837; William H. Harrison had seventy-three, Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, twenty-six, Daniel Webster, fourteen, and Willie P. Mangum, of North Carolina, eleven. "The Hugh L. White bolt," as it was called, was one of the political curiosities of the time. It was said that Judge White was moved by Calhoun to defeat the election of his old chief's candidate for the presidency, and the Hero's own State cast its electoral vote for the bolter. There was no election of Vice-President by the people, and the Senate chose Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, in whose behalf a whiff of the incense of hero-worship was entreated by his friends and admirers, for Colonel Richard Mentor Johnson was credited with having killed Tecumseh during the war of 1812, an exploit which his opponents celebrated in the satirical jingle:

> "High-cockalorum rumpsey dumpsey!
> Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh!"

The political creed of the Jackson Democrats was embodied in the farewell address of the hero who had made the party what it was, when he left the White House for his Hermitage. The man who had so deeply impressed his personality upon the Democratic party insisted on the inestimable value of the Union; the danger of sectionalism; the evils of a powerful government; the

necessity for and safety of simple and inexpensive public institutions; the perils of surplus revenues; the injustice of a high tariff; the unconstitutionality of internal improvements at the Nation's cost, and the danger of paper money. But Jackson's bold experiments in finance were soon to plant thorns in the chair of state which he had reserved for his successor.

The copper penny tokens struck in the first year of Martin Van Buren's administration represented a jackass ambling with extended feet across the surface of the coin, with the legend, "I follow in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor." These modest words of Martin Van Buren were as much indicative of his intentions as was his servile adoption of Jackson's cabinet, as he found it when he took the presidential office. The financial storm had begun to gather before Jackson left the White House, and his last hours in that place were irritated by the "distress petitions" that came pouring into his cabinet from artisans and manufacturers who were beginning to feel the effects of the stringency caused by the fitful and irrational financial policy of the Administration. The summary checking of speculations which were the natural outcome of Jackson's course in regard to banks and banking, resulted in the distressful panic of 1837. The elated Whigs exultingly cried, "We told you so!" and dire disorder reigned in politics as well as in the world of commerce.

Whig successes in the elections continued, and the Democratic majority in Congress began to melt away. Finally, the Whigs triumphed in 1840, William Henry Harrison, for a second time candidate of his party, being elected by two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes; Van Buren had only sixty votes. In that election the anti-slavery elements made their first appearance in a National canvass. James G. Birney, the candidate of the Liberty party, polled a popular vote of 7,609; but he carried no State.

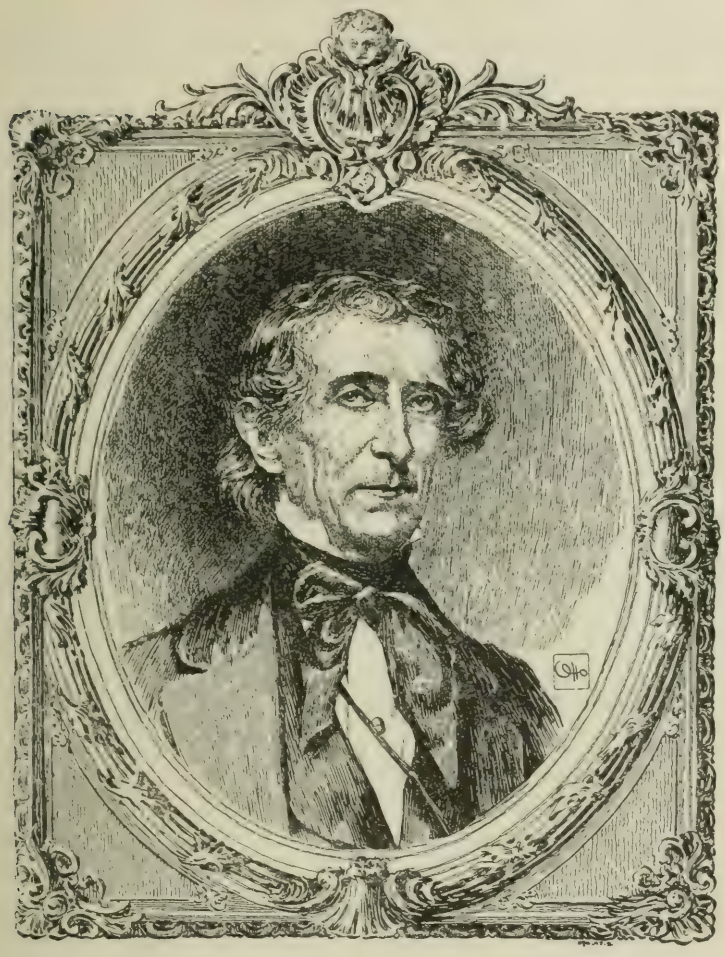
General Harrison was the first President to die in office, and that lamentable



William Henry Harrison.
From a copy at the Corcoran Art Gallery of a painting by Beard in 1840.

event at first caused much confusion as to the exact status in law of the Vice-President, John Tyler, who now succeeded to the functions of the Executive Chief. But Tyler at once disposed of all doubt; he took the title of President, and thus established the requisite precedent. With him came the epithet of "Tylerization." He soon broke with his party, the Whigs, and by his veto of a bill to create a Bank of the United States he alienated and embittered the Whig chiefs of whom Clay was the foremost. It was insisted (especially by Clay), that the bank question had been a dominant issue in the canvass which sent Harrison to the White House. This was not strictly true. In point of

fact, the campaign of 1840 was carried on by the Whigs in a wild delirium of hard cider, log-cabins, and coon-skins. Silas Wright, replying to Clay's assertion, ironically said that if the voice of the people, manifested in the late can-



John Tyler.
From a photograph by Brady.

vass, was to be heeded, the Capitol must be replaced by a log-cabin decked with coon-skins. In that canvass something of the old dramatic and unreasoning spirit that had characterized the Jackson campaigns prevailed, only that log-cabins had replaced hickory poles.

Nor was there anything in the declarations of the convention that nominated Harrison, in 1840, to warrant Clay's statement; that convention made no official deliverance on any subject whatever. The Democrats, on the other hand, adopted a strict constructionist platform, in which they denied the power of Congress to re-charter a National bank, carry on public improvements at the Nation's expense, protect manufactures by a tariff, or interfere with slavery in the States. John Tyler was a strict constructionist of the Calhoun school, and when his Whig cabinet was broken up and he was formally read out of the Whig party, the new men who came in to keep company with Daniel Webster (who was left standing, the lone Whig, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar"), they were described by President Tyler "as all original Jackson men who mean to act on Republican principles."

Tyler's course was claimed as a great Democratic victory, and his subsequent manifestations of indirectness and vacillation of purpose still further alienated from him his Whig friends and allies. The Democratic jubilation took a ludicrous form. The word "veto," made popular among them by Tyler's repeated disapprovals of bills passed by a Whig Congress, was adopted as a party war-cry, and was conferred by enthusiastic Democrats upon vessels, horses, and even children. The Whigs burned Tyler in effigy and lampooned him with wrathful zest. Their political adversaries were in paroxysms of delight and triumph.

During Tyler's term came on a time of monetary stringency; and as it happened that a species of influenza raged at that time, everybody was set to talking about the prevalent "Tyler grip." More serious than this, was the looming of the Texas question, now slowly rising in the background of American politics. When Jefferson had concluded the Louisiana purchase, some doubt prevailed as to the precise location of the western boundary of the newly acquired territory. Whether the Sabine or the Rio Grande defined its southwestern limit was not settled. When Florida was purchased, a dicker was made with Spain, and we bartered the disputed territory and accepted the Sabine as the limit of our possession

in that direction. And now the South demanded that the limit of slavery should be (in the Southwest) at the Rio Grande, on the confines of Mexico, and not on the Sabine, the eastern boundary of Texas. Tyler negotiated a treaty for the annexation of Texas, but the Whig Senate rejected it by an overwhelming majority, and seven Democrats voted on that occasion with the Whigs, to Tyler's great discomfiture.

By slow degrees, but with impressive certainty, the Democratic party became more closely identified with the support of slavery. It was to stand as the apologist and defender of the institution. Finally the Democratic National Convention of 1844, which nominated James K. Polk, of Tennessee, declared in favor of the annexation of Texas; and Martin Van Buren, whose position on the Texas question had incurred for him the hostility of the Southern delegates, was defeated for a renomination by the skilful enforcement of the rule (which still prevails), that a two-thirds vote should be required for a nomination in a Democratic National Convention. Clay was nominated on a platform drawn for the benefit of the loose constructionists but which was silent on the subject of the annexation of Texas. Subsequently, however, Clay wrote the so-called Raleigh letter in which he deliberately announced his opposition to annexation; then, becoming alarmed by the dissatisfaction of his friends in the South, he wrote again, this time the "Alabama letter," in which he temporized with the burning question. He failed to reinstate himself in favor with the South; he lost much of his Northern support; and Polk was elected with one hundred and seventy votes, Clay receiving one hundred and five votes.

One of the war-cries of that campaign was "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of 1842." The tariff of 1842 was a modification of that drawn by Clay in 1833 to pacify the South Carolina nullifiers. Now it was asserted that the Clay Whigs were opposed to that tariff, which was a protective measure. The cry helped to carry Pennsylvania for Polk; and the tariff of 1842 was repealed with delightful abandonment of principle by the Polk Democrats, as soon as they were in power. Another slogan of the Democrats was "Fifty-four forty, or fight," these figures representing the parallel of North latitude on which it was proposed to rest immovably our claim for a Northwestern boundary of the Republic. But President Polk, with the advice and consent of the Senate, compromised on the parallel of forty-nine.

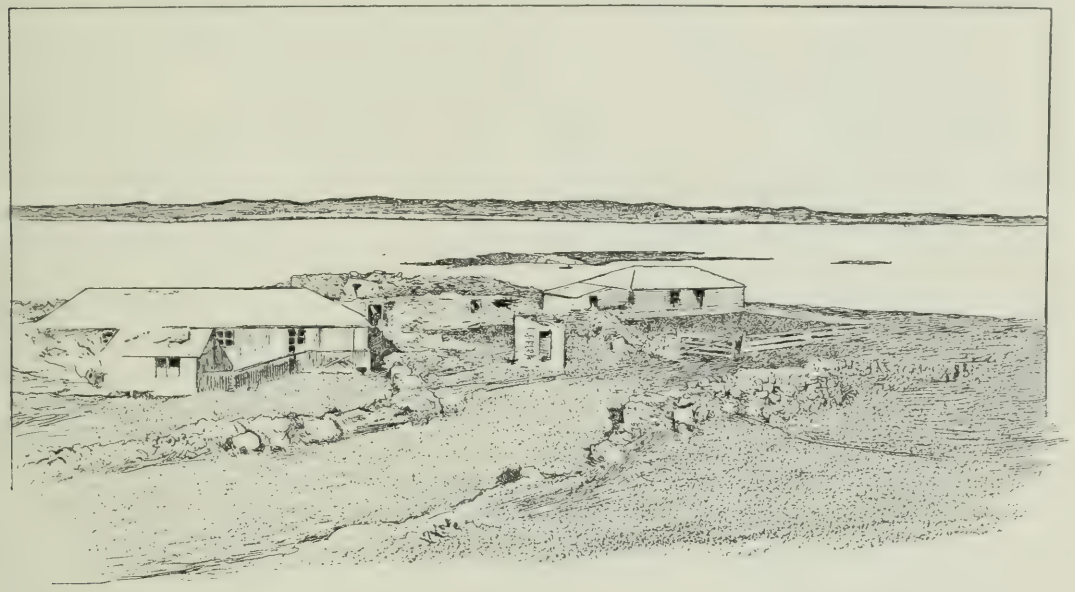
In the South "Texas or disunion" was the rallying cry and the toast. The strict constructionists who supported Polk in Congress agreed that he might violate the Constitution by the annexation of a foreign State, without the incidental intervention of a treaty, provided he were willing to take the responsibility. Texas, with its existing war with Mexico, was annexed in December, 1845. The facile compromise with England on the Northwestern boundary was hastened by the complications of the Southwestern frontier.

The Mexican war was bitterly opposed in the Northern States, especially by the Liberty party, and by such Whigs as Thomas Corwin and Abraham Lincoln. Orators who denounced the war expressed their belief, if not their hope, that the invading hosts on Mexican soil would be "welcomed with bloody hands to hospitable graves." It was out of the fever and excitement of this period of political turmoil, that the country received the masterly satires of James Russell Lowell, known as the "Biglow Papers," the first of which was an address to a recruiting sergeant drumming up recruits for the Mexican war.

When the war was over and peace had returned, conquest and treaty had added to the United States the territory now occupied by the States of Texas, California, and Nevada, parts of the States of Colorado and Wyoming, and the Territories of Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. With this magnificent acquisition to the National domain came a reopening of the question which was supposed to have been forever settled by the adoption of the Missouri Compromise, under the manipulation of Clay, the Great Pacificator, in 1820. It opened in American poli-

tics the field in which the battle between Freedom and Slavery, after one more truce, was to be fought out to the end.

During the campaign that had carried Polk to the White House a new dance—the polka—was introduced into the United States from Bohemia by the way of Vienna and Paris. It was facetiously said that Polk had been danced into office. And it was with a light heart that the merry-making slaveholders at the Polk inauguration balls celebrated their victory. They had defeated the personal party of Henry Clay; for to this complexion the Whig party had come, in 1844. But in that canvass, New York, once more the pivotal State, was lost to the Whigs only by anti-slavery votes, purposely thrown away on James G. Birney, the nominee of the Liberty party. The revolution had begun.



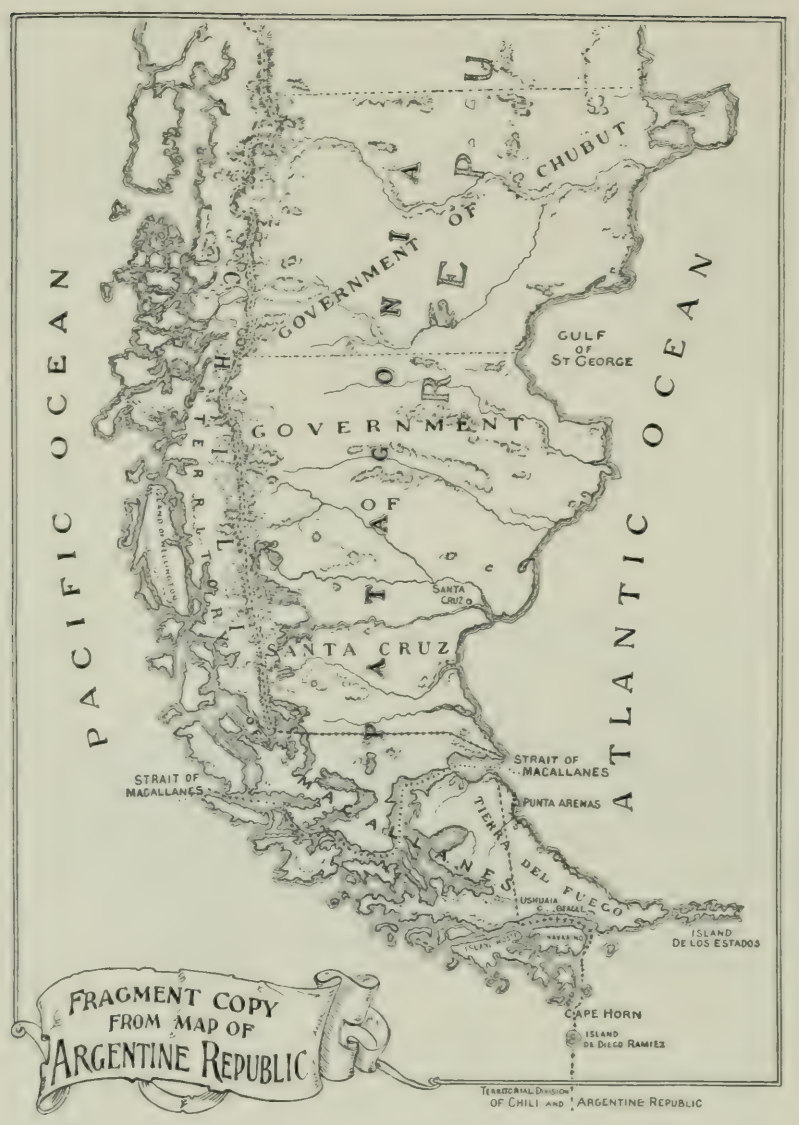
Among the Ruins of the Old Spanish Settlement, Point Desire, Patagonia.

THE END OF THE CONTINENT

By John R. Spears

PEOPLE who are interested in stories of journeys out of the way will find here a record of a part of what one may see and learn in a voyage along the coast of Patagonia, through the Strait of Magellan as far as Cockburn Channel, and thence south, and east among the waters of the Cape Horn archipelago as far as the antarctic Staten Island. It is a voyage in the wake, so to speak, of the old-time South Sea pedlers and pirates who, with the title of admiral, sailed away from European ports prepared, as occasion offered, to swap gewgaws for gold, or to plunder the ships and people found under other flags than their own. Until within less than a dozen years, one who wished to make this voyage had need to charter a ship, and a well-found one, too; but now, owing to changes in the region which add remarkably to the interest of the voyage, one may make it in safe though uncomfortable little steamers belonging to the Argentine navy. These, at intervals of about three weeks, leave Buenos Ayres, bound over the route, and make a regular business of carrying freight as well as passengers.

I left Buenos Ayres for this voyage on April 18, 1894, and the reader should keep in mind that the Patagonia April is a fall month. For nearly six days the little steamer butted and bobbed along through head-seas, and



then, late in the morning, we saw, through the gray mists ahead of us a great vertical dirt wall.

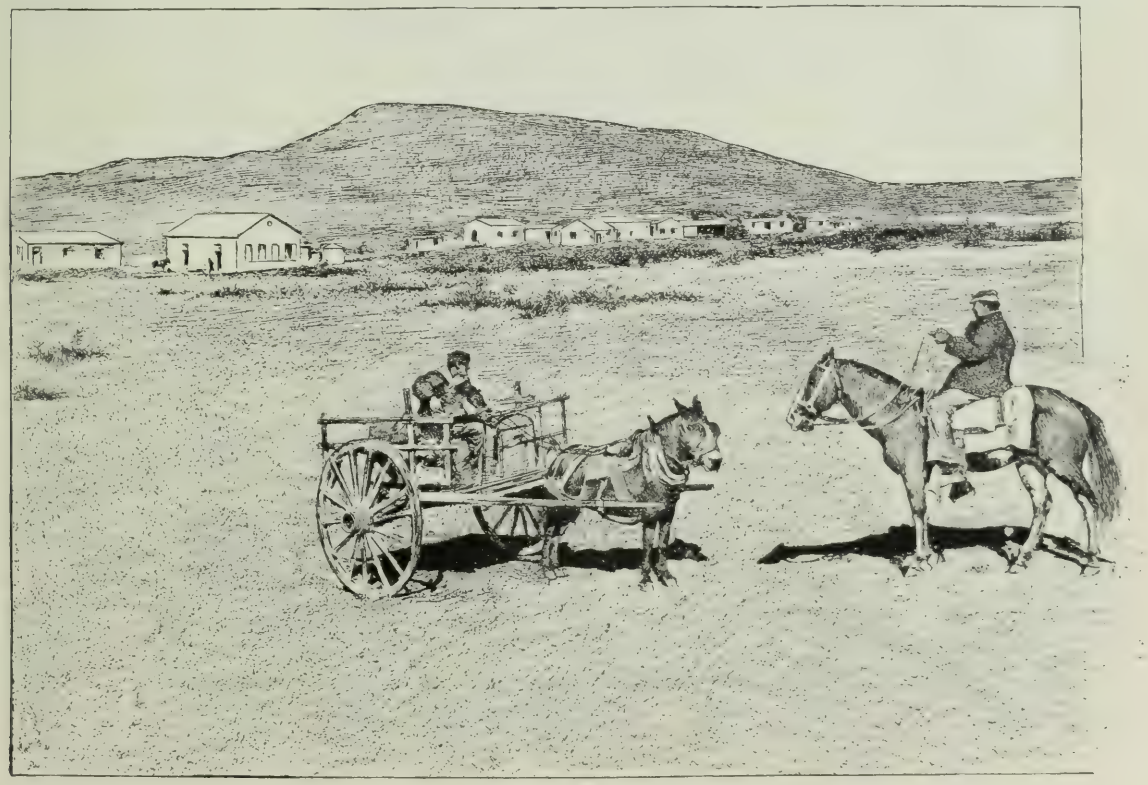
"It is Cape Ninfas," said the captain; we are seven hundred miles southwest of Buenos Ayres. You are glad to see Patagonia, eh? I believe you are, but you will find the country more interesting than beautiful."

So we all thought when, a few hours later, the ship had cast anchor in the southeast corner of the all-but-circular New Gulf, the entrance to which is guarded on one side by Cape Ninfas. In the trip across the gulf, for instance, there was nothing picturesque, and yet it is said that more whales have been killed in that place than in any other enclosed body of water in the world, and that the only area of water of its size anywhere that ever equalled New Gulf as a resort for these monsters, was off-shore from Nantucket when that island was first discovered.

The nook of the bay, too, in which we anchored was not picturesque, but it was interesting in a variety of ways. To the eye the water was the floor of a great desert amphitheatre. The sand and gravel of the beach rose in brown and gray ridges to a sweeping circular crest, say six miles away and four hundred feet high. These ridges were spotted and blotched with bushes that were a darker brown than the sand, and the whole natural scene was so utterly dreary and desolate that even warm sunlight could not relieve or brighten it. And yet, as we could see when we had landed, that desert had been at one time a section of the bottom of the ocean which nature had only yesterday, in the geologist's calendar, thrown up for the inspection of man. There were the seashells — oyster-shells a foot long, for instance — right on top of the hills, and around them water-worn pebbles and the dust of them that had been made by attrition. Nor was that all. When we came to think over what the books said about it, those hills were nothing but layers of mud and sand and pebbles, the washings of floods that during untold centuries had broken down the mountains of antediluvian Patagonia, and had made of the rocks a bed of shingle more than a thousand miles long, two hundred miles and more wide, and nobody knows how deep. More wonderful still, some of those old layers of mud, now hardened almost to the consistency of stone, were known to contain the petrified remains of the fauna and flora of antediluvian Patagonia, petrified monkeys, parrots, and

kangaroos among the rest. As we learned before the voyage ended, the remains of beings hitherto unknown to the scientific world may be found there too, for an Italian naturalist came on board, as we were homeward bound, bringing the remains of two different kinds of birds that existed in the days before feathers had been fairly developed.

So much for the traveller whose mind runs to science. For the man of affairs there was matter of equal interest. Here we were, more than seven hundred miles from Buenos Ayres as the ship sails, while the journey by land to the cultivated pampas of the Argentine was over hundreds of miles of just such desert wastes as we could see about us. And yet on the beach was a well-made wooden pier whereon began a railway track that stretched away up the brown ridges till the crest was reached, and then away south "fifty-one miles without water," as a sign written in six languages said—south to the valley of the Chubut River. What could be more interesting to a man of affairs than the story of a line of railroad in such a region? It is a story interesting even to others than men of affairs. It begins in 1865, when, in the dead of winter, a ship brought one hundred and fifty men, women, and children to that spot in New Gulf, and left them there. It was a place of their own choosing, too. They were Welsh, and had sought a far country, that they might make a colony wherein the tongue of Prince Llewellyn might be perpetuated in its purity. From New Gulf they toiled over the "fifty-one miles without water" to the Chubut, and there went to work to make farms out of the treeless, waterless desert along the river. How for six years they were wholly supported by the Argentine Government; how, when the ship with food failed to reach her destination, the red men of the desert, the Tehuelches, brought the meat of the guanaco, the panther, and the ostrich to save them from starvation; how they eventually made irrigating ditches from the river, that its water might take the place of rains that had theretofore been hoped for; how even then prosperity came with leaden heels, so that for ten years they were objects of charity; how at last they freed themselves from the galling yoke, and increased and multiplied till every avail-



Santa Cruz.



A Tehuelche Squaw.

able acre for seventy miles along the river was taken up, the colony had grown to a thriving population of three thousand souls, and a railway to carry their surplus produce to the nearest port was needed — all this is a story that is, to my mind, as interesting as any known to the history of colonization.

There were but four dwellings in the settlement on the bay, of which one, the home of the naval lieutenant who governed the district, was a painted wooden structure, but all were cosey within. After a glance at these, and another at the caves in a hill-side where the original pilgrims lived for a time, we sailed away to enter Port Desire, where Cavendish first landed on American soil, and where two of his crew were attacked by Indians, whose "footprints were measured and found to be eighteen inches in length." It was here that the Spaniards founded a col-

ony at the end of the eighteenth century, after the English Jesuit priest Faulkner visited the country, and printed a rather glowing, but in the main an accurate, account of it. Although the site was officially abandoned in 1807, not only are the old stone walls of their houses and corrals still in good order, but in a gulch nearby one finds a quince and cherry orchard still bearing fruit.

The old ruins stand on a grassy knoll at the foot of a rugged precipice of volcanic rock more than one hundred feet high, on the north side of the river that forms the port. On the south side of the stream one sees a prairie rather than a desert. It is the only stretch of land seen in the voyage north of the Strait of Magellan where there is green grass. The curious Y-shaped stone known as Tower Rock, that is mentioned by all the old navigators who touched here, rises from the grassy plain just where it would be most conspicuous in the eyes of one entering the port.

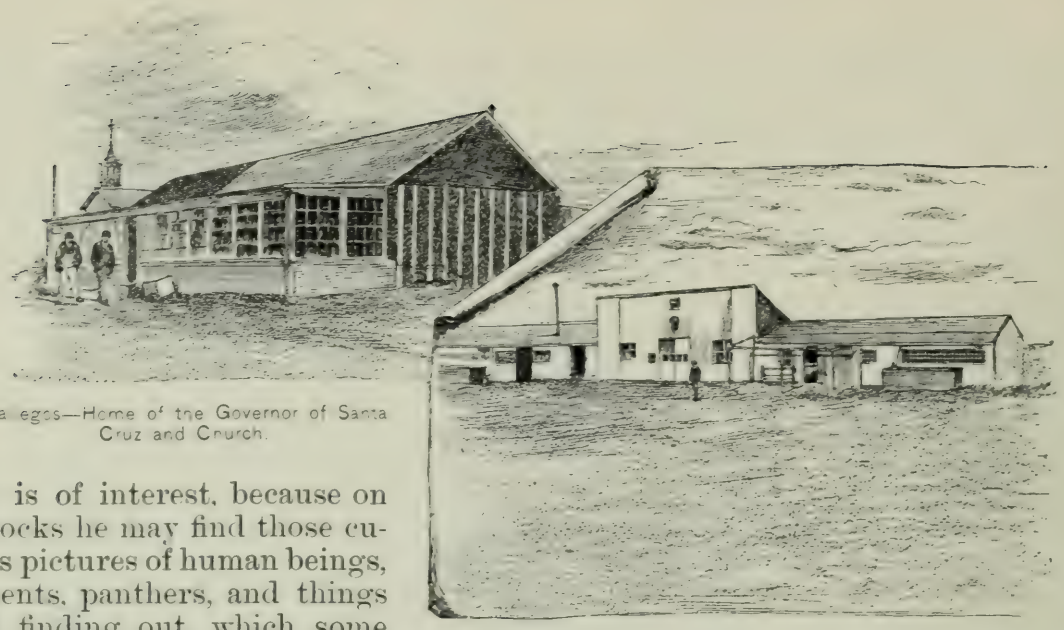
On the whole, here is a place that is naturally beautiful, in spite of the lack of trees, but modern enterprise has come along to spoil it in the eyes of one who cares only for the picturesque. In the midst of the old ruins stands a great zinc-white, corrugated iron dwelling, with a barn and a storehouse of the same material handy by. Here lives a ranchman to whom the buildings were given by the Government, to induce him to make a home there. On the south side, between Tower Rock and the harbor, stands another shanty, and here lives the naval lieutenant who rules the district—a district of sixty people all told, who are in the cattle business.

When Darwin was at Port Desire he wrote that "the zoology of Patagonia is as limited as its flora." That is pretty nearly true, but in few parts of the world is the study of zoology likely to be found more interesting. There are the guanacos, the species of camel, with curious habits, that has come down to us from antediluvian times. Nowhere is the panther found in greater numbers, and here it is known as "the friend of man," because it has often been known to defend men from the attack of the savage jaguar. There are hummingbirds and butterflies clear down to the Strait, in spite of the lack of flowers. But, more interesting still to a Yankee, are the shore birds, for in the southern summer he may find here old friends that he saw before at home in the northern fall. It is a fact that some migrating birds that breed in the Arctic region, and on their way south in the northern fall touch on the coast of the United States—even pass through the glare of the torch of Liberty in New York City—journey on and on across the seas, across Venezuela and Brazil and the pampas south, to rest at last in Patagonia, till the mysterious voice from the north calls them once more to their nesting-place.

Once more we steamed away south, and so reached the most wonderful river of Patagonia — the Santa Cruz. Imagine a stream that flows for hundreds of miles through a desert, and yet has everywhere a current too deep as well as too swift to ford. Of course it rises in an Andes lake and is fed by Andes snows. To the archæologist this



A Tehuelche Camp.



Gallegos—Home of the Governor of Santa Cruz and Church.

lake is of interest, because on its rocks he may find those curious pictures of human beings, serpents, panthers, and things past finding out, which some pre-historic race of travellers made on other rocks in the Isthmus of Panama, in New Mexico, and elsewhere in the Americas. It is near the Santa Cruz that the paleontologist gathers his greatest Patagonia harvest of petrified monkeys and other tropical beings. It is here that the guanacos, impelled by a curious instinct, have for ages sought, when they felt the pangs of death within them, the shelters of thickets and overhanging rocks. So it has happened that the collections of bones here have given rise to tales of guanaco cemeteries. Nor is the place devoid of interest to the man of affairs. The town-site boomer is found here. I went ashore to see the settlement called Santa Cruz. It contained nine houses, of which one, a pink frame, was the hotel. Here a young man spread a blue-print map before me, a map of a great city with plazas, avenues, boulevards, streets, and street-car routes. This was the city of Santa Cruz as surveyed—the city to grow up there on the desert plain and spread up over the desert hills. It was enough to make one gasp to hear of the shipments of wool made from that port, of the cheapness and excellence of the pastures thereabouts, of the gold finds at the head of the creek, of the experiments to be made in wheat culture, "which will doubtless succeed," and so on. Neither in the outskirts of the Yankee metropolis, nor among the vines of California, could the boomer have told the story in better form.

Then away we steamed again, to call at the last port on the coast, Gallegos. Here we found a score of buildings like mine-camp shanties, of which one was a church that had a wing for a schoolhouse attached, and another was a prison with adobe walls. This was a town of interest to the politician, for it was the capital of all the region south of Chubut, which is known to Argentine geography as the territory of Santa Cruz. But just how it would interest the politician, will appear in what is to be said about another Argentine capital farther on.

For the man of affairs, however, Gallegos is the most interesting town on the coast. One need only take a smart gallop along the shore from this place, to arrive at one of the most remarkable gold diggings in the world. As the reader remembers, all Patagonia is one vast bed of washings from an antediluvian range of mountains, save only for a few spots where some volcanoes spouted their lava up through the shingle. It appears now that that ancient range, which was a pretty large one—extended all along the length of the country—had in it a vein of iron ore that carried free gold. That vein was broken down long ago, but it became a layer of black sand and gold dust just as long as the range of mountains had been. This layer was buried pretty deep by other washings, but it nevertheless crops out just below low tide, at intervals, all along the coast north of

Cape Virgin. The wrecked crew of a fishing schooner found it when digging for water at Cape Virgin, nearly twenty years ago. Because it is so far under water the pay streak cannot be worked directly. The gold hunters have to sit down and wait for a gale with a Cape Horn surf. That throws enough of the stuff up within reach to keep them "humping themselves." When the stuff was first discovered there was such an accumulation of the jetsam that the dust was gathered by the kilo. Now



Tehuelche Indian from Santa Cruz.

"mere day wages, fifty grammes a week," is all the plodders get on Cape Virgin. They do better than that near Gallegos, but the fact that this place, though a territorial capital and the nearest town to a gold camp, had only a score of buildings, would probably be, in a way, one of the most interesting facts the man of affairs could find in Patagonia.

Leaving Gallegos one afternoon, we steamed away south all that day and until daylight next day, when we hove to in a thick fog and waited in dismal silence, for the air was calm as well as thick with moisture. By and by the sun got up high enough to clear away the mists somewhat, and a low beach of sand, with what seemed to be a wide wooden house on it, was seen dimly. The captain was delighted at the view.

"It is Paramo," he said. "That is the mining camp on Tierra del Fuego."

Sure enough, we were off the east coast of that great island, and a most interesting island we were to find it. It was on the day of the eleven thousand virgins, 1520, that Magellan first saw the signal fires of the natives of this island; and that was a long time ago. After him came an increasing host of other fortune-seekers—a host that increased until, in later years, it is likely that never a day passed when the eyes of some adventurous seeker for wealth were not directed toward some part of this island. They robbed ships, plundered inoffensive settlements, enslaved their captives —did everything that men will do through greed, and yet sailed right along within sight of coasts where gold—genuine placer gold—lay in the beach and just beneath the grass roots farther back from the sea. Right here, on this beach before us, gold was found in abundance. It had been scooped up with knives and spoons where layers were found farther back by the first prospectors. In the buildings (for what seemed to be one proved to be three) were thirty men, who were employed washing gold from the sand of the sea. The broken-down reef that had furnished gold to the miners on Cape Virgin had extended

across the strait, and had been broken down in like fashion here.

Back of this camp and away to the north, we saw a rolling, grassy prairie, and we learned that all Tierra del Fuego, save a comparatively narrow belt on the west and south sides, was much like the country we could see—a region of luxuriant grasses, sparkling lakes, and dancing streams; while along the foothills of the mountain-chain to be found west and south were forests of beautiful and valuable timber. And then the climate was said to be something remarkable. We could see that it was so, too. The sailors were at work about the ship barefooted, although it was then in the month of May and we were in 53° south latitude. It was simply an ideal country for the ranchmen.

"I should think the ranchmen of Patagonia would all move down here," said I to one who knew the region.

"They would like to do so," he said, "and some have come."

"Why do the rest hesitate?"

"They are afraid of the Indians."

Here was a new matter of interest. We had seen a few of the Tehuelches of Patagonia, great stalwart fellows who, in spite of the degenerating influences of white associates, were still large enough to make one believe they were giants in other days. But the Tehuelches had had the fighting spirit thrashed out of them by the Argentines. Not so the prairie Indians of Tierra del Fuego. The first man who put sheep on these prairies had hired a missionary to take charge of the shepherds, hoping that he would be able to convert the Indians to Christianity, and perhaps make herders of them. The Indians attended the powwows with joy, but they stole sheep at night nevertheless. So the sheep-owner sent for repeating rifles, which were used thereafter in place of sermons, and with more effect. Sheep are spreading over Tierra del Fuego in spite of the Ona Indians, just as they spread over Australia in spite of the black-fellows. But the shepherds and the prospectors, too, must needs carry rifles always, and even then many a white man gets killed every year. The Onas are making a fierce fight for their homes.

From Paramo, we steamed north and went through the strait to anchor at the Cape Horn metropolis, Punta Arenas. All the modern books of travel speak of this port as the most southern civilized settlement in the world. Although this is not true, it is a most interesting place. Founded as a penal settlement for Chili convicts, it began to grow as a port when, in 1867, the first line of steamships began plying between England and the west coast of South America; for it was necessarily made a coaling-place. Other lines followed the pioneer. Then the region around was found to be well adapted to sheep and cattle—so well adapted for them that all the open land, for nearly one hundred leagues north, has been taken up for ranches. The finding of the gold on Cape Virgin helped the town a little, and the finding of gold in the creek on which the town stood helped it more. There never was a rush and a boom such as came to the California and Rocky Mountain



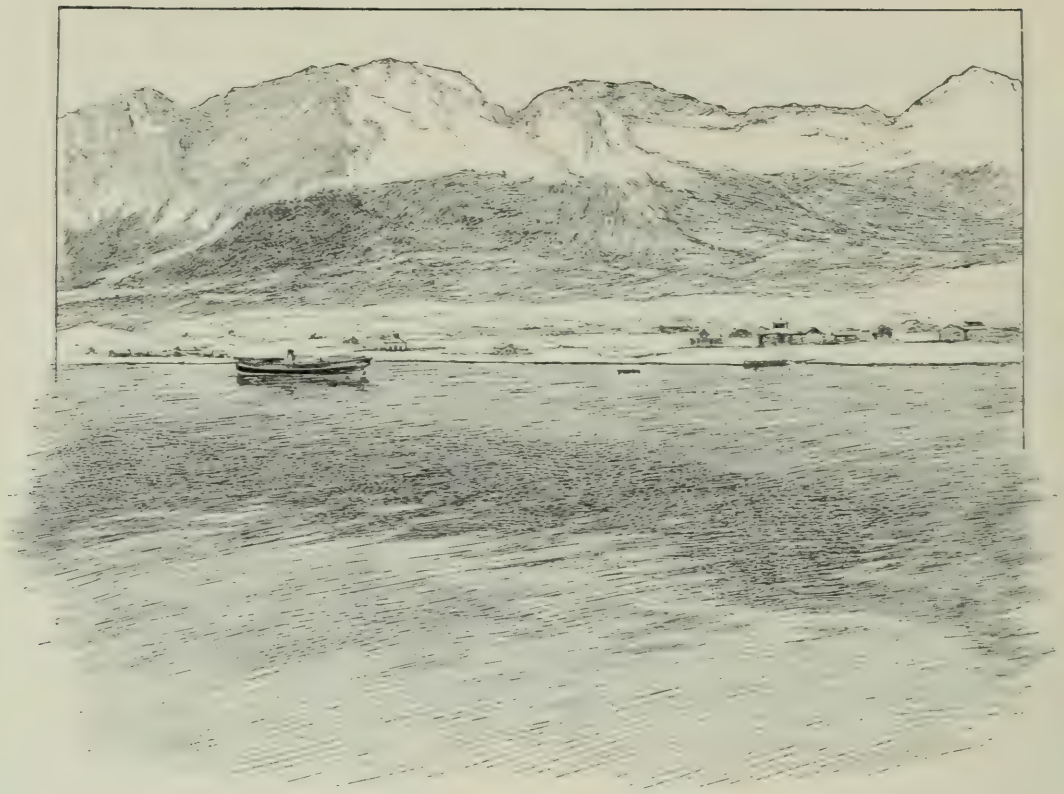
An Ona Indian Family at the Doorway of a Hut.



The Main Business Street of Punta Arenas.

camps, but at any time since 1866, the man out of work and in need of money could "take a pick and shovel and go dig some gold," as one of the citizens said to me. More than that, there was, and still is, "a plenty of saw-timber back on the mountains." As a seaport, a supply depot for the ranches, a gold camp, the head-quarters of several gangs of lumbermen, and the home port of a fleet of tiny cruisers that trade with the Indians among the islands west and south, Punta Arenas is the liveliest town of its size on the continent. The people claim a population of three thousand five hundred. The Rocky Mountain sporting-man would judge from this description that Punta Arenas would be just the place he was looking for, but the truth is that, while it supports nearly one hundred saloons, there is neither a gambling-den nor a dance-house there.

Until we had entered well into the Strait of Magellan, we had not had one glimpse of natural scenery of a sort to enliven the spectator. On the one hand there had been a stormy sea, and on the other a sombre coast. Tierra del Fuego was everywhere a vast undulating plain, grass covered, indeed, but the grass was dry and yellow to the eye. The picture as a whole was like a section of Colorado east of the mountains. But when we approached Punta Arenas everything changed. The plains of Patagonia rose into green verdure-clad mountains, while green valleys nestled between. Beyond these on the Patagonia side, and away to the south on the opposite side, were mountains that pierced the clouds and were covered with eternal snows. The route of our little steamer, after leaving Punta Arenas, was through straits and channels that had been made when mountains had been split apart by the mighty convulsions of nature. We steamed through reaches where we could have passed safely as close to the antarctic beaches or the precipitous mountain-sides, as the steamers on the Albemarle Canal pass to the overhanging verdure of the Dismal Swamp. We had seen only storms of wind. Now every blast was laden with sleet or snow, while giant williwaws—the tornadoes of the region—came whirling down from glacier-lined gorges to gather the spray of the seas into columns that went waltzing away over the foaming waters, and hurled themselves to destruction on the opposite shore. Even in a well-found steamer the navigator of that region need have a cool head, a clear eye, and a firm hand. There are no more dan-



Ushuaia, Capital of Argentine Territory in Tierra del Fuego.

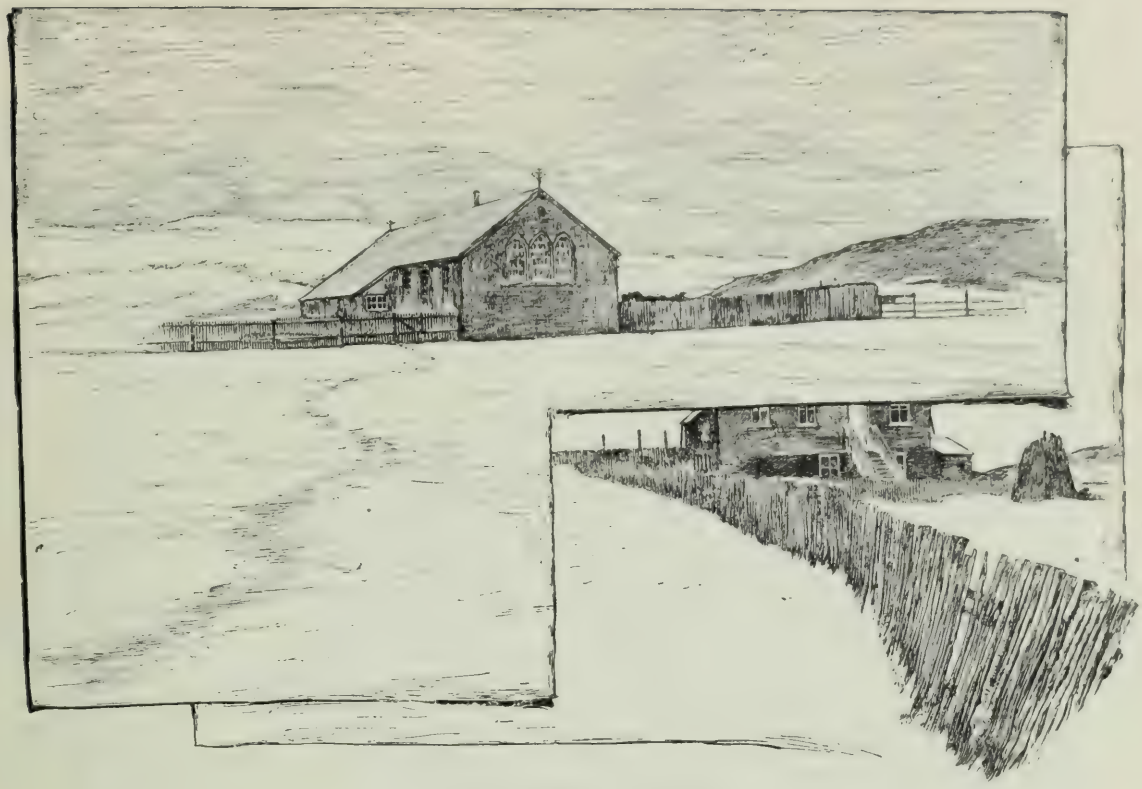
gerous waters anywhere. Nevertheless, the traveller is likely to see at almost any turn a Cape Horn gold-seeker cruising along in a twenty-five foot catboat. Incredible as it may seem, these daredevils have cruised right away down to the Horn itself, in just such boats as are used by pleasure-seekers, in fair weather only, on the coast of the United States. Of course many are lost, "but what does it matter? We won't go till the time comes," as they say.

They have found gold, too, in nuggets and dust, on the south and west coasts of Tierra del Fuego, on Lennox and New Islands, and even on New Year's Islands, off the north shore of Staten Island. There is gold there now, plenty of it, but the quest is so dangerous and the returns so uncertain, that only those who have "the curse of the wandering foot" go there for it.

After leaving Punta Arenas we steamed through Cockburn Channel down to the Southern Sea. We were coasting then the region inhabited by a tribe of Indians seen by almost all who pass through the Strait of Magellan on the big European steamers, the Alaculoofs. They have been often described as a dirty, naked tribe, who come to the ships in canoes to beg for liquor, tobacco, and food. They are robbers as well as beggars. I saw a trading sloop with a bloody deck at Punta Arenas, that had been through a fight with them where two white men and an unknown number of Indians were killed. They are tractable, however, for a mission has been established among them, and we may eventually find that they are interesting and intelligent instead of utterly degraded, as they seem to be to the casual observer.

One needs to make just the voyage we were making to understand how great a mistake the casual observer is likely to make in connection with a tribe of Indians. Never was a tribe so entirely misunderstood as that found in the territory for which we were bound; never did the arrogant, complacent conceit of the white man bring swifter destruction to any race of so-called savages.

We were bound to Ushuaia, a settlement on Ushuaia Bay, in the Beagle Channel, and this settlement is at once a missionary station and the capital of Argentine's part of Tierra del Fuego. It is this place that *is* the most southern town in the world; but that is about



The Mission Station at Ushuaia.

the least interesting fact that I know concerning it.

The Indians of the immediate vicinity of Cape Horn are called Yahgans. Darwin summed up the descriptions of all previous observers of this race when he called them "savages of the lowest grade." So they have seemed to be to all other casual observers who have followed him. But when, in 1870, an English missionary came to live among them permanently, the facts which he learned about them were found so astonishing as to almost pass belief. Thus the explorer, observing that their huts were but wretched wind-breaks, and their manufactured articles but few in number, had always supposed them mentally incapable of providing decently even for the necessaries of savage existence. Their canoes, because made of bark, were called wretched, but the observations of the missionary proved that they were as seaworthy as any the Vikings ever made. They could even outride the terrible strain of the williwaw. The Yahgans had but few weapons or tools, only slings, spears of two forms, and shell-knives, but these were of "the best form and the most effective that could be made from the materials at hand." They made neither bowls nor bottles, but their baskets, the bag-like leaves of seaweed, and the big shells of the beach served for storing even liquids; while food was always cooked by roasting and never eaten raw, except certain kinds of shell-fish.

They lived practically naked, but nature had provided a layer of fat beneath the skin which they supplemented with copious applications of grease without. Melting snow or sleet could have little, if any, more effect on a Yahgan than on a porpoise. To the eyes of the explorer their painted faces seemed hideous, but when those faces were washed, men with faces as intelligent as any from the valley of the Mohawk, and maidens as attractive as those of the schools of Tahlequah, were revealed.

Darwin had said of a Yahgan, "I should think there was scarcely another human being with so small a stock of language;" but when the missionary had completed a lexicon of the language, he found it contained forty thousand items, or ten thousand more than the highest estimate of the number in any Iroquois tongue.

They had orators, historians, poets, and novelists, in spite of their lack of a

written language. Their folk-lore was of the greatest interest, and their poetry was delightful, but the most remarkable part of their literature was in their tales, of which the point was found in what the listener was pretty sure to think of and not directly in what the speaker said.

It was a heathen tribe. They had no word for Deity or a future existence. They called a dead animal "dead," but when a human being passed away he was "lost." They sold their women, but even second-cousins were held sacred by the worst of their men. They were courteous to a marvellous degree. They never gave orders, and had no such a word as obey. Even the man who wanted his squaw to perform some service, used an expression meaning, "Tell to do," as if she were to tell some other person to do the thing. He even spoke, when in her presence, of his most useful weapon as "our spear." Matters of which two men or a man and his squaw might properly talk in private, were either not mentioned in gatherings, or were alluded to as delicately as they would be in a civilized drawing-room. They had neither chief nor ruler, and mental superiority gave a man greater influence than physical strength did.

To this wonderful people came a missionary confident that he could improve them in earthly as well as spiritual matters. He was backed by a great society, and assisted by white men and women who believed as he did. To improve the Yahgans warm houses were built to take the place of twig wigwams, some of the Yahgans were taught to dig, to plant, to saw lumber, and so on. In return for furs and labor on the missionary plot of ground, the Yahgans received clothing and soap, which they were taught to use. An orphanage was erected where orphan children were entirely supported.

Of course, all who could be reached received spiritual instructions daily, according to the creed of the missionary. After eleven years the baptismal roll numbered one hundred and thirty-six. This number was counted small, but so great had been the influence of the teachings, that the character of the tribe as a whole had been changed, until seamen wrecked on the coast could approach the natives with the certainty of receiving assistance, instead of meeting death as had formerly been the case. Apparently, great good had come to the tribe.



A group of Indians and H.M.

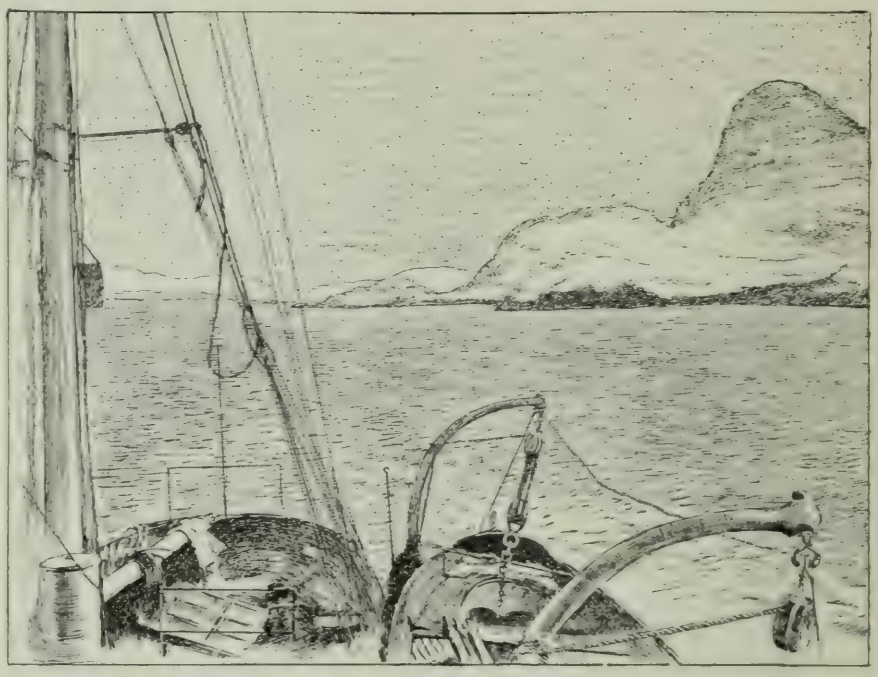
This is a sober relation of facts of the greatest importance to missionaries. The appearances were deceptive. The tribe had been ruined by its friends. The Indians who had thrived when naked and living on whale-blubber, did not thrive as clothed farm-



Yahgan Indians in Camp.

laborers living on bread. The woollens of the whites were less efficient as clothing than whale-oil. Children who had been sturdy and strong when naked in the storms of sleet, died when well dressed and living in a warm orphanage; every child taken into it died. Pneumonia and consumption became plagues.

The apparent success of the mission attracted the attention of the Argentine Government, so that the bay was chosen as a site when a capital for Argentine Tierra del Fuego was to be established. Since then Argentine steamers have regularly visited the port, bringing the ills of civilized life.



Beagle Channel.

Worse yet, "the native tribes had been set against white men by the cruel treatment they had met with from sealing vessels," and so "the very hostility of the natives protected them." So says the missionary record. But the missionaries overcame this hostility, and thereafter the forecastle brute was free to come and go among the natives.

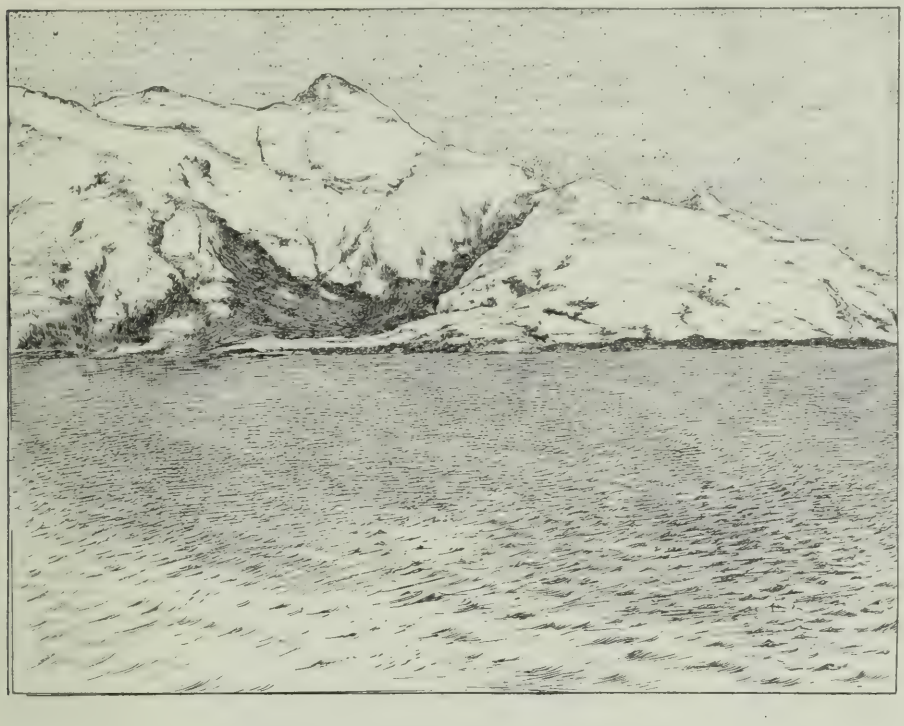
In 1871 there were three thousand Yahgans. In 1894 there are less than three hundred. In 1871 every man among them was ready and eager to stand up and fight for his home, man-fashion. Of those that a traveller now may see, every soul is a cowering hypocritical beggar. The attempt to change a tribe of wandering fishermen into farmers failed utterly. Nature had not fashioned them so.

Of Ushuaia as a civilized capital, little need be said. It consists of a score of small wood-and-iron houses, scattered along a narrow sloping grass-plot that lies between the mountains and the bay, but nature has made it picturesque. For a few rods up the slope behind the houses there is open land, and then begins the antarctic forest, that covers the steep mountain-sides for perhaps a thousand feet. Then even the bushes fade away, and the naked or glacier-covered rocks appear and rear their heads three thousand feet in air, while feathery plumes wrought by the wind from drifting snow wave and toss about a thousand feet higher still. Rarely can one find such a magnificent background for a settlement, and rarely can one find a settlement more unworthy of the beauty of its setting.

As at Gallegos, so here, there is the usual list of officials necessary to the dignity of a seaside capital. Executive, judicial, police, military, and naval officials with their followings may all be found here. There was also a schoolmaster and a school-matron. But the governor did not have three score of subjects in sight; the courts had no dockets; the police had no criminal class; the teachers had no pupils. Not a soul of them all had a stroke of work to do worth mentioning.

Four men not in government employ had little shanties, with stocks of liquors, food, clothing, etc., used in trade with Indians and prospectors. Including the mission station, there are perhaps fifty people all told in the capital of

Tierra del Fuego. They had no employment, they had no libraries, they did not have even the relief of sitting down by the fire to smoke, for there was neither a fireplace nor a heating-stove in the settlement.



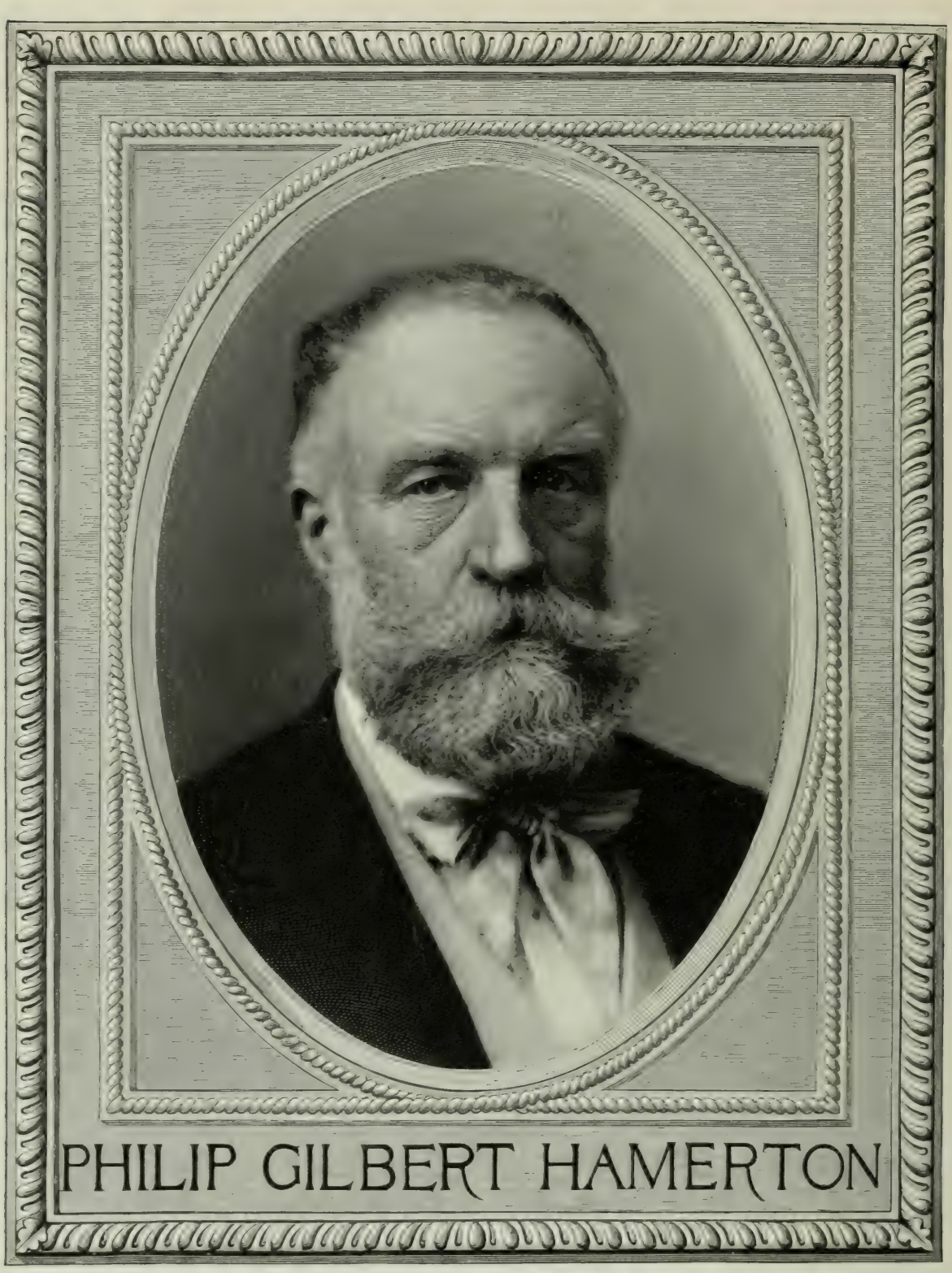
A Part of French Mountain, Beagle Channel.

With Ushuaia the interest of the voyage practically comes to an end. There is a great and flourishing sheep-ranch on Beagle Channel, thirty miles east of the capital. The government maintains a subprefectura at Thetis Bay, and another with a lighthouse on the east end of Staten Island. These may possibly attract settlers after a time. Sheep seem to thrive everywhere in the region, while the irrepressible prospector is likely to find true fissure veins and pay streaks at any time in the mountains. After seeing what has been accomplished along the Strait of Magellan within the last ten years, it is tolerably easy to believe that Tierra del Fuego, in spite of the bad name it has had, may become the home of a prosperous population; while even the bleak islands about it may not be left to utter desolation.

"NEL MEZZO DEL CAMMIN"

By A. B. Carr

WEARY with upward toil myself I flung
  Upon a midmost rock there chanced to be,
Haply to yet find strength to climb among
  The far-off heights that beckoned still to me,
  When, as I turned my head, lo, suddenly
The path behind me, into vision sprung,
And all my journey since the day was young
  Lay like a map, clear for my eyes to see.
There was the blossoming mead my first steps knew,
  And there Armida's garden where I slept,
And yonder, where I fell. Ye Gods! how plain
The way my feet sought afterwards in vain
  But which I missed; and which had I but kept
I had scaled, even now, yon shining peaks of blue!



From a photograph by E[illegible]tt & Fry London.

This portrait, from the last photograph taken of Mr. Hamerton (in the spring of 1894), conveys, with unusual success, the presence and expression of the writer and critic whose brief papers on contemporary art the readers of the MAGAZINE have followed during the past year, and whose more important works are to many of them so familiar. Mr. Hamerton, whose vigorous personality it was hard for his friends to connect with the possibility of ill-health, died suddenly on November 6, 1894, at his home at Boulogne-sur-Seine. A critic, writing since his death of his last MAGAZINE paper, speaks of his as "the hand to which readers must now cease to look for sane criticism and safe guidance through the pitfalls of modern taste." It was much more than this, as readers of his other work can testify; but the words describe much of the healthy influence he exerted through periodical literature, and emphasize the qualities which distinguished his writing—sanity, clearness, and independence of caprice; qualities which were also eminently characteristic of the man himself.



THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER V

A MOUNTAIN WALK IN MIST AND SUNSHINE

CHILLON was right in his forecast of the mists. An over-moistened earth steaming to the sun obscured it before the two had finished breakfast, which was a finish to everything eatable in the ravaged dwelling, with the exception of a sly store for the midday meal, that old Mariandl had stuffed into Chillon's leather sack—the fruit of secret begging on their behalf about the neighborhood. He found the sack heavy and bulky as he slung it over his shoulder; but she bade him make nothing of such a trifle till he had it inside him. "And you that love tea so, my pretty one, so that you always laughed and sang after drinking a cup with your mother," she said to Carinthia, "you will find one pinch of it in your bag at the end of the left-foot slipper, to remember your home by when you are out in the world."

She crossed the strap of the bag on her young mistress's bosom, and was embraced by Carinthia and Chillon in turns, Carinthia telling her to dry her eyes, for that she would certainly come back, and perhaps occupy the house, one day or other. The old soul moaned of eyes that would not be awake to behold her; she begged a visit at her grave, though it was to be in a Catholic burial-place, and the priests had used her dear master and mistress ill by not allowing them to lie in consecrated ground; affection made her a champion of religious tolerance and a little afraid of retribution. Carinthia soothed her, kissed her, gave the promise, and the parting was over.

She and Chillon had on the previous day accomplished a pilgrimage to the resting-place of their father and mother, among humble Protestants, iron-smelters, in a valley out of the way of their present line of march to the glacier of the great snow-mountain marking the junction of three Alpine provinces of Austria. Josef, the cart-driver with the boxes, who was to pass the valley, vowed of his own accord to hang a fresh day's wreath on the rails. He would not hear of money for the purchase, and they humored him. The family had been beloved. There was an offer of a home for Carinthia in the castle of Count Lebern, a friend of her parents, much taken with her, and she would have accepted it had not Chillon overruled her choice, determined that, as she was English, she must come to England and live under the guardianship of her uncle, Lord Levellier, of whose character he did not speak.

The girl's cheeks were drawn thin and her lips shut as they departed; she was tearless. A phantom ring of mist accompanied her from her first footing outside the house. She did not look back. The house came swimming and plunging after her, like a spectral ship on big seas, and her father and mother lived and died in her breast; and now they were strong, consulting, chatting, laughing, caressing; now still and white, caught by a vapor that dived away with them either to right or left, but always with the same suddenness, leaving her to question herself whether she existed, for more of life seemed to be with their mystery than with her speculations. The phantom ring of mist enclosing for miles the invariable low-sweeping, dark spruce-fir, kept her thoughts on them as close as the shroud. She walked fast, but scarcely felt that she was moving. Near midday the haunted circle widened; rocks were loosely folded in it, and heads of trees, whose round intervolving roots grasped the yellow roadside soil; the mists shook like a curtain and partly opened and displayed a tapestry landscape, roughly worked, of woollen crag and castle, and suggested glen, threaded waters, very prominent foreground. Autumn flowers on banks, a predominant atmospheric grayness.

The sun threw a shaft, liquid instead of burning, as we see his beams beneath a wave; and then the mists narrowed again, boiled up the valleys and streams above the mountain, curled, and flew, and were Python coils pierced by brighter arrows of the sun. A spot of blue signalled his victory above.

To look at it was to fancy they had been walking under water and had now arisen to the surface. Carinthia's mind stepped out of the chamber of death. The different air and scenery breathed into her timid warmth toward the future, and between her naming of the lesser mountains on their side of the pass, she asked questions relating to England, and especially the ladies she was to see at the Baths beyond the glacier-pass. She had heard of a party of his friends awaiting him there, without much encouragement from him to ask particulars of them, and she had hitherto abstained, as she was rather shy of meeting her countrywomen. The ladies, Chillon said, were cousins; one was a young widow, the Countess of Fleetwood, and the other was Miss Fakenham, a younger lady.

Carinthia murmured in German: "Poor soul!" Which one was she pitying? The widow, she said, in the tone implying, naturally.

Her brother assured her the widow was used to it, for this was her second widowhood.

"She marries again!" exclaimed the girl.

"You don't like that idea?" said he.

Carinthia betrayed a delicate shudder.

Her brother laughed to himself at her expressive present tense. "And marries again!" he said. "There will certainly be a third."

"Husband?" said she, as at the incredible.

"Husband, let's hope," he answered.

She dropped from her contemplation of the lady, and her look at her brother signified, It will not be you.

Chillon was engaged in spying for a place where he could spread out the contents of his bag. Sharp hunger beset them both at the mention of eating. A bank of sloping green shaded by a chestnut proposed the seat, and here he relieved the bag of a bottle of wine, slices of meat, bread, hard eggs, and lettuce, a chipped cup to fling away after drinking the wine, and a supply of small butter-cakes known to be favorite with Carinthia. She reversed the order of the feast by commencing upon one of the cakes, to do honor to Mariandl's thoughtfulness. As at their breakfast, they shared the last morsel.

"But we would have made it enough for our dear old dog Pluto as well, if he had lived," said Carinthia, sighing with her thankfulness and compassionate regrets, a mixture often inspiring a tender babbling melancholy. "Dog's eyes have such a sick look of love. He might have lived longer, though he was very old, only he could not survive the loss of father. I know the finding the body broke his heart. He sprang forward, he stopped, and threw up his head. It was human language to hear him, Chillon. He lay in the yard, trying to lift his eyes when I came to him. They were so heavy. And he had not strength to move his poor old tail more than once. He died with his head on my lap. He seemed to beg me, and I took him, and he breathed twice, and that was his end. Pluto! old dog! Well, for you or for me, brother, we could not have a better wish. As for me, death! . . . When we know we are to die! Only, let my darling live! that is my prayer; and that we two may not be separated till I am taken to their grave. Father bought ground for four—his wife and himself and his two children. It does not oblige us to be buried there, but could we have any other desire?"

She stretched her hand to her brother. He kissed it spiritedly.

"Look ahead, my dear girl. Help me to finish this wine. There's nothing like good hard walking to give common wine of the country a flavor—and out of broken crockery."

"I think it is so good," Carinthia replied, after drinking from the cup. "In England they do not grow wine. Are the people there kind?"

"They're civilized people, of course."

"Kind—warm to you, Chillon?"

"Some of them, when you know them. Warm is hardly the word. Winter's warm on skates. You must do a great

deal for yourself. They don't boil over. By the way, don't expect much of your uncle."

"Will he not love me?"

"He gives you a lodging in his house, and food — enough, we'll hope. You won't see company or much of him."

"I cannot exist without being loved. I do not care for company. He must love me a little."

"He is one of a warm-hearted race— he's mother's brother; but where his heart is, I've not discovered. Bear with him just for the present, my dear, till I am able to support you."

"I will," she said.

The dreary vision of a home with an unloving uncle was not brightened by the alternative of her brother's having to support her. She spoke of money. "Have we none, Chillon?"

"We have no debts," he answered. "We have a claim on the government here for indemnification for property taken to build a fortress upon one of the passes into Italy. Father bought the land, thinking there would be a yield of ore thereabout; and they have seized it, rightly enough; but they dispute our claim for the valuation we put on it. A small sum, they would consent to pay. It would be a very small sum, and I'm my father's son, I will have justice."

"Yes!" Carinthia joined with him, to show the same stout nature.

"We have nothing else, except a bit to toss up for luck."

"And how can I help being a burden on my brother?" she inquired, in distress.

"Marry, and be a blessing to a husband," he said, lightly.

They performed a sacrifice of the empty bottle and cracked cup on the site of their meal, as if it had been a ceremony demanded from travellers, and leaving them in fragments, proceeded on their journey refreshed.

Walking was now high enjoyment, notwithstanding the force of the sun, for they were a hardy couple requiring no more than sufficient nourishment to combat the elements with an exulting blood. Besides, they loved mountain air and scenery, and each step to the ridge of the pass they climbed was an advance in splendor. Peaks of ashen hue, and pale dry red, and pale sulphur, pushed up, straight, forked, twisted, naked, striking their minds with an indeterminate ghostliness of India, so strange they were in shape and coloring. These sharp points were the first to greet them between the blue and green. A depression of the pass to the left, gave sight of the points of black fir-forest below, round the girths of the barren shafts. Mountain blocks appeared pushing up in front, and a mountain wall and wood on it, and mountains in the distance, and cliffs riven with falls of water that were silver skeins, down lower to meadows, villages, and spires, and lower finally to the whole valley of the foaming river, field and river seeming in imagination rolled out from the hand of the heading mountain.

"But see this in winter, as I did with father, Chillon!" said Carinthia.

She said it upon love's instinct to halo the scene with something beyond present vision, and to sanctify it for her brother, so that this walk of theirs together should never be forgotten.

A smooth fold of cloud, moveless along one of the upper pastures, and still dense enough to be luminous in sunlight, was the last of the mist.

They watched it lying in the form of a fish, leviathan diminished, as they descended their path; and the head was lost, the tail spread peacockwise and evaporated slowly in that likeness; and, soft to a breath of air as gossamer down, the body became a ball, a cock, a little lizard, nothingness.

The bluest bright day of the year was shining. Chillon led the descent. With his trim and handsome figure before her, Carinthia remembered the current saying, that he should have been the girl and she the boy. That was because he resembled their mother in face. But the build of his limbs and shoulders was not feminine. To her admiring eyes, he had a look superior to simple strength and grace: the look of a great sky-bird about to mount, a fountain-like energy of stature, delightful to her contemplation. And he had the mouth women put faith in for decision and fixedness. She did, most fully; and reflecting how

entirely she did so, the thought assailed her—someone must be loving him!

She allowed it to surprise her, not choosing to revert to an uneasy sensation of the morning.

That someone, her process of reasoning informed her, was necessarily an English young lady. She reserved her questions till they should cease this hopping and heeling down the zigzag of the slippery path-track; but on the level of the valley, where they met the torrent-river, walking side by side with him, she ventured an inquiry: "English girls are fair girls, are they not?"

"There are some dark also," he replied.

"But the best looking are fair?"

"Perhaps they are, with us."

"Mother was fair?"

"She was."

"I have only seen a few of them, once at Vienna, and at Venice, and those Baths we are going to; and at Meran, I think."

"You considered them charming?"

"Not all."

It was touching that she should be such a stranger to her countrywomen! He drew a portrait-case from his breast pocket, pressing the spring, and handed it to her, saying, "There is one." He spoke indifferently, but as soon as she had seen the face inside it, with a look at him and a deep breath, she understood that he was an altered brother, and that they were three instead of two.

She handed it back to him, saying hushedly and only, "Yes."

He did not ask an opinion upon the beauty she had seen. His pace increased, and she hastened her steps beside him. She had not much to learn when some minutes later she said: "Shall I see her, Chillon?"

"She is one of the ladies we are to meet."

"What a pity!" Carinthia stepped faster, enlightened as to his wish to get to the Baths without delay; and her heart softened in reflecting how readily he had yielded to her silly preference for going on foot.

Her cry of regret was equivocal; it produced no impression on him. They reached a village where her leader deemed it advisable to drive for the remainder of the distance up the valley to the barrier snow-mountain. She assented instantly; she had no longer any active wishes of her own, save to make amends to her brother, who was and would ever be her brother; she could not be robbed of their relationship.

Something undefined in her feeling of possession she had been robbed of, she knew it by her spiritlessness; and she would fain have attributed it to the idle motion of the car, now and then stupidly jolting her on, after the valiant exercise of her limbs. She continued imaging her English home and her loveless uncle, as if the fire of her soul had been extinguished. "Marry, and be a blessing to a husband." Chillon's words whispered of the means of escape from the den of her uncle.

But who would marry me? she thought. An unreproved sensation of melting pervaded her; she knew her capacity for gratitude, and conjuring it up in her heart, there came with it the noble knightly gentleman who would really stoop to take a plain girl by the hand, release her, and say: "Be mine!" His vizor was down, of course. She had no power of imagining the lineaments of that prodigy. Or was he a dream? He came and went. Her mother, not unkindly, sadly, had counted her poor girl's chances of winning attention and a husband. Her father had doted on her face; but, as she argued, her father had been attracted by her mother, a beautiful woman, and this was a circumstance that reflected the greater hopelessness on her prospects. She bore a likeness to her father, little to her mother, though he fancied the reverse and gave her the mother's lips and hair. Thinking of herself, however, was destructive to the form of her mirror of knightliness; he wavered, he fled for good, as the rosy vapor born of our sensibility must do when we relapse to coldness, and the more completely when we try to command it. No, she thought, a plain girl should think of work, to earn her independence.

"Women are not permitted to follow armies, Chillon?" she said.

He laughed out. "What's in your head?"

The laugh abashed her ; she murmured of women being good nurses for wounded soldiers ; if they were good walkers to march with the army ; and, as evidently it sounded witless to him, she added, to seem reasonable : "You have not told me the Christian name of those ladies."

He made queer eyes over the puzzle to connect the foregoing and the succeeding in her remarks ; but answered straightforwardly : "Livia is one, and Henrietta."

Her ear seized on the stress of his voice. "Henrietta!" She chose that name for the name of the person disturbing her ; it fused best, she thought, with the new element she had been compelled to take into her system, to absorb it if she could.

"You're not scheming to have them serve as Army Hospital Nurses, my dear?"

"No, Chillon."

"You can't explain it, I suppose."

"A sister could go too, when you go to war, Chillon."

A sister could go, if it were permitted by the authorities, and be near her brother to nurse him in case of wounds ; others would be unable to claim the privilege. That was her meaning, involved with the hazy project of earning an independence ; but she could not explain it, and Chillon set her down for one of the inexplicable sex, which the simple adventurous girl had not previously seemed to be.

She was inwardly warned of having talked foolishly, and she held her tongue. Her humble and modest jealousy, scarce deserving the title, passed with a sigh or two. It was her first taste of life in the world.

A fit of heavy-mindedness ensued, that heightened the contrast her recent mood had bequeathed, between herself, ignorant as she was, and those ladies. Their names, Livia and Henrietta, soared above her and sang the music of the splendid spheres. Henrietta was closer to earth, for her features had been revealed ; she was therefore the dearer and the richer for him who loved her, being one of us, though an overearthly one ; and Carinthia gave her to Chillon, reserving for herself a handmaiden's place within the circle of their happiness.

This done, she sat straight in the car. It was toiling up the steep ascent of a glen to the mountain village, the last of her native province. Her proposal to walk was accepted, and the speeding of her blood, now that she had mastered the new element in it, soon restored her to her sisterly affinity with natural glories. The sunset was on yonder side of the snows. Here there was a feast of variously-tinted sunset shadows on snow, meadows, rock, river, serrated cliff. The peaked cap of the rushing rock-dotted sweeps of upward snow caught a scarlet illumination ; one flank of the white in heaven was violetted wonderfully.

At nightfall, under a clear black sky alive with wakeful fires round head and breast of the great Alp, Chillon and Carinthia strolled out of the village, and he told her some of his hopes. They referred to inventions of destructive weapons, which were primarily to place his country out of all danger from a world in arms ; and also, it might be mentioned, to bring him fortune. "For I must have money!" he said, sighing it out like a deliberate oath. He and his uncle were associated in the inventions. They had an improved rocket that would force military chiefs to change their tactics ; they had a new powder, a rifle, a model musket—the latter based on his own plans ; and a scheme for fortress artillery likely to turn the preponderance in favor of the defensive ones again. "And that will be really doing good," said Chillon, "for where it's with the offensive, there's everlasting bullying and plundering."

Carinthia warmly agreed with him, but begged him be sure his uncle divided the profits equally. She discerned what his need of money signified.

Tenderness urged her to say : "Henrietta, Chillon."

"Well?" he answered, openly.

"Will she wait?"

"Can she, you should ask."

"Is she brave?"

"Who can tell, till she has been tried."

"Is she quite free?"

"She has not yet been captured."

"Brother, is there no one else?"

"There's a nobleman anxious to bestow his titles on her."

"He is rich?"

"The first or second wealthiest in Great Britain, they say."

"Is he young?"

"About the same age as mine."

"Is he a handsome young man?"

"Handsomer than your brother, my girl."

"No, no, no!" said she. "And what if he is, and your Henrietta does not choose him? Now let me think what I long to think, I have her close to me."

She rocked a roseate image on her heart and went to bed with it by starlight.

By starlight they sprang to their feet and departed the next morning, in the steps of a guide carrying, Chillon said, "a better lantern than we left behind us at the Smithy."

"Father!" exclaimed Carinthia, on her swift inward breath, for this one of the names he had used to give to her old home revived him to her thoughts and senses fervently.

CHAPTER VI

THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER

Three parts down a swift decline of shattered slate, where travelling stones loosened from rows of scree hurl away at a bound after one roll over, there sat a youth dusty and torn, nursing a bruised leg, not in the easiest of postures, on a sharp tooth of rock that might at any moment have broken from the slanting slab at the end of which it formed a stump, and added him a second time to the general crumble of the mountain. He had done a portion of the descent in excellent imitation of the detached fragments, and had parted company with his alpenstock and plaid; preserving his hat and his knapsack, or at least the contents. He was alone, disabled, and cheerful; in doubt of the arrival of succor before he could trust his left leg to do him further service unaided; but it was morning still, the sun was hot, the air was cool; just the tempering opposition to render existence pleasant as a piece of vegetation, especially when there has been a question of your ceasing to exist; and the view was of a sustaining sublimity of desolateness: crag and snow overhead; a gloomy vale below; no life either of bird or herd; a voiceless region where there had once been roars at the bowling of a hill from a mountain to the deep, and the sliced flank of the mountain spoke of it in the silence.

He would have enjoyed the scene unremittingly, like the philosopher he pretended to be, in a disdain of civilization and the ambitions of men, had not a contest with earth been forced on him from time to time to keep the heel of his right foot, dug in shallow shale, fixed and supporting. As long as it held he was happy and maintained the attitude of a guitar-player, thrumming the calf of the useless leg to accompany tuneful thoughts; but the inevitable lapse and slide of the foot recurred, and the philosopher was exhibited as an infant learning to crawl. The seat, moreover, not having been fashioned for him or for any soft purpose, resisted his pressure and became a thing of violence, that required to be humiliatingly coaxed. His last resource to propitiate it was counselled by nature turned mathematician; tenacious extension solved the problem; he lay back at his length, and with his hat over his eyes, consented to see nothing for the sake of comfort. Thus was he perfectly rational, though when others beheld him he appeared the insanest of mortals.

A girl's voice gave out the mountain carol ringingly above. His heart and all his fancies were in motion at the sound. He leaned on an elbow to listen; the slide threatened him, and he resumed his full stretch, determined to take her for a dream. He was of the class of youths who, in apprehension that their bright season may not be permanent, choose to fortify it by a systematic contempt of material realities unless they come in the fairest of shapes; and as he was quite sincere in this feeling and election of the right way to live, disappointment and sullenness overcame him on hearing men's shouts and steps; despite his helpless condition he refused to stir, for they had jarred on his dream.

Perhaps his temper, unknown to himself, had been a little injured by his mishap, and he would not have been sorry to charge them with want of common humanity in passing him; or he did not think his plight so bad, else he would have bawled after them had they gone by; for the youths of his description are fools only upon system, however earnestly they indulge the present self-punishing sentiment. The party did not pass; they stopped short, they consulted, and a feminine tongue more urgent than the others, and very musical, sweet to hear anywhere, put him in tune. She said, "Brother! brother!" in German. Our philosopher flung off his hat.

"You see?" said the lady's brother.

"Ask him, Anton," she said to their guide.

"And quick!" her brother added.

The guide scrambled along to him, and at a closer glance shouted: "The Englishman!" wheeling his finger to indicate what had happened to the Tomnoddy islander.

His master called to know if there were broken bones, as if he could stop for nothing else.

The cripple was raised. The gentleman and lady made their way to him, and he tried his hardest to keep from tottering on the slope in her presence. No injury had been done to the leg; there was only a stiffness, and an idiotic doubling of the knee, as though at each step his leg pronounced a dogged negative to the act of walking. He said something equivalent to "this donkey leg," to divert her charitable eyes from a countenance dancing with ugly twitches. She was the Samaritan. A sufferer discerns his friend, though it be not the one who physically assists him; he was inclined by nature to put material aid at a lower mark than gentleness, and her brief words of encouragement, the tone of their delivery yet more, were medical to his blood, better help than her brother's iron arm, he really believed. Her brother and the guide held him on each side, and she led to pick out the safer footing for him; she looked round and pointed to some projection that would form a step; she drew attention to views here and there, to win excuses for his resting; she did not omit to soften her brother's visible impatience as well, and this was the art which affected her keenly sensible debtor most.

They managed to get him hobbling and slipping to the first green tufts of the base, where long black tongues of slate-rubble pouring into the grass like shore-waves that have spent their burden, seem about to draw back to bring the mountain down. Thence to the level pasture was but a few skips performed sliding.

"Well, now," said Chillon, "you can stand?"

"Pretty well, I think." He tried his foot on the ground, and then stretched his length, saying that it only wanted rest. Anton pressed a hand at his ankle and made him wince, but the bones were sound, leg and hip not worse than badly bruised. He was advised by Anton to plant his foot in the first running water he came to, and he was considerate enough to say to Chillon:

"Now you can leave me, and let me thank you. Half an hour will set me right. My name is Woodseer, if ever we meet again."

Chillon nodded a hurried good-by, without a thought of giving his name in return. But Carinthia had thrown herself on the grass. Her brother asked her in dismay if she was tired. She murmured to him: "I should like to hear more English."

"My dear girl, you'll have enough of it in two or three weeks."

"Should we leave a good deed half done, Chillon?"

"He shall have our guide."

"He may not be rich."

"I'll pay Anton to stick to him."

"Brother, he has an objection to guides."

Chillon cast hungry eyes on his watch. "Five minutes, then." He addressed Mr. Woodseer, who was reposing, indifferent to time, hard by: "Your objection to guides might have taught you a sharp lesson. It's like declining to have a master in studying a science—trusting to instinct for your knowledge of a bargain. One might as well refuse an oar to row in a boat."

"I'd rather risk it," the young man replied. "These guides kick the soul

out of scenery. I came for that and not for them."

"You might easily have been a disagreeable part of the scene."

"Why not here as well as elsewhere?"

"You don't take care for your life?"

"I try not to care for it a fraction more than destiny does."

"Fatalism—I suppose you care for something?"

"Besides I've a slack purse, and shun guides and inns when I can. I care for open air, color, flowers, weeds, birds, insects, mountains. There's a world behind the mask. I call this life; and the town's a boiling pot, intolerably stuffy. My one ambition is to be out of it. I thank heaven I have not another on earth. Yes, I care for my note-book, because it's of no use to a human being except me. I slept beside a spring last night, and I never shall like a bedroom so well. I think I have discovered the great secret; I may be wrong, of course." And if so, he had his philosophy, the admission was meant to say.

"I would advise you," Chillon said, "to get a pair of Styrian boots, if you intend to stay in the Alps. Those boots of yours are London make."

"They're my father's make," said Mr. Woodseer.

Chillon drew out his watch. "Come, Carinthia, we must be off." He proposed his guide, and as Anton was rejected he pointed the route over the head of the village, stated the distance to an inn that way, saluted, and strode.

Mr. Woodseer, partly rising, presumed, in raising his hat and thanking Carinthia, to touch her fingers. She smiled on him, frankly extending her open hand, and pointing the route again, counselling him to rest at the inn, even saying: "You have not yet your strength to come on with us?"

He thought he would stay some time longer; he had a disposition to smoke.

She tripped away to her brother and was watched through the whiffs of a pipe far up the valley, guiltless of any consciousness of producing an impression. But her mind was with the stranger sufficiently to cause her to say to Chillon, at the close of a dispute between him and Anton on the interesting subject of the growth of the horns of chamois: "Have we been quite kind to that gentleman?"

Chillon looked over his shoulder. "He's there still; he's fond of solitude. And, Carin, my dear, don't give your hand when you are meeting or parting with people; it's not done."

His uninstructed sister said: "Did you not like him?"

She was answered with an "Oh," the tone of which balanced lightly on the neutral line. "Some of the ideas he has are Lord Fleetwood's, I hear, and one can understand them in a man of enormous wealth, who doesn't know what to do with himself, and is dead sick of flattery; though it seems odd for an English nobleman to be raving about Nature. Perhaps it's because none else of them does."

"Lord Fleetwood loves our mountains, Chillon?"

"But a fellow who probably has to make his way in the world!—and he despises ambition!". . . . Chillon dropped him. He was antipathetic to eccentrics, and his soldierly and social training opposed the profession of heterodox ideas; to have listened seriously to them coming from the mouth of an unambitious bootmaker's son involved him in the absurdity. He considered that there was no harm in the lad, rather a commendable sort of courage and some notion of manners; allowing for his ignorance of the convenable in putting out his hand to take a young lady's, with the plea of thanking her. He hoped she would be more on her guard.

Carinthia was sure she had the name of the nobleman wishing to bestow his title upon the beautiful Henrietta. Lord Fleetwood! That slender thread given her of the character of her brother's rival who loved the mountains, was woven in her mind with her passing experience of the youth they had left behind them, until the two became one, a highly transfigured one, and the mountain scenery made him very threatening to her brother. A silky-haired youth, brown-eyed, unconquerable in adversity, immensely rich, fond of solitude, curled, decorated, bejewelled by all the elves and gnomes of inmost solitude, must have marvellous attractions, she

feared. She thought of him so much, that her humble spirit conceived the stricken soul of the woman as of necessity the pursuer ; as shamelessly, though timidly, as she herself pursued in imagination the enchanted secret of the mountain land. She hoped her brother would not supplicate, for it struck her that the lover who besieged the lady would forfeit her roaming and hunting fancy.

"I wonder what that gentleman is doing now," she said to Chillon.

He grimaced slightly, for her sake ; he would have liked to inform her, for the sake of educating her in the customs of the world she was going to enter, that the word gentleman conveys in English a special signification.

Her expression of wonder whether they were to meet him again, gave Chillon the opportunity of saying : "It's the unlikeliest thing possible—at all events in England."

"But I think we shall," said she.

"My dear, you meet people of your own class, you don't meet others."

"But we may meet anybody, Chillon !"

"In the street. I suppose you would not stop to speak to him in the street?"

"It would be strange to see him in the street !" Carinthia said.

"Strange or not ! . . . ." Chillon thought he had said sufficient. She was under his protectorship, otherwise he would not have alluded to the observance of class distinctions. He felt them personally in this case because of their seeming to stretch grotesquely by the pretentious heterodoxy of the young fellow, whom nevertheless, thinking him over now that he was mentioned, he approved for his manliness in bluntly telling his origin and status.

A chalet supplied them with fresh milk, and the inn of a village on a perch with the midday meal. Their appetites were princely and swept over the little inn like a conflagration. Only after clearing it did they remember the rearward pedestrian, whose probable wants Chillon was urged by Carinthia to speak of to their host. They pushed on, clambering up, scurrying down, tramping gayly, till by degrees the chambers of Carinthia's imagination closed their doors and would no longer intercommunicate. Her head refused to interest her, and left all activity to her legs and her eyes, and the latter became unobservant, except of foot-tracks, animal-like. She felt that she was a fine machine, and nothing else ; and she was rapidly approaching those ladies !

"You will tell them how I walked with you," she said.

"Your friends over yonder ?" said he.

"So that they may not think me so ignorant, brother." She stumbled on the helpless word in a hasty effort to cloak her vanity.

Anxious to cheer her, he said : "Come, come, you can dance. You dance well, mother has told me, and she was a judge. You ride, you swim, you have a voice—for country songs, at all events. And you're a bit of a botanist, too. You're good at English and German ; you had a French governess for a couple of years. By the way, you understand the use of a walking-stick in self-defence ; you could handle a sword on occasion."

"Father trained me," said Carinthia. "I can fire a pistol, aiming."

"With a good aim, too. Father told me you could. How fond he was of his girl ! Well, bear in mind that father was proud of you, and hold up your head wherever you are."

"I will," she said.

He assured her he had a mind to have a bugle blown at the entrance of the Baths for a challenge to the bathers to match her in warlike accomplishments.

She bit her lip ; she could not bear much rallying on the subject just then.

"Which is the hard one to please ?" she asked.

"The one you will find the kinder of the two."

"Henrietta ?"

He nodded.

"Has she a father ?"

"A gallant old admiral ; Admiral Baldwin Fakenham."

"I am glad of that !" Carinthia sighed out, heartily. "And he is with her ? And likes you, Chillon ?"

"On the whole, I think he does."

"A brave officer !" Such a father would be sure to like him.

So the domestic prospect was hopeful.

At sunset they stood on the hills overlooking the basin of the Baths, all enfolded in swathes of pink and crimson up to the shining gray of a high heaven that had the fresh brightness of the morning.

"We are not tired in the slightest," said Carinthia, trifling with the vision of cushioned rest below. "I could go on through the night quite comfortably."

"Wait till you wake up in your little bed to-morrow," Chillon replied, stoutly, to drive a chill from his lover's heart, that had seized it at the bare suggestion of their going on.

CHAPTER VII

THE LADY'S LETTER

Is not the lover a prophet? He that fervently desires may well be one; his hurried nature is alive with warmth to break the possible blow; and if they were not needed they were shadows; and if fulfilled, was he not convinced of his misfortune by a dark anticipation that rarely erred? Descending the hills, he remembered several omens; the sun had sunk when he looked down on the villas and clustered houses, not an edge of the orb had been seen; the Admiral's quarters in the broad-faced hotel had worn an appearance resembling the empty house of yesterday; the encounter with the fellow on the rocks had a bad whisper of impish tripping. And what moved Carinthia to speak of going on?

A letter was handed to Chillon in the hall of the Admiral's hotel where his baggage had already been delivered. The manager was deploring the circumstances that his rooms were full to the roof, when Chillon said: "Well, we must wash and eat;" and Carinthia, from watching her brother's forehead during his perusal of the letter, declared her readiness for anything. He gave her the letter to read by herself while preparing to sit at table, unwilling to ask her for a further tax on her energies: but it was she who had spoken of going on! He thought of it as of a debt she had contracted and might be supposed to think payable to their misfortune.

She read off the first two sentences.

"We can have a carriage here, Chillon; order a carriage; I shall get as much sleep in a carriage as in a bed; I shall enjoy driving at night," she said immediately, and strongly urged it and forced him to yield, the manager observing that a carriage could be had.

In the privacy of her room, admiring the clear, flowing hand, she read the words, delicious in their strangeness to her, notwithstanding the heavy news, as though they were sung out of a night-sky:

"Most picturesque of Castles!
May none these marks efface.
For they appeal from Tyranny. . . ."

"We start at noon to-day. Sailing orders have been issued, and I could only have resisted them in my own person by casting myself overboard. I go like the boat behind the vessel. You were expected yesterday, at latest this morning. I have seen boxes in the hall, with a name on them not foreign to me. Why does the master tarry? Sir, of your valiance you should have held to your good vow, quoth the damozel, for now you see me more perplexed, and that you did not your devoir is my affliction. Where lingers chivalry, she should have proceeded, if not with my knight? I feast on your regrets. I would not have you less than miserable; and I fear the reason is, that I am not so very very sure, you will be so at all, or very hugely, as I would command it of you for just time enough to see that change over your eyebrows I know so well.

"If you had seen a certain Henrietta yesterday, you would have the picture of how you ought to look. The Admiral was heard welcoming a new arrival—you can hear him. She ran down the stairs quicker than any cascade of this district, she would have made a bet with Livia that it could be no one else—her hand was out—before she was aware of the difference it was locked in Lord F———'s!

"Let the guilty absent suffer for causing such a betrayal of disappointment. I must be avenged! But if indeed you

are unhappy and would like to chide the innocent, I am full of compassion for the poor gentleman inheriting my legitimate feelings of wrath, and beg merely that he will not pour them out on me with pen and paper, but from his lips and eyes.

"Time pressing, I chatter no more. The destination is Livia's beloved Baden. We rest a night in the city of Mozart, a night at Munich, a night at Stuttgart. Baden will detain my cousin a full week. She has Captain Ambrane and Sir Meeson Corby in attendance—her long shadow and her short: both devoted to Lord F——, to win her smile, and how he drives them! The Captain has been paraded on the promenade to the stupefaction of the foreigner. Princes, counts, generals, diplomats passed under him in awe. I am told that he is called St. Christopher.

"Why do we go thus hastily? My friend, this letter has to be concealed. I know someone who sees in the dark.

"Think no harm of Livia. She is bent upon my worldly advantage, and that is plain even to the person rejecting it. How much more so must it be to papa, though he likes you, and when you are near him would perhaps, in a fit of unworldliness, be almost as reckless as the creature he calls madcap and would rather call countess. No! sooner with a Will o' the Wisp, my friend. Who could ever know where the man was when he himself never knows where he is. He is the wind that bloweth as it listeth—because it is without an aim or always with a new one. And am I the one to direct him? I need direction. My lord and sovereign must fix my mind. I am volatile, earthly, not to be trusted if I do not worship. He himself said to me—he reads our characters. 'Nothing but a proved hero will satisfy Henrietta'—his words! And the hero must be shining like a beacon-fire kept in a blaze. Quite true; I own it. Is Chillon Kirby satisfied? He ought to be.

"But oh! to be yoked is an insufferable thought, unless we may name all the conditions. But to be yoked to a creature of impulses! Really I could only describe his erratic nature by commending you to the study of a dragon-fly. It would map you an idea of what he has been in the twenty-four hours since we had him here. They tell me a vain sort of person is the cause. Can she be the cause of his resolving to have a residence here, to buy up half the valley—erecting a royal palace—and marking out the site—raving about it in the wildest language, poetical if it had been a little reasonable; and then, after a night, suddenly, unaccountably, hating the place, and being under the necessity of flying from it in hot haste, tearing us all away, as if we were attached to a kite that will neither mount nor fall, but rushes about headlong. Has he heard or suspected? or seen certain boxes bearing a name? Livia has no suspicion, though she thinks me wonderfully contented in so dull a place, where it has rained nine days in a fortnight. I ask myself whether my manner of greeting him betrayed my expectation of another. He has brains. It is the greatest of errors to suppose him at all like the common run of rich young noblemen. He seems to thirst for brilliant wits and original sayings. His ambition is to lead all England — in everything! I readily acknowledge that he has generous ideas, too; but try to hold him, deny him his liberty, and it would be seen how desperate and relentless he would be to get loose. Of this I am convinced: he would be either the most abject of lovers, or a woman (if it turned out not to be love) would find him the most unscrupulous of yoke-fellows. Yoke-fellows! She would not have her reason in consenting. A lamb and a furious bull! Papa and I have had a serious talk. He shut his ears to my comparisons, but admits that, as I am the principal person concerned, etc. Rich and a nobleman is too tempting for an anxious father; and Livia's influence is paramount. She has not said a syllable in depreciation of you. That is to her credit. She also admits that I must yield freely if at all, and she grants me the use of smiles; but her tactics are to contest them one by one, and the admirable pretender is *not* as shifty as the mariner's breeze, he is not like the wandering spark in burnt paper, of which you cannot say whether it is chasing or chased; it is I who am the shifty pole to the steadiest of mag-

nets. She is a princess in other things besides her superiority to physics. There will be wild scenes at Baden.

"My diary of to-day is all bestowed on you. What have I to write in it except the pair of commas under the last line of yesterday—'*He has not come!*' Oh! to be caring for a he.

"Oh, that I were with your sister now, on one side of her idol, to correct her extravagant idolatry! I long for her. I had a number of nice little phrases to pet her with.

"You have said (I have it written) that men who are liked by men are the best friends for women. In which case, the earl should be worthy of our friendship; he is liked.

"Captain Abrane and Sir Meeson, in spite of the hard service he imposes on them with such comical haughtiness, incline to speak well of him, and Methuen Rivers—here for two days on his way to his embassy at Vienna—assured us he is the rarest of gentlemen on the point of honor of his word. They have stories of him, to confirm Livia's eulogies, showing him punctilious to chivalry. No man alive is like him in that, they say. He grieves me. All that you have to fear is my pity for one so sensitive. So, speed, sir! It is not good for us to be much alone, and I am alone when you are absent.

"I hear military music!

"How grand that music makes the dullest world appear in a minute! There is a magic in it to bring you to me from the most dreadful of distances. Chillon, it would kill me! Writing here, and you perhaps behind the hill, I can hardly bear it; I am torn away; my hand will not any more. This music burst out to mock me. Adieu.

"I am yours,

"Your Henrietta.

"A kiss to the sister. It is owing to her."

Carinthia kissed the letter on that last line. It seemed to her to end in a celestial shower.

She was oppressed by wonder of the writer who could run like the rill of the mountains in written speech, and her recollection of the contents perpetually hurried to the close, which was more in her way of writing, for there the brief sentences had a throb beneath them.

She did not speak of the letter to her brother when she returned it. A night in the carriage, against his shoulder, was her happy prospect, in the thought that she would be with her dearest all night, touching him asleep, and in the sweet sense of being near to the beloved of the fairest angel of her sex. They pursued their journey soon after. Anton was dismissed with warm shakes of the hand and appointments for a possible year in the future.

The blast of the postilion's horn on the dark highway moved Chillon to say: "This is what they call posting, my dear."

She replied: "Tell me, brother; I do not understand, '*Let none these marks efface,*' at the commencement, after 'most picturesque of Castles'—that is you?"

"They are quoted from the verses of a lord who was a poet, addressed to the castle on Lake Leman. She will read them to you."

"Will she?"

The mention of the lord set Carinthia thinking of the lord whom that beautiful *she* pitied because she was forced to wound him, and he was very sensitive. Wrapped in Henrietta, she slept through the joltings of the carriage, the grinding of the wheels, the blowing of the horn, the flashes of the late moonlight, and the kindling of dawn.

CHAPTER VIII

OF THE ENCOUNTER OF TWO STRANGE YOUNG MEN AND THEIR CONSORTING: IN WHICH THE MALE READER IS REQUESTED TO BEAR IN MIND WHAT WILD CREATURE HE WAS IN HIS YOUTH, WHILE THE FEMALE SHOULD MARVEL CREDULOUSLY.

The young man who fancied he had robed himself in the plain homespun of a natural philosopher at the age of twenty-three, journeyed limping leisurely in the mountain maid Carinthia's footsteps, thankful to the Fates for having seen her; and reproving the remainder of superstition within him

which would lay him open to smarts of evil fortune if he encouraged a senseless gratitude for good; seeing that we are simply to take what happens to us. The little inn of the village on the perch furnished him a night's lodging, and a laugh of satisfaction to hear of a young lady and gentleman, and their guide, who had devoured everything eatable half a day in advance of him, all save the bread and butter, and a few scraps of meat, apologetically spread for his repast by the maid of the inn; not enough for a bantam cock, she said, promising eggs for breakfast. He vowed with an honest heart that it was more than enough, and he was nourished by sympathy with the appetites of his precursors and the maid's description of their deeds. That name, Carinthia, went a good way to fill him.

Farther on he had plenty, but less contentment. He was compelled to acknowledge that he had expected to meet Carinthia again at the Baths. Her absence dealt a violent shock to the aërial structure he dwelt in; for though his ardor for the life of the solitude was unfeigned, as was his calm overlooking of social distinctions, the self-indulgent dreamer became troubled with an alarming sentience, that for him to share the passions of the world of men was to risk the falling lower than most. Women are a cause of dreams, but they are dreaded enemies of his kind of dream, deadly enemies of the immaterial dreamers; and should one of them be taken on board a vessel of the vaporish texture young Woodseer sailed in above the clouds—lightly while he was in it alone—questions of the past, future, and present, the three weights upon humanity, bear it down, and she must go or the vessel sinks. And cast out of it, what was he? The asking exposed him to the steadiest wind the civilized world is known to blow. From merely thinking upon one of the daughters of earth, he was made to feel his position in that world, though he refused to understand it, and assisted by two days of hard walking he reduced Carinthia to an abstract enthusiasm, no very serious burden. His note-book sustained it easily. He wrote her name in simple fondness of the name; a verse, and hints for more, and some sentences, which he thought profound. They were composed as he sat by the roadway, on the tops of hills, and in a boat crossing a dark-green lake deep under wooded mountain walls; things of priceless value.

It happened that, midway on the lake, he perceived his boatman about to prime a pistol to murder the mild-eyed stillness, and he called to the man in his best German to desist. During the altercation, there passed a countryman of his in another of the punts, who said gravely, "I thank you for that." It was early morning, and they had the lake to themselves, each deeming the other an intruder; for the courtship of solitude wanes when we are haunted by a second person in pursuit of it; he is discoloring matter in our pure crystal cup.

They stepped ashore in turn on the same small shoot of land, where a farmhouse, near a chapel in the shadow of cliffs, did occasional service for an inn. Each had intended to pass a day and a night in this lonely dwelling-place by the lake, but a rival was less to be tolerated there than in love, and each awaited the other's departure, with an air that said: "You are in my sunlight;" and going deeper, more sternly: "Sir, you are an offence to nature's pudency!"

Woodseer was the more placable of the two; he had taken possession of the bench outside, and he had his note-book, and much profundity to haul up with it, while fish were frying. His countryman had rushed inside to avoid him, and remained there pacing the chambers like a lion newly caged. Their boatmen were brotherly in the anticipation of provision and payment.

After eating his fish, Woodseer decided abruptly that, as he could not have the spot to himself, memorable as it would have been to intermarry with Nature in so sacred a well-depth of the mountains, he had better be walking and climbing. Another boat paddling up the lake had been spied: solitude was not merely shared with a rival, but violated by numbers. In the first case, we detest the man; in the second, we fly from an outraged scene. He wrote

a line or so in his book, hurriedly paid his bill, and started, full of the matter he had briefly committed to his pages.

At noon, sitting beside the beck that runs from the lake, he was overtaken by the gentleman he had left behind, and accosted in the informal English style, with all the politeness possible to a nervously blunt manner: "This book is yours; I have no doubt it is yours; I am glad to be able to restore it; I should be glad to be the owner—writer of the contents, I mean. I have to beg your excuse; I found it lying open; I looked at the page; I looked through the whole; I am quite at your mercy."

Woodseer jumped at the sight of his note-book, felt for the emptiness of his pocket, and replied: "Thank you, thank you. It's of use to me, though to no one else."

"You pardon me?"

"Certainly. I should have done it myself."

"I cannot offer you my apologies as a stranger." Lord Fleetwood was the name given.

Woodseer's plebeian was exchanged for it, and he stood up.

The young lord had fair, straight, thin features, with large restless eyes that lighted quickly, and a mouth that was winning in his present colloquial mood.

"You could have done the same? I should find it hard to forgive the man who pried into my secret thoughts," he remarked.

"There they are. If one puts them to paper." . . . Woodseer shrugged.

"Yes, yes. They never last long enough with me. So far I'm safe. One page led to another. You can meditate. I noticed some remarks on religions. You think deeply."

Woodseer was of that opinion, but modesty urged him to reply with a small flourish. "Just a few heads of ideas. When the wind puffs down a sooty chimney, the air is filled with little blacks that settle pretty much like the notes in this book of mine. There they wait for another puff, or my fingers to stamp them."

"I could tell you were the owner of that book," said Lord Fleetwood. He swept his forehead feverishly. "What a power it is to relieve one's brain by writing! May I ask you which one of our universities? ——"

The burden of this question had a ring of irony to one whom it taught to feel, rather defiantly, that he carried the blazon of a reeking tramp. "My university," Woodseer replied, "was a merchant's office in Bremen for some months. I learnt more Greek and Latin in Bremen than business. I was invalided home, and then tried a merchant's office in London. I put on my hat one day, and walked into the country. My college fellows were hawkers, tinkers, tramps, and ploughmen, choughs and crows. A volume of our poets and a history of philosophy composed my library. I had scarce any money, so I learnt to idle inexpensively—a good first lesson. We're at the bottom of the world when we take to the road; we see men as they were in the beginning—not so eager for harness till they get acquainted with hunger, as I did, and studied in myself the old animal having his head pushed into the collar to earn a food of corn."

Woodseer laughed, adding that he had been of a serious mind in those days of the alternation of smooth indifference and sharp necessity, and he had plucked a flower from them.

His nature prompted him to speak of himself with simple candor, as he had done spontaneously to Chillon Kirby, yet he was now anxious to let his companion know at once the common stuff he was made of, together with the great stuff he contained. He grew conscious of an over-anxiety, and was uneasy, recollecting how he had just spoken about his naturalness, dimly if at all apprehending the cause of this disturbance within. What is a lord to a philosopher? But the world is around us as a cloak, if not a coat; in his ignorance he supposed it specially due to a lord seeking acquaintance with him, that he should expose his condition; doing the which appeared to subject him to parade his intellectual treasures and capacity for shaping sentences; and the effect upon Lord Fleetwood was an incentive to the display. Nevertheless he had a fretful desire to escape from the discomposing society of a lord; he fixed his knapsack and began to saunter.

The young lord was at his elbow. "I can't part with you. Will you allow me?"

Woodseer was puzzled and had to say "If you wish it."

"I do wish it: an hour's walk with you. One does not meet a man like you every day. I have to join a circle of mine in Baden, but there's no hurry; I could be disengaged for a week. And I have things to ask you, owing to my indiscretion—but you have excused it."

Woodseer turned for a farewell gaze at the great Watzman, and saluted him.

"Splendid," said Lord Fleetwood; "but don't clap names on the mountains, I saw written in your book. '*A text for Dada*,' you write. '*A despotism would procure a perfect solitude, but kill the ghost.*' That was my thought at the place where we were at the lake. I had it. Tell me—though I could not have written it, and 'ghost' is just the word, the exact word—tell me, are you of Welsh blood? 'Dad' is good Welsh—pronounce it hard."

Woodseer answered: "My mother was a Glamorganshire woman. My father, I know, walked up from Wales, mending boots on his road for a livelihood. He is not a bad scholar, he knows Greek enough to like it. He is a Dissenting preacher. When I strike a truism, I've a habit of scoring it to give him a peg or tuning-fork for one of his discourses. He's a man of talent; he taught himself, and he taught me more than I learnt at school. He is a thinker in his way. He loves nature, too. I rather envy him in some respects. He and I are hunters of wisdom on different tracks; and he, as he says, 'waits for me.' He's patient!"

"Ah, and I wanted to ask you," Lord Fleetwood observed, bursting with it, "I was puzzled by a name you write here and there near the end, and permit me to ask it: Carinthia! It cannot be the country? You write after the name: '*A beautiful Gorgon—A haggard Venus.*' It seized me. I have had the face before my eyes ever since. You must mean a woman. I can't be deceived in allusions to a woman: they have heart in them. You met her somewhere about Carinthia and gave her the name? You write—may I refer to the book?"

He received the book and flew through the leaves: "Here—'*a panting look:*' you write again: '*A look of beaten flame, a look of one who has run and at last beholds!*' But that is a living face, I see her! Here again: '*From minute to minute she is the rock that loses the sun at night and reddens in the morning.*' You could not create an idea of a woman to move you like that. No one could, I am certain of it, certain; if so, you're a wizard—I swear you are. But that's a face high over beauty! Just to know there is a woman like her, is an antidote. You compare her to a rock. Who would imagine a comparison of a woman to a rock! But rock is the very picture of beautiful Gorgon, haggard Venus. Tell me you met her, you saw her. I want only to hear she lives, she is in the world. Beautiful women compared to roses may whirl away with their handsome dragoons. A pang from them is a thing to be ashamed of. And there are men who trot about whining with it! But a Carinthia makes pain honorable. You have done what I thought impossible, fused a woman's face and grand scenery, to make them inseparable. She might be wicked for me. I should see a bright rim round hatred of her!—the rock you describe. I could endure horrors and not annihilate her! I should think her sacred."

Woodseer turned about to have a look at the person who was even quicker than he at realizing a person from a hint of description, and almost insanely extravagant in the pitch of the things he uttered to a stranger. For himself he was open with everybody, his philosophy not allowing that strangers existed on earth. But the presence of a lord brought the conventional world to his feelings, though at the same time the title seemed to sanction the exceptional abruptness and wildness of this lord. As for suspecting him to be mad, it would have been a common idea; no stretching of speech or overstepping of social rules could waken a suspicion so spiritless in Woodseer.

He said: "I can tell you I met her and she lives. I could as soon swim in that torrent or leap the mountain as repeat what she spoke, or sketch a feature of her. She goes into blood, she is a

new idea of women. She has the face that would tempt a gypsy to evil tellings. I could think of it as a history written in a line : Carinthia, Saint and Martyr ! As for comparisons, they are flowers thrown into the fire."

"I have had that—I have thought that," said Lord Fleetwood. "Go on ; talk of her, pray ; without comparisons. I detest them. How did you meet her ? What made you part ? Where is she now ? I have no wish to find her, but I want thoroughly to believe in her."

Another than Woodseer would have perceived the young lord's malady. Here was one bitten by the serpent of love, and athirst for an image of the sex to serve for the cooling herb, as youth will be. Woodseer put it down to a curious imaginative fellowship with himself. He forgot the lord, and supposed he had found his own likeness, less gifted in speech. After talking of Carinthia more and more in the abstract, he fell upon his discovery of the Great Secret of life, against which his hearer struggled for a time, though that was cooling to him, too; but ultimately there was no resistance, and so deep did they sink into the idea of pure contemplation, that the idea of woman seemed to have become a part of it. No stronger proof of their ethereal conversational earnestness could be offered. A locality was given to the Great Secret, and, of course, it was the place where the most powerful recent impression had been stamped on the mind of the discoverer ; the shadowy valley rolling from the slate-rock. Woodseer was too artistic a dreamer to present the passing vision of Carinthia with any associates there. She passed : the solitude accepted her and lost her ; and it was the richer for the one swift gleam ; she brought no trouble, she left no regrets ; she was the ghost of the rocky obscurity. But now remembering her mountain carol, he chanced to speak of her as a girl.

"She is a girl ?" cried Lord Fleetwood, frowning over an utter revolution of sentiment at the thought of the beautiful Gorgon being a girl ; for, rapid as he was to imagine, he had raised a solid fabric upon his conception of Carinthia the woman, necessarily the woman —logically. Who but the woman could look the Gorgon ? He tried to explain it to be impossible for a girl to wear the look ; and his notion evidently was that it had come upon a beautiful face in some staring horror of a world that had bitten the tender woman. She touched him sympathetically through the pathos.

Woodseer flung out vociferously for the contrary. Who but a girl could look the *beautiful* Gorgon ? What other could seem an emanation of the mountain solitude ? A woman would instantly breathe the world on it to destroy it. Hers would be the dramatic and not the poetic face. It would shriek of man, wake the echoes with the tale of man, slaughter all quietude. But a girl's face has no story of poisonous intrusion. She indeed may be cast in the terrors of nature, and yet be sweet with nature, beautiful because she is purely of nature. Woodseer did his best to present his view irresistibly. Perhaps he was not clear ; it was a piece of skiamachy, difficult to render clear to the defeated.

Lord Fleetwood had nothing to say but "Gorgon ! a girl a Gorgon !" and it struck Woodseer as intensely un-reasonable, considering that he had seen the girl whom, in his effort to portray her, he had likened to a beautiful Gorgon. He recounted the scene of the meeting with her, pictured it in effective colors, but his companion gave no response, nor a nod. They ceased to converse, and when the young lord's hired carriage drew up on the road, Woodseer required persuasion to accompany him. They were both in their different stations young tyrants of the world, ready to fight the world and one another for not having their immediate view of it such as they wanted it. They agreed, however, not to sleep in the city. Beds were to be had near the top of a mountain on the other side of the Salza, their driver informed them, and vowing themselves to that particular height, in a mutual disgust of the city, they waxed friendlier.

Woodseer soon had experience that he was receiving exceptional treatment from Lord Fleetwood, whose man-servant was on the steps of the hotel in Salzberg on the look-out for his master.

"Sir Meeson has been getting impatient, my lord," said the man.

Sir Meeson Corby appeared; Lord Fleetwood cut him short: "You are in a hurry; go at once, don't wait for me; I join you in Baden. Do me the favor to eat with me," he turned to Woodseer. "And here, Corby; tell the Countess I have a friend to bear me company, and there is to be an extra bed-room secured at her hotel. That swinery of a place she insists on visiting is usually crammed. With you there," he turned to Woodseer, "I might find it agreeable. You can take my man, Corby; I shall not want the fellow."

"Positively, my dear Fleetwood, you know," Sir Meeson expostulated, "I am under orders; I don't see how—I really can't go on without you."

"Please yourself. This gentleman is my friend, Mr. Woodseer."

Sir Meeson Corby was a plump little beau of forty, at war with his fat, and accounting his tight blue tail-coat and brass buttons a victory. His tightness made his fatness elastic; he looked wound up for a dance, and could hardly hold on a leg; but the presentation of a creature in a battered hat and soiled garments, carrying a tattered knapsack half slung, lank and with disorderly locks, as the Earl of Fleetwood's friend—the friend of the wealthiest nobleman of Great Britain!—fixed him in a perked attitude of inquiry that exhausted interrogatives. Woodseer passed him, slouching a bow. The circular stare of Sir Meeson seemed unable to contract. He directed it on Lord Fleetwood, and was then reminded that he dealt with prickles.

"Where have you been?" he said, blinking to refresh his eyeballs. "I missed you, I ran round and round the town after you."

"I have been to the lake."

"Queer fish there!" Sir Meeson dropped a glance on the capture.

Lord Fleetwood took Woodseer's arm. "Do you eat with us?" he asked the baronet, who had stayed his eating for an hour and was famished; so they strode to the dining-room.

"Do you wash, sir, before eating?" Sir Meeson said to Woodseer, caressing his hands when they had seated themselves at table. "Appliances are to be found in this hotel."

"Soap?" said Lord Fleetwood.

"Soap—at least, in my chamber."

"Fetch it, please."

Sir Meeson, of course, could not hear that. He requested the waiter to show the gentleman to a room.

Lord Fleetwood ordered the waiter to bring a hand-basin and towel. "We're off directly and must eat at once," he said.

"Soap—soap! my dear Fleetwood," Sir Meeson knuckled on the table, to impress it that his appetite and his gorge demanded a thorough cleansing of those fingers, if they were to sit at one board.

"Let the waiter fetch it."

"The soap is in my portmanteau."

"You spoke of it as a necessity for this gentleman and me. Bring it."

Woodseer had risen. Lord Fleetwood motioned him down. He kept an eye dead as marble on Corby, who muttered: "You can't mean that you ask me?——" But the alternative was forced on Sir Meeson by too strong a power of the implacable eye. He knew Lord Fleetwood. Men privileged to attend on him were dogs to the flinty young despot. He protested, shrugged, sat fast, and sprang up, remarking, that he went with all the willingness imaginable. It could not have been the first occasion.

He was affecting the excessively obsequious when he came back bearing his metal soap-case. The performance was checked by another look, solid as shot, and as quick. Woodseer, who would have done for Sir Meeson Corby or Lazarus what had been done for him, thought little of the service, but so intense a peremptoriness in the look of an eye made him uncomfortable in his own sense of independence.

The humblest citizen of a free nation has that warning at some notable exhibition of tyranny in a neighboring State; it acts like a concussion of the air.

Lord Fleetwood led an easy dialogue with him and Sir Meeson on their different themes immediately, which was not less impressive to an observer. He

listened to Sir Meeson's entreaties that he should start at once for Baden, and appeared to pity the poor gentleman condemned by his office to hang about him in terror of his liege lady's displeasure. Presently, near the close of the meal, drawing a ring from his finger, he handed it to the baronet, and said: "Give her that. She knows I shall follow that." He added to himself, I shall have ill luck till I have it back, and he asked Woodseer whether he put faith in the virtue of talismans.

"I have never possessed one," said Woodseer, with his natural frankness; "it would have gone long before this for a night's lodging."

Sir Meeson heard him, and instantly urged Lord Fleetwood not to think of dismissing his man Francis. "I beg it, Fleetwood. I beg you to take the man. Her ladyship will receive me badly, ring or no ring, if she hears of your being left alone. I really can't present myself. I shall not go, not go. I say no."

"Stay, then," said Fleetwood.

He turned to Woodseer with an air of deference, and requested the privilege of glancing at his note-book again, and scanned it closely at one of the pages. "I believe it true," he cried; "I had a half recollection of it. I have had some such thought, but never could put in words. You have thought deeply."

"That is only a surface thought, or common reflection," said Woodseer.

Sir Meeson stared at them in turn. Judging by their talk and the effect produced on the earl, he took Woodseer for a sort of conjurer.

It was his duty to utter a warning.

He drew Fleetwood aside. A word was whispered, and they broke asunder with a snap. Francis was called. His master gave him his keys, and despatched him into the town to purchase a knapsack or bag for the outfit of a jolly beggar. The prospect delighted Lord Fleetwood. He sang notes from the deep chest, flaunting like an opera brigand, and contemplating his wretched satellite's indecision with brimming amusement.

"Remember, we fight for our money. I carry mine," he said to Woodseer.

"Wouldn't it be expedient, Fleetwood. . . ." Sir Meeson suggested a treasurer in the person of himself.

"Not a florin, Corby. I should find it all gambled away at Baden."

"But I'm not Abrane; I'm not Abrane! I never play; I have no mania—none. It would be prudent, Fleetwood."

"The slightest bulging of a pocket would show on you, Corby; and they would fall on you and pluck you to have another fling. I'd rather my money should go to a knight of the road than feed that dragon's jaw. I could surrender to him with some satisfaction after a trial of the better man. I've tried those tables, and couldn't stir a pulse. Have you?"

It had to be explained to Woodseer what was meant by trying the tables. "Not I," said he, in strong contempt of the queer allurement.

Lord Fleetwood studied him half a minute, as if measuring and discarding a suspicion of the young philosopher's possible weakness under temptation.

Sir Meeson Corby accompanied the oddly assorted couple through the town and a short way along the road to the mountain, for the sake of quieting his conscience upon the subject of his leaving them together. He could not have sat down a second time at a table *with those hands*. He said it—he could not have done the thing. So the best he could do was to let them go. Like many of his class, he had a mind open to the effect of striking contrasts, and the spectacle of the wealthiest nobleman in Great Britain tramping the road pack on back, with a young nobody for his comrade, a total stranger, who might be a cutthroat, and was avowedly next to a mendicant, charged him with quantities of interjectory matter, that he caught himself firing to the foreign people on the highway. Hundreds of thousands a year, and tramping it like a pedlar, with a beggar for his friend! He would have given something to have an English ear near him as he watched them rounding under the mountain they were about to climb.

(To be continued.)

SOME OLD LETTERS



HE following letters were written by Ephraim Williams to his youngest son, Elijah, between the 16th day of January, 1749, O.S., and the 30th day of March, 1754.

They were found by me recently in a chest containing papers of the last century, in an old family garret where they had been lying entirely undisturbed since 1837; having been at that time removed from a still older family garret.

They were in a state of perfect preservation, folded as originally sent and received, each indorsed "Col. E. Williams" in the handwriting of the recipient, and snugly tied up together with a buckskin thong. Owing to not having been much handled there were no worn edges or folds, and the ink was quite black, though the paper was yellow with age.

They are neither political, gossipy, nor autobiographic, as so many published collections have been. Written by a plain New England puritan farmer, to his son—a student in Princeton College—they are published as some indication of the simple, monotonous life of those days; days when was being laid the foundation of character and of communities which have produced such results in our magnificent empire.

Ephraim Williams, the writer, was descended from Robert Williams, who early immigrated from England and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts Bay Province. The family is a well-known one in New England. The branch so distinguished in Deerfield history is from this ancestor; as was William Williams of Connecticut, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Under Jonathan Belcher, provincial governor of Massachusetts, an Indian and Mission School was established in the western part of the territory lying next the Dutch settlements on the Hudson River. John Serjeant, tutor in Yale College, went as teacher and pastor among these aborigines (continuing as such until his death there in 1749); and Ephraim Williams was one of those sent by the Government—under treaty with the Indians—to reside among them, to anglicize and civilize, and to teach agriculture. This latter removed with his family from Newton (which his father had helped to settle, and where he himself was born in 1691) to Stockbridge in 1737.

Stockbridge communicated in those days with the rest of the world only by trails to the Connecticut and Hudson valleys; and its isolation is well described in the words of a map then indicating its location—"a wilderness of forty miles on the east, a wood of twenty miles on the west, and a great and terrible wilderness on the north of several hundred miles in extent which reached to Canada."

It was through this forest on the north that the French and their Indian allies came to harry the English settlements; settlements then feebly protected by a chain of rude frontier forts lying along the line of the Hoosack River and valley. These forts were commanded by Colonel Ephraim Williams—eldest son of this writer; the same who founded Williams College, and who led the Massachusetts troops in the Johnson Expedition against Crown Point in 1755, and was killed in the fight with Dieskau at the head of Lake George.

In this remote spot the writer lived and labored till failing strength unfitted him for active work; then he removed to the more settled Connecticut Valley, where one of his sons was a practising physician, and died at Deerfield in 1754.

He had baptized his children Ephraim, Thomas, Abigail, Josiah, Judith, Elizabeth, and Elijah; from which may be indicated his religious tendencies—so much more markedly shown in the tone of these letters. His eldest daughter, Abigail, became the wife of the missionary John Serjeant; and after his death she married Brigadier-General Joseph Dwight, distinguished alike

in the military and judicial history of the colony. From this daughter have descended noted families of Western Massachusetts.

The son Elijah—(Benjamin of the flock), to whom these letters were written, had been sent to the recently established Princeton College, where he pursued his course under President Aaron Burr (then at Newark), whither most of these letters were sent. After graduation he returned to Stockbridge, engaged extensively in farming, mining, and milling. He established the iron works at West Stockbridge, and opened the first marble quarries there; was one of the original proprietors in the settlement of Lenox and Richmond; became a prominent citizen of Berkshire County, and died there in 1815 aged eighty-two.

I can only surmise what influence these letters had in forming the character of the young Elijah; possibly not more than fathers' letters usually have on collegiate sons. My impression is—based upon many contemporaneous papers—that he was of strong and sturdy character, and of great executive ability. It appears that at times he had conflicts with the church (of which Jonathan Edwards had been minister), in attempts toward his religious discipline; also that he was arrested and imprisoned at Boston, during the Revolution, for alleged complicity in a tory plot. In both which matters he came off victor.

These letters—whose religious formulas suggest the hebraistic thoughts of the writer—were sent as occasion permitted; many times through the forest to the Hudson River, where "Capt funda" took them in his sloop to New York and left them with "Mr. Buckee at Whitehall" to be forwarded as opportunity was had. I judge by comparison of dates that one month was not an unusual time for correspondence.

The remarkable spelling speaks for itself. It is variable (to say the least), after the manner of even educated people in those days; and quite uncertain, save in its phonetic character. As to the punctuation, that is reasonably past reproduction. Periods, commas, colons, dots, dashes, and other marks are so rife and so irregular in use that I have given up all idea of correctly exhibiting them (save in a few instances where the original is preserved in order to show the unique style) and have generally left only what I thought would best convey the ideas of the writer.

The reader will therefore please follow the instructions of Lord Timothy Dexter, and imagine some pages of punctuation marks to follow, then—"pepper to suit yourself."

JAMES F. DWIGHT.

I
-
To
Mr ELIJAH WILLIAMS
In
NEW-ARK
AT MR PRESIDENT BURR's—

STOCKBRIDGE Jany 16- 1749.

DEAR CHILD

I have been from home ever since the 13th of novr last, returned last friday evening; a long and very expensive Jorney to Boston indeed, but have got Stockbridge affairs pretty well Settled: and expected to have heard from you on my arrival at home, but have not to my great Surprise: hopt you woold have embract all oppertunities to have let us heard from you and of your circumstances: &c

I hope you will not faill to write by your Brother: and also to improve all other oppertunities to let us know how you are and whether you make good proficiency or not: I am well pleasd at your compliance in going to New-ark since my going to Cambridge, and am told that I have acted the most prudent part, even by the best Judges.

Mr Billings and Madm send their Love to you & he intends to come & see you next Commencement; you must therefore know of the Pressident when & where it will be, & let me know as soon as you can. I hope you will wisely Redeem & improve time, for both your Temporal & Spiritual advan-

tages, for time goes on Swift wings and once lost can never be recoverd: and among other things I ernestly desire you to take pains to learn to Sing, that you may on all ocations awake your Glory to praise God &c—Cary respectfully to all, and especially pay the most dutifull regards to the Rev[d] President and let him pertake in all offices of love & Service; this will win his love and ingage him in all possible acts of friendshyp to you; and indeavor to win the love of boath tutors and all fellow Pupills. but above all get and keep in good terms with God & daily renew the dedication of your Selfe to be for him and him alone. let Secret Prayer be your constant practice and great delight and may a gracious God, here, accept, and Bless you. I coold get no money to send you but hope to do it early in the Spring. your mother sisters and friends Joyn with me in sending kind love to you

these from your affectionate father

Eph[m] Williams

II

Stockbridge March 15 1749 | 50

Dear Child

I write principlely to let you know of my Indisposition, having been confind ever since I came from Boston; and now Scarce able to set up and write these few lines: am full of Paternal Concern for your wellfare and best good. Intreet and advise and charge you to improve your time to the best advantage for Body & Soul. now is your day to work in, dont neglect it. time is flying on Swift wings and the past hour can never be recald: be diligent in your Studyes and I pray God bless and smile on you in them & give you abbility to make a Laudable proficiency in learning: endeavor to Excell, coppy after the best patterns: endeavor by your Courteous Carriage and dutifull behaviour to win the affections of all about you in and according to the Severall relations in which they stand; especially let the worthy Pressident have all possible Respectfull Regards paid him, and be allways ready to apply to him for Instruction and advice, and thankfull for all you receive: that will Ingage his affections and ready assistance which will be of great Service. one word in your favour from him may be by and by of vast and unknown Service to you. Shun vice in every Shape and every thing leading to it, especially bad company: (it is an old Saying a person is known by his company) a Stain or blot in your Charracter may be Soon got that will hardly ever wear out. and a good name is as presious ointment which spreads a wide perfume. he that walks with the wise shall be wise says Solomen but a companion of fools shall be destroy[d]: dont indulge any diversion that tends to bring a blimish. cards are what you have I hope been convinc[t]. are attended with temtations not to be hazarded by those who are oblig[d] to Shun all apperance of evil.

I beg of you to learn the rules of Singing if possible, that so you may freequently wake up your Glory, I mean your Tongue to praise God. I am rejoyct to hear so well of your proficiency by the hand of the pressident. give him no ocation to retract his good oppinion but rather to strengthin him in it. I hope to send you wherewith to answer the demands on you there. Sometime in may if possible.

I have mislaid your Letter: desire you would write again directly and let me know once more when and where the commencement will be for I have forgot what you said about it: sho[d]. there be a short vacanncy this Spring improve it to getting forward while others may be triffling; and at commencement visitt us if God continue Life and health. Daily ply the throne of Grace for pardon, Grace, & everything you need for this & the next Life: go to Christ as an allsufficient fountain of all good; get an Intrest in his favour, then you are happy & Safe, without it most miserable. Constantly ask his assistance and Blessing on your Studies, that is the most likely way to Excell. this do in the exercise of faith and then you may humbly hope for acceptance & a Blessing and have many gracious promises to incourage your hope: it is wisdoms voice they that Seek me early shall find me: and God

never said to any of Jacobs Seed Seek ye me in vain.

I pray God keep and Bless you and abuntantly fit you to do Service for him in the world when I shall be Silent in the Dust. we all Send our Love to you & Respects love & Service to all Relletives & friends. I desire a line by the first oppertunity in which let me know the Several particulars of your weekly charge, that So I may conduct accordingly. there will be no difficulty now of Sending to Cap^{t}. fundas at any time: and I intreet you to mend your Spelling: practice and Care will soon do it; Spare no pains call in the assistance of an intimate friend, and every Spare minute may be improved :—

Your affectionate father—

EPH^{M} WILLIAMS

III

June y^{e} 10 1750

DEAR CHILD:

I have but a moment to write; and first, fault you for omiting your Duty by your Brother.

I am glad to here of your having got so into fav^{r} with the President, pray don't do any thing to forfit it but use all possible endeavors to increas it; don't forget these cautions: and if possible make proficiency in spelling writting & Singing: but above all secure an instrest in Christ and labour after a solid and well founded hope and assurance of it.

I send you Dr. Watts^{is} orthodoxy and Charity—D^{r}.—Colemans Life. there is very good things to be got in boath

I also send you M^{r} Wrights treatise on Being Born again and I Desire and charge you to read it frequently; it is an excelent Directory and the rules plain and practicable: and observe well his councils and cautions in his excellent discourse in the close from Exodus 23 v 2. And may God teach you to proffitt by all advantages for your Souls good; and besure to pray daily for his Spirritt to sanctifie all meens for your everlasting good, comfort, and Joy, both now and forever.

Mine with your mothers Love to you, and Service to all friends perticulerly to all Rellitives &c

Your very affectionate father

EPH^{m} WILLIAMS

P. S. write by Mr. Woodbridge

IV

STOCKBRIDGE: March: 13th 1751

DEAR CHILD

These are to let you know I have had a very uncomfortable winter not one really well day; but am I hope through the goodness of God something better th^{o} now so poorly it is with some difficulty that I write. my advice is that you Improve all the advantages you now enjoy to prepare your selfe to do Service for God in your day and generation. now is the time, your advantages are great and your time at the school will be soon out: above all things keep close to God and let it be your constant daily practice to seek the Blessing of Heaven and all needful assistance from above, to Inable you to make proficiency in divine knowledge as well as Humane: give up and devote your selfe Soul and Body to God and beg ernestly his assistance protection and Blessing in all your ways and undertakings. wait on Christ in all His Holy ordinances: God has tied us to ordinances—th^{o} not himselfe.

leave nothing undone you shall wish you had done when Death comes. be allways actually as well as Habbittualy prepard for the coming and Kingdom of Christ, and then you may go on your way allways Rejoicing in hopes of the Glory of God

I woold Intreet you to endeavor daily to Improve your selfe in writting and Spelling, they are very ornimentall to a scholler; and the want of them is an exceeding great Blemish. I also doubt not you may with pains learn to bear a part in vocall musick; if your voice don't agree so well with the Tennor learn the Base, it is a Gracefull part of musick. as for your other studies the Rev^{d} President will best direct you: besure endeavor by your

whole Conduct to gain in degrees of his affection by all possible dutifull Cariage towards him : one line of Recomendation from him may some time or other be of vast Service to you : Remember it. as to company, Shun all that is prophane and vicious as you woold the infection of the Plague : and Remember the Aphorisme of the wisest of Israels Kings (viz) He that walketh with the wise shall be wise but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.

I have wrote to Cap^{t} Funda of Claverick to send you ten Pounds New York currancy as soon as possible, to Mr. Buckee at New York. to whome you must write, desiring him to deliver it to whome you shall direct him so soon as he shall Receive it.

Your Brother Josiahs wife brings this, don't fail of sending me a Letter by her at her Return ; and lett me then hear of your wellfare and also informe me of your present Debts. I hope Co^{ll} Williams * will Return from England in a short time, by whome probbably I may be inabled to do further for you. let me know where you Board : I sho^{d} be very glad if you could get in with the President am sattisfied it might be greatly for your advantage—

I woold not have you think of coming to visitt us till the Commencement : it is so far and so chargeable : improve the vaguancy to the Best advantage, and Redeem time so that you may be Indulg^{d} longer in your visitt at the Commencement which will be very pleasing to the President as also to me. Cap^{t} Kellogg will probbabely come or send one or two Indian Boys † sometime in April or beginning of may ; if they come do all in your power to keep them easey and contented & advise others to do so ; don't let the least occation of offence be offer^{d} them at any time : appear their friend on all occations. I wish you the protection and guidence of Heven in all your Lawfull ways : may God Bless you & make you a Blessing in your day and Generation. with herty Love from me your mother and all of us I Subscribe your very affectionate father

Eph^{m} Williams

V

To
Mr. Elijah Williams
at newark In
newjersey—
to be left at M^{r} Buckee^{s}
In white Hall : newyork ‡

Dear Child,

I now write by the way of Albany hoping for a speedy conveyance : I woold inform you that. Cap^{t} fonda Promist Cap^{t} Kellogg some weaks ago he woold send you ten Pounds newyork curancy, which he then owed me ; I hope you have got it before now ; if not, or if you have, let me hear from you speedily : I very much wonder you sho^{d} be so negligent of your duty in wrighting to me. I did not think you could have omitted it for such a length of time : if you neglect your duty in other Regards in like manner, especially in the Concerns of your Soul ; your case is deplorable. I once more solemnly charge you to keep close with God. in daily Secret prayer, from which you may reap abundance of comfort ; the neglect of which will bring you much sorrow and bitter repentance if God ever shew you mercy. avoid bad Company ; love them that behave well. incourage vertuous and manly actions, and venerate Piety wherever it appears. make a wise Improvement of time. Emulate to excell in learning, and don't forget former admonitions in many things I have cautioned you about ; and besure let me have the Comfort of hearing well of you : and I pray God Bless you & quallify you for doing eminent Service for him when I shall Sleep with my fathers. we all Joyn in sending our kind love to you and are through the Goodnes of God prety well.

M^{r} Edwards is to be reinstald here

* This "Coll Williams" was his eldest son : and a great traveller and sailor for those days. J. F. D.

† These Indian boys were doubtless some of the scholars from the mission school referred to in the introduction. J. F. D.

‡ How many inhabitants living in New York City to-day know where, or what, is Whitehall. Most of them would probably say : "Why ! at the head of Lake Champlain." J. F. D.

the Second thirsday in August next.* Give my respects to Mr President and excuse my not writting to him now, my hurry woold not permitt.
my Service to all friends
from your affectionate father
Ephm Williams

Stockbridge July 7 1751

VI

To
Mr. Elijah Williams
at
Newark
New-Jersey
per fav. of Mr Wright

Stockbridge Augt 26 1751

Dear Child,

Yours by Mr Wright is come safe to hand; much rejoyce to hear of your wellfare. I Bless God for it. am Exceeding sorry to hear of Mrs Banks Death, a loud call to all the fammily in perticular to prepare for sudden Death: I expect you will be obligd to look new quarters & Indeed was very Sorry when I heard you was in a Publick House. now if it be possible get in with the president; I have wrote to him to oblidge me & you. do you Second it forwith and be importunate, with great Submission for Admission. Seek and take his advice in every case wherein you think it may promote your proficiency in lerning: and besure seek it in your Soul Concerns.

I am in a very poor State of health have had last weak a most severe turn of the Asthma: am scarce able to sett up to wright this short line. I desire you to come on Board for New-york the day after Commencment to see me once more, it may be it will be the last oppertunity.

Send you 3 dollers by Mr Wright to pay your way along. will endeavor to gett a Horse to Capt fondas by then you Reach there. I am not able to Inlarge, refer you to Mr Wright for anything further.

We all send our kind Love to you & Service to friends.
from your most affectionate father
Ephm Williams

P.S.—Order matters so as to get to york the day after Comt if possible.

* Jonathan Edwards was the successor of John Serjeant, coming to Stockbridge after the disruption at Northampton. He resided and preached and wrote there until 1758, when he went to Princeton to succeed his son-in-law, Aaron Burr, as president of the college.

VII

Stockbridge Janry 27 1752.

Dear Child,

I gladly Imbrace this oppertunity by your Brother to write you a short line to lett you know through the great goodness of God I am still mending as to my Health; wishing above all things my Soul may prosper and be in helth; and may that be your dayly care and prayer: and do remember that they who seek God early have a gracious Promise of finding him surely: give up your selfe to him daily and wait on him for his Blessing in all the ways of his appointment. draw neer to Christ at his Holy Table, it is a most scandalous neglect of multitudes to omit it: and I desire you woold let me know by a letter by your Brother, how much money you have got at New-York on Capt Kelloggs account, and how far that is likely to go. if you want any Books that the President thinks proper Buy them by means of his assistance: shall I hope be soon able to pay him again shod you have any need to apply to him for any.

I hear last night 2d Hand from coz Elisha Williams of Weathersfield that his father is gott safe to Jamaca or Antego; had a very long and dangerous voyage, and the Ships crew perishd with famine had not they been Relieved and Supported out of his own Private Stores. perswade your Brother not to Buy any land in the Jerseys if you can possibly; I have laid a vastly better scheem for him hear: mine and your mothers & your sisters kind Love to you, and Respects to the President and sallutations to all friends.
from your very affectionate father
Ephm Williams.

VIII

To
Mr. Elijah Williams
at
Newark
In the Jerseys
To the Care of Capt fonda*
to forward to
Mr Abraham Buckee
in new York for Speedy Conveyance
&cccc

Stockbridge Feby, 13 1752.

Dear Child

I rejoyce to hear of you wellfare and pray God continue your Health and give you wisdom and Grace to Improve it for His Glory and your and friends Joy & Comfort. I understand by your Brother what a sad complaint Madm Wheeler makes of her Son Timothys Conduct: and how wickedly he imposd on her and Cap Wheeler: I desire you to go to her and find out whether she woold be willing and is desirous to inform me of the whole of his management and also how much the things were worth that were unjustly taken from Her, with a desire to me to discourse him on the affair: I believe I can make him ashamed of it and do her Justice, he is in a good capacity now to do it. lett the whole case be fully laid open & what evidence can be sent & Madm Wheeler sign it with her own Hand. give my Humble Service to her & tell her I heard of it before but could not believe it till now. I suppose Capt Wheeler and all on that side the question will assist: gett me Entelligence as soon as possible, I will serve her all in my power: if she dont act freely drop it I will have nothing otherwise to do with the Cause &c.

Blessed be God I am growing better I hope.

We all send our kind love to you & sallute all friends

Your affectionate fathr

E Williams

P.s. thank Madm Wheeler kindly for the Receits she sent me, let me here from you as soon as may be.

* Will the reader please go with this letter from the frontier home of E. W. over to the Hudson River through the forest, two days' trip, to Claverack. Then see Captain Funda and ask him to take it along next time he sails his sloop down the river, and leave it at Buckee's —a house of call at the (now) Battery. There it will be stuck up over the mantelpiece, till some one happens to be going over to the Jerseys: to whom Buckee— "Prithee take this letter to the young Englishman Williams residing with the scholar Burr at New-ark." That's the way it was done doubtless.

In 1893 our Post-office Department expended $81,074,-104, part of which was used in carrying your letter from Whitehall to the Fort at Berings Straits—7,000 miles perhaps—for two cents. J. F. D.

IX

Stockbridge April 12 1752.

Dear Child

I cant forbear writing to you hopeing they will be of some service tho they bring me no present Returns. We now send you to mr Buckees by mr Timothy Hopkins 3 Shirts & 2 pair of Stockings; if you want thred Stockings you must buy them: besure get your things carefully Repaired in Season. (an old saying) A Stitch in time saves nine: if you want money lett me know it. I look for Coll Williams Home from Antigua every day, hope to be able to answer your demands soon after. Prthe Remember not to Loose a minutes time you can possibly Spare in perfecting your Selfe in Spelling wrighting & Singing: these things are Essentials in a Scholler, and greatly ornimental, especially the 2 former: a Scholer and poor writer & poor Speller is a perfect Solecism. I hope the President is not wanting in giving you his friendly instructions; but above all things look to God for a Capacity to learn & a Heart & wisdom to improve all advantages while you are favourd with them. Take time by the forelock, it is bald behind; one Hour lost can neve be Recovd: our time is very short our work very Great & our account will be very Strict, & our sentence will be ereversable: ply the throne of Grace for all you want, Erly Importunate seekers are likely to be sure finders. Walke with the wise, be not a Companion of fools; be not wise in your own Eyes, be Humble watchfull prayerfull. Remember before Honour is Humillity.

let me hear from you by Mr Hopkins if possible &c—

We all send our love to you. these come from your most affectionate & concernd Father

Ephm Williams

X

(No date, but probably written in May, 1752.)

Dear Child

I have to inform you that on Lords day the first of this Instant I was all in a moments time seized with a fit of the numb Palsy which deprived me of all sence & strength on my left side from head to foot and all most deprived me of Speech for some time; but by the Blessing of God on the meens used I am so far Recovered as to be able to sett up and write a little & walk the room some little matter: may the thretning Providence be sanctified, to me & to you, to quicken us in our preparations for a sudden Death: this is of Infinite Concernment. our life is a vapour that appears for a little time & than vanishes away. give your Selfe first to the Lord and then to his Church & People according to the will of God. that is the way to Comfort here & happiness hereafter.

I must inform you for may be this may be the Last oppertunity I may have to Instruct and Caution you for your best Good, that I have observ[d] you have made but poor proficiency in writting & Spelling; and in Reading even in the Bible: you are exceeding apt to miss words and dont observe your Stops: and you Read too fast: I beg of you to take the utmost pains to mend all those Defects: it will be esteemd an unpardonable crime to come out of Colledge: as you certainly will: so resembling one that never saw one unless you double your diligence, in amending those things: I know not what proficiency you make in other parts of learning but if they are of a Peice with what I have mentioned: and you dont amend: it woold have have been better and more especially for you that you had never gon to Colledge: a schollar: that can neither write nor Spell nor Read: is a terrible Solecism: I intreet you will take all possible pains to fitt and quallifie your Selfe so as to be an Honour to your family: to your Selfe & a great Blessing in the world in whatever Station divine Providence may fix you; and further I intreet you to learn to Sing: tho it is not so nattural as could be wisht, yet I knowe divers persons that could not sing much better than dumb persons that by taking pains have lernt to sing one part: either tenor or Base. and do it very gracefully: and that that has been done by others under like disadvantages may be done by you: your Brother Eph[m] earnestly desires you woold mend in every article mentioned in the Premises or he says your Sisters will be the Better Schollars—but care and pains and dilligence will surmount every difficulty: emaginable. The time now before you at Colledge will presently be out: and then the great advantages you now injoy for these things will end in great measure. So that it is now or perhaps never with you.

Your desirable Cozen John Williams of hatfield was sudenly carried out of the world by the nervous feevor and the Co[ll] his father in an exceedingly Low state: and your Brother Thomas the last we heard from him exceeding dangerously sick & his life allmost despaired of & what may be the next news God only knows. we are every moment liable to Death in unthot of ways: your Brother got an unhappy fall from his Horse, which begun his Illness—tho he was all most recovered got out to soon and got cold and emediately Relapst. it is a month since we have heard from him: want sadly to hear and am all most afraid. Your Brother Josiah has sold his farm over the River for near four and seventy hundred Pounds and is going back again over the Pond. and Josiah Jones is going also: and we are going to Build a sawmill just by their doars there now directly: your Sister Josiahs wife has a great mind her Brother Thomas should come and settle close by them: the land that we have contrived for him to have if he will come is one Hundred acres Joyning on your Brothers, their Housis may be within 3 or 4 score Rod of each other: and the Hundred acres will not cost above one hundred Pounds their currancy: and just by the sawmill. & a Black Smith they will want forth with: among them. for there is like to be 6 or 7 fammily very soon. I desire you woold discourse with some of your

uncle days folks. and let them know these things: if you can, see Thomas him selfe: I suppose it will be greatly for his advantage tho it be 3 mile from meeting, it is a good level Road not one Hill in it: and it will be handy to where the meeting House must stand in that society over the Pond, which will not be long first; and the sawmill so neer it will be easy building: and there is the best of timber on the Land for Building. if M^r day or any of his Brothers have a mind to come or if he cant they must convey a letter to your Brother or to me as soon as possible for there are persons anough stand ready to buy but we will let nobody have the land till we hear from them. you had best go to Brother days as soon as may be and read him this parregraff, We all send you & Brother days family our kind Love & M^r Jonathan Serg^t & family and Sister Coopers with sallutations to all friends. pray get us an answer to these Requests, as soon as may be and let me know if you have got the money that Cap^t Kellog wrote for &c

I am your very affectionate father—

EPH^m WILLIAMS

P.S.—I woold have wrote to Brother day & M^r Serg^t do you tell them but I am not able the doctors will not allow me to write nor Read but a few minutes at a time: and the Berer is just going also: tell M^r Serg^t I expect to send him his money for Mrs. Serg^ts Tomb-Stone in a very short time if an oppertunity presents for safe conveyance &c.

E W——s

XI

STOCKBRIDGE June 17 1752

DEAR CHILD

I with much difficulty wright you a few lines Just to let you know, that my Health & Strength seem to Decline Daily, and I dont Expect to continue long here unless some Remarkable appearance of Heaven shol^d Prevent: may a Gracious & merciful God prepare me for whatever his Holy will shall be concerning me. I desire to be Humbly waiting on God my Salvation for all things needful either for my Comfort here or my Happiness hereafter; it is also my earnest desire & Prayer to God to Bless you and make you a Blessing to inable & dispose you to Improve your time & pressent oppertunities & advantages for boath Soul & body dilligently wisely & faithfully. now or never is the time to provide for Eternity. now or never is the only time to quallyfie your Selfe to serve God & your Generation: let me therefore press you Husband well your time, while you injoy such a preasious season. not one past moment can ever be Recald. indeavor to perfect your Selfe in every thing that is likely to Serve your best Intrist. I desire you woold observe in your wrighting to make proper Distances between words: dont Blend your words together: & use your utmost endeavors to Spell well, consult all Rules likely to help you: & such words as Require it allways begin with a Cappitol Letter: it will much Grace your wrighting: try to mend your Hand in wrighting every day all oppertunities you can possibly get to Consult Letters. observe Strictly Gentlemens meathod of wrighting and superscribing it may be of Service to you: you can scarce Conceive what a vast disadvantage it will be to leave the Colledg & not be able to write & Spell well: learn to write a pretty fine Hand as you may have ocation: as for other parts of learning I hope I need not say anithing: the Pressident will he tells me let you know anything you ask of him: and gladly Serve you all in his powr. never be backward in asking his advice: it may greatly Serve you hereafter. he tells me you have made a laudable proficiency the last year. may God inable you to go on & prosper & Bless your Studyes. Seek to him. ply the throne of Grace Day & night & cease not till you have obtain^d a well Grounded hope that you are safe in Christ that your Sins are frely pardond & you are Sanctified & Justified in the name of the lord Jesus & by the Spirrit of God. See your own nothingness & utter unworthiness of any mercy. See your polution & vileness & cry mightily to God: for clensing by the Blood of Christ, and for his Holy Spirit to enlighten & Sanctify you &

Confirm you daly more & more to his moral likeness & Image: there is but one thing that deserves our highest care & most Ardent desires, and that is we may answer the great End for which we were made; viz to glorify God & do all the good we possibly can to our fellow men, while we live in the world. Carefully improve time precious time. when you cease from labour & other Studies, fill up your time in Reading meditation & Prayer and let your Heart be Imployed as much as possible in divine thoughts and allways look up to Christ for strength & Grace to inable you to perform every duty of the Christian life: beg his assistance in all things, he is a very libberall giver & never said to the Seed of Jacob Seek ye me in vain. & I pray God give you understanding in all things. Behave with all possible Respect to the Revd Pressident: he will sett you an example of all that is truly valluable: keep Company with the wise & you will grow wiser. Shun bad Company as much as possible, they are only a pest to humane society & ought to be carefully avoided: Conversation that will proffitt is realy valluable & such only is. I want to hear the Pressidents determination as to his voyage to Great Brittain: let me hear from you by the first oppertunity, and as often as may be: besure write by madm Edwards: we are all beside my selfe in some measure of Helth & send our kind Love to you & pleases to salute the Pressident & all friends. Remember & practice the above precepts. and I pray God Bless them to your advantage &c—
from your carefull & most affectionate Father

Ephm Williams

Elijah Williams

XII

Stockbridge March 29 1753

Dear Child,

I have received your Letter of Feby: 28. 1753. with Joy, & Bless God to hear of your Health & Proficiency. I observe you have mended much in your wrighting & Spelling. nevertheless you have left Room to Grow, therefore shall chearfully continue my Instruction to you &nd propose what Rule well observd will be of Service to you; viz Attend the Rules laid down in the youths Instrucktor in the English Tounge: from Dixon Bailey Owen and Strong: Printed at Boston 1746. I direct you to furnish your Selfe with one Speedily. you must not follow my Hand wrighting for an Example, for I am apt to mistake: I never had but Common English Learning:, I was when young several winters under Capt Goddard master, he was a Excellent master, a good Speller & charming wrighter also fine Arithmetition. Kept School at Boston many years and once told me as he was once walking down King Street met Judge Davenport, who stopt a minute, and said Capt Goddard there is one word I have often seen in your writing which you all ways spell wrong; —Sr your Servant; & he said he never forgot it in his life; I wou'd have enlarg'd but am not able. I beg of you to git the Book I directed you too, and spend some time Every day in Looking into it, let me have a speedy answer. I commend you to the Grace of God & remain.

yr affectionate father

Epa Williams

P.s. presst my Service to ye Predt & his Lady

XIII

Stockbridge June 4th 1753

Dear Child

I gladly imbrace every oppertunity to know how the State of my Helth stands, & that of friends. I have been seemingly growing better till a few days since a remarkable Providence hapend, by which I lost perhaps 2 quarts of Blood in about 24 Hours: but I hope it is Stopt; what will be the Event time will Reveal. I refer the Circumstances of this affair to Mr Badgers information &c It seems to me you a little forgett the 5th Commt in neglecting to write to me in my age & under such a complication of Bodily mallidies: it will not be but a little time

before all Correspondence of this kind will cease for Ever &c ; & this is the best Season for Speedy conveyance, therefore improve it. Remember to Improve well present time, our all depends on it Respecting Boath time & Eternity: the Book of Sollomons wise Proverbs is an Excellent Peice to be dailly Read. I mean Some portion of it: and indevour to Treasure it up in your memorie & allways look to God for his blessing on it. It is perhaps as well adapted as any of the Sacred wrighting to make you wise to Salvation. I hertily wish I had made it my business in youth to have made it master of the whole, & perhaps my memorie was then able to have attaind to: it would have in Some measure quallified me to entertain Conversation the most proffitable on all most all ocations &c &c. But I trespass on my doctors direction in writting so much as this: therefore bid you farewell. Mercy & Truth be with you: Amen: If oppertunity present give my Duty to Gov^{r} Belcher & Lady: & inform his Excelency that Providence has forbid my writting more than 25 moneths, my Head will not bear Reading or writing & Tell if I dare presume to aske such fav^{r} it would be to Receive a short line from his Exelency &c

& give my Regards to the President & his Spouse & sallutations to all friends perticculerly Sister Cooper & M^{r} Jonthar Serg^{t} & Spouse and all sisters fammily. & I hope the money will infallibly Come at Com—t

We all send you our Loves: your sister dwights poorley.

yours affectionately
E. Williams.

XIV

(Addressed to Stockbridge)

Dearfield Aug^{t} 14th 1753.

Dear Children.

(Viz) Elijah, Judith and Elizebeth, Williams.

I hope I may live to see you again by Gods leave, but it very uncertain. For wheather I shall be able to take a Jorney to you & Return hear before Winter is quite uncertain, unless I sho^{d} gett helpe from a difficulty that yett remains. I was taken with a Pain in the Pitt of my stomach & through my body in left side down to my Hip; & Can not be free from it never since, night nor day: ever Breath I drow Effecs me: but 2 days past it is mov^{d} higher up near my sholder but still from my stomach to my back. unless that is mov^{d} I shall not be able to Ride. sho^{d} it be so, I shall have a great desire to see Elijah before you go to the Jerseys before Commencement; if your mother can be spard to come here, so timely as you can, come with her. and I shall be very glad to se Elize hear before she returns to Weathersfield, which I perceive they trust she proposses to do shortly. I desire also Elijah will not enter into now new bargain with his Brother unless he will sell him the one Hundred & fifty-five acres of Land, and at the Price he took it, till I have an oppertunity to see you. I have a great desire you sho^{d} go to Cambridge Colledg the winter coming; I think further learning may prove more for your advantage than money or land :—
but above all things Improve time to the best purposes: time is very short & very pressious. now is the accepted time and now is the day of Sallvation. and a very little time more may be in which your Eternity Depends. I must beg you to be close in your attendance on the Publick worshyp of God, & dayly seek God in your clossett: & Christ has sufficiently and graciously incourag^{d} you so to do. I woold gladly inlarge but I cant stoop to wright it so hurts my stomach. the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with each one of you. Amen.

My most affectionate Love I send you, & desire to hear from you seveally by a Line &c

from your most affectionate father
Eph^{m} Williams

P—s.—Judith I desire you to send me 2 good choice cheeses, one old one & one new, I will pay you to content for them—I will send my leather bags to bring them in &c.

E— W——s

XV

(Addressed to Stockbridge)

SPRINGFIELD Sep^{br} 1– 1753

DEAR CHILD

I have Receivd yours the day before yesterday but have had no oppertunity to discourse with your Brother. nevertheless I had rather you sho^{d} come Home than take in a stranger; if your Inclination is to manage the Farme you must either have an eye Steadely over the Servants otherwise it will come to nothing. I dont know what he means by leaving the Stock & negroes you dont know what Stock there is. I believe some of the young oxen at Massachusetts * he intends to sell at Hatfield, you had best look to that. and as to the negroes you had best agree what you must give for them in case you sell them when you please and buy other helpe unless they please and lett him know. if I sho^{d} not come back to live at Stockbridge, he is to Remember I must have an Equivelent for all my Privelidges. (viz). the House Room, a Horse allways kept, firewood fitted at the door, and allso Two acres of land at the door: all which will undoubtdly be worth one Hundred Pounds p^{r} year old tenor &c &c—
then there is & will be a great Charge to bring forward the farm forthwith, or it will be of small proffitt. and every Stroak Cutt on the farm will be more proffitt to him than to you when it returns into his Hand—especially if the lease be short. the Swamp must be flowd before winter. & there must be propprer sheads sett up before winter and more barn Room. all such things and necessary Charge of finishing the House will be his proffitt & ought to be at his Expence &c—but I cant on a Sudden & in my pressent Hurry do but little about it I believe you had need to be well advised & Counceld: wish Co^{ll} Dwight † was to advise in the Case, he will be at Home anone: and I hope to see you before you finish any bargain: till I see you you cant act nothing leagally till your of age &c; wheather you will not be oblidg^{d} to go to the Jerseyes before your mother comes down I dont know but conclude you must & if so there will be time to Informe me further, before anything further is compleated. dont be concernd at all with Collhoon: I can gett better helpe, he has no more Contrivence than a babe &c—but I wish you may be well directed & that the Smiles of Providence may allways attend you: & that above allthing your Soul may Prosper & be in Health &c—

In utmost Hurry from your Loveing father.

EPH^{m} WILLIAMS

ELIJAH WILLIAMS

* This means Fort Massachusetts, situate near Greylock Mountain and commanded by his Son Col. E. Williams. J. F. D.

† His Son-in-law.

XVI

To
M^{R} ELIJAH WILLIAMS
IN
STOCKBRIDGE
P^{R} M^{RS} GRAVES.

DEERFIELD, Octo^{br} 11—1753

DEAR CHILD

I have but a minute to write in, but least what I sent by the way of Hoosuk sho^{d} fail, I would now tell you if it be possible gett buck wheat Straw of the Indians, you may for a trifle; it is high time to do it; and lay a good Cock Round each Tree; but dont lett the Straw come within two foot of the body of the trees least the mice bark the trees; in the Spring of the year you may lay the Straw near the tree, it need not be renewed more than once in two or three year if you lay it about a foot thick at first, and about 7 or 8 feet Round from the tree. you Cant Conceive the benefitt of it, you never need to plow up your orchard any more in case you practice doing so: unless you do the orchard so directly your orchard will begin to decay forthwith. I am more sencible of the want of aples than perhaps you may be aware of. I have sent as farr as northfield & northampton and all the Towns Round to gett 6 Barrills of apples, & dont yet know I can gett any at all; so that you need not feer takeing too much pains about

bringing on a good orchard. The Indians and father Elias allways Rais buck-wheet, and the straw Rotts where it is thresht in the feild ; you may allways gett a supply which I sho[d] Esteem a great privilledge :—

Tell your sisters they must send my things & your mothers things as you can gett oppertunity : if you send the things I wante seasonably to Poontoosuk,* Co[ll] Bicle will Bring my things when he comes down, which will be pretty soon. I hope you have gott some shrub for me, want it ; it is a sickly time still with us & in the neighbouring Towns. M[r] Williams of Hadley very Dangerously sick if Living. I want to hear of your wellfare, for which I am ever concernd : I wish Elize could contrive to lett me see her as she goes to weathersfield, if she purposses to winter there. Co[ll] Dwight lodg[d] with us & M[r] Quincy the last night but one ; was then well, hoped to gett home next satturday night.

Wee are in some comfortable measure of Health hear, I mean in your brothers fammily : lett me hear from you by the first oppertunity : mine with your mothers Love to all of you. wishing you all Happiness hear and Eternall Happiness & Blessedness in the Comeing world &c.—from your very affectionate father

Eph[m] Williams.

P—s—I want the Red Jackit & blue millatary Britchis & the Green old winter Jackit some good chease & the shrubb &c &c &c

XVII

(Addressed to Stockbridge.)

Deerfield nov[br] 7th 1753

Dear Child

I write to lett you know the doct[r] is come home & left his wife in a hopefull way of getting well, but exceeding weak. She has nott gone once across the Room as yet ; he left her last friday morning ; he is in some hopes of her being able to come about a fortnight hence : it was a wonderfull deliverance from emediate death. We think it very strange we dont hear from you from no quarter at all : We did expect to se Eliza before now. woold have her come by Westfeild : it is so late it is not safe comeing by poontoosuk, if you don't keep the old Horse very well he will never be able to come again, and his shoos must be Remov[d] & Sharpt.

You must send the things that have been sent for : & also the thing I put over my head to keep my Ears warm which I button under my chin : your mother desires you to send her a quarter of a yard of callico, of your sister Dwights ; the same peice you talkt of getting her a Gown for ; she wants it to border her petticoet with. Cloe wants her shoos extremely, and I shod be very glad you would gett me a pair of very good Doublesold shoos for winter if you can gett M[r] Bancroft to make them for upper leather the same thick calve skin he made my pumps of & if you have got some of Turners sole leather I believe that will be good. I can not stir out abroad my shoes are so thin : & tell your Brother Eph[m]† I want to see him very much before he goes to Boston—he will no doubt come by northampton—I desire him to be sure to come hear, before he goes down &c &c : I am very apt to take cold if I stir abroad, otherwise I am much as I have been of some time. the rest of us are pretty welle. we dont hear from Cap[t] Kellog since I wrote you before. We all send you our kind love to all of you. and Service to friends. wishing you Soul Prosperity as well as Bodily. & am your affectionate & very thoughtfull-Father—

Eph[m] Williams

XVIII

(Addressed to Stockbridge.)

(No date : written from Deerfield in the winter of 1754.)

Dear Child

I much wonder you have not let me hear from you till now ; it seems to be forgotten by you, as you may find written in the 4th Chapter of Proverbs

* Poontoosuk was the old, and Indian name of Pittsfield—still retained in the lake north of that town. J. F. D.

† This son—Col. Williams—was then a member of "The General Court" of the Province.—J. F. D.

which I desire you to read ; the whole of it frequently : & I desire all of my Children to do likewise. & the Contents of that Chapter also : & frequently Read the whole Book, they are excellent Aphorisms of the wisest of men, worthy of your daily study and close application, and earnest prayer to God for his Blessing on. I never forget you in my daily supplications to God in my closit & in our social worship in the family. Remember what God says by the mouth of his Prophite in and Christ says in Matthew 6th Chap^{r} & 6 verse : there you will find a blessed & gracious promise of being heard & Rewarded openly.

I am under as comfortable a state of Health as I have been of late : but that is poorly and my limbs much fail me especialy my knees my thighs & rms and my out ward man is sencibly failing daily. Pray for me all of you that my Inward man may be Renewed day by day. Remember former Councels and keep close to God : and then you may hope he will keep you from temptations or deliver from them and preserve blameless to his heavenly kingdom. Amen : I cant write but a very little, it distresses my Head so that I cant bear it, therefore you must lett me hear from you the oftenner. I much want to hear from you but much more to see you all. I hope God will give me leave and oppertunity to do so once more but if he does not, his will be done. I commit all of you my Dear Children to the tender care & keeping of the good Providence and special grace of God who is able to keep what we thus commit to him, & will keep all such as do so till that day to whome be Glory forever. Amen. I long to hear the unhappy differences at Stockbridge were happyly ended. then I should hope the God of Love and Peace would be and abide with you all. Pray for it earnestly daily and commit all your ways to God, and he will direct your steps for you. I hope you will come and see me as soon as you can. I have wrote to your Brother to come this way from Boston and hope he will be hear by the weak after next at furthest. I expected he woold have been hear with you in december, and I want some money extremely. I hear it is likely the Court will Rise next Weak. If your Brother and you sho^{d} be hear about the weak after next, and there sho^{d} be good slaying I sho^{d} be glad to come with your mother and give you a visitt but I have but one Horse—

I send my most affectionate and kind Love to all of you & sallutations to all friends. and Pray that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may be with you all : Amen.

from your loving and tender father

Eph^{m} Williams.

XIX

(Addressed to Stockbridge.)

Deerfield, March 30th—1754.

Dear Child :

Wee want much to hear and know, the perticuler circumstances of the Plott* against the English at Stockbridge. Pray don't fail of leting me know as soon as possible. Your mother purposses to sett out home next monday by the way of Poontoosuk : if she fails you might Send a Horse for her the latter end of next weak &c — I have got from Roxbury some choice frute Ciences (*sic*) : they are wrote on severaly : those for Cherys are very fine from England. I think there is but four of them. they are long enough to make two Each of them : graft them on the little Chery tree close to the Bee House. Cutt all the limbs of and sett all the cyons on that topp : it will be more likely to live then to leave any of the limbs alive to suck away the sap from the Cyons : & Cutt of every limb of the pare trees & graft boath those trees with orange pares toward the tops of those trees. & Cattern and Genitia pears all on the peare trees : all the other Cyons which I send & them which you coold graft on thorns don't move them till next year so that if they live they then may be transplanted—

But above all things take care to gett your Soul Ingrafted in the true olive Christ Jesus & you will be safe & Happy for Ever. Amen &c—my love to all of your

from your tender father

Eph^{m} Williams

* Hostile Indian troubles.

THE POINT OF VIEW

My young friend Felix has been holding forth to me upon the importance of substituting, in thought and speech, the word "civilization" for the word "culture." "Culture," Felix says, is not so much what we need in this new country, as "civilization." By civilization, as I understand him, he means something more than that we should eat with forks instead of knives. He means, I take it, that we should learn to be better worth talking to, better worth eating with, better worth living and associating with generally, and more worthy of being alive. Perhaps he feels as others have felt, that we lack distinction, and would have us get it, but whatever our need is, as he sees it, he doesn't think that "culture" expresses the means by which we may supply it. It is true that "culture" suggests somewhat exclusively the cultivation of the intellectuals, the reading of books, the study of languages, the hearing of hard music, and the inspection of difficult pictures. Felix does not deny that "culture," so understood, may help on the civilization that he cries out for, but he maintains that people may be civilized without being especially intellectual, and without attaining to any very notable flights of culture. To his sort of civilization, to know good books is a help, but hardly as much so as to know good people. Religion is a great power in promoting it. The art and travel help it much; the sciences and trade not so directly. Yet people may be ever so learned, ever so pious, and travelled, and picture-wise, and yet not be civilized; so that to square with his ideal is no play-day undertaking.

And yet it is a useful ideal and worth taking some thought about. The people who are the most civilized may or may not be the worthiest people, but they are the pleasantest, and the ones who seem to get the most out of life. The French are undoubtedly better civilized than the Americans, and given the same apparatus, they are able to have more fun with it. In that particular they are ahead of the Americans; yet that they are worthier than the Americans is what even their hardiest admirer would hesitate to aver, and what no good American would admit for a moment. Their capacity for legitimate enjoyment seems to be greater than ours—for illegitimate enjoyment too, it may be, but that we do not envy them. If they get more pleasure than we do out of talk, out of eating and drinking, out of art and music and the theatre, out of family life and their social relations generally, in respect to those matters their civilization is better than ours, and they are fit examples for our emulation.

While "culture," according to the common acceptance of it, is largely the cultivation of the mind, civilization, as Felix understands it, would seem to be the cultivation of the sympathies, the tastes, and the capacity for giving and receiving sound pleasures. The most civilized man is the man with the most catholic appreciation, the man who can be the most things to the most people, the man, to put it briefly, who knows best how to live. The man who is civilized can use all the culture he can get, but he can get on and still be civilized with a very moderate outfit of it. But the man who has culture and has not

civilization is very badly handicapped. He may get a certain satisfaction out of living, but he will contribute only very moderately to the satisfaction of others. He may be respected, but he will hardly be cherished.

Provided he has books enough and is of an intellectual turn, a man may get culture all by himself, but he will hardly get a high degree of civilization except by rubbing against other persons. That is one reason why the most important of all civilizing agencies is the family. What libraries and picture-galleries are to culture, rightly regulated homes are to civilization. What a strong and thoroughly civilized family, that knows its business and improves its opportunity, can do toward the civilization of a raw American city, can only be appreciated after long residence in cities where such families do not exist. It should be an encouragement to Felix and a source of satisfaction to all of us, that so sane an observer as Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, states as one of the chief bases of his hopes for the duration of our Republic, that "a better family life prevails among our people than was known to any of the republics that have perished, or, indeed, to any earlier century."

In Mr. Robert Grant's paper upon "Income," mention was made of a father whose anxiety all centred in the provision for the future of his girls, his belief being that to bring up a daughter in luxury and then leave her with less than $5,000 a year, was, "a piece of paternal brutality." Mr. Grant takes issue with this opinion, and I agree with him; though perhaps for somewhat different reasons and with a wider application. "Luxury" is perhaps an unfortunate word, since it may be interpreted into habits of folly or extravagance, which would of course take the force out of an adverse argument: but if it means —what the father undoubtedly *did* mean —the enjoyment of the opportunities for reasonable pleasure and freedom from care which money affords — then there could not be a more wrong-headed theory of the education of girls, or boys either, than that which would deprive them of these things because the chances are that they cannot always continue to have them. Not even the old exploded theories as to the systematic physical "hardening" of children were more erroneous. Teachers of hygiene no longer talk about these as though warm clothing, proper food, and civilized habits did not produce a race better fitted to meet the physical struggle for life than do privation and chilliness; all the figures are against them, like those compiled as far back as our Civil War, which showed how invariably the well-nourished troops from communities where a higher standard of living prevailed, outmarched, outstayed, and — other things being equal — outfought those to whom the "hardening" process seemed to have been most thoroughly applied by circumstance.

In other than physical matters, the lesson seems slower to learn. Yet the capital furnished by a properly exercised but unworn, unfagged, undiscouraged mind and morale, may be no less valuable than that of an unexhausted constitution. *Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus*, is good moral hygiene. Those worthy citizens who still preach the gospel of Josiah Bounderby, of Coketown, are generally found insincere when brought to book, or else are among the men whom nothing educates. If my choice were free, I would rather give my boy the memory of a fairly happy and untrammelled life up to twenty, and leave him nothing then but a consequent reasonable optimism, an unsapped courage, and a disposition to regard money as a means rather than an end, than keep him constantly face to face with a spectre of possible poverty, fill him full of premature cares, and leave him five thousand or twenty-five thousand a year and no memories, or well-grounded healthy tastes, or world to live in, indeed, except such as he commonly sets out to make for himself under these circumstances, which is worse than nothing. And though with girls there may be a very considerable difference in their power to decide the conditions of their life by their own effort, I cannot be made to believe that they will have less of that power, when need comes upon them, because of a well-filled past and a well-rounded development amid a

certain degree of comfort. As a matter of fact and observation, among the girls one knows who have been left to make their living, after a youth in which someone has made it for them, which have made the best success of it? According to my own report, those whose best practical capital has been what they absorbed, rather perhaps than consciously acquired, during their time of "luxury." Running over the names of a dozen who have made themselves a competence from nothing, I am myself surprised at the proportion which supports my theory; and of the rest, I doubt if anyone attributed her success to the hardening of needless economies.

Unhappily, the most of us have no choice and must do our pinching whether or no; but if we have a choice, let us not worry because we have given our children more than they can always have. It is possible to make worse investments for them than those in the savings-bank of memory.

How is it about gossip? Is there a justification for it? Does it serve any purpose useful enough to warrant its existence? Does a person who refuses to take part in it show himself superior to his fellows, or does he shirk an obligation that he owes to society? When Jack Hairbrain's attentions to young Mrs. McFliget become audaciously conspicuous, and the whole community sits around and discusses them, is the community engaged in a valuable work that demands to be done, or is it merely giving evidence of its malicious dispositions and the emptiness of its mind?

There are offences against society which it is the duty of the district-attorney, when he learns of them, to bring to the notice of the grand jury, to the end that their perpetrator may account to the law for his actions. There are also doings which society regards as offensive to itself, of which the district-attorney can take no notice, and which are not of sufficient turpitude to engage the grand jury's attention. But in every household there are self-constituted grand jurors who sit on malfeasances of this sort when the gossips bring the news of them. Yet the gossips, instead of being commended for their vigilance, are pretty generally execrated, and most of us, when we share their labors, do it at some cost to our own self-respect, and very likely execrate ourselves.

Now, it is possible that in the loftiness of our conceptions we condemn ourselves overmuch, and restrain a propensity that has been cultivated in us for good. Gossip that pries into hidden proceedings, that suggests worse motives than appear, that carries tales and makes defamatory suggestions, is one thing. Gossip that discusses facts that are patent is another. If we should see Jake Hardman running away with Charles McFliget's pocketbook, we should think ill of ourselves if we did not cry "Stop Thief!" and join in the chase after the rascal. But suppose we think we see Jack Hairbrain in the act of robbing McFliget of the affections of his wife. Are we really entitled to think better of ourselves for holding our tongues and overlooking this apparent larceny, than if we expressed our sentiments freely one to another? If there is enough talk, Flora McFliget's ears will be close-stopped indeed if some of it does not find its way into them. Is it a kindness to her or to Jack to let their behavior pass unnoticed? When there is a bridge down on the railroad and a train is coming, it may be disconcerting to the engineer to halloo and wave a red flag at him, but after all it is kinder to jar his nerves a little while there is still time to pull up, than out of an extreme politeness to let him go to destruction.

Besides, have we not ourselves and our own morals to consider, and how it may affect our own standards of behavior to look on without remonstrance at such doings as Jack's and Flora's? If we ignore that sort of impropriety when it is done in plain sight, we may come presently to think there is nothing amiss in it, and even to take a turn at it ourselves.

It seems possible that because gossip is disagreeable it does not get even the moderate amount of credit that is its due. It is conceded to be lively talk, but it is felt to be unamiable and even mean. But if it were wholly bad, decent people of strong convictions about right and wrong would not countenance it, whereas such people

do at times countenance and even take part in it, and not without occasional good results.

People do not abstain from crimes for fear of being talked about, but they do oftentimes check themselves in indiscretions out of regard for us gossips, and what we may say about them. Newspapers take pretty complete charge of society nowadays, and with some slight help from the courts see that human conduct is regulated before it gets intolerable. But the newspapers cannot take cognizance of everything, and some things which they are compelled to overlook it may be our province as gossips to see to. If Jack Hairbrain and Mrs. McFliget actually elope, the newspapers will attend to their case down to its remotest details ; but so long as their dispositions are susceptible of cure, a worse thing may happen than for the gossip's court to take note of their case and try to laugh them back to good behavior.

WHEN an experienced writer, essayist, journalist, traveller, and a man of the world, deliberately introduces into a picture of New York life a fascinating heroine whose most indispensable diversion is her cigarette, we are bound to take her seriously and to ask ourselves what is the range and importance of the element in our society of which she is a type. Of course there is nothing essentially immoral in cigarette smoking. In an American woman it offends because of its present associations in the American mind. It has no such associations in some other countries, and if the practice spreads it may gradually cease to have any such associations here. But as yet it calls up images, if not reminiscences, of the *petit souper* and of other things which do not go well with the American idea of womanhood not only pure but innocent.

I suppose that there is no question that the charming creature who exhales the odor of tobacco and vague adventure through the pages of the novel in question is not singular in her taste and habit, and that there is a certain number of women in a certain region of "society" who, without her antecedents or her aspirations, have succeeded in acquiring the cigarette art, and like it. Probably the liking is not for the physical effect, which must have been intensely disagreeable at first, but for that taste of freedom implied in doing things suggestive of naughtiness, but not at all involving it. How great this number is, no one can accurately say ; but I imagine its relative importance can easily be exaggerated, and its relative importance is the only real importance it has. In a community where wealth and leisure and the occupations compelled by idleness advance and multiply rapidly, as they do in New York, the number of women who thrust their eager feet just across the line fixed by old conventions may be considerable and its proportion to the total still be insignificant. And though the influence of such a number may seem to be formidable, I do not believe it will in reality prove so. What is likely to happen is either that the now utterly objectionable habit may become far enough established to cease to have any peculiar suggestiveness ; or if this does not occur, that it will be abandoned as its novelty wears off. The latter alternative is the more probable. In any case I have no present fear that our wives or daughters will go far in the direction in which the cigarette smoke of current fiction is discreetly but distinctly puffed. The forces that make for essentially sound and wholesome womanhood in American society are not the creation of yesterday, and manners really involving these forces are not fixed by the ladies who decree the fashions in gowns.



FLOWERS OF THE AIR.

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

From the painting by F. S. Church by courtesy of Mr. John G[illegible]atly.



FISK AND GOULD'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE IN A STATE OF SIEGE.

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A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

FEW quarter-centuries in the world's life bristle with salient events as does the last. The series of articles here begun is an attempt to portray the chief of these so far as they relate to the United States. A detailed national history since 1870 the reader must not expect. He is going upon a rapid excursion through vast tracts, with frequent use of the camera, and not upon a topographical survey. Happenings of mere local moment are ignored altogether; legal and constitutional developments we cannot so much as sketch; while many interesting and even vital matters which are brought to notice we only touch. The task is arduous. None of the sources for our most recent history have been sifted. On each specially critical occurrence studied by them congressional committees report contradictorily. Treating affairs so uncertainly vouched, the historian must keep in tense exercise a form of discretion which in better trodden fields predecessors have made unnecessary. In discussing yesterday's transactions one is open to challenge from participants. If you are right in essentials, your ideas of proportion and of the relative importance of things may seem strange. And, however sincere and unremitting the effort to treat all sections, parties, and persons with perfect fairness, perhaps no man can judge his contemporaries without a degree of prejudice. To record freshly made history would thus be difficult enough had one ample space for all necessary explanations; being obliged to condense the narrative, as these pieces require, doubly

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aggravates the undertaking. But there are two encouraging considerations: It is hoped that the doings set forth will have a peculiarly living interest precisely on account of their occurrence in our time; and that the work may here and there rescue from oblivion some significant deed which would surely meet that fate were the recording deferred.

THE UNITED STATES AT THE CLOSE OF RECONSTRUCTION

The Material Conditions.
Growth of Urban Population.
The Chicago Fire.
Downfall of the Tweed Ring.
Grant's First Cabinet.
Reconstruction.
Rise of the Liberals.
The Ku-Klux Klan.
Gould and Fisk.
Black Friday.
The Alabama Claims.
Sumner and San Domingo.

IN 1870 the United States covered the same tract of the earth's surface as now, amounting to four million square miles. Hardly more than a fifth of this represented the United States of 1789. About a third of the vast domain was settled, the western frontier running irregularly parallel with the Mississippi, but nearer to that stream than to the Rocky Mountains. The centre of population was forty-eight miles east by north of Cincinnati, having moved westward forty-two miles since 1860. Except certain well-peopled sections on the Pacific slope, and little civilized strips in Utah, Colorado, and New Mexico, the Great West had but a tenuous white population. Over immense regions it was still an Indian fastness, rejoicing in a reputation, which few could verify, for rare scenery, fertile valleys, rich mines, and a wondrous climate.

The American people numbered 38,558,371 souls. In the settled parts of our country the population had a density of 30.3 persons to the square mile, southern New England being the most closely peopled. Much of western Pennsylvania was in the condition of the newest States, railroads building as never before, population increasing at a remarkable rate, and industries developing on every hand. Petroleum, which before the Civil War had been skimmed off the streams of the oil region and sold for medicine, in 1870 developed a yield of over five million gallons in Pennsylvania alone, more than ten times as much as a decade previous. The West was rapidly recruiting itself from the East, the city from the country. Between 1790 and 1860 our urban population had increased from one in thirty to one in six; in 1870 more than one in five dwelt in cities.

There were now thirty-seven States, nine organized territories, and two unorganized ones, these being Alaska and the Indian Territory. Noteworthy among the territories was Washington, whose population had doubled in the preceding decade, was now 23,000, and during the year 1870 leaped to 30,000. Colorado had about 40,000. Utah boasted 86,000, one-third of whom were foreigners. New Mexico numbered 114,000, less than one to each square mile. Arizona was still much harried by Indians, and contained hardly 10,000 civilized men. This year female suffrage, hitherto unknown in America, if not in the world, gained a foothold in Wyoming and in Utah.

During seven years preceding 1873, the railroad facilities of the country nearly doubled. The Union and Central Pacific Roads, forming the only transcontinental line then in existence, had been completed on May 10, 1869.

Into Denver already came, besides the Union Pacific, three other railroads, all short, while Washington Territory contained the germ of the Northern Pacific, whose eastern extremity had just been begun at Duluth. Dakota had sixty-five miles of railway, Wyoming four hundred and fifty-nine. With these exceptions, the territories were wholly without railroads.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

In 1870, New York, with 942,292 inhabitants, Philadelphia, with 674,022, Brooklyn, with 396,099, St. Louis, with 310,864, and Chicago, with 298,977, were, as in 1890, our five largest cities, and they had the same relative size as now, save that Chicago has since passed from the fifth to the second place. This in the



Driving the Last Spike of the Union Pacific. Scene at Promontory Point, Utah, May 10, 1869.

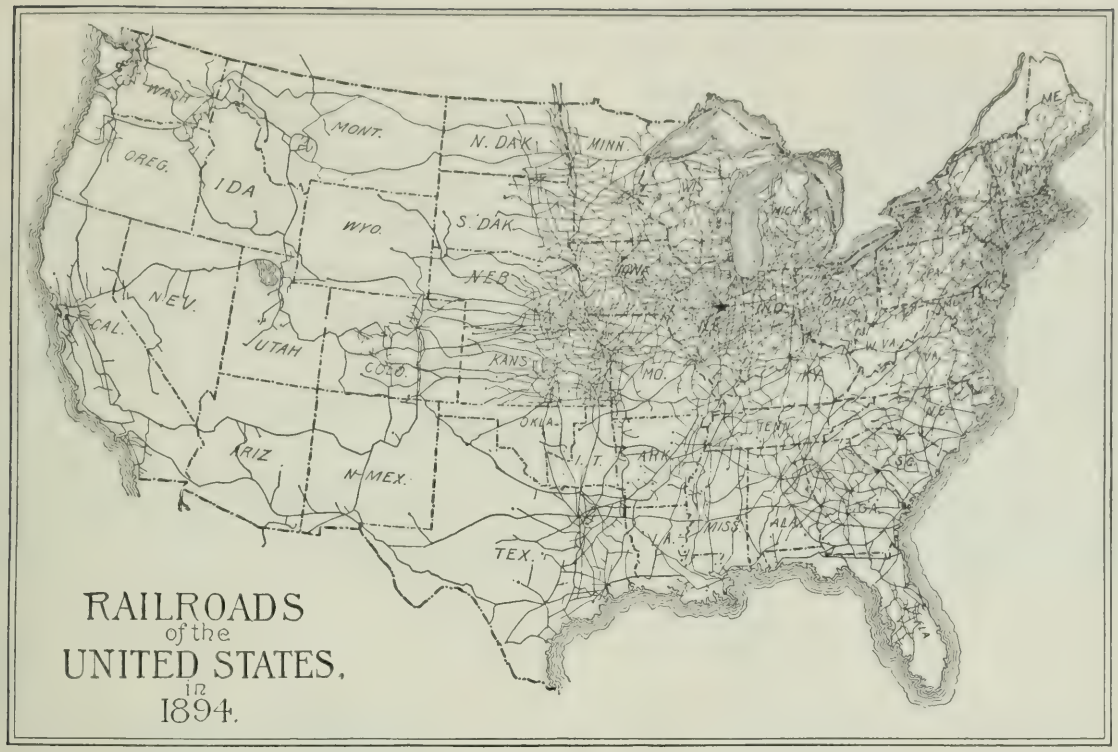
(After a photograph in the possession of General G. M. Dodge.)



face of adversity. In October, 1871, the city was devastated by one of the most terrible conflagrations of modern times. It began on Sunday evening, the 8th, in a wooden barn on DeKoven Street, in the West Division. Lumber yards were numerous there, and through these the flames raged, leaping across the stream before a strong westerly wind into the Southern Division, which was closely built up with stores and warehouses. The fire continued all Monday. It crossed the main channel of the Chicago River into the Northern Division, sweeping all before it.

"Niagara," says an eye-witness, "sinks into insignificance before that towering wall of whirling, seething, roaring flame, which swept on and on, devouring the most stately and massive stone buildings as though they had been the cardboard playthings of a child. Looking under the flame we could see the buildings on either side of Randolph Street, whose beauty and magnificence and whose wealth of contents we admired the day before, in the centre of the furnace. A moment and the flickering flame crept out of a window; another and another followed; a sheet of fire joined the whirling mass above and they were gone. One after another they dissolved like snow on the mountain, until the fire had reached the corner just before us. Loud detonations to the right and left of us, where buildings were being blown up, added to the falling of the walls and the roaring of the flames, the moaning of the wind and the crowd, the shrill whistling of tugs as they endeavored to remove the shipping out of the reach of danger, made up a frightful discord of sounds that will live in memory while life shall last."

"Some one cries, 'The elevator is on fire!' 'No, that's the reflection of the fire.' Every eye is turned that way with the utmost anxiety. The smoke is so dense that we can hardly see. It blows aside, and what was the reflection of the fire is now a lurid glare of flame. It is doomed. Two or three minutes more and it is a monstrous pyramid of flame and thick black smoke, solid as stone. 'My God! Look there! There are men on the *top!*' 'No!' 'Wait a moment till the smoke clears away.' 'Yes, there are — three, *five.*' They're lost. See, they are suffocating; they have crept to the corner. God! Is there no help for them? What are they doing? They are drawing something up. 'Tis a rope. They fasten it, and just as the flames burst out around them the first one slides from the para-



pet and down, followed by one after another until the whole are saved. Thank God!"

For hundreds of miles over the prairie and the lake could be seen the glare. The river seemed to boil and mingle its steam with the smoke. Early Monday morning the Tribune building remained intact, the only structure left in the business quarter. Two patrols were constantly at work, one sweeping away live coals and brands, the other watching the roofs. Till four o'clock the reporters passed in regular reports of the fire. At five the forms were sent down. In ten minutes the cylinder presses would have been at work. At that moment the front basement is discovered on fire. The water-plug at the corner is opened, but the water-works have been destroyed. The pressmen have to fly for their lives. By ten o'clock the block is in ashes.

Streets, bridges, parks are gorged with panic-stricken throngs. Not a few are crazed by terror. One old woman stumbles along under a great bundle, crooning Mother Goose melodies. Anarchy reigns. The horrors of the night are multiplied by drunkenness, arson, burglary, murder, rape. Vigilance committees are formed. It was estimated that fifty ruffians first and last were shot in their tracks, among them five notorious criminals. A number of convicts locked in the basement of the court-house are supposed to have been burnt alive. Happily for the safety of the city, General Sheridan was at hand with troops to keep order.

The morning after the fire the indomitable Chicago pluck began to show itself. William D. Kerfoot knocked together a shanty, facetiously called "Kerfoot's block," an unrivalled structure, for it was the only one in the neighborhood. To it he nailed a sign which well typified the spirit of the city. "Wm. D. Kerfoot, all gone but wife, children, and ENERGY." The next Sunday the Rev. Dr. Collyer preached where his church had formerly stood, in the midst of the city, yet in the heart of a wilderness more than a mile from human habitation.

Not till Tuesday morning was the headway of the fire checked, and parts of the charred *débris* smouldered on for months. Nearly three and a third square miles were burned over; 17,450 buildings were destroyed; 98,500 persons rendered homeless; and 200 killed. The total direct loss of property amounted to $190,000,000, which indirect losses

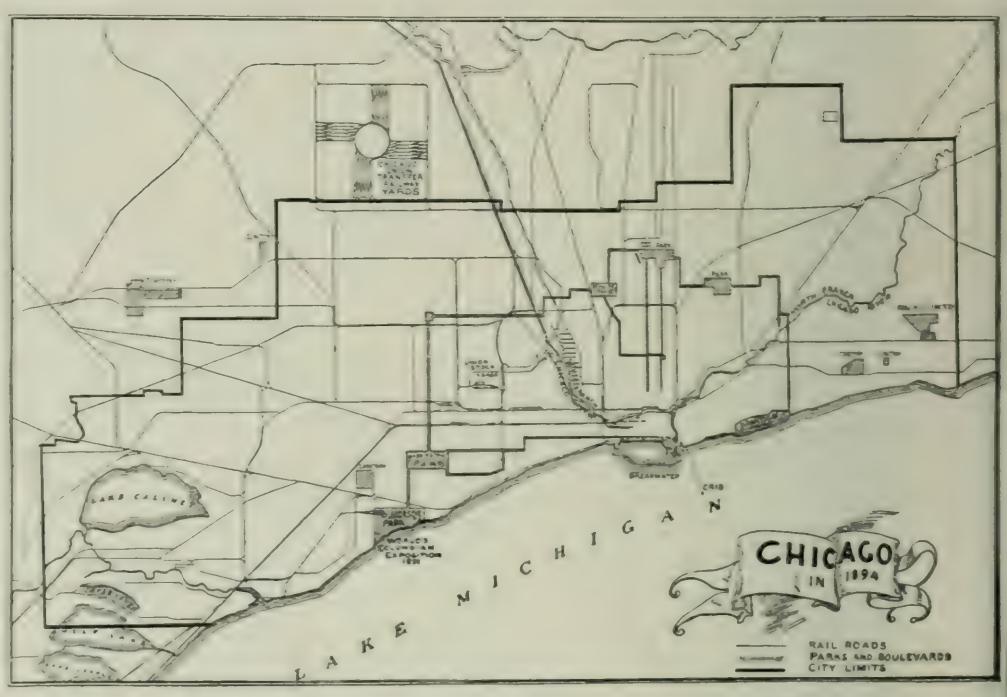
of various sorts would swell to perhaps $250,000,000, nearly a third of the city's valuation. Forty-four million dollars was recovered on insurance, a small part of the sum insured for, as fifty-seven of the companies involved were rendered insolvent by the fire.

THE TWEED RING.

Meantime New York City was suffering from an evil worse than fire, the frauds of the "Tweed Ring," notorious forevermore. In the summer of 1871, proof was published of vast frauds by leading city officials, prominent among them "Boss" William M. Tweed, Superintendent of the Street Department. Having made themselves supreme in Tammany Hall, these men so worked the city elections as to control the city government, placing themselves, in 1866, each in the office he wished. A new charter, of which they secured the adoption, gave them absolute charge of the city's purse. Exorbitant claims for work and material had been paid, raising the city's debt from $50,000,000 to $113,000,000, with bills to an unknown amount not adjusted. Thus the courthouse, building at this time, ostensibly cost $12,000,000. The Ring's robberies cheated the city's tax-payers, first and last, out of no less than $160,000,000, "or four times the fine levied on Paris by the German army."

On October 28, 1871, Tweed was arrested and gave a million dollars bail. In November, the same year, he was elected to the State Senate, but did not take his seat. On December 16th he was again arrested, and released on $5,000 bail. The jury disagreed on the first suit, but on the second he was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $12,550, with twelve years imprisonment. This sentence was set aside by the Court of Appeals, and Tweed's discharge ordered. But in the meantime other suits had been











The Chicago Court House—before the great fire, after the fire, and at the present day.

brought, among them one to recover $6,000,000. Failing to find bail for $3,000,000, he was sent to the Ludlow Street Jail. Being allowed to ride in the Park and occasionally to visit his residence, one day in December he escaped from his keepers. After hiding for several months he succeeded in reaching Cuba. A fisherman found him, sunburnt and weary, but not homesick, and led him to Santiago. Instead of taking him to a hotel, Tweed's guide handed him over to the police as probably some American filibuster come to free Cuba. The American consul procured his release (his passports were given him under an assumed name), but later found him out. The discovery was too late, for he had again escaped and embarked for Spain, thinking there to be at rest, as we then had no extradition treaty with that country. Landing at Vigo, he found the governor of the place with police waiting for him, and was soon homeward bound on an American war-vessel. When Caleb Cushing, our Minister at Madrid, learned of his departure for that realm, he at once put the authorities on their guard. To help them identify their man he furnished them with a caricature by Nast, representing Tweed as a Tammany policeman, gripping two boys by the hair. Thus it came about that "*Twid antelme*" was apprehended by our peninsular friends as a *child-stealer*. Spain's courtesy in delivering Tweed was in return for some favor shown her by Seward. Tweed promised, if released, to turn State's evidence, and offered to give up all his property and effects. No compromise with him was made, and he continued in jail till his death in 1878.

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O. H. PALMER, Secretary. ANSON STAGER, General Superintendent, Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM ORTON, President.

135 30

Oct. 9 1871

Send the following Message subject to the above terms which are agreed to.

To Gen. Pilkington.

Sec'y War. Washington

City of Chicago is almost utterly destroyed by fire. There is now reasonable hopes of arresting it. If the wind does not change which is quite blowing a gale. I have ordered no troops without authority Rations from St Louis. Tents from Jeffersonville and two companies of infantry from Omaha. This will be ~~much~~ distress. many homeless people and much distress.

P. H. Sheridan

Lt General.

Facsimile of the Autograph Telegram from General Sheridan to the Secretary of War, announcing the Great Fire at Chicago; in the collection of C. F. Gunther.

In 1870 the national debt amounted to $2,500,000,000, three times the sum of all the country's state, county, and municipal indebtedness combined. Yet the revenues sufficed to pay the interest and gradually to reduce the principal. Our total imports of merchandise in 1870 were valued at $435,958,408, which exceeded the figure for any previous calendar year. The duties on these imports footed up nearly $200,000,000. The exports for the year fell short of the imports by over $40,000,000.



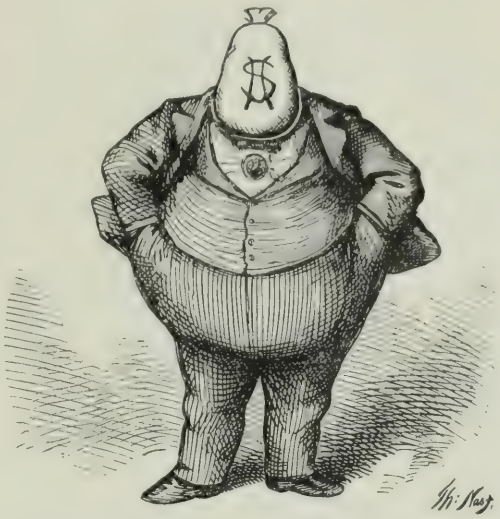
Tweed.

Painful to notice was the small proportion of our commerce which was carried on in American vessels. Between 1850 and 1855 we had outstripped England both in ship-building and in tonnage. Seventy-five per cent. of our ocean traffic was then borne in American vessels; in 1869 the proportion had fallen to thirty per cent. The decay of our merchant marine was originally due to the fatal enterprise of Confederate privateers during the war, and to the change now going on from wood to iron as the material for ships. This transferred to British builders the special advantage which Americans had so long as wood was used. Why the advantage continued with the British was a much disputed question, hardly as yet political.

GRANT'S FIRST CABINET.

THE *personnel* of President Grant's first cabinet surprised all. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, became Secretary of State, but resigned to accept the position of Minister

to France. He was succeeded by Hamilton Fish, never active in public affairs, but remembered as an admirer and friend of Clay's. The Interior Department was placed in charge of J. D. Cox. A. E. Borie was made Secretary of the Navy, but soon gave place to George M. Robeson. President Johnson's Secretary of War, General Schofield, was retained for a time by Grant. General Rawlins succeeded him, but died soon after and was followed by William W. Belknap. J. A. J. Creswell was Postmaster General; E. Rockwood Hoar, Attorney-General. A. T. Stewart, the New York millionnaire merchant, was named for the Treasury portfolio, and the Senate confirmed him with the rest, but the appointment was found to be contrary to a statute of 1789, providing that no person engaged in trade or commerce should hold that office. Efforts were made to remove the legal barrier, which failed, and George S. Boutwell was appointed.



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The Brains

that Achieved the Tammany Victory at the Rochester Democratic Convention.

The year 1870 found in full power the party to which these gentlemen belonged. In the Senate of the Forty-first Congress sat but nine Democrats, and out of its two hundred and thirty representatives only seventy-five were Democrats. Spite of differences in their own ranks, spite of the frantic struggles of the opposition, the Republican policy of reconstruction had been put through and consummated by the



"WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?" — DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.

'TWAS HIM.

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Fifteenth Amendment, "making all men equal." Sweepingly victorious upon every issue recently tried, freed, moreover, from the incubus with which President Johnson had weighted them, having elected to the executive chair of the nation a hero whom practically the entire party and country trusted, the Republicans could not but be in a happy mood.



Oliver P. Morton.
(After a photograph by Handy.)

This self-gratulatory spirit was an unhealthy sign. Honest as were its rank and file and a majority of its leaders, much corruption marked the party. Moreover, no strictly positive policy inspired it. Republicans certainly opposed any repudiation of the war debt, whether by taxing bonds or by paying the principal or the interest of them in dollars less valuable than gold dollars. But this was only a phase of its war zeal, which always carried men's thought backward rather than to the future. Upon the tariff question it was impossible to tell where the party stood, though, clearly, the Whig high-tariff portion of its constituency did not yet dominate. Nothing bolder than "incidental protection" was urged by anyone, except where a State or section, like Maine, tentatively commended some interest to the "care, protection, and relief" of the Government. In their public utterances touching the tariff the two great parties differed little. In each, opinion ran the gamut from "incidental protection," where Democrat met Republican in amity, to "approximate free trade," which extreme there were not lacking Republicans ready to embrace had that been then an issue.



Stanley Matthews.
(After a photograph by Handy.)

Instead of looking forward and studying new national interests, the party grounded its claims too exclusively upon the "glorious record" which truly belonged to it, and upon the alleged total depravity of the Democrats and the eternal incorrigibleness of the South. Said Senator Morton, of Indiana: "The Republican Party . . . could not afford to make a distinct issue on the tariff, civil service reform, or any other individual measure; it must make its stand on these assertions: The Democrats, if they return to power, will either take away the pensions of loyal soldiers, or else will pension Confederate soldiers also: will, when they have a majority in Congress, quietly allow the Southern States to secede in peace; will tax national bonds and unsettle everything generally."

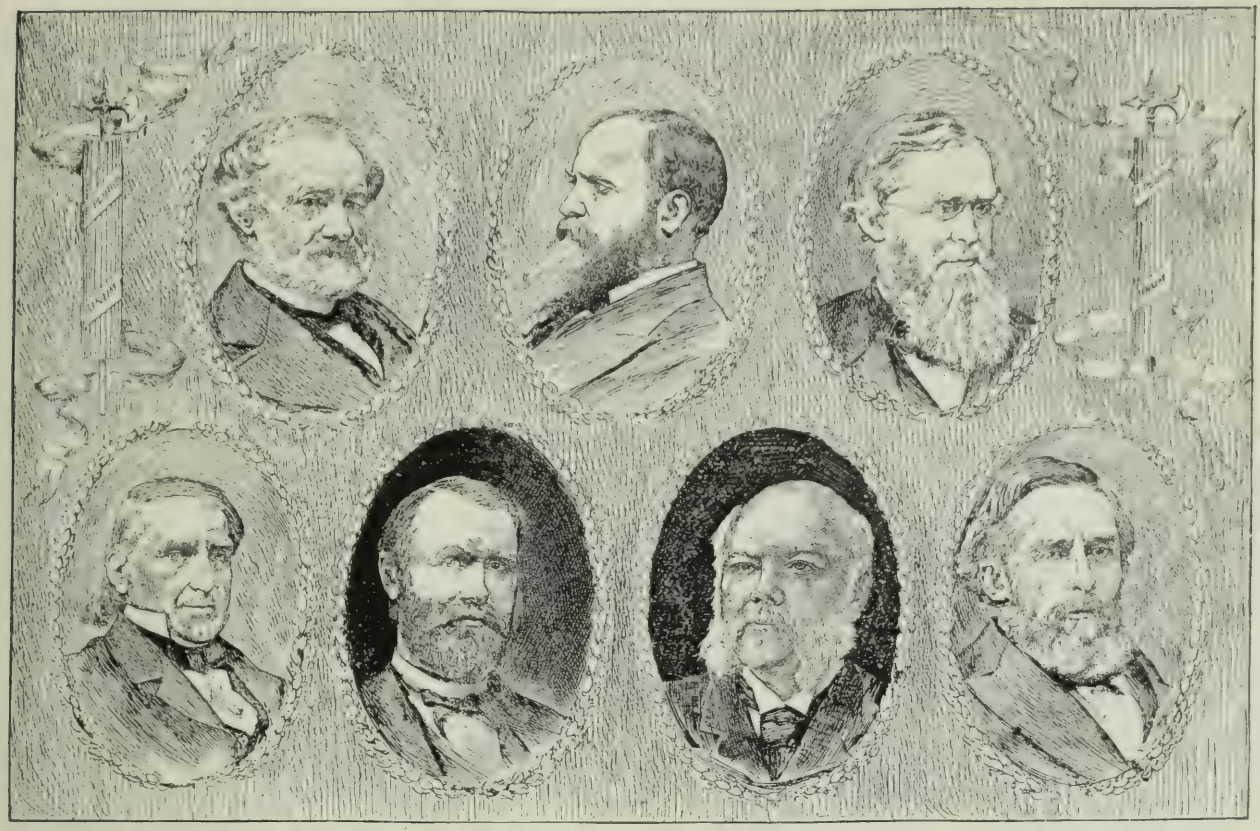
There were, however, Republicans who by no means shared these views, and the lifting of their hands already foreshadowed the bolt of 1872. Not a few republican participants in the war wished the earliest possible re-enfranchisement of the Southern whites. It was this sentiment that carried West Virginia for the Democrats in 1870. Re-enfranchisement was a burning question also in Missouri. At the republican convention in that State the same year, after a hot discussion, General McNeill mounted a chair and shouted "to the friends of the enfranchisement of the white man, that they would withdraw from this convention to the senate chamber." About a third of the delegates, led by Carl Schurz, retired, and nominated a Liberal-Republican State ticket, headed by B. Gratz Brown. Supported by most of the Democrats who could vote, this ticket was triumphant.



Clement L. Vallandigham.
(After a photograph in the collection of James E. Taylor.)

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

Early in the year 1871, at a political meeting in St. Louis, was manifested the first overt hostility on the part of

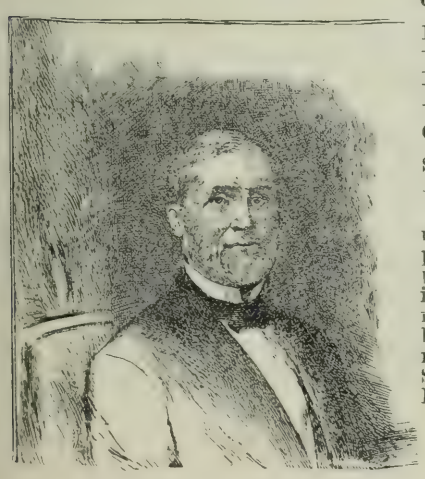


President Grant's First Cabinet.

A. E. Borie, Navy. J. A. J. Creswell, Postm'r-General. E. R. Hoar, Att'y-General.
E. B. Washburne, State. J. D. Cox, Interior. * J. M. Schofield, War. G. S. Boutwell, Treasurer.

the Liberals, or "Brownites," to President Grant. This sign of the times was followed on March 10th by a meeting of a dozen prominent Republicans in Cincinnati, Ex-Governor Cox and Stanley Matthews being of the number. They drafted a report which was signed by a hundred well-known Republicans, advancing four principles: (1) general amnesty to the late Confederates, (2) civil service reform, (3) specie payments, and (4) a revenue tariff. During the year the "bolt" took on national importance. Sympathy with it appeared throughout the country and in Congress, and existed where it did not appear. Influenced by Mr. Sumner, even the Massachusetts Republican Convention, without going further, condemned, impliedly, Grant's foreign policy. Finally a call was issued from Missouri for a National Convention, to be held at Cincinnati on May 1, 1872, in opposition to Grant and his administration.

In impotent wrath and bitterness, proportioned to the apparent prosperity of the Republicans, stood the Democracy. The more strenuous its opposition to a "godly thorough reformation" of unrepentant rebels, the more determinedly had the people rebuked it at the polls. Hardly more inclined were the people to follow it upon the great question of the public debt, where the party demanded that the five-twenties should be redeemed in greenbacks—"the same money for the plough-holder and the bond-holder"—and that all national bonds or the interest thereon should be taxed. Even in the South the leaders began to see that the true policy of "The Reform Party"—the Democracy's

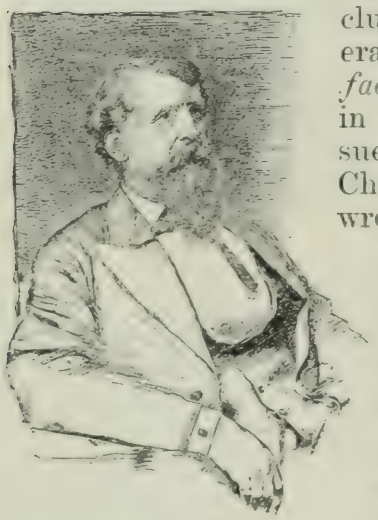


Alexander T. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart always refused to sit for a portrait. The accompanying illustration is from a painting, made after his death, by Thomas Le Clear, now at St. Paul's School, Garden City, Long Island.

* Schofield held the office for several months after President Grant's inauguration. The latter then appointed John A. Rawlins.

nom de guerre, was that voiced by the South Carolina Convention of 1870, which proposed to "accept the results of the war as settled facts," and make the best of them, striking out for new issues. This was the key-note of the "New Departure" led by Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio. Vallandigham had been the most extreme "copperhead" in all the North. By his outspokenness in defence of the Confederacy during the war he had got himself imprisoned and banished to the South. It was significant, therefore, when, in his last public utterances—he was accidentally shot a month later—he once more joined his voice with that of South Carolina, this time in accepting "the results of the war, including the three several amendments *de facto*, as a settlement in fact of all the issues of the war." Chief Justice Chase wrote Vallandigham, praising his action as a "great service to the country and the party," and "as the restoration of the Democratic Party to its ancient platform of progress and reform." John Quincy Adams, Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, like Vallandigham, proposed a hearty acquiescence in what was past, and "deplored the halting and hesitating step with which the Democracy was sneaking up to its inevitable position." "The South," he continued, "is galled to-day, not by the presence" of the Fifteenth Amendment, "but by the utter absence of the Constitution itself. Is it not silly then to squabble about an amendment which would cease to be obnoxious if it was not detached from its context?"



Representative George E. Harris, of Mississippi, admitted February 23, 1870.



Senator John F. Lewis, of Virginia, admitted January 27, 1870.

"Reconstructed Congressmen."



Joseph F. Rainey, of South Carolina.

The first colored member of the U. S. House of Representatives. Admitted December 12, 1871.



Hiram R. Revels, of Mississippi.

The first colored member of the U. S. Senate. Admitted February 25, 1870.

When the resuscitation of the South began, it raised a most interesting constitutional question, viz., what effect secession had upon the States guilty of it; whether or not it was an act of State suicide. That it amounted to suicide was held by many, among them Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens. Both these influential men conceived the problem of the disordered States as that of an out-and-out "reconstruction;" and they assigned Congress the right to work its will in the conquered region, changing old State lines and institutions as it might please, and postponing settlement for any convenient length of time. Against this theory a strong party maintained that of State indestructibility, asserting the total nullity of secession acts.

The universal supposition at first was that the Southern States needed only "restoration," to be conducted by the President. "Restoration" was the policy of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson; as also of the entire Democracy. Following the idea of simple restoration, Lincoln had recognized loyal State governments in Virginia at the beginning of the war, and in Louisiana, Arkansas, and Tennessee later. During 1865 Johnson did the same in all the other States lately in secession.

Strong considerations had led Con-

gress, at this point, to assume charge of the restitution of the States, and, braving President Johnson's uttermost opposition and spite, to rip up the entire presidential work.

"The same authority which recognized the existence of the war" seemed "the only authority having the constitutional right to determine when, for all purposes, the war had ceased. The Act of March 2, 1867, was a legislative declaration that the war which sprang from the Rebellion was not, to all intents and purposes, ended; and that it should be held to continue until State governments, republican in form and subordinate to the Constitution and laws, should be established." *

RECONSTRUCTION.

On March 2, 1866, it was enacted that neither House should admit a member from any seceder-State till a congressional vote had declared it entitled to representation. The ratification of the Fourteenth Amendment, making negroes citizens of the United States and of States, and forbidding legislation to abridge their privileges, was made prerequisite to such vote. Tennessee accepted the terms in July, but, as action was optional, all the other States declined, thus defeating for the time this amendment. Congress now determined not to wait for the lagging States, but to enforce their reconstruction. The iron law of March 2, 1867, replaced "secessia" under military rule, permitted the loyal citizens of any State, blacks included, to raise a convention and frame a constitution enfranchising negroes, and decreed that when such constitution had been ratified by the electors to the convention and approved by Congress, and when the legislature under it had ratified the Fourteenth Amendment and this had become part of the Constitution, then the State might be represented in Congress. The supplementary law of March 19th hastened the process by giving district commanders the oversight of registration and the initiative in calling conventions.

After this the work went rapidly on. Registration boards were appointed, the test-oath applied, delegates elected, and constitutions framed and adopted. These instruments in all cases abolished slavery, repudiated the Confederate debt and the pretended right of a State to secede, declared the secession acts of 1861 null and void, ordained manhood suffrage, and prohibited the passage of laws to abridge this.

Congress then acted. Alabama, Arkansas, North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana, were admitted to representation in June, 1868, agreeing never to revoke universal suffrage. As Georgia was suspected of evading some of the requirements, the senators from the State were refused seats at Washington, and did not obtain them till the last of January, 1871. Georgia's representatives were given seats, but subsequently, in 1869, these were vacated, and they remained empty till 1871. To regain representation in Congress, this State, too, was obliged to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment.

Thus stood matters in 1870; all but four of the late Confederate States nominally back in the Union, these still contumacious, but confronted by an inflexible Congress, which barred them from every national function of statehood till they had conformed to all the conditions above described.

Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas held out the longest. The Act of April 10, 1869, was passed to hasten their action, authorizing the President to call elections for ratifying or rejecting the new constitutions in those States. To punish the States' delay, their new legislatures were required to ratify the proposed Fifteenth Amendment, guaranteeing the negro's right to vote, as well as the Fourteenth. When it passed the House the bill lacked such a provision, which was moved by Senator Morton, of Indiana, an ultra Republican. All opposition was overborne, and by February, 1870, the new constitutions, together with the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the United States Constitution, had been ratified, and the three belated States again stood knocking at the doors of Congress.

* Opinion of Attorney-General E. R. Hoar.

The House of Representatives began by declaring Virginia entitled to representation in the national legislature. The Senate, more radical, influenced by the still lurking suspicion of bad faith, amended this simple declaration with a provision requiring the "test-oath" of loyalty from members of the Legislature and public officers before they should resume their duties, at the same time making it a condition that the constitution of the State should never be so amended as to restrict the suffrage, the right to hold office, or the privilege of attending public schools. Similar provisos were attached to the resolutions admitting senators and representatives from the other two States. Out of sheer weariness the House concurred. By January 30, 1871, all the States were again represented in both Houses, as in 1860.

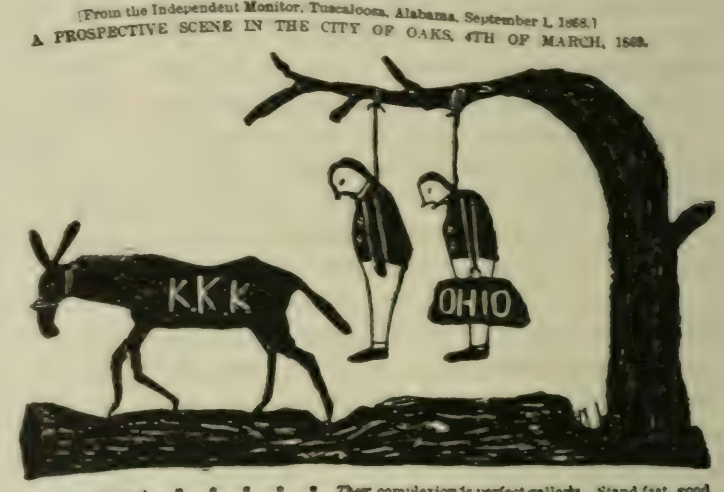
The method of reconstruction resorted to by Congress occasioned dreadful evils. It ignored the natural prejudices of the whites, many of whom were as loyal as any citizens in the land. To most people in that section, as well as to very many at the North, this dictation by Congress to acknowledged States in time of peace seemed high-handed usurpation. If Congress can do this, it was said, any State can be forced to change its constitution for any action which Congress dislikes. This did not necessarily follow, as reconstruction invariably presupposed an abnormal condition, viz., the State's emersion from a rebellion which had involved the State government, whose overthrow, with the rebellion, necessitated congressional interference. Yet the inference was natural and widely drawn.

"Congress was wrong in the exclusion from suffrage of cer tain classes of citizens, and of all unable to take a prescribed retrospective oath, and wrong also in the establishment of arbitrary military governments for the States, and in authorizing military commissions for the trial of civilians in time of peace. There should have been as little military government as possible; no military commissions, no classes excluded from suffrage, and no oath except one of faithful obedience and support to the Constitution and laws, and sincere attachment to the Constitutional Government of the United States." *

If the South was to become again genuine part and parcel of this Union, it would not, nor would the North consent that it should, remain permanently under military government; and, so soon as bayonets were gone, fair means or foul would speedily remove the sceptre from colored hands. Precisely this happened. Without the slightest formal change of constitution or of statute, the whites gained their ancient control of Tennessee in 1869, of North Carolina in 1870, of Texas, Georgia, and Virginia from their very reconstruction in 1870–71.

THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

Where white men's aims could not be realized by persuasion or other mild means, resort was had to intimidation and force. The chief instrumentality at first used for keeping colored voters from the polls was the Ku-Klux Klan,



[From the Independent Monitor, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, September 1, 1868.]

A PROSPECTIVE SCENE IN THE CITY OF OAKS, 4TH OF MARCH, 1869.

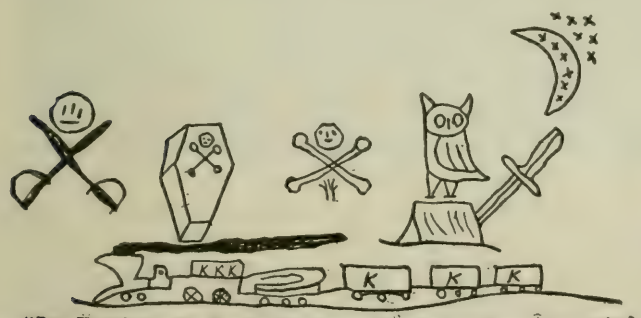
"Hang, curs, hang! fate, to their hanging! . . . . . Their complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good If they be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

The above cut represents the fate in store for those great pests of Southern society—the carpet-bagger and scalawag—if found in Dixie's land after the break of day on the 4th of March next.

A Newspaper Cutting put in Evidence before the Congressional Committee.

* Salmon P. Chase, Letter to National Democratic Committee in 1873.

a secret society organized in Tennessee in 1866. It sprung from the old night patrol of slavery times. Then, every Southern gentleman used to serve on this patrol, whose duty it was to whip severely every negro found absent from home without a pass from his master. Its first *post bellum* work was not ill-meant, and its severities came on gradually. Its greatest activity was in Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi, where its awful mysteries and gruesome rites spread utter panic among the superstitious blacks. Men visited negroes' huts and "mummicked" about, at first with sham magic, not with arms at all. One would carry a flesh bag in the shape of a heart and go around "hollering for fried nigger meat." Another would put on an India-rubber stomach to startle the negroes by swallowing pailfuls of water. Another represented that he had been killed at Manassas, since which time "some one had built a turnpike over his grave and he had to scratch like h—l to get up through the gravel." The lodges were "dens," the members "ghouls." "Giants," "goblins" "titans," "furies," "dragons," and "hydras" were names of different classes among the officers.



"Dam Your Soul. The Horrible *Sepulchre* and Bloody Moon has at last arrived. Some live to-day to-morrow "*Die.*" We the undersigned understand through our Grand "*Cyclops*" that you have recommended a big Black Nigger for Male agent on our nu rode; wel, sir, Jest you understand in time if he gets on the rode you can make up your mind to pull roape. If you have any thing to say in regard to the Matter, meet the Grand Cyclops and Conclave at Den No. 4 at 12 o'clock midnight, Oct. 1st, 1871.

"When you are in Calera we warn you to hold your tounge and not speak so much with your month or otherwise you will be taken on supprise and led out by the Klan and learnt to stretch hemp. Beware. Beware. Beware. Beware.

(Signed) "PHILLIP ISENBAUM,
"*Grand Cyclops.*
"JOHN BANKSTOWN
"ESAU DAVES.
"MARCUS THOMAS.
"BLOODY BONES.

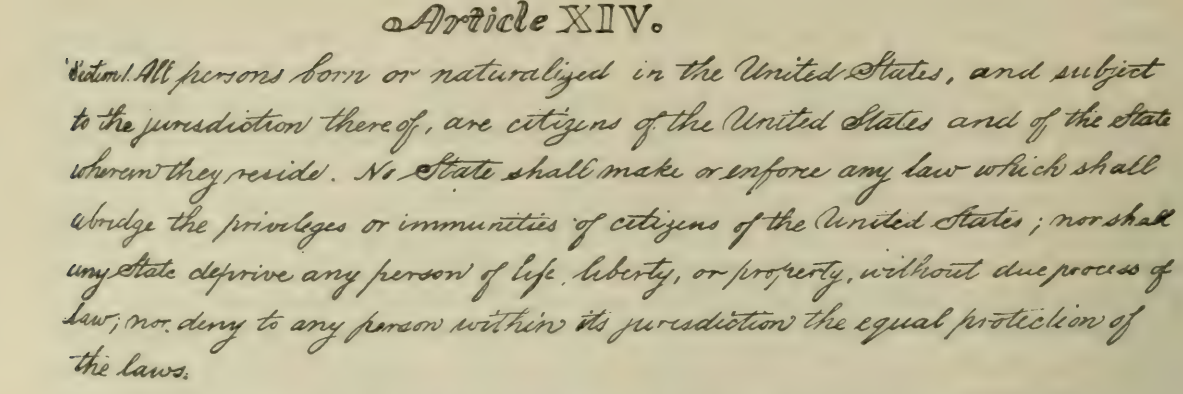
"You know who. And all others of the Klan."

Facsimile of a Ku-Klux "Warning" in Mississippi—put in evidence before the Congressional Committee.

Usually the mere existence of a "den" anywhere was sufficient to render docile every negro in the vicinity. If more was required, a half-dozen "ghouls," making their nocturnal rounds in their hideous masks and long white gowns, frightened all but the most hardy. Any who showed fight were whipped, maimed, or killed, treatment which was extended on occasion to their "carpet-bag" and "scalawag" friends — these titles denoting respectively Northern and Southern men bold enough to take the negroes' side. The very violence of the order, which it at last turned against the old Southrons themselves, brought it into disrepute with its original instigators, who were not sorry when federal marshals, put up to it by President Grant, hunted den after den of the law-breakers to the death.

In 1871, by the so-called Force Bill, federal judges were given cognizance of suits against anyone for depriving another of rights, privileges, or immunities under the Constitution. Fine and imprisonment were made the penalties for "conspiracy" against the United States, or the execution of its laws, as by forcibly or through intimidation preventing men from voting. The army and navy were placed at the service of the President to enforce the act, and federal judges might exclude suspected persons from sitting on juries. By this drastic measure and its rigorous execution in nine counties of South Carolina, the organization was by 1873 driven out of existence. But some of its methods survived. In 1875 several States adopted and successfully worked the "Mississippi plan," which was, by whatever necessary means, to nullify black votes until white majorities were assured. Less violent than the Ku-Klux way, this new one was equally thorough.

It yet remained to restore the disfranchised whites and to remove the political disabilities imposed by the Fourteenth Amendment. Except in the case of a few leaders, the disabilities were annulled by the Act of Amnesty passed May 22, 1872. At about the same time general re-enfranchisement was accomplished by State legislation, Liberal-Republicans joining with those


Article XIV.

Section 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

A Fragment in Facsimile from the Original Engrossed Text of the Fourteenth Amendment, at the State Department, Washington. Adopted July 28, 1866.

Democrats, specially numerous in Missouri and West Virginia, who already enjoyed the right of suffrage.

Much credit is due President Grant for the country's financial success in emerging from the war. No other American, being chief magistrate, could have launched it so successfully. Bondholders had confidence in Grant's sincerity and strength. The policy was to get our finances back at the earliest moment on to a specie basis, to refund the nation's debt at lower interest so fast as possible, and to pay it off at the nearest convenient date, in gold, except where otherwise expressly stipulated. One-fifth of the public debt was liquidated during Grant's eight presidential years.

President Grant early announced his determination to secure "a faithful collection of the revenue and the greatest practicable retrenchment." His partial failure in this worthy aim was due to faults of his character which were based in virtues. To the man's moral and physical courage, and his calm, all but stubborn bearing, he added a magnanimity and an unsuspecting integrity, which were at once his strength and his weakness. Herein lay the secret of the love men bore him and of their trust in him. But these characteristics combined with his inexperience of civil life to disarm him against the dishonorable subtleties of pretended friends, thus continually compromising him. Said General Sherman, once: "Don't give any person the least encouragement to think that I can be used for political ends. I have seen it poison so many otherwise good characters that I am really more obstinate than ever. I think Grant will be made miserable to the end of his life by his eight years' experience. Think of the reputations wrecked in politics since 1865."

GOULD AND FISK.

By March, 1866, the price of gold in paper money had fallen from war figures to 130¼. There was much illegitimate speculation in the metal, dealing in "phantom gold"—mere betting, that is, on gold fluctuations. Prominent among the operators was the firm of Smith, Gould, Martin & Co. The mind of the firm was Jay Gould, a dark little man, with cold, glittering eyes. He was clear-headed, but utterly unscrupulous. Closely associated with him was James Fisk, a vulgar and unprincipled, yet shrewd and bold, man of business. During the spring of 1869 Gould bought $7,000,000 or $8,000,000 in gold, immediately loaning it again on demand notes. There being not over $20,000,000 gold in the entire country outside the Treasury, the business community, in case of any call for gold, was at his mercy, unless the Treasury should sell. This must be prevented.

In June, 1869, President Grant, journeying from New York to Boston, accepted a place in a private box of the theatre which Fisk owned, and next day took, at the invitation of Fisk and Gould, one of their magnificent steamers to Fall River. After a handsome supper the hosts skilfully turned the conversation to the financial situation. Grant remarked that he thought there



The Reconstruction Committee.

The Joint Committee of Fifteen, appointed to "inquire into the condition of affairs in the so-called Confederate States," who finally adopted, April 28, 1866, a series of resolutions embodying a recommendation which afterward took form as the Fourteenth Amendment. Senators: W. P. Fessenden, Maine, *Chairman;* J. W. Grimes, Iowa; Ira Harris, New York; J. M. Howard, Michigan; George H. Williams, Oregon. Representatives: Thaddeus Stevens, Pennsylvania; E. B. Washburne, Illinois; Justin S. Morrill, Vermont; J. A. Bingham, Ohio; G. S. Boutwell, Massachusetts; Roscoe Conkling, New York; H. T. Blow, Missouri; H. M. Grider, Kentucky; A. J. Rodgers, New Jersey; Senator Reverdy Johnson, Maryland. The last three voted against the resolutions.

was a certain fictitiousness in the prosperity of the country, and that the bubble might as well be tapped. This suggestion "struck across us," said Mr. Gould, later, "like a wet blanket." Another wire must be pulled.

Facts and figures were now heaped together and published to prove that, should gold rise in this country about harvest time, grain, the price of which, being fixed in Liverpool, was independent of currency fluctuations, would be worth so much the more and would at once be hurried abroad; but that to secure this blessing Government must not sell any gold. Gould laid still other pipes. Fisk visited the presidential sphinx at Newport; others saw him at Washington. At New York Gould buttonholed him so assiduously that he was obliged to open his lips to rebuke his servant for giving Gould such ready access to him.

The President seems to have been

persuaded that a rise in gold while the crops were moving would advantage the country. At any rate, orders were given early in September to sell only gold sufficient to buy bonds for the sinking fund. The conspirators redoubled their purchases. The price of gold rose till, two days before Black Friday, it stood at 140½.

Though he kept it to himself, Gould was in terror lest the Treasury floodgates should be opened to prevent a panic. Business was palsied and the bears were importuning the Government to sell. At his wits' end, he wrote Secretary Boutwell:

"Sir:—There is a panic in Wall Street, engineered by a bear combination. They have withdrawn currency to such an extent that it is impossible to do ordinary business. The Erie Company requires eight hundred thousand dollars to disburse. . . . Much of it in Ohio, where an exciting political contest is going on, and where we have about ten thousand employed, and the trouble is charged on the administration. . . . Cannot you, consistently, increase your line of currency?"

Gould, like Major Bagstock, was "devilish sly, sir." In his desperation he determined to turn "bear" and, if necessary, rend in pieces Fisk himself. Saying nothing of his fears, he encouraged Fisk boldly to keep on buying, while he himself secretly began to sell. Fisk fell into the trap, and his partner, taking care in his sales to steer clear of Fisk's brokers, proceeded secretly and swiftly to unload his gold and fulfil all his contracts. From this moment they acted each by and for himself, Gould operating through his firm and Fisk through an old partner of his, named Belden.



Jay Gould.
(After a photograph.)

On Thursday, September 23d, while his broker, Speyers, is buying, Fisk coolly walks into the Gold Room and, amid the wildest excitement, offers to bet any part of $50,000, that gold will rise to 200. Not a man dares take his bet.

BLACK FRIDAY.

On Black Friday the Gold Room is crowded two hours before the time of business. In the centre excited brokers are betting, swearing, and quarrelling, many of them pallid with fear of ruin, others hilarious in expectation of big commissions. In a back office across from the Gold Room, Fisk, in shirt-sleeves, struts up and down, declaring himself the Napoleon of the street. At this time the Ring was believed to hold in gold and in contracts to deliver the same, over $100,000,000.



James Fisk, Jr.
(After a photograph by Rockwood.)

Speyers, whom all suppose to represent Gould as well as Fisk, begins by offering 145, then 146, 147, 148, 149, but none will sell. "Put it up to 150," Fisk orders, and gold rises to that figure. At 150 a half million is sold him by Mr. James Brown, who has quietly organized a band of merchants to meet the gamblers on their own ground. From all over the country the "shorts" are telegraphing orders to buy. Speyers is informed that if he continues to put up gold he will be shot; but he goes on offering 151, 152, 153, 154. Still none will sell. Meantime the victims of the corner are summoned to pay in cash the difference between 135, at which the gold was borrowed, and 150, at which the firm is willing to settle. Fearing lest gold go to 200, many settle at 148. At 155, amid the tremendous roar of the bull brokers bidding higher and higher, Brown again sells half a million. "160 for

any part of five millions." Brown sells a million more. "161 for five millions." No bid. "162 for five millions." At first no response. Again, "162 for any part of five millions." A voice is heard, "Sold one million at 162." "163½ for five millions." "Sold five millions at 163½." Crash! The market has been broken, and by Gould's sales. Everybody now begins to sell, when the news comes that the Government has telegraphed to sell four millions. Gold instantly falls to 140, then to 133. "Somebody," cried Fisk, "has run a saw right into us. We are forty miles down the Delaware and don't



The Scene in the New York Gold Room on Black Friday, September 24, 1869.

(From photographs and descriptions by eye-witnesses.)

know where we are." "Our phantom gold can't stand the weight of the real stuff."

Gould has no mind permanently to ruin his partner. He coolly suggests that Fisk has only to repudiate his contracts, and Fisk complies. His offers to buy gold he declares "off," making good only a single one of them, as to which he was so placed that he had no option. What was due him, on the other hand, he collected to the uttermost dollar. To prevent being mobbed the pair encircled their opera-house with armed toughs and fled thither. There no civil process or other molestation was likely to reach them. Presently certain of "the thieves' judges," as they were called, came to their relief by issuing injunctions which estopped all transactions connected with the conspiracy which would have been disadvantageous for the conspirators.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

Far the strongest side of Grant's administration was the State Department, headed by the clever diplomat, Hamilton Fish, one of the most successful Secretaries of State who ever served our country. Here great ability and absolute integrity reigned and few mistakes were made. Were there no other testimony, the Treaty of Washington would sufficiently attest Mr. Fish's mastery of his office. Ever since 1863 we had been seeking satisfaction from Great Britain for the depredations committed during the war by Confederate cruisers sailing from British ports. Negotiations were broken off in 1865 and again in 1868. In 1869 Reverdy Johnson, then our Minister to England, negotiated a treaty, but the Senate rejected it. In January, 1871, the British Government having proposed a joint commission for the settlement of questions connected with the Canadian fisheries, Mr. Fish replied that the adjudication of the "Alabama Claims" would have to be first considered, "as an essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two governments." England consented to submit this question also to the commission, and on February 27th the high commissioners met at Washington. The British delegation included, besides several noblemen, Sir E. Thornton, the Queen's minister at Washington, Sir John Macdonald, of Canada, and Mountague Bernard, Professor of International Law at Oxford. The American commissioners were the Secretary of State himself, Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court, Robert C. Schenck, our Minister to England, E. Rockwood Hoar, late United States Attorney-General, and George H. Williams, Senator from Oregon.

On May 8th the Commission completed a treaty, which was speedily ratified by both governments. It provided for arbitration upon the "Alabama Claims," upon other claims by citizens of either country against the other for damages during the Rebellion, upon the fisheries, and upon the northwest boundary of the United States. The principal settlements happily arrived at in this way will be described later.

SAN DOMINGO.

President Grant's negotiations for the annexation of the turbulent little republic known as Santo Domingo—"Holy Sabbath," a bit of unconscious irony—ended less happily. The strategic situation of the island is good, and its aspect inviting—luxurious and fertile valleys between grand ranges of volcanic mountains. The heat is tempered day and night by sea-breezes, sometimes rising to hurricanes. The rich mineral and other resources of the island were known in 1870, but little exploited. A tenth of the people were white, living mainly in the sea-board towns. The rest were hybrid descendants of the man-eating Caribs and of the buccaneers and warlike negroes who fought under Toussaint L'Ouverture.

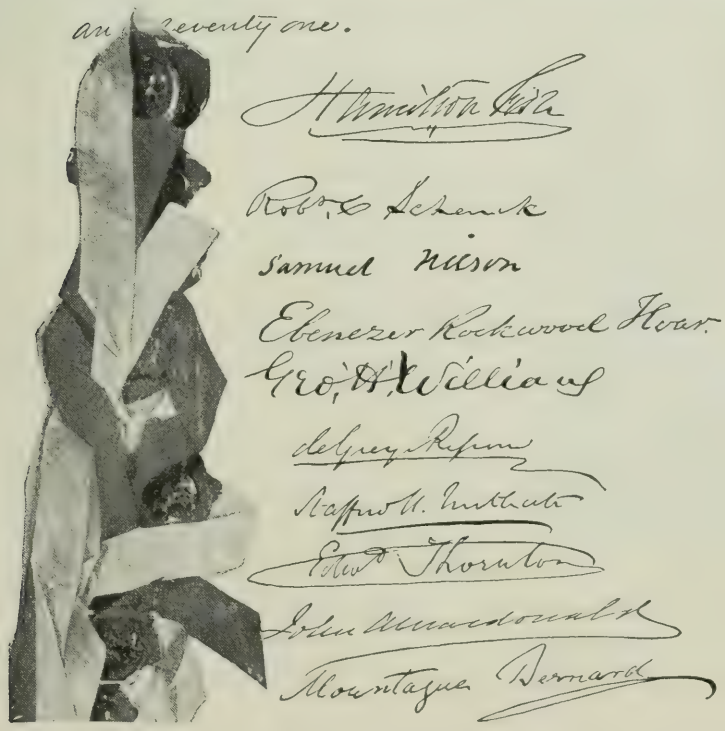
Embarrassed with a rival, President Baez wished to turn his domain over to us, as a predecessor of his had in like case once given it to Spain. He indicated his desire to President Grant. An aide-de-camp, Babcock, was despatched thither, who arranged a treaty, engaging to sell the dominion out and



Judge E. R. Hoar. Gen. R. C. Schenck. Sir Stafford Northcote. Prof. Mountague Bernard. Senator G. H. Williams. Sir John Macdonald. Hamilton Fish. Earl de Grey.

Judge Samuel Nelson. Sir Edward Thornton. Lord Tenterden.

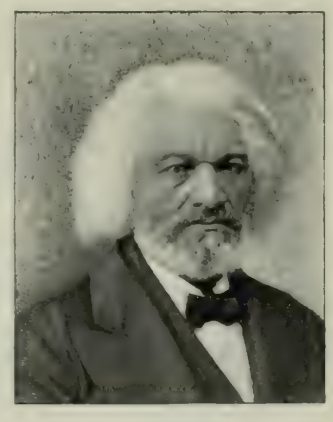
THE HIGH COMMISSIONERS IN SESSION AT WASHINGTON.



FACSIMILE OF SIGNATURES TO THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

(From the original at the State Department, Washington.)

out for $1,200,000, or to accept our protectorate over it, at the same time giving us a fifty-year lease of the important bay and harbor of Samana. President Grant was intensely anxious to acquire this realm. It would afford us a coaling and naval station and a commercial entrepot, enrich the United States and extend its power, and open a region which the American negro could colonize and manage.



Fred. Douglass.
(After a photograph by Handy.)

Violent opposition to the scheme was at once manifest, Charles Sumner its main representative. The President, Sumner said, had already violated our Constitution in negotiating the treaty as he did; he was also conniving at an infringement of the Dominican constitution, which forbade alienating any part of that land; and was traversing international law by a menace to the independence of Hayti. Santo Domingo, he alleged, with its undesirable population, was in continual turmoil, had cost Spain more blood and treasure than it was worth, and been lost to her after all. Baez he denounced as a "political jockey," and he declared that adventurers were abusing the President's confidence, as it was beginning to be suspected that they had done in regard to "Black Friday" the September previous. Writing to Garrison, December 29, 1870, and referring to his speech on the "annexion" of Santo Domingo, Sumner says: "The Haytian minister had been to me full of emotion at the message of the President, as 'trampling his country under foot.'"

The treaty was rejected and the matter died out of mind, but left an irreparable rift between Grant and Sumner. Shortly after Sumner's speech just referred to, Grant asked Fred Douglass, who, friendly to Sumner, yet agreed with Grant: "What do you think of Sumner now?" "I believe that Sumner thought himself doing a service to a down-trodden people, but that he was mistaken," Douglass replied. This answer not seeming to please the President, Douglass asked what he thought of Sumner. After some hesitation Grant replied, with feeling: "I think he is mad." Sumner lost the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and his friends in office, prominent among them Minister Motley and Attorney-General Hoar, were superseded.



Buenaventura Baez, President of Santo Domingo.
(From a photograph in the collection of James E. Taylor.)



President Grant.
(After a photograph by Hoyt, in 1869.)



A New Jersey Coast Landscape.
From a sketch by Francis S. King.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—FRANCIS S. KING

Francis S. King was born in 1850 in a little village on a bank of the Penobscot River, in Maine. As a child he showed a great fondness for pictures and a decided talent for drawing with both pen and pencil. The present of an Illustrated Natural History gave him his first studies to work from. He copied the pictures of animals and birds, and soon acquired quite a reputation as an artist among his acquaintances and neighbors. It was not long before the necessity for contributing something to the family support suggested the putting of his talent to a practical use in the designing and painting of sign-boards for local merchants. Among the most admired of these were several ornamented with bait to catch the hungry in the shape of highly colored chops and steaks.

In 1870, appreciating the necessity for a broader field in which to cultivate and test his ability, he decided to come to New York and take up the study of wood-engraving. For two years he worked under the direction of J. W. Orr, and then established an office on his own account. It is no small matter of pride to King that from the first he was able by his work to defray all of his own expenses. In 1873, realizing how essential to the best work in his chosen profession was a more accurate and technical knowledge of the principles of drawing, he entered the classes of August Will. At the same time he also gave much attention to the use of colors under various instructors.

He is a great admirer of the technique of his art, and puts especial stress upon it, deeming it as necessary to complete success in engraving as in the art of the painter. His three masters he names in the following order: Linton for freedom and vigor, Henry Marsh for exquisite and delicate technique, and the great Frenchman, Pannemaker, for marvellous perfection of mechanical execution.

King believes that the wood-engraving of the past few years has never been surpassed, and that it was never more artistic than it is to-day. The greatest

menace to its survival among the reproductive arts, he says, lies in its over-refinement, in a too great care for its merely fac-simile possibilities, with a consequent loss of freedom and individuality. He believes that the preservation of the art lies not in a minute care for every little blotch of paint in an original, but in a large, really interpretative treatment, an effort to reproduce the spirit of a picture, rather than to spend time upon the merely clever mechanical suggestions of brush marks and the texture of paint.



He justly says that we do not look a painting "in the face," but see it at a distance, and in so doing see every detail blended and harmonized. The engraver must do his work in a way that will give the effect of distance at close range.

In engraving after a painting the greatest skill is required to give in simple black and white the equivalents for color. Here a mastery of all of the technical resources of the art is put to a test. In an intelligent and resourceful use of bold and rugged lines, delicate and silvery ones, combined with little dots and picks that so relieve the deep blacks, the contrasting values of paint are suggested and the whole made vivid and scintillant with light and life.

In dealing with Mr. Church's fantastic conceptions the engraver has a most difficult task. He must possess the rare capacity of realizing with full sympathy the delicate fancy and poetic quality of his subjects and their exquisite quality of color. King has always greatly admired Church's work, and has been highly successful in reproducing it in the wood. In doing this he has not only pleased and won the admiration of the many lovers of his own art, but he has had the satisfaction of winning the praise and appreciation of Mr. Church himself. The beautiful large engravings of those eminently characteristic subjects of the artist, "The Fog," "The Battle of the Sirens," and "The Sorceress," are among the masterpieces of contemporary wood-engraving. They are all treated by King with a fine freedom, and are full of the color that is such a distinguishing quality in his work. They are, too, permeated through and through with the fantasy that belongs to the originals.

King's sense of color is a highly cultivated one, and when handling the brush, which he does with much skill, he delights in painting things that give him full liberty to indulge this taste. Like all earnest workers, he is more or less an experimenter. As an exhibition of what might be accomplished in the wood-block, by reversing the ordinary process of engraving and dealing with it as he would with a copper-plate, he has engraved a portrait of Webster. Instead of printing it from the lines in relief, as in the ordinary wood-block, this was printed from the incised lines. The result gives the effect of etching, but with greater boldness and freedom. It is interesting not only as a novelty in wood-engraving, but as an excellent portrait as well.

The frontispiece to this number is engraved after Mr. Church's latest painting, which has never been exhibited.

A CIRCLE IN THE WATER

By W. D. Howells

I

THE sunset struck its hard red light through the fringe of leafless trees to the westward, and gave their outlines that black definition which a French school of landscape saw a few years ago, and now seems to see no longer. In the whole scene there was the pathetic repose which we feel in some dying day of the dying year, and a sort of impersonal melancholy weighed me down, as I dragged myself through the woods toward that dreary November sunset.

Presently I came in sight of the place I was seeking, and partly because of the insensate pleasure of having found it, and partly because of the cheerful opening in the boscage made by the pool, which cleared its space to the sky, my heart lifted. I perceived that it was not so late as I had thought, and that there was much more of the day left than I had supposed from the crimson glare in the west. I threw myself down on one of the grassy gradines of the amphitheatre, and comforted myself with the antiquity of the work which was so great as to involve its origin in a somewhat impassioned question among the local authorities. Whether it was a Norse work, a temple for the celebration of the earliest Christian, or the latest heathen, rites among the first discoverers of New England, or whether it was a cockpit where the English officers who were billeted in the old tavern near by, fought their mains at the time of our Revolution, it had the charm of a ruin, and appealed to the fancy with whatever potency belongs to the mouldering monuments of the past. The hands that shaped it were all dust, and there was no record of the minds that willed it, to prove that it was a hundred, or that it was a thousand, years old. There were young oaks and pines growing up to the border of the amphitheatre on all sides: blackberry vines and sumach bushes overran the gradines almost to the margin of the pool which filled the centre; at the edge of the water some clumps of willow and white birch leaned outward as if to mirror their tracery in its steely surface. But of the life that the thing inarticulately recorded, there was not the slightest impulse left.

I began to think how everything ends at last. Love ends, sorrow ends, and to our mortal sense everything that is mortal ends, whether that which is spiritual has a perpetual effect beyond these eyes or not. The very name of things passes with the things themselves, and

> "Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
> Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

But if fame ended, did not infamy end, too? If glory, why not shame? What was it, I mused, that made an evil deed so much more memorable than a good one? Why should a crime have so much longer lodgement in our minds, and be of consequences so much more lasting than the sort of action which is the opposite of a crime, but has no precise name with us? Was it because the want of positive quality which left it nameless, characterized its effects with a kind of essential debility? Was evil then a greater force than good in the moral world? I tried to recall personalities, virtuous and vicious, and I found a fatal want of distinctness in the return of those I classed as virtuous, and a lurid vividness in those I classed as vicious. Images, knowledges, concepts, zigzagged through my brain, as they do when we are thinking, or believe we are thinking; perhaps there is no such thing as the thing we call thinking, except when we are talking. I did not hold myself responsible in this will-less revery, for the question which asked itself, Whether, then, evil and not good was the lasting principle, and whether

that which should remain recognizable to all eternity was not the good effect but the evil effect?

Something broke the perfect stillness of the pool near the opposite shore. A fish had leaped at some unseasonable insect on the surface, or one of the overhanging trees had dropped a dead twig upon it, and in the lazy doubt which it might be, I lay and watched the ever-widening circle fade out into fainter and fainter ripples toward the shore, till it weakened to nothing in the eye, and so far as the senses were concerned, actually ceased to be. The want of visible agency in it made me feel it all the more a providential illustration; and because the thing itself was so pretty, and because it was so apt as a case in point, I pleased myself a great deal with it. Suddenly it repeated itself; but this time I grew a little impatient of it, before the circle died out in the wider circle of the pool. I said whimsically to myself that this was rubbing it in; that I was convinced already, and needed no further proof; and at the same moment the thing happened a third time. Then I saw that there was a man standing at the top of the amphitheatre just across from me, who was throwing stones into the water. He cast a fourth pebble into the centre of the pool, and then a fifth and a sixth; I began to wonder what he was throwing at; I thought it too childish for him to be amusing himself with the circle that dispersed itself to naught, after it had done so several times already. I was sure that he saw something in the pool, and was trying to hit it, or frighten it. His figure showed black against the sunset light, and I could not make it out very well, but it held itself something like that of a workman, and yet with a difference, with an effect as of some sort of discipline; and I thought of an ex-recruit, returning to civil life, after serving his five years in the army; though I do not know why I should have gone so far afield for this notion; I certainly had never seen an ex-recruit, and I did not really know how one would look. I rose up, and we both stood still, as if he were abashed in his sport by my presence. The man made a little cast forward with his hand, and I heard the rattle as of pebbles dropped among the dead leaves.

Then he called over to me, "Is that you, Mr. March?"

"Yes," I called back, "what is wanted?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just looking for you." He did not move, and after a moment I began to walk round the top of the amphitheatre toward him. When I came near him I saw that he had a clean-shaven face; and he wore a soft hat that seemed large for his close-cropped head; he had on a sack coat buttoned to the throat, and of one dark color with his loose trousers. I knew him now, but I did not know what terms to put my recognition in, and I faltered. "What do you want with me?" I asked, as if I did not know him.

"I was at your house," he answered, "and they told me that you had walked out this way." He hesitated a moment, and then he added, rather huskily, "You don't know me!"

"Yes," I said. "It is Tedham," and I held out my hand, with no definite intention, I believe, but merely because I did know him, and this was the usual form of greeting between acquaintances after a long separation, or even a short one, for that matter. But he seemed to find a special significance in my civility, and he took my hand and held it silently, while he was trying to speak. Evidently, he could not, and I said, aimlessly, "What were you throwing at?"

"Nothing. I saw you lying down, over there, and I wanted to attract your attention." He let my hand go, and looked at me apologetically.

"Oh! was that all?" I said. "I thought you saw something in the water."

"No," he answered, as if he felt the censure which I had not been able to keep out of my voice.

II

I do not know why I should have chosen to take this simple fact as proof of an abiding want of straight-

forwardness in Tedham's nature. I do not know why I should have expected him to change, or why I should have felt authorized at that moment to renew his punishment for it. I certainly had said and thought very often that he had been punished enough, and more than enough. In fact, his punishment, like all the other punishments that I have witnessed in life, seemed to me wholly out of proportion to the offence; it seemed monstrous, atrocious, and when I got to talking of it, I used to become so warm that my wife would warn me people would think I wanted to do something like Tedham myself, if I went on in that way about him. Yet here I was, at my very first encounter with the man, after his long expiation had ended, willing to add at least a little self-reproach to his sufferings. I suppose, as nearly as I can analyze my mood, I must have been expecting, in spite of all reason and experience, that his anguish would have wrung that foible out of him, and left him strong where it had found him weak. Tragedy befalls the light and foolish as well as the wise and weighty natures, but it does not render them wise and weighty; I had often made this sage reflection, but I failed to apply it to the case before me now.

After waiting a little for the displeasure to clear away from my face, Tedham smiled as if in humorous appreciation, and I perceived, as nothing else could have shown me so well, that he was still the old Tedham. There was an offer of propitiation in this smile, too, and I did not like that, either; but I was touched when I saw a certain hope die out of his eye at the failure of his appeal to me.

"Who told you I was here?" I asked, more kindly. "Did you see Mrs. March?"

"No, I think it must have been your children. I found them in front of your house, and I asked them for you, without going to the door."

"Oh," I said, and I hid the disappointment I felt that he had not seen my wife; for I should have liked such a leading as her behavior toward him would have given me for my own. I was sure she would have known him at once, and would not have told him where to find me, if she had not wished me to be friendly with him.

"I am glad to see you," I said, in the absence of this leading; and then I did not know what else to say. Tedham seemed to me to be looking very well, but I could not notify this fact to him, in the circumstances; he even looked very handsome; he had aged becomingly, and a clean shaven face suited him as well as the full beard he used to wear; but I could speak of these things as little as of his apparent health. I did not feel that I ought even to ask him what I could do for him. I did not want to have anything to do with him, and besides, I have always regarded this formula as tantamount to saying that you cannot, or will not, do anything for the man you employ it upon.

The silence which ensued was awkward, but it was better than anything I could think of to say, and Tedham himself seemed to feel it so. He said, presently, "Thank you. I was sure you would not take my coming to you the wrong way. In fact I had no one else to come to—after I——" Tedham stopped, and then, "I don't know," he went on, "whether you've kept run of me; I don't suppose you have; but I got out to-day at noon."

I could not say anything to that, either; there were very few openings for me, it appeared, in the conversation, which remained one-sided as before.

"I went to the cemetery," he continued. "I wanted to realize that those who had died were dead, it was all one thing as long as I was in there; everybody was dead; and then I came on to your house."

The house he meant was a place I had taken for the summer a little out of town, so that I could run in to business every day, and yet have my mornings and evenings in the country; the fall had been so mild that we were still eking out the summer there.

"How did you know where I was staying?" I asked, with a willingness to make any occasion serve for saying something.

Tedham hesitated. "Well, I stopped

at the office in Boston on my way out, and inquired. I was sure nobody would know me there." He said this apologetically, as if he had been taking a liberty, and explained: "I wanted to see you very much, and I was afraid that if I let the day go by I should miss you somehow."

"Oh, all right," I said.

We had remained standing at the point where I had gone round to meet him, and it seemed, in the awkward silence that now followed, as if I was rooted there. I would very willingly have said something leading, for my own sake, if not for his, but I had nothing in mind but that I had better keep there, and so I waited for him to speak. I believed he was beating about the bush in his own thoughts, to find some indirect or sinuous way of getting at what he wanted to know, and that it was only because he failed, that he asked bluntly, "March, do you know where my daughter is?"

"No, Tedham, I don't," I said, and I was glad that I could say it both with honesty and with compassion. I was truly sorry for the man; in a way, I did pity him; at the same time I did not wish to be mixed up in his affairs; in washing my hands of them, I preferred that there should be no stain of falsehood left on them.

"Where is my sister-in-law?" he asked next, and now at least I could not censure him for indirection.

"I haven't met her for several years," I answered. "I couldn't say from my own knowledge where she was."

"But you haven't heard of her leaving Somerville?"

"No, I haven't."

"Do you ever meet her husband?"

"Yes, sometimes, on the street; but I think not lately; we don't often meet."

"The last time you saw *her*, did she speak of me?"

"I don't know—I believe—yes. It was a good many years ago."

"Was she changed toward me at all?"

This was a hard question to answer, but I thought I had better answer it with the exact truth. "No, she seemed to feel just the same as ever about it."

I do not believe Tedham cared for this, after all, though he made a show of having to collect himself before he went on. "Then you think my daughter is with her?"

"I didn't say that. I don't know anything about it."

"March," he urged, "don't *you* think I have a right to see my daughter?"

"That's something I can't enter into, Tedham."

"Good God!" said the man. "If you were in my place, wouldn't you want to see her? You know how fond I used to be of her; and she is all that I have got left in the world."

I did indeed remember Tedham's affection for his daughter, whom I remembered as in short frocks when I last saw them together. It was before my own door in town. Tedham had driven up in a smart buggy behind a slim sorrel, and I came out, at a sign he made me through the bow-window with his whip, and saw the little maid on the seat there beside him. They were both very well dressed, though still in mourning for the child's mother, and the whole turnout was handsomely set up. Tedham was then about thirty-five, and the child looked about nine. The color of her hair was the color of his fine brown beard, which had as yet no trace of gray in it; but the light in her eyes was another light, and her smile, which was of the same shape as his, was of another quality, as she leaned across him and gave me her pretty little gloved hand, with a gay laugh. "I should think you would be afraid of such a fiery sorrel dragon as that," I said, in recognition of the colt's lifting and twitching with impatience as we talked.

"Oh, I'm not afraid with papa!" she said, and she laughed again as he took her hand in one of his and covered it out of sight.

I recalled, now, looking at him there in the twilight of the woods, how happy they had both seemed that sunny afternoon in the city square, as they flashed away from my door and glanced back at me and smiled together. I went into the house and said to my wife, with a formulation of the case which pleased me, "If there is anything

in this world that Tedham likes better than to ride after a good horse, it is to ride after a good horse with that little girl of his." "Yes," said my wife, "but a good horse means a good deal of money; even when a little girl goes with it." "That is so," I assented, "but Tedham has made a lot lately in real estate, they say, and I don't know what better he could do with his money; or, I don't believe *he* does." We said no more, but we both felt, with the ardor of young parents, that it was a great virtue, a saving virtue, in Tedham to love his little girl so much; I was afterward not always sure that it was. Still, when Tedham appealed to me now in the name of his love for her, he moved my heart, if not my reason, in his favor; those old superstitions persist.

"Why, of course, you want to see her. But I couldn't tell you where she is."

"You could find out for me."

"I don't see how," I said; but I did see how, and I knew as well as he what his next approach would be. I felt strong against it, however, and I did not perceive the necessity of being short with him in a matter not involving my own security or comfort.

"I could find out where Hasketh is," he said, naming the husband of his sister-in-law; "but it would be of no use for me to go there. They wouldn't see me." He put this like a question, but I chose to let it be its own answer, and he went on. "There is no one that I can ask to act for me in the matter but you, and I ask *you*, March, to go to my sister-in-law for me."

I shook my head. "That I can't do, Tedham."

"Ah!" he urged, "what harm could it do you?"

"Look here, Tedham!" I said. "I don't know why you feel authorized to come to me at all. It is useless your saying that there is no one else. You know very well that the authorities, some of them—the chaplain—would go and see Mrs. Hasketh for you. He could have a great deal more influence with her than anyone else could, if he felt like saying a good word for you. As far as I am concerned, you have expiated your offence fully; but I should think you yourself would see that you ought not to come to me with this request; or you ought to come to me last of all men."

"It is just because of that part of my offence which concerned you that I come to you. I knew how generous you were, and after you told me that you had no resentment— I acknowledge that it is indelicate, if you choose to look at it in that light, but a man like me can't afford to let delicacy stand in his way. I don't want to flatter you, or get you to do this thing for me on false pretences. But I thought that if you went to Mrs. Hasketh for me, she would remember that you had overlooked something, and she would be more disposed to—to—be considerate."

"I can't do it, Tedham," I returned. "It would be of no use. Besides, I don't like the errand. I'm not sure that I have any business to interfere. I am not sure that you have any right to disturb the shape that their lives have settled into. I'm sorry for you, I pity you with all my heart. But there are others to be considered as well as you. And—simply, I can't."

"How do you know," he entreated, "that my daughter wouldn't be as glad to see me as I to see her?"

"I don't know it. I don't know anything about it. That's the reason I can't have anything to do with it. I can't justify myself in meddling with what doesn't concern me, and in what I'm not sure but I should do more harm than good. I must say good-night. It's getting late, and they will be anxious about me at home." My heart smote me as I spoke the last word, which seemed a cruel recognition of Tedham's homelessness. But I held out my hand to him for parting, and braced myself against my inward weakness.

He might well have failed to see my hand. At any rate he did not take it. He turned and started to walk out of the woods by my side. We came presently to some open fields. Beyond them was the road, and after we had climbed the first wall, and found ourselves in a somewhat lighter place, he began to speak again.

"I thought," he said, "that if you

had forgiven me, I could take it as a sign that I had suffered enough to satisfy everybody."

"We needn't dwell upon my share in the matter, Tedham," I answered, as kindly as I could. "That was entirely my own affair."

"You can't think," he pursued, "how much your letter was to me. It came when I was in perfect despair—in those awful first days when it seemed as if I could *not* bear it, and yet death itself would be no relief. Oh, they don't *know* how much we suffer! If they did, they would forgive us anything, everything! Your letter was the first gleam of hope I had. I don't know how you came to write it!"

"Why, of course, Tedham, I felt sorry for you——"

"Oh, did you, did you?" He began to cry, and as we hurried along over the fields, he sobbed with the wrenching, rending sobs of a man. "I *knew* you did, and I believe it was God himself that put it into your heart to write me that letter and take off that much of the blame from me. I said to myself that if I ever lived through it, I would try to tell you how much you had done for me. I don't blame you for refusing to do what I've asked you now. I can see how you may think it isn't best, and I thank you all the same for that letter. I've got it here." He took a letter out of his breast-pocket, and showed it to me. "It isn't the first time I've cried over it."

I did not say anything, for my heart was in my throat, and we stumbled along in silence till we climbed the last wall, and stood on the sidewalk that skirted the suburban highway. There, under the street-lamp, we stopped a moment, and it was he who now offered me his hand for parting. I took it, and we said, together, "Well, good-by," and moved in different directions. I knew very well that I should turn back, and I had not gone a hundred feet away, when I faced about. He was shambling off into the dusk, a most hapless figure. "Tedham!" I called after him.

"Well?" he answered, and he halted instantly; he had evidently known what I would do as well as I had.

We reapproached each other, and when we were again under the lamp I asked, a little awkwardly, "Are you in need of money, Tedham?"

"I've got my ten years' wages with me," he said, with a lightness that must have come from his reviving hope in me. He drew his hand out of his pocket, and showed me the few dollars with which the State inhumanly turns society's outcasts back into the world again.

"Oh, that won't do," I said. "You must let me lend you something."

"Thank you," he said, with perfect simplicity. "But you know I can't tell when I shall be able to pay you."

"Oh, that's all right." I gave him a ten-dollar note which I had loose in my pocket; it was one that my wife had told me to get changed at the grocery near the station, and I had walked off to the old temple, or the old cockpit, and forgotten about it.

Tedham took the note, but he said, holding it in his hand, "I would a million times rather you would let me go home with you, and see Mrs. March a moment."

"I can't do that, Tedham," I answered, not unkindly, I hope. "I know what you mean, and I assure you that it wouldn't be the least use. It's because I feel so sure that my wife wouldn't like my going to see Mrs. Hasketh, that I——"

"Yes, I know that," said Tedham. "That is the reason why I should like to see Mrs. March. I believe that if I could see her, I could convince her."

"She wouldn't see you, my dear fellow," said I, strangely finding myself on these caressing terms with him. "She entirely approved of what I did, the letter I wrote you, but I don't believe she will ever feel just as I do about it. Women are different, you know."

"Yes," he said, drawing a long, quivering breath.

We stood there, helpless to part. He did not offer to leave me, and I could not find it in my heart to abandon him. After a most painful time, he drew another long breath, and asked, "Would you be willing to let me take the chances?"

"Why, Tedham," I began, weakly; and upon that he began walking with me again.

III

I WENT to my wife's room, after I reached the house, and faced her with considerable trepidation. I had to begin rather far off, but I certainly began in a way to lead up to the fact. "Isabel," I said, "Tedham is out at last." I had it on my tongue to say poor Tedham, but I suppressed the qualification in actual speech as likely to prove unavailing, or worse.

"Is that what kept you?" she demanded, instantly. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes," I admitted. I added, "Though I am afraid I was rather late, anyway."

"I knew it was he, the moment you spoke," she said, rising on the lounge where she had been lying, and sitting up on it; with the book she had been reading shut on her thumb, she faced me across the table where her lamp stood. "I had a presentiment when the children said there was some strange-looking man here, asking for you, and that they had told him where to find you. I couldn't help feeling a little uneasy about it. What did he want with you, Basil?"

"Well, he wanted to know where his daughter was."

"You didn't tell him!"

"I didn't know. Then he wanted to have me go to Mrs. Hasketh, and find out."

"You didn't say you would?"

"I said most decidedly I wouldn't," I returned, and I recalled my severity to Tedham in refusing his prayer, with more satisfaction than it had given me at the time. "I told him that I had no business to interfere, and that I was not sure it would be right even for me to meddle with the course things had taken." I was aware of weakening my case as I went on; I had better left her with a dramatic conception of a downright and relentless refusal.

"I don't see why you felt called upon to make excuses to him, Basil. His impudence in coming to you, of all men, is perfectly intolerable. I suppose it was that sentimental letter you wrote him."

"You didn't think it sentimental at the time, my dear. You approved of it."

"I didn't approve of it, Basil; but if you felt so strongly that you ought to do it, I felt that I ought to let you. I have never interfered with your sense of duty, and I never will. But I am glad that you didn't feel it your duty to that wretch, to go and make more trouble on his account. He has made quite enough already; and it wasn't his fault that you were not tried and convicted in his place."

"There wasn't the slightest danger of that——"

"He tried to put the suspicion on you, and to bring the disgrace on your wife and children."

"Well, my dear, we agreed to forget all that long ago. And I don't think—I never thought—that Tedham would have let the suspicion rest on me. He merely wanted to give it that turn, when the investigation began, so as to gain time to get out to Canada."

My wife looked at me with a glance in which I saw tender affection dangerously near contempt. "You are a very forgiving man, Basil," she said, and I looked down sheepishly. "Well, at any rate, you have had the sense not to mix yourself up in his business. Did he pretend that he came straight to you, as soon as he got out? I suppose he wanted you to believe that he appealed to you before he tried anybody else."

"Yes, he stopped at the Reciprocity office to ask for my address, and after he had visited the cemetery, he came on out here. And, if you must know, I think Tedham is still the old Tedham. Put him behind a good horse, with a pocket full of some one else's money, in a handsome suit of clothes, and a game and fish dinner at Tafft's in immediate prospect, and you couldn't see any difference between the Tedham of to-day and the Tedham of ten years ago, except that the actual Tedham is clean-shaved and wears his hair cut rather close."

"Basil!"

"Why do you object to the fact? Did you imagine he had changed inwardly?"

"He must have suffered."

"But does suffering change people? I doubt it. Certain material accessories of Tedham's have changed. But why should that change Tedham? Of course, he has suffered, and he suffers still. He threw out some hints of what he had been through that would have broken my heart if I hadn't hardened it against him. And he loves his daughter still, and he wants to see her, poor wretch."

"I suppose he does!" sighed my wife.

"He would hardly take no for an answer from me, when I said I wouldn't go to the Hasketh for him; and when I fairly shook him off, he wanted me to ask you to go."

"And what did you say?" she asked, not at all with the resentment I had counted upon equally with the possible pathos; you never can tell in the least how any woman will take anything, which is perhaps the reason why men do not trust women more.

"I told him that it would not be the smallest use to ask you; that you had forgiven that old affair as well as I had, but that women were different, and that I knew you wouldn't even see him."

"Well, Basil, I don't know what right you had to put me in that odious light," said my wife.

"Why, good heavens! *Would* you have seen him?"

"I don't know whether I would or not. That's neither here nor there. I don't think it was very nice of you to shift the whole responsibility on me."

"How did I do that? It seems to me that I kept the whole responsibility myself."

"Yes, altogether too much. What became of him, then?"

"We walked along a little farther, and then——"

"Then, what? Where is the man?"

"He's down in the parlor," I answered hardily, in the voice of someone else.

My wife stood up from the lounge, and I rose, too, for whatever penalty she chose to inflict.

"Well, Basil, that is what I call a very cowardly thing."

"Yes, my dear, it is; I ought to have protected you against his appeal. But you needn't see him. It's practically the same as if he had not come here. I can send him away."

"And you call that practically the same! No, *I* am the one that will have to do the refusing now, and it is all off your shoulders. And you knew I was not feeling very well, either! Basil, how could you?"

"I don't know. The abject creature drove me out of my senses. I suppose that if I had respected him more, or believed in him more, I should have had more strength to refuse him. But his limpness seemed to impart itself to me, and I—I gave way. But really you needn't see him, Isabel. I can tell him we have talked it over, and I concluded, entirely of myself, that it was best for you not to meet him, and——"

"He would see through that in an instant. And if he is still the false creature you think he is, we owe him the truth, more than any other kind of man. You must understand *that*, Basil!"

"Then you are going to——"

"Don't speak to me, Basil, please," she said, and with an air of high offence she swept out of the room, and out to the landing of the stairs. There she hesitated a moment, and put her hand to her hair, mechanically, to feel if it were in order, and then she went on downstairs without further faltering. It was I who descended slowly, and with many misgivings.

IV

Tedham was sitting in the chair I had shown him when I brought him in, and in the half-light of one gas-burner in the chandelier, he looked, with his rough clean clothes, and his slouch hat lying in his lap, like some sort of decent workingman; his features, refined by the mental suffering he had undergone, and the pallor of a complexion so seldom exposed to the open air, gave him the effect of a workingman just out of the hospital. His eyes were deep in their sockets, and showed fine shadows in the overhead light, and I must say he looked very interesting.

At the threshold my wife paused again; then she went forward, turning the gas up full as she passed under the

chandelier, and gave him her hand, where he had risen from his chair.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Tedham," she said; and I should have found my astonishment overpowering, I dare say, if I had not felt that I was so completely in the hands of Providence, when she added, "Won't you come out to dinner with us? We were just going to sit down, when Mr. March came in. I never know when he will be back, when he starts off on these Saturday afternoon tramps of his."

The children seemed considerably mystified at the appearance of our guest, but they had that superior interest in the dinner appropriate to their years, and we got through the ordeal, in which, I believe, I suffered more than anyone else, much better than I could have hoped. I could not help noting in Tedham a certain strangeness to the use of a four-pronged fork, at first, but he rapidly overcame this; and if it had not been for a terrible moment when, after one of the courses, he began, mechanically, to scrape his plate with his knife, there would not have been anything very odd in his behavior, or anything to show that it was the first dinner in polite society that he had taken for so many years.

The man's mind had apparently stiffened more than his body. It used to to be very agile, if light, but it was not agile now. It worked slowly toward the topics which we found with difficulty, in our necessity of avoiding the only topics of real interest between us, and I could perceive that his original egotism, intensified by the long years in which he had only himself for company, now stood in the way of his entering into the matters brought forward, though he tried to do so. They were mostly in the form of reminiscences of this person and that whom we had known in common, and even in this shape they had to be very carefully handled so as not to develop anything leading. The thing that did most to relieve the embarrassment of the time was the sturdy hunger Tedham showed, and his delight in the cooking; I suppose that I cannot make others feel the pathos I found in this.

After dinner, we shut the children into the library, and kept Tedham with us in the parlor.

My wife began at once to say, "Mr. March has told me why you wanted to see me, Mr. Tedham."

"Yes," he said, as if he were afraid to say more lest he should injure his cause.

"I think that it would not be the least use for me to go to Mrs. Hasketh. In the first place, I do not know her very well, and I have not seen her for years. I am not certain she would see me."

Tedham turned the hollows of his eyes upon my wife, and asked, huskily, "Won't you try?"

"Yes," she answered, most unexpectedly to me, "I will try to see her. But if I do see her, and she refuses to tell me anything about your daughter, what will you do? Of course, I shall have to tell her I come from you, and for you."

"I thought," Tedham ventured, with a sort of timorous slyness, "that perhaps you might approach the matter casually, without any reference to me."

"No, I couldn't do that," my wife said.

He went on as if he had not heard her: "If she did not know that the inquiries were made in my behalf, she might be willing to say whether my daughter was with her."

There was in this suggestion a quality of Tedham's old insinuation, but coarser, inferior, as if his insinuation had degenerated into something like mere animal cunning. I felt rather ashamed for him, but to my surprise, my wife seemed only to feel sorry, and did not repel his suggestion in the way I had thought she would.

"No," she said, "that wouldn't do. She has kept account of the time, you may be sure, and she would ask me at once if I was inquiring in your behalf, and I should have to tell her the truth."

"I did not know," he returned, "but you might evade the point, somehow. So much being at stake," he added, as if explaining.

Still my wife was not severe with him. "I don't understand, quite," she said.

"Being the turning-point in my life, I can't begin to do anything, to be any-

thing till I have seen my daughter. I don't know where to find myself. If I could see her, and she did not cast me off, then I should know where I was. Or, if she did, I should. You understand that."

"But, of course, there is another point of view."

"My daughter's?"

"Mrs. Hasketh's."

"I don't care for Mrs. Hasketh. She did what she has done for the child's sake. It was the best thing for the child, at the time—the only thing; I know that. But I agreed to it because I had to."

He continued: "I consider that I have expiated the wrong I did. There is no sense in the whole thing, if I haven't. They might as well have let me go in the beginning. Don't you think that ten years out of my life is enough for a thing that I never intended to go as far as it did, and a thing that I was led into, partly for the sake of others? I have tried to reason it out, and not from my own point of view at all, and that is the way I feel about it. Is it to go on forever, and am I never to be rid of the consequences of a single act? If you and Mr. March could condone——"

"Oh, you mustn't reason from *us*," my wife broke in. "We are very silly people, and we do not look at a great many things as others do. You have got to reckon with the world at large."

"I *have* reckoned with the world at large, and I have paid the reckoning. But why shouldn't my daughter look at this thing as you do?"

Instead of answering, my wife asked, "When did you hear from her last?"

Tedham took a few thin, worn letters from his breast-pocket. "There is Mr. March's letter," he said, laying one on his knee. He handed my wife another.

She read it, and asked, "May Mr. March see it?"

Tedham nodded, and I took the little paper in turn. The letter was written in a child's stiff, awkward hand. It was hardly more than a piteous cry of despairing love. The address was Mrs. Hasketh's, in Somerville, and the date was about three months after Tedham's punishment began. "Is that the last you have heard from her?" I asked.

Tedham nodded as he took the letter from me.

"But surely you have heard something more about her in all this time?" my wife pursued.

"Once from Mrs. Hasketh, to make me promise that I would leave the child to her altogether, and not write to her, or ask to see her. When I went to the cemetery to-day, I did not know but I should find her grave, too."

"Well, it is cruel!" cried my wife. "I will go and see Mrs. Hasketh, but —you ought to feel yourself that it's hopeless."

"Yes," he admitted. "There isn't much chance unless she should happen to think the same way you do: that I had suffered enough, and it was time to stop punishing me."

My wife looked compassionately at him, and she began with a sympathy that I have not always known her to show more deserving people, "If it were a question of that alone, it would be very easy. But suppose your daughter were so situated that it would be—disadvantageous to her to have it known that you were her father?"

"You mean that I have no right to mend my broken-up life—what there is left of it—by spoiling hers? I have said that to myself. But then, on the other hand, I have had to ask myself whether I had any right to keep her from choosing for herself about it. I shan't force myself on her. I expect to leave her free. But if the child cares for me, as she used to, hasn't that love—not mine for her, but her's for me—got some rights too?"

His voice sank almost to a hush, and the last word was scarcely more than a breathing. "All I want is to know where she is, and to let her know that I am in the world, and where she can find me. I think she ought to have the chance to decide."

"I am afraid Mrs. Hasketh may think it would be better, for her sake, *not* to have the chance," my wife sighed, and she turned her look from Tedham upon me, as if she wished me rather than him to answer.

"The only way to find out is to ask

her," I answered, non-committally, and rather more lightly than I felt about it. In fact, the turn the affair had taken interested me intensely. It involved that awful mystery of the ties by which, unless we are born of our fathers and mothers for nothing more than the animals are, we are bound to them in all the things of life, in duty and in love transcending every question of interest and happiness. The parents' duty to the children is obvious and plain, but the child's duty to its parents is something subtler and more spiritual. It is to be more delicately, more religiously, regarded. No one, without impiety, can meddle with it from the outside, or interfere in its fulfilment. This and much more I said to my wife when we came to talk the matter over after Tedham left us. Above all, I urged something that came to me so forcibly at the moment that I said I had always thought it, and perhaps I really believed that I had. "Why should we try to shield people from fate? Isn't that always wrong? One is fated to be born the child of a certain father, and one can no more escape the consequences of his father's misdeeds than the doer himself can. Perhaps the pain and the shame come from the wish and the attempt to do so, more than from the fact itself. The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children. But the children are innocent of evil, and this visitation must be for their good, and will be, if they bear it willingly."

"Well, don't try to be that sort of blessing to *your* children, Basil," said my wife, personalizing the case, as a woman must.

After that we tried to account to each other for having consented to do what Tedham asked us. Perhaps we accused each other somewhat for doing it.

"I didn't know, my dear, but you were going to ask him to come and stay with us," I said.

"I did want to," she replied. "It seemed so forlorn, letting him go out into the night, and find a place for himself, when we could just as well have let him stay as not. Why shouldn't we have offered him a bed for the night, as we would any other acquaintance?"

"Well, you must allow that the circumstances were peculiar!"

"But if he was sentenced to pay a certain penalty, and has paid it, why, as he said, shouldn't we stop punishing him?"

"I suppose we can't. There seems to be an instinctive demand for eternal perdition, for hell, in the human heart," I suggested.

"Well, then, I believe that your instinct, Basil——"

"Oh, *I* don't claim it, exclusively!"

"Is a survival of savagery, and the sooner we get rid of it the better. How queer he seems. It is the old Tedham, but all faded in—or out."

"Yes, he affected me like an etching of himself from a wornout plate. Still, I'm afraid there's likeness enough left to make trouble, yet. I hope you realize what you have gone in for, Isabel?"

She answered from the effort that I could see she was making, to brace herself already for the work before us:

"Well, we must do this because we can't help doing it, and because, whatever happens, we had no right to refuse. You must come with me, Basil!"

"I? To Mrs. Hasketh's?"

"Certainly. I will do the talking, but I shall depend upon your moral support. We will go over to Somerville to-morrow afternoon. We had better not lose any time."

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"So much the better. They will be sure to be at home, if they're there at all, yet."

She said they, but I knew that she did not expect poor old Hasketh really to count in the matter, any more than she expected me to do so.

(To be concluded.)

THREE SONNETS

By William Morton Fullerton

I

With melody of soft accented word
  He spoke as speak whose lips the Muse have kissed,
  Whom She enamoured summons to a tryst,
To whisper secrets by no others heard;
And then with shyness of a mountain bird,
  Flying from valleys of the evening mist,
  He vanished far, nor knew his song was missed
By us whom rarely others voices stirred.

We spoke not when he left us, but did sigh,
  And knit our brows the tighter for the fray;
But with the Joy of Dionysos I
  Poured sad libation to our yesterday.
His empty glass before me clinked to mine
Rang hollow, void of sympathizing wine.

II

Oh, sweet communion of the vanished days
  When his large eyes looked calmly into mine!
  Oh, moments buried in the purple wine
When Gods stood by, submissive to our gaze!
  Oh, Hours irresolute that gave no sign
Our dreams would melt as into autumn haze,
But half-convinced us Time itself delays
  If men but drug it with an anodyne!

Yet gone he is, and I am left alone,
  And pleasant places knowing him of yore
Seem strange without him for their charm is flown,
  And yet they speak of him as not before.
Ah, this were better than the vague regret:
To know, to love, then loving to forget.

III

To know, to love, then loving to forget!
  We speak half-wisdom when we wisest seem.
  Men are as pebbles in a rushing stream
That huddled lie, amid the foam and fret,
All that we are is ours but as a debt,
  The polish and the beauty and the gleam;
  Through sunlit medium so fair we beam
Contented are we—but as stones; and yet

Here in the current of the Things-that-Are,
  Of Things-that-have-Been, and of Things-to-Be,
We press the tighter lest the waters jar,
  Kenning but hearsay of the distant sea.
Ay, prisoners we, and vanity is all—
Save only love, and loving to recall.

THE ART OF LIVING

HOUSE-FURNISHING AND THE COMMISSARIAT

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

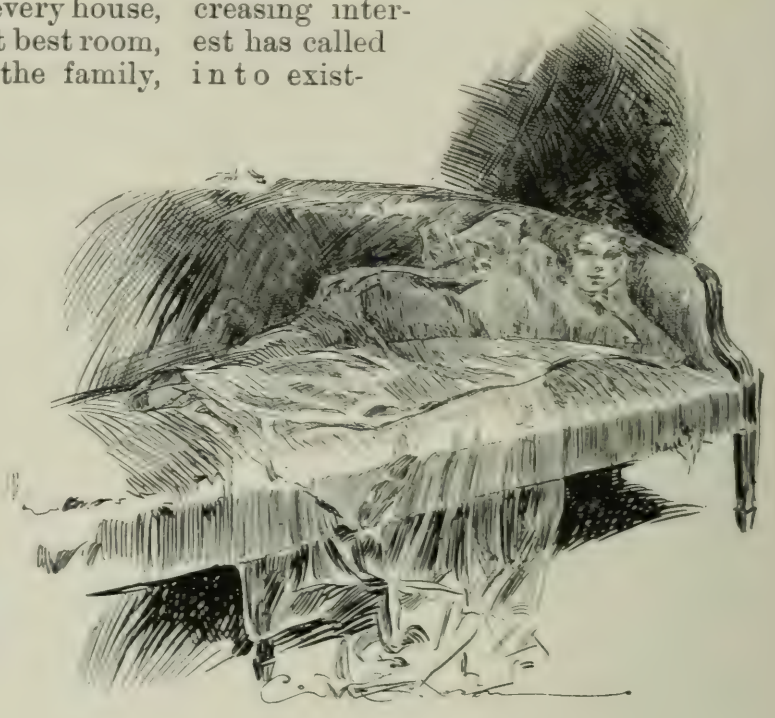
AFTER a man and his wife have made up their minds whether to live in a town house or suburban villa, they are obliged to consider next what they will have in the way of furniture, and presently what they will have for dinner. The consciousness that a house has nothing in it but the barest fixtures — the gasometer, the water-tanks, and the electric wires—and that it is for you and your wife to decide exactly what shall go into it in the way of wall-papers, carpets, upholstery, and objects of virtu, is inspiring, even though your purse be not plethoric and your knowledge of æsthetics limited. The thought at once presents itself that here is the chance of your lifetime to demonstrate how beautiful and cosey a home may be, and you set eagerly to work to surpass your predecessors of equal means. It is a worthy ambition to endeavor to make the matrimonial nest or the home of maturer years attractive, and if we were to peer back far enough into the past of even this country, to the time when our great great-grandmothers set up housekeeping with our great great-grandfathers, we should find that furnishing was considered a seriously de lightful matter, though not perhaps the almost sacred trust we regard it to-day. I mean our great great-grand-parents who used to live in those charming old colonial houses, and who owned the mahogany desks with brass handles and claw feet, the tall clocks, the ravishing and-irons, and all the other old-fashioned furniture which is now so precious and difficult to find. Distance may lend such enchantment to a spinning-wheel, a warming-pan, or a spinnet, that one is liable to become hysterical in praise of them, and a calm, æsthetic mind, outside the limits of an antique furniture dealer's store, would be justified in stigmatizing many of the now cherished effects of our great great-grand-parents as truck; but, on the other hand, who will dispute that they possessed very many lovely things? They had an eye for graceful shapes in their side-boards and tables; somehow the curves they imparted to the backs of their chairs cannot be duplicated now so as to look the same; and the patterns of the satins, flowered chintzes, and other stuffs which they used for covers and curtains, exercise a witchery upon us, even as we see them now frayed and faded, which cannot proceed wholly from the imagination.

They had no modern comforts, poor things; no furnaces, no ice-chests, no set bath tubs, no running water, no sanitary improvements, no gas or elec-



"Here is the chance of your lifetime."

tric light; and their picturesque kitchen hearths, with great caldrons and cranes and leather blowers, must have been exceedingly inconvenient to cook in; but even their most incommodious appliances were not without artistic charm. After them came the deluge—the era of horse-hair, the Sahara of democratic unloveliness, when in every house, in every country town, the set best room, which was never used by the family, stood like a mortuary chapel solely for the reception of guests. In the cities, in the households of the then enlightened, rep—generally green—was frequently substituted for the sable horse-hair. Then came the days when a dining-room or drawing-room was furnished in one pervasive hue—a suit of sables, a brick red, a dark green, or a deep maroon. Everything matched; the chairs and tables, desks and book-cases were bought in sets at one fell swoop by the householder of the period who desired to produce artistic effects. For forty years or so this was the prevailing fashion, and the limit of purely indigenous expression. To it presently succeeded the æsthetic phase, borrowed from England. Then, instead of selecting everything to match, a young or old couple bought so as just not to match, but to harmonize. All sorts of queer and subtle shades and tints in wall-papers and fabrics appeared, principally dallyings with and improvisings upon green, brown, and yellow; frescos and dados were the rage; and a wave of interest in the scope and mission of eccentric color spread over the land. Valuable as this movement was as an educational factor, there was nothing American in it; or in other words, we were again simply imitative. The very fact, however, that we were ready to imitate, betokened that horse-hair and rep had ceased to satisfy national aspiration, and that we were willing to accept suggestions from without, inasmuch as no native prophet had arisen. But though the impetus came from abroad, the awakening was genuine. Since then the desire to furnish tastefully has been steadily waxing among the more well-to-do portion of the population. As in the case of architecture, the increasing interest has called into existence a professional class, which, though still small and less generally employed than their house-designing brethren, are beginning to play an important part in the education of the public taste in internal house decoration and equipment. The idea that any man or woman may be more fitted than his or her neighbor to choose a carpet or a wall-paper has been grudgingly admitted, and still irritates the average house-owner who is ready to furnish. But the masters, and more conspicuously the mistresses, of the competing superb establishments in our cities, have learned, from the sad experience of some of their predecessors, to swallow their individual trust in their own powers of selection, and to put themselves unreservedly into the clutches of a professional house decorator.



"And the patterns exercise a witchery upon us."

Furnishing a mammoth establishment from top to bottom with somebody else's money, and plenty of it,

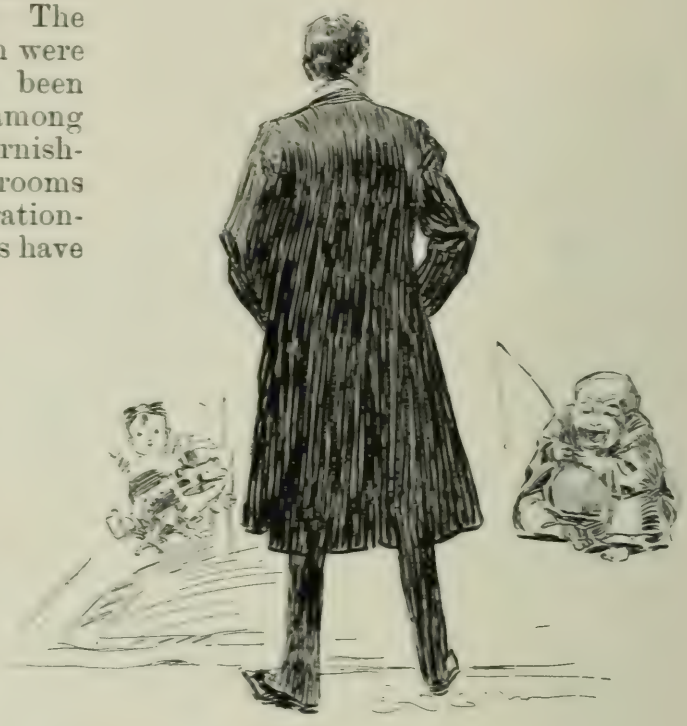
must be a delightful occupation. There can be no carking consciousness of price to act as a drag on genius, and it would seem as though the house decorator who was not interfered with under these circumstances had a rare chance to show what is what. When he fails, which is by no means out of the question, he can ordinarily shift the responsibility on to his employer, for an employer can rarely resist the temptation of insisting on some one touch to prove his or her own capacity, and of course it is a simple matter for the man of art to demonstrate that this one touch has spoiled everything. The temptation to try to be as original and captivating in results as possible must be almost irresistible, especially when one's elbow is constantly jogged by furniture and other dealers, who are only too eager to reproduce a Directory drawing-room or any other old-time splendor. But there is no denying that, whatever his limitations, the house decorator is becoming the best of educators on this side of the water, for though we cannot afford or have too much confidence in our own taste to employ him, our wives watch him like cats and are taking in his ideas through the pores, if not directly. There are, it is true, almost as many diverse styles of internal ornamentation as of external architecture in our modern residences, for everyone who has, or thinks he has, an aptitude for furnishing is trying his professional or 'prentice hand, sometimes with startling results; yet the diversities seem less significant than in the case of external architecture, or perhaps it may be said that the sum total of effect is much nearer to finality or perfection. If as a nation we are deriving the inspiration for the furniture and upholsteries of our drawing-rooms and libraries from the best French and Dutch models of a century or more ago, we certainly can boast that the comfortable features which distinguish our apartments from their prototypes are a native growth. If as a people we cannot yet point to great original artistic triumphs, may we not claim the spacious and dignified contemporary refrigerator, the convenient laundry, the frequently occurring and palatial bath-room, the health-conducing ventilator-pipe and sanitary fixtures, and the various electrical and other pipes, tubes, and appliances which have become a part of every well-ordered house, as a national cult? To be genuinely comfortable in every-day life seems to have become the aim all the world over of the individual seeking to live wisely, and the rest of the world is in our debt for the many valuable mechanical aids to comfort in the home which have been invented on this side of the water. This quest for comfort is being constantly borne in mind also in the æsthetic sense. We fit our drawing-rooms now to live in as well as to look at. We expect to sit on our sofas and in our easy



"An employer can rarely resist the temptation of insisting on some one touch."

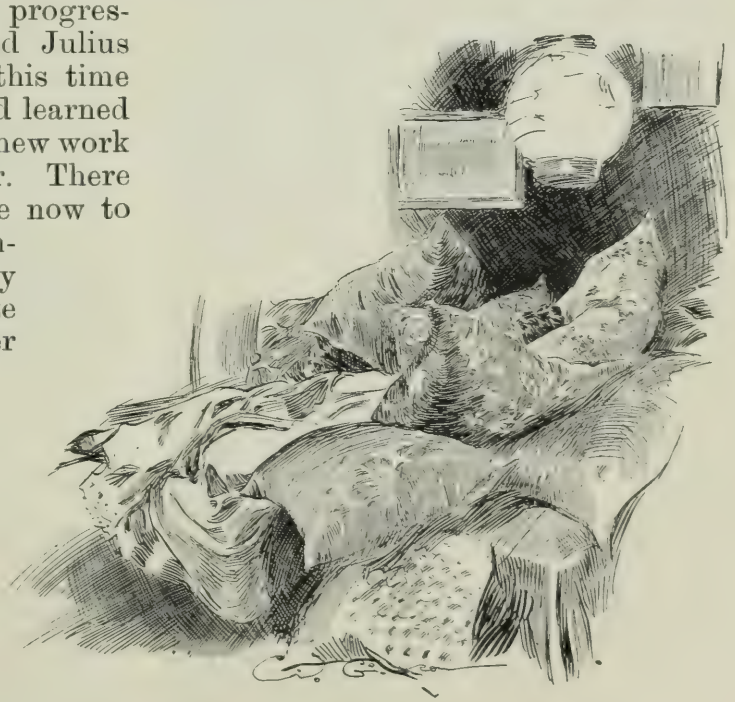
chairs; hence we try to make them attractive to the back as well as to the eye. Though our wives may still occasionally pull down the window-shades to exclude a too dangerous sun, they no longer compel us to view our best rooms from the threshold as a cold, flawless, forbidden land. The extreme æsthetic tendencies which were rampant twenty years ago have been toned down by this inclination, among even our most elaborate house-furnishers, to produce the effect that rooms are intended for every-day use by rational beings. The ultra-queer colors have disappeared, and the carpets and wall-papers no longer suggest perpetual biliousness or chronic nightmare.

I think, too, the idea that a drawing-room can be made bewitchingly cosey by crowding it with all one's beautiful and ugly earthly possessions has been demonstrated to be a delusion. In these days of many wedding presents, it is difficult for young people to resist the temptation of showing all they have received. I remember that Mrs. George J. Spriggs—she was the daughter, you will remember, of ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Homer W. Green—had seven lamps in her parlor in Locust Road, three of them with umbrageous Japanese shades. Her husband explained to me that there had been a run on lamps and pepper-pots in their individual case. Now, Mrs. Julius Cæsar would have managed more cleverly. She would have made the lamp-dealer exchange four of five of the lamps for, say, an ornamental brass fender, a brass coal-scuttle, or a Japanese tea-tray, and have made the jeweller substitute some equally desirable table ornaments for the pepper-pots. And yet, when I made my wedding call on Mrs. Cæsar, ten years ago, I remember thinking that her drawing-room was a sort of compromise between a curiosity shop and a menagerie. To begin with, I stumbled over the head of a tiger skin, which confronted me as I passed through the *portière*, so that I nearly fell into the arms of my hostess. It seemed to me that I had stepped into a veritable bazaar. A large bear skin lay before the fire as a hearth-rug, and on either side of the grate squatted a large, orientally conceived china dragon with an open mouth. Here and there, under furniture or in corners, were gaping frogs in bronze or china. A low plush-covered table was densely arrayed with small china dogs of every degree. On another table was spread a number of silver ornaments—a silver snuff-box, a silver whistle, a silver feather, a silver match-box, and a silver shoe-buckle—all objects of virtu of apparently antique workmanship. There were three lamps with ornamental shades—a fluted china shade, a paper shade in semblance of a full-blown rose, and a yellow satin shade with drooping fringe. From the low studded ceiling depended a vast Japanese paper lantern. Sundry and diverse china vases and shepherdesses occupied the mantel-piece and the top of the book-case, and had overflowed on to a writing-table supplied with brass ornaments. There were numerous pictures, large and small, on the walls, under many of



It seemed to me that I had stepped into a veritable bazaar.

which colored china plates had been hung. There were photographs in frames everywhere. The actual space where I could stand without knocking over anything was about the size of a hat bath, and was shut in by a circle of low chairs and divans besprinkled with æsthetic yellow, green, and pink soft silk cushions. On one of these divans my hostess was reclining in a Grosvenor gallery tea-gown, so that she seemed to wallow in cushions, and Julius Cæsar himself was sunk in the depths of one of the chairs, so near the ground that his knees seemed to rest on his chin, and one might fairly have taken him for another china frog of extraordinary proportions. All this in a comparatively small room where there were several other knick-knacks which I have omitted to mention. Better this, perhaps, than the drawing-room of forty years ago, when the visitor's gaze was bounded by cold green rep, and he was restrained only by decorum from hurling into the fire the tidy or antimacassar which tickled his neck, or detached itself and wriggled down between his back and the back of the chair. But Mrs. Cæsar's drawing-room, in her new house on Belport Avenue, has been furnished from a very different point of view than her first one, which shows how rapidly tastes change in a progressive society. Mrs. Cæsar and Julius chose everything themselves this time as they did before, but they had learned from experience, and from the new work of the contemporary decorator. There is plenty of unoccupied space now to show her possessions to advantage, and there are not too many possessions visible for the size of the parlor; there is neither so much uniformity of color and design as to weary the eye, nor so much variety or eccentricity as to irritate it; consequently, the effect on the visitor is not that he is in a room intended for luxurious display, but in an exquisitely furnished room adapted for daily use. In other words, the controlling idea at present, of those who seek to make their houses charming, seems to be to combine comfort with elegance so skilfully that while one may realize the latter, one is conscious only of the former. Though decorators are still experimenting, as probably they always will be, to attain novel effects, they are disposed to make use of queer or attenuated hues, Moorish blazonry, stamped leather, peacock feathers, elephant tusks, stained glass windows, and Japanese lacquer-work with much more discretion than a few years ago. Virgin-white instead of dirt-brown lights up our halls and staircases, and the vast chandeliers which used to dazzle the eye no longer dangle from the ceiling. Indeed, it seems as though it would be difficult to make the interior of the homes of our well-to-do class more comfortable and attractive than they are at present. It may be that some of our very rich people are disposed to waste their energies in devising and striving for more consummate elegance, thereby exposing us all to the charge that we are becoming too luxurious for our spiritual good. But there can be little question that the ambition to surround one's self with as much beauty, consistent with comfort, as one can afford is desirable, even from



"My hostess seemed to wallow in cushions."

the ethical stand-point. Undeniably our point of view has changed extraordinarily in the last thirty years in regard to house-furnishing, as in regard to so many other matters of our material welfare, and there certainly is some ground for fearing that the pendulum is swinging just at present too far in the direction opposite to that of high thinking and low living; but, after all, though the reaction from ugliness has been and continues to be exuberant, it is as yet by no means wide-embracing. In fact, our cultivated well-to do class—though it is well abreast of the rest of the civilized world in aspiration and not far behind it in accomplishment, with certain vivifying traits of its own which the old world societies do not possess or have lost—is still comparatively small; and there is still so much Stygian darkness outside it in respect to house-furnishing and home comfort in general, that we can afford to have the exuberance continue for the present; for there is some reason to believe that most of the descendants of our old high thinkers have become high livers, or at least, if low livers, have ceased to be high thinkers. Mutton-soup for breakfast and unattractive domestic surroundings seem to comport nowadays with ignoble aims, if nothing worse; moreover, it must not be forgotten that the plain people of the present is no longer the plain people of forty years ago, but is largely the seed of the influx of foreign peasants, chiefly inferior and often scum, which the sacredness of our institutions has obliged us to receive.

II

If we have become cosmopolitan in the matter of domestic comfort and elegance as regards our drawing-rooms, the same is certainly true of our dining-rooms, and dinner-tables. But here it seems to me that we are more justly open to criticism on the score of over-exuberance. That is, the fairly well-to-do class, for the plain people of foreign blood, and the low liver of native blood, eat almost as indigestible food, and quite as rapidly and unceremoniously, as the pie and doughnut nurtured yeoman of original Yankee stock, who thrived in spite of his diet, and left to his grandchildren the heritage of dyspepsia which has become nervous prostration in the present generation. It seems as though our instincts of hospitality have grown in direct ratio with our familiarity with and adoption of civilized creature comforts, and any charge of exuberance may doubtless be fairly ascribed to the national trait of generosity, the abuse of which is after all a noble blemish. But, on the other hand, facts remain, even after one has given a pleasing excuse for their existence, and it may be doubted if a spendthrift is long consoled by the reflection that his impecuniosity is due to his own disinclination to stint. May it not truthfully be charged against the reasonably well-to-do American citizen that he has a prejudice against thrift, especially where the entertainment of his fellow man or woman is concerned? The rapid growth of wealth and the comparative facility of becoming rich during the last half century of our



"Julius Cæsar himself was sunk in the depths of one of the chairs."

development, has operated against the practice of small economies, so that we find ourselves now beset by extravagant traditions which we hesitate to deviate from for fear of seeming mean. Many a man to-day pays his quarter of a

dollar ruefully and begrudgingly to the colored Pullman car porter at the end of his journey, when he is "brushed off," because he cannot bring himself to break the custom which fixed the fee. It would be interesting to estimate what the grand total of saving to the American travelling public would have been if ten instead of twenty-five cents a head had been paid to the tyrant in question since he first darkened the situation. If not enough to maintain free schools for the negro, at least sufficient to compel railroad managements to give their employees suitable wages instead of letting the easy-going traveller, who has already paid for the privilege of a reserved seat, pay a premium on that. The exorbitant fees bestowed on waiters is but another instance of a tendency to be over-generous, which, once reduced to custom, becomes the severest kind of tax, in that it is likely to affect the warmest-hearted people.

This tendency to be needlessly lavish in expenditure is most conspicuous when we are offering hospitality in our own homes. Among the viands which we have added to the bills of fare of humanity, roast turkey and cranberry-sauce, Indian meal, and probably baked beans, are entitled to conspicuous and honorable mention, but is it not true, notwithstanding champagne is a foreign wine, that the most prodigious discovery in the line of food or drink yet made by the well-to-do people of this country, is the discovery of champagne? Does it not flow in one golden effervescing stream, varied only by the pops caused by the drawing of fresh corks, from the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World to the Golden Gate? And the circumstance that every pop costs the entertainer between three and four dollars, seems in no wise to interrupt the cheery explosions. There are some people who do not drink champagne or any other wine, from principle, and there are some with whom it does not agree, but the average individual finds that the interest of festive occasions is heightened by its presence in reasonable abundance, and is apt to deplore its total absence with internal groans. But surely ninety-nine men in our large cities out of one hundred, who are accustomed to entertain and be entertained, must be weary of the sight of this expensive tempter at the feast, which it is so difficult to refuse when set before one, and which is so often quaffed against better judgment or inclination. The champagne breakfast, the champagne luncheon, the champagne dinner, and the champagne supper, with a champagne cocktail tossed in as a stop gap, hound the social favorite from January to December, until he is fain to dream of the Old Oaken Bucket, and sooner or later to drink Lithia water only.



"Many a man to-day pays his quarter of a dollar ruefully."

With perpetual and unremitting champagne as the key-note of social gatherings, no wonder that the table ornaments and the comestibles become more splendid. A little dinner of eight or ten is no longer a simple matter of a cordial invitation and an extra course. The hostess who bids her contemporaries to dine with her most informally ten days hence, uses a figure of speech which is innocuous from the fact that it is known to be a deliberate falsehood. She begins generally by engaging a cook from outside to prepare the dinner, which must surely wound the sensibilities of any self-respecting couple the first time, however hardened to the situation they may become later.

At this stage of my reflections I am interrupted by my wife, Barbara—for I was thinking aloud—with a few words of expostulation.

"Are you not a little severe? I assume that you are referring now to people with a comfortable income, but who are not disgustingly rich. Of course, nowadays, the very rich people keep cooks who can cook for a dinner-party,

cooks at eight dollars or more a week and a kitchen maid; so it is only the hostess with a cook at four and a half to six dollars a week and no kitchen maid who is likely to engage an accommodator. But what is the poor thing to do? Give a wretched, or plain dinner which may make her hair grow white in a single night? Surely, when a woman invites friends to her house she does not wish them to go away half starved, or remembering that they have had disagreeable things to eat. In that case she would prefer not to entertain at all."



"Informally" invited guests.

"The question is," I answered, "whether it is more sensible to try to be content with what one has, or to vie with those who are better off. We do not attempt to dine on gold plate, nor have we a piano decorated with a five thousand dollar painting by one of the great artists, like Patterson, the banker. Why should we endeavor to compete with his kitchen?"

"The clever thing, of course, is to find a cook for six dollars a week who can cook for a dinner-party," answered Barbara, pensively; "and yet," she added "though our cook can, the chances are that nine out of ten of the people who dine with us think that we hired her for the occasion."

"Precisely. Just because the custom has grown so. It is sheer extravagance."

"After all, my dear, it is a comparatively small matter — a five-dollar bill."

"Pardon me. Five dollars for the cook, because one's own cook is not good enough; three or five dollars for an accommodating maid or waiter, because you cannot trust your chamber-maid to assist your waitress; eight dollars for champagne, and so on."

"Do not say 'your'—mine can."

"Her, then—the woman of the day. I am trying to show that a small informal dinner is a cruelly expensive affair for the average man with a comfortable working income."

"I admit that a dinner for eight or ten is expensive" said Barbara. "It means twenty-five dollars at the lowest, even if you have your own cook. But what is one to do? You don't seem to appreciate that a good plain cook cannot usually prepare dinner-party dishes,

and that a plain dinner is now almost as different from a dinner-party dinner as a boiled egg is from caviare."

"Precisely. There is the pity of it. The growth here of the French restaurant and the taste for rich and elaborate cookery has doubtless been a good thing in its way, if only that it is now possible to obtain a tolerably well-cooked meal at most of the hotels in our large cities and principal watering-places; but why should people of moderate means and social instincts feel constrained to offer a banquet on every occasion when they entertain? I for one consider it a bore to have so much provided when I go out to dinner."

"You must admit," said Barbara, "that dinners are not nearly so long as they were a few years ago. Now, by means of the extra service you complain of, and by keeping the number of courses down, a dinner ought not to last longer than an hour and a half, whereas it used to take two hours and over. In England they are much worse than here. You are given, for instance, two puddings, one after the other, and ices to follow."

"I agree," said I, "that we have curtailed the length so that there is not much to complain of on that score. I think, though, that comparatively plain dishes well-served are quite as apt to please as the aspics, chartreuses, timbales, and other impressive gallicisms under which the accommodating party cook is wont to cater to the palates of informally invited guests. I sometimes think that the very few of our great great-grandfathers who knew how to live at all must have had more appetizing tables than we. Their family cooks, from all accounts, knew how to roast and boil and bake and stew, culinary arts which somehow seem to be little understood by the chefs of to-day. Then again, the old-fashioned Delft-crockery—blue ships sailing on a blue sea—was very attractive. Our modern dinner-tables, when arrayed for a party, have almost too much fuss and feathers. Women worry until they get cut glass, if it is not given them as a wedding present, and several sets of costly plates —Sèvres, Dresden, or Crown Derby —are apt to seem indispensable to housekeepers of comparatively limited means."

"Cut glass is lovely, and the same plates through seven courses are rather trying," said Barbara, parenthetically.

"Of course it is lovely, and I am very glad you have some. But is not the modern American woman of refined sensibilities just a little too eager to crowd her table with every article of virtu she possesses—every ornamental spoon, dish, cup, and candlestick—until one is unable to see at any one spot more than a square inch of tablecloth? In the centre of the table she sets a crystal bowl of flowers, a silver basket of ferns, or a dish of fruit. This is flanked by apostle or gold-lined spoons, silver dishes of confectionery of various kinds, silver candlesticks or candelabra fitted with pink or saffron shades, one or two of which are expected to catch fire, an array of cut glass or Venetian glass at every plate, and, like as not, pansies strewn all over the table."

"The modern dinner-table is very pretty," responded Barbara. "I don't see how it could be improved materially."

"I dare say, but somehow one can't help thinking at times that the effort for effect is too noticeable, and that the real object of sitting down to dinner in company, agreeable social intercourse, is consequently lost sight of. If only the very rich were guilty of wanton display, the answer would be that the rank and file of our well-to-do, sensible people have very simple entertainments. Unfortunately, while the very rich are constantly vying to outstrip one another, the dinner-table and the dinner of the well-to-do American are each growing more and more complex and elaborate. Perhaps not more so than abroad among the nobility or people of means; but certainly we have been Europeanized in this respect to such an extent that, not only is there practically nothing left for us to learn in the way of being luxurious, but I am not sure that we are not disposed to convince the rest of the civilized world that a free-born American, when fully developed, can be the most luxurious individual on earth."

Barbara looked a little grave at this.

"Everything used to be so ugly and unattractive a little while ago that I suppose our heads have been turned," she answered. After this I shall make a rule, when we give a dinner-party, to keep one-half of my table ornaments in the safe as a rebuke to my vanity. Only if I am to show so much of the tablecloth, I shall have to buy some with handsome patterns. Don't you see?"

Perhaps this suggestion that our heads have been turned for the time being by our national prosperity, and that they will become straight again in due course of time, is the most sensible view to take of the situation. There can be no doubt that among well-to-do people, who would object to be classed in "the smart set," as the reporters of social gossip odiously characterize those prominent in fashionable society in our large cities, the changes in the last thirty years connected with every-day living, as well as with entertaining, have all been in the direction of cosmopolitan usage. It is now only a very old-fashioned or a very blatant person who objects to the use of evening dress at the dinner-table, or the theatre, as inconsistent with true patriotism. The dinner-hour has steadily progressed from twelve o'clock noon until it has halted at seven *post* meridian, as the ordinary hour for the most formal meal of the day, with further postponement to half-past seven or even eight among the fashionable for the sake of company. The frying-pan and the tea-pot have ceased to reign supreme as the patron saints of female nutrition, and the beefsteak, the egg, both cooked and raw, milk and other flesh-and-blood-producing food are abundantly supplied to the rising generation of both sexes by the provident parent of to-day. The price of beef in our large cities has steadily advanced in price until its use as an article of diet is a serious monster to encounter in the monthly bills, but the husband and father who is seeking to live wisely, seems not to be deterred from providing it abundantly. From this it is evident that if we are unduly exuberant in the pursuit of creature comforts, it is not solely in the line of purely ornamental luxuries. If we continue to try our nervous systems by undue exertion, they are at least better fitted to stand the strain, by virtue of plenty of nutritious food, even though dinner-parties tempt us now and then to over-indulgence, or bore us by their elaborateness. Yet it remains to be seen whether the income of the American husband and father will be able to stand the steady drain occasioned by the liberal table he provides, and it may be that we have some lessons in thrift on this score still in store for us. There is this consolation, that if our heads have been turned in this respect also, and we are supplying more food for our human furnaces than they need, the force of any reaction will not fall on us, but on the market-men, who are such a privileged class that our candidates for public office commonly provide a rally for their special edification just before election-day, and whose white smock-frocks are commonly a cloak for fat though greasy purses. Yet Providence seems to smile on the market-man in that it has given him the telephone, through which the modern mistress can order her dinner, or command chops or birds, when unexpected guests are foreshadowed. Owing to the multiplicity of the demands upon



"The modern dinner-table."

the time of both men and women, the custom of going to market in person has largely fallen into decay. The butcher and grocer send assistants to the house for orders, and the daily personal encounter with the smug man in white, which used to be as inevitable as the dinner, has now mainly been relegated to the blushing bride of from one week to two years standing, and the people who pay cash for everything. Very likely we are assessed for the privilege of not being obliged to nose our turkeys and see our chops weighed in advance, and it is difficult to answer the strictures of those who sigh for what they call the good old times, when it was every man's duty, before he went to his office, to look over his butcher's entire stock and select the fattest and juiciest edibles for the consumption of himself and family. As for paying cash for everything, my wife Barbara says that, unless people are obliged to be extremely economical, no woman in this age of nervous prostration ought to run the risk of bringing on that dire malady by any such imprudence, and that to save five dollars a month on a butcher's bill, and pay twenty-five to a physician for ruined nerves, is false political economy. "I agree with you," she added, "that we Americans live extravagantly in the matter of daily food — especially meat — as compared with the general run of people in other countries; but far more serious than our appetites and liberal habits, in my opinion, is the horrible waste which goes on in our kitchens, due to the fact that our cooks are totally ignorant of the art of making the most of things. Abroad, particularly on the Continent, they understand how to utilize every scrap, so that many a comfortable meal is provided from what our servants habitually cast into the swill-tub. Here there is perpetual waste—waste—waste, and no one seems to understand how to prevent it. There you have one never-failing reason for the size of our butchers' and grocers' bills."

I assume that my wife, who is an intelligent person, must be correct in this accusation of general wastefulness which she makes against the American kitchen. If so, here we are confronted again with the question of domestic service from another point of view. How long can we afford to throw our substance into the swill-tub? If our emigrant cooks do not understand the art of utilizing scraps and remnants, are we to continue to enrich our butchers without let or hinderance? It would seem that if the American housewife does not take this matter in hand promptly, the cruel laws of political economy will soon convince her by grisly experience that neither poetry nor philanthropy can flourish in a land where there is perpetual waste below stairs.

A MEMORY

By Ina Coolbrith

THROUGH rifts of cloud the moon's soft silver slips;
A little rain has fallen with the night,
Which from the emerald under-sky still drips
Where the magnolias open, broad and white.

So near my window I might reach my hand
And touch these milky stars, that to and fro
Wave, odorous. . . . Yet 'twas in another land—
How long ago, my love, how long ago!

HUGHEY

By Rhodes Macknight

HUGHEY was not his right name, of course; he was the victim of Lieutenant Teddy Clarkson's ever-ready flippancy; but as his right name happened to be Mak-pe-yah-we-tah, or something like that, nobody said much about it. Clarkson good-naturedly explained: "Hughey isn't poetical, I know," he said, "while Mak—Mak-pe—well, the other is; but even up here on the frontier something must be left to the imagination. So we'll leave his name, which is very much that way, and call him plain Hughey—which is concise, just familiar enough, and not too sentimental." So Hughey it was, because Clarkson had a pleasant and trouble-saving way of settling things off-hand.

The boy was a full-blood Uncapapa, anywhere from eight to twelve, lithe, untamed, and not at all good to look upon. His father was a scout, and that is how Colonel Nichols came to get him for a servant, or messenger, or whatever he was. He should have been sent to Carlisle, or to one of the other Indian schools; but as the colonel undertook to see that his education was not neglected, and as there was additional excuse in the father's wanting to have his boy near him (that is what he said, at least), authority was granted and the arrangement made.

It was spring when he came to the Fort—the belated spring of the far Northwest; the prairie was just getting on a tender hue, and the streams had but lately sprung from their armor of ice, but the sky looked as if it had never been anything but the most suave turquoise. The boy was brought in one day on a bronco by his father and taken to headquarters; but the colonel seemed not exactly to know what to do with him down there, so he sent him up to his house in a hurry. Teddy Clarkson and the colonel's daughter Dorothy happened to be standing together by the veranda railing when Little-Big-Bear and his son came up.

"Here boy," the father said, pushing forward the youngster, who was sulkily contemplating the lieutenant from beneath his brows. "Good boy," he went on to explain; "make maybe plenty work bimeby. Colonel send; you take. Good boy; work plenty." And having effected what he considered a perfect introduction, the lank, ungainly scout slouched away.

The lad, still gazing suspiciously, made as if he would follow by edging to one side a few inches at a time; but the lieutenant caught him at it, and invited him to come up to the veranda. The boy certainly understood, but he kept on with the sidling, and presently Clarkson was obliged to advance upon him, with pacific mien, very much as a colt is advanced upon in an open field.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" he asked. "Why don't you come up and speak to the lady?" Then he added, as he saw that the shrinking continued, "Nice lady."

Dorothy herself interposed. "Come, little boy," she said, with an insinuating smile, and beckoning; "come up and tell me what your name is, and where you're from."

The boy looked at the young woman a moment, not sheepishly, but as if forecasting what she intended to do with him, then advanced gingerly to the steps of the veranda and squatted. Pulling out simultaneously a jack-knife from his blouse, he held it up, remarking, "Knife—heap good," opened the

blade (his white teeth gleaming against his lower lip), and forthwith began to jab it into the step.

Dorothy advanced and stooped beside him. "Now, tell me what your name is, little boy," she said.

Clarkson came to her aid with the statement—for a goad—that he'd bet the boy didn't know. "They never know," he added, in an audible aside.

The boy stopped jabbing and looked up quickly. He frowned upon the lieutenant before turning to the girl. Then he rattled off, "Name Mak-pe-yah-we-tah—*my* name."

"Oh, that isn't any name," Clarkson put in. "Somebody that didn't like you called you that. We'll have to call you something else." Then he came with the christening, adding, "Now, Hughey, tell us what you can do—ride, run, shoot, fish?"

The boy replied with a scowl; but when Dorothy repeated the question he glanced up at her and showed his teeth. "You bet!" he said, in glib phrase picked up from plainsmen. Then he stuck his knife deeper into the step, his lips drawn to a pucker of determination to damage something.

"None of those'll be required of him, Miss Dorothy?" the young man inquired with mock gravity. "But you'll not be under the necessity of teaching the young idea how to shoot—nor yet to ride, nor run, nor fish. By the way, what *are* you going to teach him?—if I may ask." Dorothy had undertaken to look after the lad's education.

"Well," she answered, with a fine smile, "I'm going to teach him, first, not to be funny, Mr. Clarkson. Then, a little later, if he learns how not to be funny well, I'll teach him that he mustn't loll on the veranda too much when his duties lie elsewhere—especially if it's fully half an hour after he has begun his leave-taking, and a young lady's waiting to go dress for dinner."

"Oh, come, I say!" cried the young man. "Going to send me back to quarters already? I guess I'd better go, though," he added, looking into the distance, "'cause I see Schultz raging down there, and I suppose he wants me."

But before he went he leaned over Hughey and told him he must be nice and obedient to the lady, or he'd find himself disliked—an admonition that was received with silent unconcern.

When Dorothy saw the lieutenant's straight military back disappearing behind the bushes that bordered the walk, she turned to the lad and held out her hand.

"Come, little fellow," she said, "we must go back to cook now and get acquainted. For I fancy you'll be wanting to get on the right side of cook if you're like other little boys. Won't you?"

The boy scrutinized her narrowly with his black eyes. Then he got up, but pretending not to see the extended hand, walked alongside her with the slouching, panther-like movement, toes turned in, that marks his race.

Cook was apparently far from pleased with the apparition.

"Laws, Miss Dor'thy!" she cried, "is that there Injun goin' to be set up in this here house? Laws, Miss Dor'thy, how kin ye be wantin' to do th' likes a that! W'y, he'll be a everlastin' worrit, Miss Dor'thy! Ye'll niver know w'at to do with 'im."

Dorothy certainly did not know what to do with him now. A vague idea came to her of telling him to go out "to play;" but the thought came immediately that doubtless he didn't know how, being different from other children. And it was equally certain that she was not prepared to entertain him. Shaking off responsibility at a single stroke, she announced that she would leave the boy in the kitchen while she dressed.

"Wid me!" cried cook, aghast. "In the kitchen—here—wid me? O Miss Dor'thy, Oi knows ye wouldn't do the likes a that—wid me! No, Miss Dor'thy, ye *couldn't!* Me wid the steak to cook—an'—an'—no, Miss Dor'thy!" The woman, pleading in voice and panicky as to manner, looked with reproach at the girl, then with wrath at the boy. Hughey was eying steadfastly a dab of flour on her nose.

Dorothy laughed factitiously, and said soothingly that it would only be for a few minutes; then, with a breath of relief, she stepped into the dining-

room and closed the door. Truly, she was nonplussed.

Cook eyed the boy furtively as she went bustling about her work. She had been told of his expected arrival, but she had thought it a joke—a bugbear of the facetious colonel's — because everybody knew (she had mentioned it often enough) that her three pet abhorrences were Injuns, snakes, and tripe. She could not believe that the colonel had done such a thing. But that's what came of taking place out of civilization! She wisht it wasn't so far back to Helena—jist didn't she!

The boy had been standing rooted to the spot some three feet within the doorway that he had occupied when Dorothy disappeared. He looked about him for a little while after cook had taken from his view her flour-dabbed nose, and noted carefully everything—from the brightly polished stove, to the line of platters standing on edge upon the dresser. At last, doubtless wearying of this, the jack-knife was again brought into requisition for use on the door-jamb.

A moment afterward Dorothy, just come from upstairs, and standing at the sitting-room window, wondering what on earth she would do with the boy next, was astonished to see the subject of her thoughts flying past, with cook in hot pursuit, armed with a dish-cloth with which she was frantically beating the air in his rear. The girl quickly raised the sash, and the explanation was furnished:

"W'at—w'at d'ye tink the little Injun divil was afther doin'!" exclaimed cook, breathless, flushed, and indignant. "W'y, he was afther w'ittlin' the dure jist as fancy as ye plaze! He was, Miss Dor'thy! Be me sowl would ye be kapin' a little Injun nagur in the house like that, thin? Oh, Miss Dor'thy, he'll be the pest an' worrit a me life, he will!"

"Where is he now?" asked the girl, uncertain whether to laugh or look serious, and leaning out to get a view.

"Now? He's out on the purayra, niver fear! Oi niver seed anybody wid laigs w'at could kiver ground so fast! Now, Miss Dor'thy, *do* kape him out a me kitchen. If ye don't Oi'll niver answer fer a blissed ting, Oi won't. Me steak's burrnin' now, Oi'll bet!"

The girl looked at her demurely for a moment, then told her to go back and find out; she promised that Hughey should be looked after. She lowered the sash, and still did not know whether or not it would be permissible to laugh; but she thought on the whole it would be better not to. She had asked her father to get the boy—thinking it would be interesting to teach him, up here at this frontier post where there was so little with which to occupy one's self; and now that he was got she was in the predicament of not knowing what to do with him. She cudgelled her brains for a way out.

While still absorbed with this momentous question she heard a heavy step on the veranda without, and knew that the colonel had come. She rushed to meet him in the entry.

"O papa!" she cried at once, "the little Indian boy has run away!"

"Run away!" echoed the colonel, staring. "Why—why, Dorothy, he's just come!"

"I know he's just come, papa, but he's just run away all the same." And then she explained, with her pretty brows troubled when she saw how the colonel received the news.

"Well! well!" he exclaimed, puffing out his fat, shiny, rubicund cheeks. "He's under my protection, too! I'm responsible to the Government for him! Well! well!"

"Oh, do you think there'll be any trouble, papa?"

"Trouble, Dorothy? Hem! — there may be some trouble to find him. You'll have to be more careful of your charge, Dorothy. Discipline, my girl—discipline."

They had entered the sitting-room, and, as twilight was coming on, she struck a match, lighted the lamp, and turned it low. She pretended to be still busy with it when she asked:

"Don't you think, papa, you'd better have him for a—for a sort of body-servant?"

"Body-servant? What do I want with a body-servant, my child? I got him for *you*, Dorothy — and because you asked for him. But the first thing

to do is to get him back again. Ran away!—dear me! Now where do you suppose he ran to?"

This was something that Dorothy was unable to tell him, of course; she was as much perplexed as he, if not more. But they were not kept wondering long, for no sooner had they sat down to dinner than a noise was heard at the window; turning simultaneously, they saw the dusky face of the boy just raised above the ledge. He had evidently pulled himself up with some trouble, for the window was farther from the ground than his height, and his black eyes shone bead-like, and slightly bulging with the exertion.

The colonel cautioned his daughter to make no movement. Recognizing that diplomacy was required, he kept his seat and beckoned with a forefinger, his face spreading into a sunset beam that might have reassured, or might have terrified, as it was looked at. Hughey gazed back merely with wonder.

"Let me open the window, papa," murmured Dorothy, impulsively starting forward.

"No, no, my dear!" protested the colonel with a detaining hand. "We must—er—humor him. We must draw him on." He looked about helplessly, as if seeking a bait. "Ah, I've got it!" he added, with modest triumph—"the sugar, dear."

He selected a cube, and held it up invitingly between forefinger and thumb, repeating the smile. Instantly the black eyes and dusky face slid below the sill. A moment afterward a shriek from cook in the kitchen proved that the sugar was irresistible. That is the conclusion the colonel came to, at least, for he remarked complacently to his daughter that he had told her so.

The door from the kitchen opened softly, cautiously, and through the narrow crack the black eyes again came into view. The colonel, quickly recognizing the fact that cook was now in the boy's rear, and consequently that, from a military point of view, the strategical advantage lay with himself, thought it about time to command. So he ordered the delinquent to approach.

Hughey did so—his gaze steadfastly on the sugar. He came forward, held out his little grimy paw, received the lump, and immediately transferred it to his mouth.

"Now what do you say?" asked the colonel, watching the contortion of the boy's lips with a sympathetic movement of his own.

The hard cube was between the infantile grinders; it was a minute before he could speak. "Good," he said then, screwing up an eye.

"Eh?—oh, yes, I daresay it is," replied the colonel. "But what else do you say?"

"Heap good," returned the boy, after another moment's cracking.

The colonel turned to his daughter to remark, "You see you've a task before you, my dear."

"Oh, but he'll learn very quickly, papa, I'm sure," she replied. "The only thing bothers me is what I'm to do with him when he isn't learning."

Hughey had finished the lump and was waiting with dog-like attention for more. The colonel selected a small fragment from the bowl and handed it out. The boy bolted it, and blinked.

"Where've you been?" asked the colonel, sternly. "Where'd you run to?"

"Heap good," said Hughey as before, licking his lips and still attentive.

"You mustn't run away any more, little boy," put in Dorothy with matronly reproof.

Hughey's glance hovered uncertainly upon the sugar-bowl in passing to her. He said again that the sugar pleased him.

The girl looked at her father. "I'm very much afraid," she began, "that he and cook won't get along at all. She seems to have taken a dislike to him on sight, and——"

At the moment cook entered with a dish. She was very haughty in her carriage, very dignified in her serving, very severe when she had occasion to look upon Hughey. Her feelings in the matter were very evident; and when she was about to depart again the colonel detained her.

"Cornelia," he said, "please take this boy out and give him something to eat. Feed him well, for I don't think he's

had a square meal for some time, by the looks of him. And don't let him go out of the kitchen, Cornelia."

The woman had looked about at the first word, and stood gazing austerely with high head during the rest of it. At the end her cheeks puffed out as if an explosion were imminent, but she checked it, jerked her head a little, and made the tail of her gown whip when she turned.

"The bye kin folly me," she said, grandly.

"Go on, little boy," said Dorothy; "go with cook."

With a last glance at the sugar Hughey moved to the door.

"You see, papa!" exclaimed Dorothy, when he was gone, "they'll not get along together at all. Oh, what a bother!"

The colonel drained the glass he had tilted, pressed a napkin to his lips, and remarked, calmly: "Cornelia doesn't command the regiment, my dear."

"No," retorted the girl, smiling, "but she can make it very unpleasant for the commander of it."

"Helena is a long and difficult journey, Dorothy."

"But she can burn the chops and things."

"True; but she must eat them as well as we."

"Then she can be disagreeable to the boy."

"She won't, my dear. Come, we'll have the coffee in the other room and talk it over."

For a long time they talked it over in the other room, and when the colonel got up again and said he must go to Schenck's to play a game of bezique, he had almost succeeded in convincing his daughter that everything would go on with the most charming smoothness and amiability.

It was late when he got back, and Dorothy had gone to bed. He turned up the light in the sitting-room and composed himself to smoke a last cigar. He was hardly well upon it when a footstep sounded in the entry, and immediately cook stood majestic in the doorway. Her lips had a determined fixity of line.

"Come in, Cornelia," he said, suavely. "Why, I thought you were abed long ago!"

The hermetic lips opened to reply, "Oi was, sir. An' O'im up agin." The lips looked as if they had never been opened.

"So I see, Cornelia. Pray sit down. Anything the matter, Cornelia?"

Cook sat, solidly, and remarked with terrible calmness that there was much.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the colonel. "Why, you surprise me, Cornelia! What is it, for goodness' sake?"

"Oi'm about lavin' ye, Colonel Nichols."

"Leaving us! Why, what — what d'ye mean, Cornelia?" The colonel sat upright in consternation.

She told him at great length. She reviewed some of her past life—all of that since she had been at the post—and placed in artistic perspective her aims, her hopes, her likes, her dislikes; she contrasted the realization; and through it all leaked hints as to the one central figure—Hughey. But it was not until the end that the colonel could grasp the fact and stop her.

"And d'ye mean to say you're going to leave us all on account of that little scalawag?" he inquired, half-reproachful, half-humorous.

"That little scallywag!" she repeated, sarcastically. "Oi ain't a-callin' of no names, colonel, but if chance Oi was, Oi'd be afther callin' him that little scalpin' divil!"

"Call him what suits you, Cornelia," answered the colonel, generously; "but —pooh! you're only fooling about the leaving!"

Cook sat forward on her chair by way of emphasis for what was coming; her motherly bosom was heaving with her grievance. Finally, having stored up breath enough to carry her through, she began:

"On'y foolin', am Oi, Colonel Nichols? It ain't me place to be afther foolin', Colonel Nichols. Oi knows me place, Colonel Nichols—none betther; an' w'ativer ye say about me, ye can't say as Oi don't, an' as I don't rispict it. On'y foolin', am Oi, Colonel Nichols? An' as fer that, d'ye know w'at that there little Injun nagur's been afther doin', Colonel Nichols? No; an' ye'd hardly

b'lave it if ye knowed. That little Injun nagur, Colonel Nichols, wint up to the iligant bid Oi made fer 'm wid me own hands in the attic—where Miss Dor'thy said—a bid, Colonel Nichols, as iligant as yer own as fur's bounchiness an' clane sheets—wint up, d'ye mind, an' tuk all thim beautiful bid-clo'es, down to the verra mattress, if ye'll b'lave it, colonel, an' dumped the whole outfit down the shtairs agin. But wait! —mind, that ain't all (though well ye may open yer oyes an' shtare, Colonel Nichols!)—that ain't all. That little Injun nagur, Colonel Nichols, is up there this minute, shlapin' an the bare springs, colonel! But that ain't all! W'at do he do, colonel, before doin' that, but inter me room—me own room, at back of the house, foreninst Miss Dor'thy's, colonel, if you'll b'lave it!—an' makes free wid everything he finds there! In petickler, colonel—an' Oi blush fer him to say it!—in petickler, colonel, he takes me iligant flannel nightcap (Oi wear thim, colonel, an' Oi'm not ashamed fer to say it!—but Oi don't wear the wan he tuk, fer it's me best, an' Oi hed it careful done up in tissy paper in me washstand drawer), he takes it, colonel, an' w'at do he do wid it! Puts it an his owdacious black hid, the little nagur! He do, colonel, if ye'll b'lave it! He takes it an' ties it an his Injun hid—his little dirty hid! me flannel nightcap! An' me layin' there in bid, an' can't say a worrud fer modesty's sake! An' all whin Oi tinks he be shlapin' as shwate as a bye ought a be shlapin'! An' at this minnit, colonel, ye kin go up to the bid Oi made fer 'm wid me own hands an' say fer yerself!—me flannel nightcap!"

The colonel looked very serious. "We'll have to see to this, Cornelia—we'll have to see to this," he kept muttering, pacifically.

Cook caught him up after breathing hard a few times: "But sayin' to it 's not w'at's wanted, colonel. Oi must lave—regrettin' it as Oi do. But Oi can't shtay wid sich goin's on in the house. Me sinse of dacency's too shtrong. Oi can't."

"Oh, but Cornelia!" protested the colonel, alarmed and distressed at the prospect of being without a domestic.

"Oi can't, colonel; an' there's an ind to it." She arose.

"Pooh, pooh, Cornelia! Come, we'll arrange it all to-morrow. I'll speak to Miss Dorothy."

"Be kind enough to arrange fer me lavin' ye, colonel," she retorted, as she moved toward the doorway. Then adding, "*If* ye plase, colonel," she stalked from the room.

From this first day cook's mottled tin trunk was in almost perpetual transit between her room and the back porch. She would pack, unpack, and repack, as her spirit was moved by intolerance, again by the colonel's blandishment; and at the severer moments she would present herself unexpectedly at the sitting-room door, or at headquarters, in her gaudy red and white checkered shawl and toplofty bonnet with yellow roses, and demand that a conveyance be placed at her disposal at once. And if the recurrent episode always ended in her heaving a sigh and taking off her black thread mitts, the colonel had some reason to congratulate himself upon his diplomacy.

The first day, too, was hardly an adequate earnest of Hughey's capabilities in the way of mischief; it was merely a warning. With Dorothy—and he was with Dorothy for several hours a day imbibing the course of knowledge she had laid out for him—he was to a certain degree repressed and decorous; but out of her sight the civilized mind was unequal to conceiving and forestalling the form of obliquity he would invent next in his savagery. Dorothy punished him—with words—but it was merely evocative of momentary remorse; the colonel's corrective was in a wholesomer and more whole-hearted form, but it too left but slight impression. It was for a while a favorite plan of the colonel's to lock him up in the woodshed, and the lad's compunction usually lasted long enough for the voluntary chopping up of a pile of sticks as a penance; but once he was out again everything was as before.

If anything was reported wrong at headquarters there was never a moment's hesitation in the mind of anybody as to where the blame might be

rightfully attached. If wagon-wheels were found to come off promptly upon the vehicle's starting, everybody knew that Hughey had removed the nuts; if shirts were found missing from clothes-lines it was readily guessed where they were (the boy had a mania for shirts: dry or wet he would put them on over his blouse, and stalk about the esplanade without the slightest attempt at concealment — quite the contrary); if Major Schenck's veranda-steps were found exceedingly slippery of a morning (never anybody's but the major's, by the way), it was known pretty surely that Hughey had been at work on them with bacon-rind or tallow, and that he was hiding somewhere in the neighborhood waiting for the fat major to come out. It was always Hughey.

With these propensities it is conceivable that the lad was not looked upon favorably. But if he made enemies, these same enemies would very soon find themselves portrayed unenviably upon gate-posts and fences. The boy's ready knife came into play in making hideous caricatures of well-known faces, indelibly carved in the soft pine. Sometimes, rarely, he would repent and laboriously change an expression from diabolical to mere pleasing imbecility; but if the subject's subsequent attitude toward him did not warrant this leniency he would change it again to something worse than before. These carvings were always an index to the boy's current feelings.

Naturally it was not long before Hughey met with an occasional summary backset. Major Schenck, for instance, who had been caricatured, who did not dare venture upon his veranda without sending a light-weight orderly ahead of him, and who had complained to the colonel regularly three times a day for a fortnight, finally took correction into his own hands and spanked the boy thoroughly. Ever after that Hughey had the greatest respect for the major; he carved him full-length in Jumbo-like proportions on the door of his own woodshed, and put himself out to accommodate him. The major was fond of mushrooms, he discovered, for he had often seen his servant gathering them in the bottom-land across the river. From that time on Hughey scoured the country and brought in everything of the kind he could lay hands on. It is nothing to the purpose that most of them were toadstools.

Another time the boy was caught by some enlisted-men upon whom he had been playing pranks, and was ducked in the river until he was nearly drowned. Thenceforth he gave the squad-room the widest of berths; yet his mischief did not cease.

Affairs came to such a pass at last that Dorothy found it necessary to keep a constant watch upon the lad; and accordingly this watchfulness took the form of companionship. When the days brought summer—summer as hot as the winter was cold—she transferred her school-room to a clump of cotton-woods upon the bank of the river, a cool and umbrageous spot of many beauties. There was a tree that was gnarled and weather-worn, whose trunk formed a natural bench, and here, with the boy sprawling in the hummock-grass at her feet, they would go through a, b, ab and b, a, ba to the accompaniment of breezes blowing through the tree-tops, the lapping of the water against the bowlders, the wild song of birds that seemed to want to laugh in their glee.

To all intent this spot was private. But it was not long before Teddy Clarkson chanced upon it in his rambles; and thereafter, so much was he taken with it, he hardly let a day pass without chancing upon it anew. The arrangement he thought very convenient and satisfactory; and the docility with which he accepted the conditions Dorothy imposed—that he should keep absolutely still and never utter a word — so won the girl that she had not the heart to drive him away. Thus came to pass this order of things: Dorothy and Hughey would set out shortly after luncheon, she in a cool gown of pink, or blue, or sea-green, with a sunshade, the boy carrying the books, and proceed down the slope to the river-bank, thence along it to the place of resort; a half-hour after settlement, and when the a, b, ab was successfully if haltingly under way, the lieutenant would come along from the opposite direction, a pipe in his mouth, a stick in his hand. He would

come up, glance in feigned surprise, lift his hat, and without a word throw himself upon the ground at the most comfortable spot. Then he would smoke in grave preoccupation until the boy happened to slip up in his spelling or reading, when he would mildly do the correcting, and once more subside. This was an infraction of the conditions tacitly permitted. At the end he would rise and shake himself, then bow and take his leave.

There was something so cool and calculated in this that Dorothy was at first annoyed; then she regarded it with amusement, and at last as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world. At rare intervals Clarkson found that duty interfered, and could not appear; and these days came to seem as if they lacked something.

Hughey's attitude in the matter was, of course, not taken into consideration. But he was never quite trustful of the lieutenant, never quite easy in his presence. He would eye the young man's reclining figure covertly from the farthest angle of his eye; and the scrutiny did not always end with reassurance. And at times, when Clarkson took upon himself the duty of correction, the boy would show some of his savagery.

One day, for instance, in the reading-lesson Hughey read off with stumbling grotesqueness:

"'Does—the—dawg—run?'"

"Dog," said Clarkson, promptly, turning lazily and knocking his pipe against a stone.

Hughey looked askance for an instant, then repeated, laboredly, "'Does—the—dawg—run?'"

"Dog," said Clarkson again, smothering a yawn and gazing out over the glinting river.

"Daw-w-g!" howled Hughey, his eyes fiery.

Clarkson contemplated the lad a moment with raised brows; then, holding up a hand schoolboy-wise, he lisped, "Miss Dorothy?"

The girl bit her lip, and looked into his serious face. "Well, Mr. Clarkson?" she said.

"Ain't it dog?"

But before she had time to answer, the little savage firebrand was upon his mentor tooth-and-nail. The lieutenant, taken by surprise and recumbent, had only a chance to rise to sitting; and in this posture he checked the onslaught at arms'-length.

For a moment Dorothy looked frightened, and then she slipped from her perch on the tree and went to the rescue.

"You mustn't!" she exclaimed, severely, on the way. Pinioning the small boy from behind, she went on in the pigeon-tongue she found it essential to use with him: "Hughey bad boy! No do that! Bad boy get heap beating!" Then, looking at Clarkson demurely, she added: "Say, I think you'd better go. I'll hold him."

"Will you?" asked Clarkson. "I think I'd like to hold him for 'bout 'n hour 'n half myself. Still, if you think——"

"Yes, I think I'll have to maintain discipline. I'll hold him while you—ah—skite!" She smiled encouragingly.

"Thanks," said Clarkson, perfunctorily. "Since you're so obliging." Then, without further delay, he wandered down the river-bank, switching his stick.

When he came to hand again next afternoon, dignified yet unobtrusive as ever, Hughey stopped in his lesson to scowl at him. But the lieutenant smiled impartially upon teacher and pupil, and throwing himself upon the grass as usual, sent rings of smoke into the air.

Now there was nothing strikingly unusual in this outburst of the boy's; he was a little slumbering volcano, and everybody that knew him at all knew it. But the girl, summing up various manifestations inconsequential in themselves, discerned that Clarkson was growing to be the especial object of hatred. And she wondered why. She could think of no plausible explanation.

As the days grew still warmer, and enervating, she changed the curriculum of the school a little. Lazy herself, and thinking that Hughey was entitled to a short vacation, she remitted the lessons for a while and took to reading aloud to him from books of adventure. Seemingly this was greatly to the boy's

liking; he would sit beside her by the hour, his face emotionless, his mind absorbed, and it was only in the kindling deep in the eyes that she saw how completely he was drunk with the fortunes of Robinson Crusoe and Haroun-al-Raschid and Gulliver. Clarkson attended some of these readings too, but his post duties (he had been made recently regimental adjutant) were more engrossing, and often whole days passed without his appearing. But when he was present Hughey paid not the slightest attention to him.

From Robinson Crusoe and Haroun-al-Raschid and Gulliver, they went to Paul and Virginia; and this seemed to open something entirely new to Hughey. His expression got softer, his eyes were more liquid, his manner less abrupt and rough. And one day—it was at the end of the reading and they were preparing to go home—one day he puzzled the girl by standing before her motionless and with a fixed gaze.

"What is it, Hughey?" she asked, carelessly. "You no ready?"

For a moment he kept looking at her with the same intentness. And at last he said: "Me sick."

"Sick!" she exclaimed.

"Heap sick," he repeated; and added after an instant's pause — "Here" — placing one dusky hand upon his ribs, as if offering pathological evidence to the diagnosis.

She stared at him still puzzled, then burst out laughing. "No eat so much," she replied. "Come, we go home."

It was a minute afterward that the solution in the Clarkson matter flashed upon her. There was a red in her cheeks not sunburn; and she heard the little pattering feet behind her with a tender pity. They sounded so like a faithful dog's.

Mrs. Paulson presently got to saying to the ladies who made it a practice to drink tea with her of an afternoon, that Dorothy Nichols and Teddy Clarkson had certainly come to an understanding. She based her surmises upon a variety of circumstances: First, did they (the ladies) notice that these two young people had shown a propensity to take long walks together of an evening?—walks out on the quiet prairie where all was deep green grass and primrose sky —walks down upon the river-bank where it was fully as quiet, and where they could look upon the water in its poetic flow; second, did they notice that Teddy went red when the girl appeared in his neighborhood, and that she likewise went red and glowing of the eyes? third, did they notice that Teddy no longer had any time for them (the ladies) and that his attentions were grown to the last degree perfunctory? Oh, they had noticed these things! And then she would shrug charmingly, and start the conversational ball to rolling.

But if there was an understanding between Dorothy and Clarkson, the colonel did not yet know of it; and he would have argued from that circumstance (Dorothy being a most dutiful daughter) that the wife of Captain Paulson was wrong. Mrs. Paulson and her friends, however, never hinted such a thing to the colonel, and if he was unable to see for himself, why, he was certainly no blinder than some papas who have preceded him. Not to intimate for a moment that the colonel would have looked askance at Clarkson as a son-in-law; the young man was as rising a young man as a young man can be in a profession which affords, paradoxically, no chance for rising without affording a far better chance for falling. In other words, Clarkson, a most exemplary, level-headed, and pushing young soldier, could not advance to a place in a higher grade because somebody else was already occupying it.

Perhaps, on the whole, the young people *were* more together these summer days than they had been ever before. Mrs. Paulson's statement regarding the walks was incontrovertible; and, more than that, when they were not out walking together they would often be on the colonel's veranda or in his sitting-room. Unbiassedly, they did indeed seem to be on a fair way to an understanding.

Hughey might have given both the colonel and Mrs. Paulson some points on the subject. The boy was not a spy nor an eavesdropper, by any means;

but so long as he looked upon his mistress as the centre of the universe it was unavoidable that he should come into recognition of the lieutenant's presence near that centre when it was so constantly manifested. Sometimes he would sit upon the veranda near them—Dorothy would press his little paw softly, and tell him to stay—but oftener the lieutenant had some plausible errand for him. The dislike he had had for Clarkson from the first had now increased to hatred, and hatred of the hot kind that jealousy brings. Before long there was something in his miserable little heart which he had never known before. Of course he did not know now what it was, but the ache often brought tears to his eyes. And one of his blood never weeps from physical pain. The volcano was ready to burst into fire.

Upon a night in August Clarkson had come as usual. It was chilly outside, and he and Dorothy had gone into the sitting-room. Hughey sat upon the veranda-steps, and even from there he could hear their voices. As he sat, crouched against a pillar, he was just as he felt—abject, neglected, forlorn. For him the first crisis in his short life was reached; he was in the throes of an emotion the first principle of which he could not have been made to understand if it had been explained to him by the ablest metaphysician of record. An hour, perhaps more, passed; and in that hour the boy did not move. He seemed to be listening to the crickets, to the tree-frogs, to any of the innumerable voices of the night. In reality he was listening to the voices within—not with the motive of hearing what was said, but as one will listen unconsciously to any sound which pleases the ear. Suddenly the voices ceased; and it struck him as odd.

A moment afterward he heard a man's rapid footsteps in the entry, coming toward him. He started, and slunk farther back into the shadow. Clarkson came out, head down, crossed the veranda with big strides, and descended to the path.

The boy recognized in the young man's bearing, in the sudden outburst, something unusual. Awhile he sat still, his small wretched heart pounding with passion, his fingers tightly clutched in his palms. Then he got up with feline noiselessness and crept toward the doorway.

In the first glance that he caught he paused with all his muscles tense, still like a cat, crouching. The entry was dimly lighted by a Japanese lantern suspended from the ceiling. On the stairway, slowly mounting, was a figure in white. He saw at once that it was Dorothy—that she had a handkerchief to her face—that she was crying; his quick ear even caught the sobs.

For a single instant he stood motionless, his black eyes widened and lighting into fire, his breath coming fast. Then, turning with incredible quickness, he cleared the veranda at a bound and shot down the path.

In her little white room, upon her little white bed, Dorothy lay limp. She had wept—passionately, all her heart bursting; but now her grief was tearless. Nothing in the world mattered anymore; she was come to the end, and it was bitter. They had quarrelled; she hated him—she loved him. But it was all over. Never again was there to be a joyful moment for her. It was, in short, all the old despair, so well understood—so badly understood.

She had been lying thus perhaps ten minutes when suddenly there burst upon her deadened ear a shriek from below. She did not seem to realize what it was; but far away as she was in spirit it gained her attention and she leaned upon an elbow listening. In a moment it came again.

She was up instantly and out into the passage. She heard cook's voice bewailing downstairs. With a rush she made the descent and entered the sitting-room. Upon the lounge was a recumbent figure. Beside it, upon her knees, was cook. Two orderlies stood at the head.

She felt a constriction of the throat, and her hands went up convulsively. She thought it was her father. As she advanced one of the soldiers touched cook to call her attention.

The woman turned. Her cheeks were shiny with tears, her eyes brimming and red.

"It's *him*, Miss Dor'thy!" she wailed. "Oh, it's *him!* An' me so disgustin'! O Miss Dor'thy!"

The girl now saw. Hughey, pale in his duskiness, lay collapsed upon the couch. There was no appearance of pain, none of hurt; the eyelids rested smoothly, and at the corners of the mouth there was the smile of peace. She noticed these things with a feeling of horror, then turned dumbly to the nearest orderly. The man shifted legs uncomfortably, and it was a moment before he could speak. Then he said, conclusively:

"He's hurrted, mum."

She looked back at the boy's face without even so much command of words as that. But presently, when she struggled, a queer little voice came out and said:

"But Dr. Maginn?"

"Oh, he's comin', mum!" the orderly answered, seemingly cheered that he could say a pleasant thing like that—and immediately repeated it—"Oh, the surgeon's comin', mum!"

"Oh, yes, mum, he's comin' to onct!" put in the other man, with kindly fellowship. Then he added, to crown the distinguished success of this one speech: "Oi don't tink he's hurrted bahd, mum."

For a while, until the surgeon came, the three stood silent again, looking down upon the unconscious boy; and cook, sunk to the floor, kept up her moaning. But with the entrance of Dr. Maginn they fell to one side.

The little stout doctor bowed pleasantly to Dorothy, but stood on no ceremony. With an instant professional sobriety of face he began the examination. He passed his hands carefully over the little body from head to foot. Then he looked up and caught the girl's anxious eye.

"Nothing at all, Miss Nichols," he said, smiling. "It might have been, but wasn't. Some——"

"Nothin' at all!" interrupted cook, wildly. "An' me poor bye afther bein' murdthered! Oh, docther, docther, w'ere's yer larnin'!"

Dr. Maginn eyed the woman severely for an instant, then went on with calm deliberation. "Some small bones fractured, perhaps—I can tell on later examination—but I think not. Some cold water, please."

Cook scrambled to her feet. "Wather!" she muttered—"it's whiska ye want." Then she shuffled out.

While she was away the surgeon went on: "But for Teddy it was a close call. If he——"

"For—for whom?" the girl asked, uncertain that she heard aright.

"For Clarkson."

It chanced that he was not looking at her, or he might have seen something in her face that would have caused him to transfer his attentions from the boy to her. She had the back of a chair handy, and as she clutched it she repeated, "For Lieutenant Clarkson, you were saying?——"

He had not seen. As he opened his black bag and searched for restoratives among the grewsome shining steel that he had been prepared to use, he continued:

"Yes, for Clarkson. But he's all right, it happens. Several deep scalp-cuts, but no fracture. Dilloway's fixing him up, and he'll be out in a jiffy. Shouldn't wonder if he'd come down to see how the boy is. Maybe——"

Cook was back with the water, and with a little black flask, and he interrupted himself to take the pitcher and goblet, and to frown upon the other; then he went on: "What a ferocious little devil it must be!—eh? He jumped on Teddy like a tiger—and the knife was better than claws. Lucky Teddy had his stick with him! And you see he didn't know. He thought, I suppose—and anybody might have thought—he was set upon by a whole gang. So sudden and terrific, y' know. But say, Miss Nichols" (he looked up suddenly) "don't—er—don't say anything about it to the colonel—eh? As it turns out it's all right, and Teddy doesn't want to make a fuss, and——"

At the moment there was the sound of steps upon the veranda, then in the entry; in another Clarkson himself stood in the doorway—a trifle pale, his head comical with a fatigue-cap surmounting the swathing of bandages.

He took off the cap and came in on tiptoe, his anxious glance going from

Dorothy to the boy, then to the surgeon.

"Teddy, your defence was artistic!" murmured that gentleman, admiringly. "Stunned him, rendered him *hors de combat*, estopped him without a scratch! It showed genius. Here, hold this bottle a moment."

There was an interval of silence as the surgeon worked. Then, with a slight muscular spasm, Hughey opened his eyes.

"Good!" exclaimed Dr. Maginn, softly. "We've fetched him! Well, my boy?"

The lad gazed at him vacantly for a moment, then wonderingly. Failing to comprehend, he turned his head slightly and caught sight of the lieutenant. Even then he appeared apathetic. But when he came to Dorothy a light rose in his eyes and he smiled.

The girl had started toward him impulsively, tears clinging to her lashes, but she was cut off by cook, who, with a breathless moan that might otherwise have been a shriek, flung herself upon the lad and swayed him and herself to and fro.

"Me darlint!—me baby!—me little——!"

The surgeon was not a sentimentalist. With a slight puckering of the lips and of the brows, he looked on for a moment; then moving toward Clarkson he caught the young man's arm in his own. "Come, Teddy," he said; "he's all right; we'll not intrude our professions—both of 'em gory and disquieting—into a scene like this. Call off your men."

But the lieutenant did not move. "I think I'll—I think I'll stay a moment, Maginn," he murmured. "You go ahead. I think I'll stay."

The surgeon looked at him in surprise; then, speaking a few words to Dorothy about the lad's treatment, he beckoned the orderlies, and the three retired.

For a little while after they were gone Clarkson stood undetermined, his face flushed. At last, not seeming to notice cook's presence, he said:

"I—I hope you don't think too hard of me, Miss Nichols? I didn't know, of course. It was so unexpected. I—I hope the colonel isn't home?"

Dorothy merely shook her head without looking at him. She did not seem to have recovered yet from the stupor into which she had fallen.

"I hadn't the least idea!" Clarkson pursued vaguely, feeling that he must say something. "It was all so sudden!—so uncalled for!"

Still the girl gazed stupidly at cook's broad back.

The young man, perceiving that the broad back was in the way, touched it gently with his hand to convey the hint that it might remove itself.

Cook turned like a lioness and flashed a malignant scowl.

"Don't tech me!" she cried. "W'at d'ye mane! An' afther shlaughterin' me poor baby! Oh, ye—oh, ye sogerin' pray—prayambulators!" Then she fell again upon the boy, weeping the more.

Clarkson drew back a step uncertainly. He glanced at Dorothy; she was regarding him with her soft dewy eyes.

"Dorothy," he began, his face crimson— "Dorothy, *you* do not——"

But that was as far as he got, for the next moment he had her head upon his breast.

How the colonel got to know about it never transpired; but it was bruited that cook went one morning to headquarters, where she was closeted with him for a half-hour. It was also said her chief demand was that Clarkson be hanged at sunset of the same evening. But wherever the leak, the colonel certainly got to know, and just as certainly he laid out for pursuit a course of action peculiarly his own.

The affair might have been overlooked, considering the youth of the delinquent, had the attack been made merely upon Lieutenant Clarkson a member of his regiment, but upon Lieutenant Clarkson a member of his family, it was, as he solemnly confided to himself, a horse of quite another complexion. The boy's past misdeeds did not enter into the question at all; in fact the colonel was rather prone to look upon them leniently; he even smiled when he reviewed the episode of Schenck and the slippery veranda. But as it was, the boy must be sent away;

that was the only remedy. Had there been any difficulty about finding a place to send him, there might have been a different conclusion; but what more advantageous to the boy himself than that he be sent to the school at Carlisle especially provided by a paternal Government? There he would receive a training and an education which would fit him for the highest walks of life. There was no question about it, it was the very place.

A fortnight or so after the colonel had reached this conclusion, an ambulance stood in front of headquarters awaiting orders. It had not been waiting long, before a party came out from the commandant's office—a party in which were the colonel himself, Dorothy, Clarkson, Hughey, and Major Schenck, besides some lesser officers. Although there was to be a parting, the cheer was predominant.

Hughey, in new clothes, climbed up to the seat beside the driver with agile eagerness, and with pride. Heretofore his connection with the conveyance had been at the tail-end. He grinned impartially upon the little group and yelled, "Good-by, people!" then, turning to the horses he cried, "Tlk! tlk!"

Dorothy had hugged him before he got up; but now she made him lean down again to repeat it. The boy noticed something in her face that sobered his own for a moment. He murmured, shyly, "Me come back bimeby."

"Come, come," cried the colonel with the obtrusive joviality the stoic employs—"no more of this! You must be off, or you'll not get on!"

The ambulance was ready to start, but the lieutenant called attention to an obese figure—one arm of which was winnowing the air—waddling down from the officers' quarters. It was, unmistakably, cook.

In a moment or two she got up, rosy and puffing.

"Oi knowed Oi'd make it!" she cried. Then, with reproach, she added, "An' ye w'u'dn't hev waited a minnit!"

She had a little package that she endeavored to convey surreptitiously to the lad, whispering hoarsely.

But Hughey either did not understand her, or his curiosity was too great, for he immediately broke the string and commenced to unwrap the paper.

"Don't!" cried cook, her face flaming. She tried to grab the parcel from him.

But to her everlasting shame the boy opened it, and disclosed a scarlet affair which might have been taken for a toque, but which, to those versed in such matters, was unmistakably a nightcap.

"Come!" cried the colonel again. "No more fooling! You'll have to be off. Go on, corporal."

The driver's whip cracked, and the ambulance got under way. There were cries of farewell and a waving of hands. To the very last Hughey leaned out over the wheel, smiling from ear to ear, the red cap stuck jauntily upon his black head, and yelling as only one of his race can yell. Presently the vehicle was lost in a cloud of dust.

The little party stood silent. Cook was weeping outright, and Dorothy's head was averted. The colonel wanted to be cheerful, but he did not know exactly how to begin. He looked about him, and noticed a dirty slouching figure that had remained in the background. Then he realized what good cause they had to be cheerful.

The figure drew near, and Little-Big-Bear's gutturals fell upon his ear.

"Good boy," he said; "make maybe plenty work bimeby."



In Front of the Terrace in Central Park, New York.

BEDDING-PLANTS

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

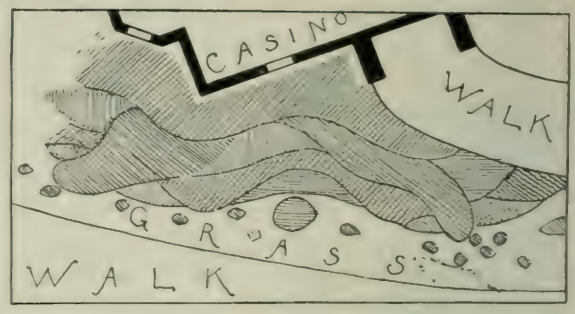
A GROUP of flowers on the lawn, a bed of soft earth dug out of the green-sward and filled every spring with ornamental plants that die in autumn when early frosts appear, and, with few exceptions, perish altogether, if left out, in the winter—this is what is meant when the term "bedding-plants" is used. There are plants that die down every fall, but spring up the next year—such as dwarf phloxes. These may be grown in "beds," but they are not "bedding-plants" as the term is understood among the "initiated." They are perennials or hardy herbaceous plants.

Bedding-plants are used throughout civilized countries wherever cultivated lawns abound. The smallest door-yards are ornamented with their jewel-like, gleaming colors, and florists in the smallest villages drive a thriving trade yearly by setting out bedding-plants. They grow quickly, and are in full beauty in a few weeks; and can, moreover, be planted out in such advanced growth that their best effect may be secured almost immediately.

Nothing appeals more universally to the sense of beauty than flowers, red and white and purple and golden. The flower is the natural type of all beauty. Beautiful as a flower has been a favorite comparison in all ages and climes. When to the flower you add the green and gold and purple of leaves of manifold graces of curve and outline, is it wonderful that bedding-plants possessed of such charms acquire world-wide popularity. Bedding-plants moreover, belong especially to the poor man. They cost but a few pennies—that is some of the best of them; geraniums, coleuses, and others cost no more—and their attractions are in strongest evidence at once, and throughout the en-



A Steep Bank in Front of the Casino, Central Park.
(Diagram shows the Arrangement of Plants.)



tire summer flash and gleam with a continued effect like nothing else in nature or art.

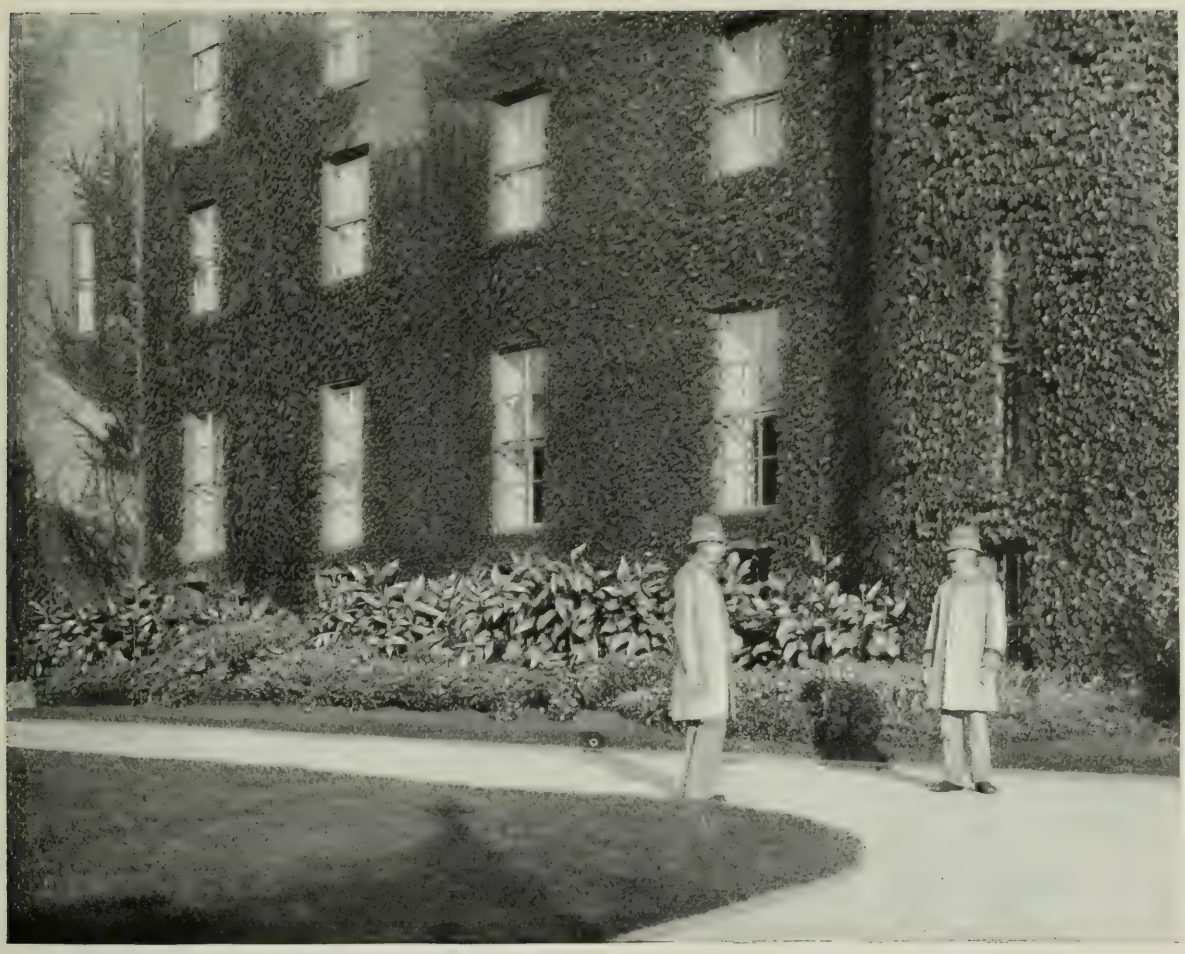
Trees and shrubs require time to develop their perfect beauty; in some cases so long a time that only the children of the parent that planted them can hope to see their mature effects. The beauties of bedding-plants not only develop in a few days, but are unsurpassed in splendor, because the tropics as well as the northern zone are called upon to add riches to the treasury of color and form. Since bedding-plants are set out from the greenhouse in the warm days of May and June, nearly all of the more tender kinds of plants can be used—palms, cannas, acalyphas, banana plants. And when we have these, we have all the most dominant effects of the tropics, so that we can easily see how summer, hot sunlight, suggestions of the tropics, and the universal love for rich and glowing color all combine to render bedding-plants supremely popular. Few trees or shrubs bloom in the heated days of July and August, and even the brighter-colored leaves of trees, such as the purple beech, fade in hue, while both leaves and flowers of bedding-plants are at their best during the hottest summer days.



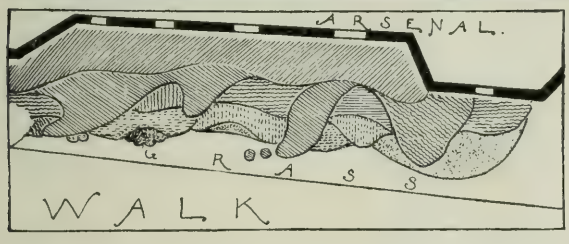
Canna.
Acalypha.
Salvia splendeus.
Geranium.
Vinca major.
Lantana.
Coleus verchaffeldtii.
Centauria.
Alternanthera.
Pyrethrums.
Geranium Horse Shoe.

Key to the Diagrams.

I have stated these facts which are familiar to nearly



Around the Arsenal, Central Park.



everyone because there has appeared a growing distaste for bedding-plants in quarters where we should look for the best discrimination and taste in landscape gardening art. The employment of such terms as gaudy, glaring, cockneyfied, crude, vulgar, inartistic, in connection with bedding-plants must be based on definite and probably reasonable grounds, or the people who use them would hardly venture the expressions. Crusades against bedding-plants have been carried on by persons of knowledge and taste, persons whose genuine love and comprehension of the best landscape gardening ideals cannot be questioned. But we have seen that the bedding-plants individually are recognized as excellent, just suited to desirable summer effects. Everyone wants them, and will have and use them, in spite of a few "carping critics," as the bedding-plant men would call them. And why shouldn't they use them? Please answer me that, ye high and mighty advocates of the unattainable? Did it ever occur to you that these cannas and coleuses could be used as naturally and artistically as the native shrub or vine on a wild-looking hillside? If you have had your eyes open and gone about a bit, you have doubtless seen arrangements of bedding-plants as natural and artistic in composition as the most loosely arranged and charmingly combined bouquet of flowers. Custom is rapidly doing away with set pieces of cut flowers, artificially and stiffly combined; why should we not have a similar reform in the use of bedding-plants? Because gardeners of great skill and knowledge of plants succeed in making wonderful combinations of form and color with bedding-plants, which combinations are also artificial, formal and unnatural,

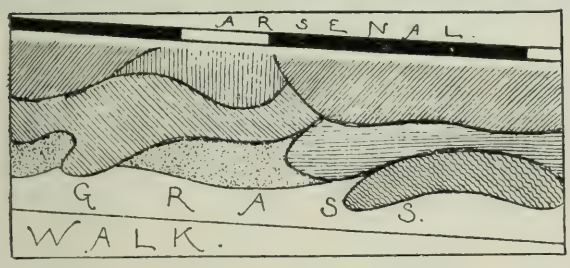
shall we give up altogether one of the most delightful of summer effects? We have had a reform in the use of cut flowers, let us have a reform in the arrangement of bedding-plants. The very men, I believe, who now display such marvellous skill in arranging their bedding-plants in purely artificial forms would come to take special delight in more natural and simpler methods when they had once tried them. It is true, bedding-plants are, in many cases, individually showy, and even, we will allow, glaring, but so are many of the colors that well-dressed women wear. In such cases art has so subdued, limited, and duly related all the gorgeousness of color with other and quieter effects that the entire arrangement is harmonious. Why not, then, apply the same system to the arrangement of bedding-plants on parks and lawns?

One of the chief reasons why many combinations of bedding-plants are unsuccessful is because they are planted in the wrong place. The effect of an otherwise successful composition of form and color will be utterly destroyed if set in the wrong place. A park or a lawn is composed in main part of buildings, fences, roads, paths, trees, shrubs, and grass. These are the component and essential features of every park and lawn. Bedding-plants can only come in for ornamentation and to supplement the effect of the main features. If, in any way, they mar or limit the attractiveness of these main features they become an excrescence and a nuisance. To say that bedding-plants should be set out in strict artistic relation with the main features of the place does not mean a great deal to the reader unless examples are given, and, unfortunately, examples vary infinitely. It is easier perhaps to say what should not be done with bedding-plants. Don't plant masses of them on the lawn so as to dwarf and divide up the main expanse of the greensward, which should be the chief beauty of every place. As a rule, don't set plants of any kind out in the middle of the lawn. A pernicious practice is to surround single shade trees with little collars of coleuses and geraniums. Avoid that, as well as any arrangement that consists of an isolated group that is properly related to nothing else but the grass. Bedding-plants look particularly well adjoining architectural structures. There is something about the palm and canna that makes them specially effective planted against carved or cut stone masses as a background. They seem part of the architecture itself, ornamenting and enhancing its charms like some deftly arranged drapery. Adjoining a house or fence, bedding generally arranges itself better than elsewhere.

There is one place where you can always plant bedding safely, sure of not marring the effect of the lawn, and that is back of, or away from, the house, in a regular flower-garden, shut in completely by trees and shrubs or a stone wall. Arranged in this way the bedding-plants may be combined in any fashion fancy may dictate, since they make no part of the effect of the lawn. It is an excellent way to lay out a flower-garden. Everything can be grown there, and many paths can be made to lead the visitor to different flowering masses of foliage. The taste for old-fashioned flower-gardens of this type is growing, and it is a hopeful landscape-gardening sign of the times. Foregrounds of shrubbery may be used in many cases for bedding-plants, but the bedding-plants should, in such cases, be carefully subordinated to the general effect of the shrubs, for a great blaze of color at such points would be distinctly inharmonious and out of key with the landscape. The landscape gardening of bedding-plants, however, does not depend on the exercise of a haphazard so-called good taste by some one who simply knows how to grow plants. It is, on the other hand, distinctly artistic work, based on principles of the art that underlie every form of landscape gardening. The composition of a landscape-gardening picture, just as the composition of a painting, must have a definite scheme that has not only plenty of design but a nicely adjusted relation of form and color. There must be careful study given to the treatment, of foreground, middle distance, and background, and the sky lines and level effects of water



Details of the Planting at the Arsenal.



and greensward must be duly considered. Not only must the relations of bedding-plants and shrubs be considered, but the composition of the individual bed of plants must be carefully worked out. You must have a system and be governed by certain general rules, but there must be no mannerism or adherence to any hard-and-fast line of treatment. Every new problem must be studied with regard to its own inherent peculiarity. Let me illustrate what I mean. As a rule the large plants in a bed should stand in the middle, or at the back of the group, set against a building or fence. First should come, as in all plant combinations on the lawn, the lesser effect of grass, something a few inches high, like alternanthera; then the next greater or small shrub effect, like that of geranium and coleus; then the large shrub effect, like the acalypha and salvia, and finally, the tree effect, like the canna and musa. To this general rule you will adhere, but with marked variations that will seem almost at times like transgressions of your most fixed principles. Canna and musa will thrust themselves forward almost, but never quite, to the border of the group, always keeping the acalypha and geranium effect, though ever so narrow, between it and the grass. The acalypha will throw out at times promontories of foliage beyond the foreground itself, and drop one or three plants to grow in isolated places outside of the group on the grass. Geraniums and coleuses will stray across the alternanthera border continually to overcome all monotony of outline. And yet all through you will find a general adherence to the principle of large plants to the back and small to the front. Only, as you want to treat your bedding in a natural and artistic way, you will continually seek to vary the forms as well as colors, to blend and contrast in such a manner as to surprise and delight in a hundred ways without the



The Fountain Basin, Union Square, New York.

slightest trace of monotony or *mannered* designs. Formalism there is undoubtedly, but it is the formalism of the copse and the forest dell. To explain just how to make these thoroughly artistic arrangements of bedding-plants is, of course, impossible. The painter might just as well attempt to explain how he paints a picture, how he manages his lights and shades and masses his colors. Practice, experience, and natural aptitude for producing artistic effects, and, above all, the study of the best models, will alone give the desired facility.

There are numberless species and varieties of bedding-plants, but there are a few so excellent that whatever other plants are used they should invariably occupy prominent positions. They are musas (bananas), cannas, acalyphas, salvias, geraniums, vincas, lantanas, begonias, coleuses, centaurias, pyrethrums, and alternantheras. Most of these plants are familiar to thousands of people throughout the land, and any florist can show good specimens of them. I must, however, say a few words about acalyphas and begonias. Acalyphas have several varieties differing much in size, the largest growing usually two to two and one-half feet high. The leaves are six or eight inches long and beautifully formed, with their surface painted with mingled tints of red, bronze, and purple, with, in some cases, vivid markings of yellow. It is a vigorous plant, enduring droughts with success. Strange to say, it is little used, though comparatively well known. The tuberous begonias, especially an improved kind called vernon, are valuable bedding-plants, enduring droughts well till frost, and exhibiting the most picturesque forms and colors of leaf and flower. It is, of course, hard to make a choice among so many kinds of bedding-plants; but I think I could manage some very good bedding with no other kinds than cannas, acalyphas, geraniums, coleus, begonias, and alternantheras. Well managed and faithful maintenance is of the utmost importance to bedding-plants. Cultivation and watering should go on almost continually except during actual rainy spells, and the soil of the



Another View of the Union Square Fountain Basin.

bed should be renewed frequently, every year if necessary, and thoroughly enriched with manure. Good-sized plants should be set out so as to get the desired effect quickly, and not during the middle or latter part of the season. Avoid using the pruning-knife on your bedding-plants more than is absolutely necessary to remove a dead leaf or distorted branch. Clipping or trimming a bed of coleus into a formal, rounded shape may look neat and workmanlike, but it destroys the individual character of the plant and is inartistic.

There are used yearly for planting beds throughout the various parks of New York City something over half a million bedding-plants. These consist of pansies, daisies, forget-me-nots, and tulips in the spring, and cannas, geraniums, etc., in summer. Not one of these beds is used amid the essentially rural scenery of Central Park, except immediately adjoining two or three buildings, or in architectural surroundings at the park gates. Throughout the small city parks, where the space is contracted, and buildings dominate and press in on every side, most of the bedding is located. The picture on page 331 illustrates how we have solved one problem of bedding around the Arsenal, or Museum in Central Park, just opposite Sixty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. I have selected this example because it would apply to a thousand similar situations all over the country. A wall of brick covered with Japanese ivy, ampelopsis tricuspidata, has a border of ten feet out to the sidewalk. Directly against the building grows a mass of cannas with a varying width of three to four feet. In front of the cannas comes a band of acalyphas and other plants of similar size, and finally, on the outer verge, for say two feet, alternantheras, centaurias, and pyrethrums are used. No better edging for beds exists than alternanthera. It should be used freely on the borders of all bedding as the next and best gradation to be obtained above clipped grass. The arrangement I have indicated, however, means a great deal more than mere parallel lines of ribbon bedding. Irregularity devised on a



A Detail of the Planting at the Arsenal.

regular system characterizes the plan throughout. The front line of the cannas wavers in and out, but never actually crosses the band in front of it, while the acalyphas break the line of their band at frequent intervals, thrusting themselves clear across the border, and even dropping a single plant on the open turf. Look down the perspective of the entire group, and see how the top line or points of the canna vary in height; how the top line of the next lower plants, acalyphas, is marked out distinctly in the mass, and yet how charmingly they blend with the front band or border. I am tempted to use the term *sky line* for *top line*. It conveys the right idea although there is no sky there, only a vine-covered wall. The relation of the masses has been also carefully studied, and the due proportions considered that make so much for success in any picture. It is hard to avoid recognizing, as we look at this picture, that the underlying idea or principle of the design is identical with that which governs the composition of a combined tree and shrub group. The pictures on pages 333 and 336 show the details of the planting at the Arsenal. The exact type of each leaf is clearly distinguishable, especially in the former. In front of the planting shown on page 333 come alternantheras and the white centaurias; back of the centaurias, geraniums, and of the alternantheras, acalyphas, the acalyphas extending across the alternantheras on to the turf. In the picture on this page you see a single plant of dwarf acalypha straying out in the middle of the turf. The picture on page 330 shows a bed arranged on a steep bank in front of the Casino, a restaurant in Central Park. The three-band treatment is again used, without lying single jewel-like dwarf acalyphas in the turf. Variety and mystery, and a long, sweeping curve, marked by irregularity, characterize the sky line of this group. The picture on page 329 shows the bedding treatment in front of the Terrace in Central Park. Masses of cannas and salvias grow directly against the heavy carved stone posts and balustrades; in front of them acalyphas, geraniums, and plants of similar size, and in front of them again are alternantheras and centaurias, with here and there, to break the line of the border, a waving clump of the graceful grass eulalia japonica. Grass extends

down from this, until it meets the foreground plantation in the picture, which borders another stone balustrade. The pictures on pages 334 and 335 show the Union Square Fountain Basin, the most admired flower and leaf effect in New York. Hundreds study the charming water-lily effects daily in summer, on account of their exquisite beauty and great novelty. But no less beautiful in its way is the necklace of bedding, 5½ feet wide, by which the fountained basin is enframed. The foundation, or lowest portion of this bed, is alternanthera. From the masses of this plant rise islands of geraniums, horse-shoe and other kinds, and from each island grow single plants of acalypha. In the bright sunlight each acalypha seems a jewel. It is a simple pattern that repeats itself all around the fountain, as may be seen in the picture, and in landscape gardening relations the alternantheras represent grass; the geraniums, shrub groups, and the acalyphas, trees. These few examples of existing arrangements of bedding-plants indicate, in a limited degree, how freely and devoid of formality bedding designs may be made, and at the same time treated strictly in accordance with the broadest principles of landscape gardening.



LAND-LOCKED

By Charles Buxton Going

Oh! for the dull and muffled roar
And the hiss of breaking foam,
Where the green waves tumble along the shore
With the sea-light in their comb.
Oh! for the breath of the tide-filled pond
Where the seaweed floats and dips,
And the deep blue spread of the sea beyond
With its far-off sailing ships.

With its far-off ships on their far-off ways
Where they leave no track behind,
But the shore sinks back in a landward haze
And they run with the free sea-wind:
With the strange seafolk, that have lived alone
On the sky-rimmed deep swung free,
Till they seem in key with the undertone
Of the ceaseless surging sea.

Then sing me, wind, of the wide sea songs
Till I scent the salt, salt spray;
For my heart is parched and athirst, and longs
For the roll of the surge to-day.
But I know I shall see, if I lift my eyes,
Close round upon every hand,
The glare of the brass-hued prairie skies
And the sun-scorched, dead-grass land.

WHEN SLAVERY WENT OUT OF POLITICS

By Noah Brooks

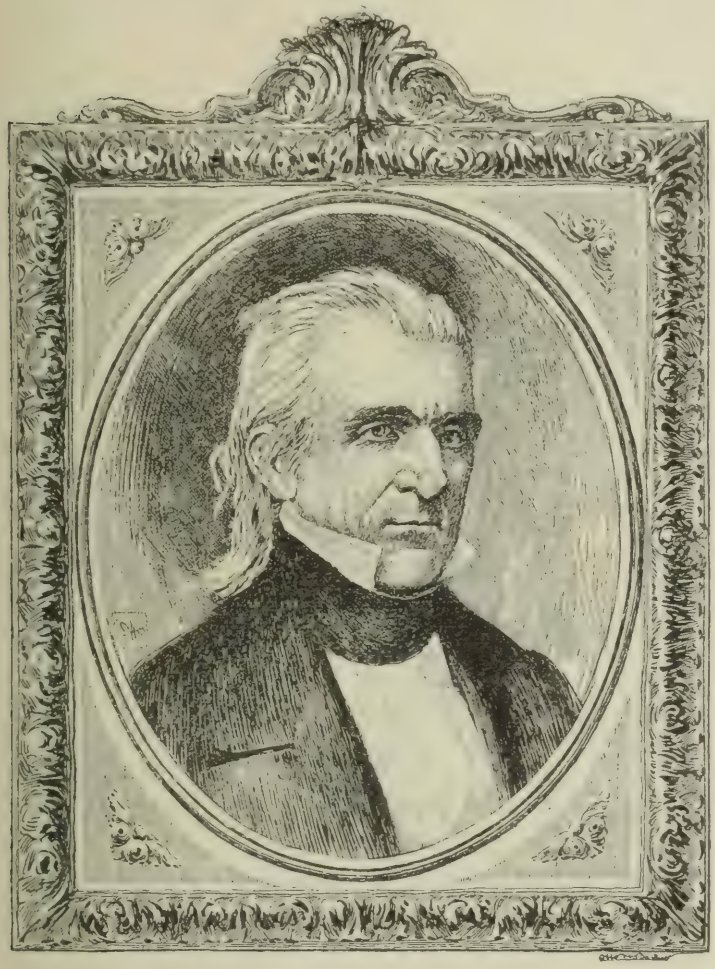


AMES G. BIRNEY was an Alabama slave-holder who, being converted to the cause of immediate emancipation, in 1834, freed his slaves, and further evinced the faith that was in him by removing to Cincinnati and there setting up a newspaper, *The Philanthropist*, in which he advocated the doctrines that he had embraced. After the cheerful custom of that time, he was repeatedly mobbed and his types and presses destroyed in the interest of the divine institution of slavery, whose outposts he had attacked. Finally giving up the hopeless task in the free State of Ohio, Mr. Birney went to the city of New York, where he had no perishable property to be wrecked, and where he became an active agent and promoter of the American Antislavery Society.

When the Abolitionists of that day got down to voting, they did not find in the candidates of either of the two great parties a man on whom they could place the decoration of their confidence. They voted in the air. They nominated Mr. Birney for President in 1840, when General Harrison ran against and defeated Martin Van Buren. They nominated him again in 1844, when Henry Clay was defeated by James K. Polk. If the Abolitionists, who took the name of Liberty Party when they went into National politics, had voted for Henry Clay in 1844, they might have elected him. In the canvass, that year, Polk had only 38,792 votes over Clay; Birney polled 62,263 votes, all told; and it was the Liberty Party vote of New York that turned the scale, giving the State to Polk by a small plurality, and thereby insuring him a majority of the electoral votes. Of the two leading candidates, Clay was more distinctively to be regarded as opposed to slavery extension. Polk was unreservedly in favor of the annexation of Texas and of the whole pro-slavery programme. But the Liberty Party men, throwing away their votes on James G. Birney and thereby making sure the election of the pro-slavery candidate of the Democratic Party, builded better than they knew. They hastened the more forcible and offensive exhibition of the policy of the slave-owners, and they convinced thoughtful Abolitionists that if they were to accomplish anything in American politics, they must unite with all the elements that were opposed to any further extension of slavery. Heretofore they had clamored for the immediate abolition of slavery; they were content with no preliminary measures; they had theorized very much as the Prohibitionists have since. Now they began to think that a union of voters opposed to enlarging the domain of slavery was not only practicable but expedient. The Liberty Party, passing through sundry mutations, eventually became part of the organization that took up the gage of battle thrown down by the slave power and so saved Liberty and Union.

President Polk was a strict constructionist in all matters but those relating to the extension of slavery. There he was consistent in his devotion to the peculiar institution, even while he invoked the power of the Constitution to defeat the intention of Congress to provide for the improvement of rivers and harbors and other public works. But by this time, although questions relating to the tariff, public improvements, and other minor interests had not been wholly laid aside, the great, looming, and all-absorbing topic in American politics was slavery and its innumerable correlatives. In the last year of Polk's administration, the bill to organize the Territory of Oregon without slavery was passed by the Whig House of Representatives; it was so amended by the Democratic

Senate as to extend the line of the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean. The House, by a sectional vote, rejected that amendment; and the Senate, with a bad grace, passed the bill. It was not yet time to divide the newly acquired territory into two parts, the Northern half free and the Southern half slave.



James K. Polk.
From a photograph by Brady.

Debates in Congress grew more and more excited as the slavery question again rose above the horizon. The few Northern Congressmen who inclined to antislavery views were assailed with coarse abuse. Senator John P. Hale, for example, was not only excluded rigorously from all the standing committees of the Senate, but was assaulted with virulence. The loose-tongued Foote, of Mississippi, once told him that he, Hale, "could not go ten miles into the interior of Mississippi before he would grace one of the tallest trees of the forest, with a rope round his neck, with the approbation of every honest and patriotic citizen." Compliments like these were common in Congress. The slave-holders now advanced the dogma that human slavery was guaranteed protection under the Constitution in all that part of the domain of the United States in which State Governments had not been set up, and the institution formally excluded. Although the Constitution, of which they were so strict constructionists, *referred* to slaves as "persons," they now contended that they *were* "property," and as such were entitled to the same protection in the Territories as that accorded to real or any other personal estate.

Meanwhile, abolitionism was assuming a political complexion in the Northern States, to the extreme discomfort of the managers of both great parties. The Presidential Election of 1848 was coming on, and the Whigs of the North were greatly perturbed as they saw their party "ratted" by men who incontinently deserted, as if *they* already scented disaster and wreck. In the Massachusetts Whig Convention of that year, Daniel Webster, with characteristic grandiloquence, recalling the fugitives, said: "For my part, in the dark and troubled night that is upon us, I see no star above the horizon promising light to guide us but the intelligent, patriotic, united Whig party of the United States." Already, although that party was on the eve of a famous victory, its knell had sounded.

A more serious schism than that in the Whig party of Massachusetts was going on meanwhile in the Democratic party of New York. The friends of Martin Van Buren did not forgive the defeat of their favorite leader by the aggressive slave power in the National Convention of 1844. Recognizing the fact that his alleged hostility to the further extension of slavery had cost him dearly, the Sage of Kinderhook was

made a hero and a martyr. The Democrats of New York divided into anti-slavery and pro-slavery factions, or they were known as Barnburners and Hunkers. The Barnburners did not propose incendiarism; their nickname was given them by men who accused them of being ready to destroy the Union to kill slavery, like the foolish farmer who burned his barn to exterminate the rats that plagued him. A Hunker was a conservative. In Massachusetts the Conscience Whigs were opposed by the Cotton Whigs; and each faction distrusted the other.

The Democratic and Whig National Conventions of 1848 were somewhat non-committal on the burning question; and by this time conventional deliverances on the subjects of tariff, internal improvements, and the finances had become more than perfunctory—impertinent. The Democratic Convention, which nominated Lewis Cass for President, uttered platitudes about a strict construction of the Constitution (as it might have prattled in Jefferson's time), but refused to touch the slavery question when it was proposed to declare that Congress had no power to interfere with slavery, either in the States or in the Territories. The Whig Convention, which nominated General Zachary Taylor, discreetly made no platform, and could not be induced to declare in favor of the Wilmot proviso—that slavery should not exist in territories to be organized under the authority of the United States.

The Democratic Convention, puzzled by the apparition of two rival delegations from New York, one Barnburner and the other Hunker, vainly temporized with the schism and admitted both, with the privilege of dividing the State vote equally between them. The Barnburners would have none of the convention, they went home, and assembling in Utica, nominated Martin Van Buren for President and Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, for Vice-President. This defiance gave heart to the new antislavery organization just forming, and when the new party assembled in convention, at Buffalo, in August of that year, the Barnburners were there in great force to assist at the nomination of Martin Van Buren for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice-President. The Free Soil party was born.

The platform of the Buffalo convention was presented by Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts. It took high ground on the subject of slavery, declaring against its further extension, and that "Congress has no more power to make a slave than to make a king." The slogan of the party was declared to be "Free Soil, Free Speech, Free Labor, and Free Men." John Quincy Adams, who had made the Whig party (without knowing it), for Henry Clay to lead, was in full accord with the men who led the Free Soil movement. Daniel Webster, chagrined by his own personal defeat in the Whig Convention, stigmatized the nomination of Taylor as one "not fit to be made," and, if political historians are to be credited, he wavered for a few days between his own party and the new-born of Buffalo.

General Taylor was a slave-holder, a moderate man, devoted to the Union, and suspicious of the ultra doctrines of State Rights. When a Southern planter, in the course of the campaign, had written to ask what Taylor proposed to do about slavery in case he was elected, saying that he (the writer), had invested his savings and gains in *one* hundred slaves, Taylor diplomatically replied that he had *three* hundred slaves, the result of his savings and gains. Was it likely that he would sacrifice his property? The campaign was one of hurrah and military glory. To some extent it was in imitation of that of Old Hickory and that of the Hero of Tippecanoe. Now it was "Old Rough and Ready," the brave "Old Hero of Buena Vista," who claimed the plaudits of his fellow-countrymen—and got them in large measure. Against him was opposed General Lewis Cass with his bloodless sword, admirably satirized by Abraham Lincoln, who was far-seeing enough to discern the triumph of the candidate who had snatched from Lincoln's beloved chieftain, Henry Clay, the honor of the nomination. Lincoln was a delegate to the Whig Convention, in 1848, and a day or two after its adjournment he wrote: "In my opinion, we shall have a most overwhelming and glorious

triumph. One unmistakable sign is that all the odds and ends are with us — Barnburners, Native Americans, Tyler men, disappointed office-seeking Locofocos, and the Lord knows what. This is important, if in nothing else, in showing which way the wind blows."



John P. Hale.
From a photograph by Brady.

The prophecy was fulfilled. Daniel Webster had said, with an air of deep discouragement, "There is no North;" and William H. Seward, then hesitating on the threshold of political antislavery, while he pleaded for equal rights and the ending of slavery, had argued that the Whig party was as true to the interests of freedom as "the inert conscience of the American people" would permit it to be. Nevertheless, the North elected a Whig who was known to be a moderate conservative over one who was the pledged nominee of the pro-slavery faction. The Democratic party of New York was rent in twain by antislavery Whigs. And the Whig party had won its last victory. The wrath of Northern Democrats was intense.

Here we should notice another of those odd cross-currents which, like the Antimasonic panic of 1833, have deranged the best-laid plans of politicians, and for a time have obliterated party lines. The American party sprung out of a secret and oath-bound order that was formed in New York for the avowed purpose of checking the influence of foreign-born voters, purifying the ballot-box, and keeping the Bible in the public schools. In the city of New York, where voters of alien birth had become influential, the order flourished exceedingly, and when it was extended to other States, it attracted many on whom party obligations sat lightly, while the old parties were either breaking up or undergoing a purging process. The Democratic party had generally been in favor of easy naturalization. The term of residence requisite to lawful naturalization, at first fixed at two years, was extended in 1795 to five years; the Federalists, in 1798, stretched this to fourteen years, but in 1802 the Democratic Republicans cut it down again to five years. Men who left the Democratic party because of its domination by foreign voters, or who dropped out of the Whig party when it began to show signs of decay, now found an asylum in the American party.

The American party flourished exceedingly in 1852, and reached its meridian greatness in 1855, when it obtained a considerable foothold in the South and carried important elections in the New England States, California, Kentucky, Texas, and New York, and showed great strength in Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. The party made preparations for entering the presidential contest of 1856, and actually did set its

standard in the field; but the rising tide of opposition to the further extension of slavery eventually swamped the organization; and it finally went under, long before the breaking out of the war of the rebellion.

The new dogma of Squatter Sovereignty, proclaimed in 1849, was to the effect that the people of any Territory of the United States had the right "to vote slavery up or down," as they saw fit. But this doctrine mightily plagued its inventors when California, inundated by gold-seekers and suddenly populous enough to demand a State government, adopted a constitution in which slavery was expressly prohibited. Here was popular sovereignty with a vengeance! The application of California for admission as a State, which came to the first Congress of General Taylor's administration, in February, 1850, met with a cool reception from the Democratic party. The House was then composed of one hundred and ten Democrats, one hundred and five Whigs, and nine Free Soilers; in the Senate there were thirty-five Democrats, twenty-five Whigs, and two Free Soilers.



Zachary Taylor.
From a photograph by Brady.

Henry Clay, now in the seventy-fourth year of his age, had cancelled his vow of retirement and had returned to the Senate, adding his lustre to the constellation of statesmen—Calhoun, Clay, and Webster—which was to shine for the last time in the great debate that ensued. The South regarded the proposition to admit California as a Free State without the counterpoise of a Slave State, as a gross violation of its rights. Intense excitement prevailed all over the Slave States of the Union, and open threats of disunion were made. While the great debate was still on, a convention of slave-holding States was held in Nashville, Tenn., and an address was adopted by it declaring, among other things, that "a sectional despotism, totally irresponsible to the people of the South, constituted of the representatives of the non-slave-holding States, ignorant of our feelings, condition, and institutions, reigns in Washington." Henry Clay denounced this convocation as "a second edition of the Hartford Convention." But the Federalist assemblage of 1814 held its deliberations in secret; ignorant of its real purposes, men could misrepresent them without rebuke.

Clay was really in favor of the Wilmot proviso and opposed to the further extension of slave territory; and he had very lately insisted, with much shrewdness, that if slavery was so good a thing, good for the slave as well as good for the slave-holder, white men should be enslaved for their own benefit whenever the black supply should run low. But, as a remedy for the acknowledged ills of slavery, Clay had

nothing to offer but the deportation of manumitted slaves to Africa by colonization societies, when gradual emancipation should make that possible. He proposed to "taper off" the custom of slave-holding, very much as an inebriate might gradually escape from the thraldom of an unnatural appetite.



Millard Fillmore.
From a painting by Carpenter, in 1853, at the City Hall, New York.

Passionately devoted to the American Union, Clay conceived it to be his mission to pour oil on the troubled waters and postpone the inevitable day of settlement. His famous compromise had for its basis these propositions: The admission of such new States as might be properly formed out of Texas; the immediate admission of California with its new constitution; the organization of the Territories of New Mexico and Utah without the Wilmot proviso, but with Squatter Sovereignty; Texas to be indemnified for its losses by war; the abolition of the slave-trade (but not of slavery) in the District of Columbia; and the enactment of a more stringent Fugitive Slave Law. This was the basis of the agreement which was to take the place of the abrogated Missouri Compromise of 1820.

It was Clay's desire to defer all further agitation of the slavery question. He was old and feeble, but he persisted in speaking two days in advocacy of his plan of settlement. Great numbers of people came from a distance to hear the winsome and fascinating orator make this last and greatest effort of his life. When his speech was done, admirers rushed upon him to thank him, and a multitude of women kissed him with effusive tears. His task was to save the Union. His was a plea for peace. Of the North he asked concession; of the South, moderation.

Calhoun, pale, gaunt, and saturnine, and more than ever resembling Andrew Jackson in face and figure, addressed the Senate for the last time, his speech being read for him by Senator Mason, of Virginia. He entered his despairing plea for that equilibrium in the Union which would be disturbed by the admission of California with a Free constitution; and he asked that the Federal Constitution be amended so that the South would have the power, through all time, "to protect herself;" but he did not explain how this amendment was to be worded.

On the now historic March 7, 1850, Daniel Webster made his last abject surrender to slavery. He had been an eloquent and apparently sincere defender of human rights; now he was a defender of American slavery. He had opposed the admission of Texas, because it was linked in with the pro-slavery programme; now he advocated the admission and the programme. He had complained in the Massachusetts Whig Convention of 1847 that the author of the Wilmot proviso had "stolen his

thunder;" now he opposed the application of that proviso to the territories to be organized north of the Missouri Compromise line. Nothing in the famous debate gave the nation so great a shock of surprise as Webster's speech. In Massachusetts, where he had been idolized, many of his friends fell away from him with sorrow; he was for a time refused the privilege of speaking in Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty," and the revulsion of feeling added greatly to the strength of the Free Soil party, already enriched by such men as Sumner, Wilson, Banks, Burlingame, Richard H. Dana, jr., and others whose names are now famous in American history. To Webster, Whittier addressed his sorrowful yet scathing lyric, "Ichabod."

The "Omnibus Bill," as the compromise of 1850 was commonly called, went through Congress in detached sections and became a law. None of these details of the bargain so inflamed and excited the North as the Fugitive Slave Law. Meetings denouncing the act were held all over the Northern States; personal liberty bills were passed by legislatures; and the Free Soil party was recruited from the ranks of men who now saw that there was no hope of peace so long as slavery was determined on other aggressions than that of forcing itself into the free territory of the United States. The death of President Taylor, in July, 1850, did not affect the policy of the administration. Congress, with a union of Democrats and Whig "conservatives," was master of the situation.

When one of the sections of the compromise of 1850 had been whipped through the House of Representatives, aided by the "dodging" of some of the more cowardly Northerners, Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, grimly suggested that "the Speaker should send one of his pages to inform those gentlemen that they might now return with safety, as the slavery question had now been disposed of." But if any of those timid souls supposed that that question was finally disposed of by the compromise of 1850, they were soon undeceived. The Kansas-Nebraska agitation came on to disturb National politics just after the campaign of 1852, which had been conducted with Franklin Pierce as the candidate of the Democrats, General Winfield Scott of the Whigs, and John P. Hale of the Free Soilers. There was now no essential difference between the platforms of the two great parties. Both stood squarely on the compromise measures of 1850; both endorsed the Fugitive Slave Law with unction. The Whigs kept up a traditional preference for a loose construction of the Constitution; and the Democrats were still sticklers for a strict construction, just as though both were living in the time of Hamilton and Jefferson, and were not bending before the blasts of slavery and antislavery that swept over the land. As for the Free Soilers, they denounced slavery as a sin against God and a crime against man; they execrated the compromise and objurgated the men who supported it. At last, the opponents of an indefinite extension of slavery had gone into practical politics.

When the bills to abrogate the Missouri Compromise were pending in the House of Representatives, Thomas H. Benton, then transferred to that body from the Senate, on his way to complete retirement on the shelf, said that the measure, as a whole, was not called for by any "human being living or expecting to live in the Territories, but by a silent, secret, limping, halting, creeping, squinting, impish motion, conceived in the dark and midwifed in a committee-room." This choice bit of Carlylese must have recurred to the minds of those who heard it when, Pierce having been elected to carry out the most rigorous and drastic pro-slavery policy yet framed, the real purpose of the slavery propaganda was unveiled by the introduction of the Nebraska bill. No longer willing to accept the line of the Missouri Compromise running due west to the Pacific Ocean, as defining the northern limit of slavery, the slaveholders now insisted that the principle of non-interference with slavery in the Territories by Congress was inconsistent with the Missouri Compromise; therefore that compromise was void and of no effect. Hereafter, the people of each Territory, whether north or south of the parallel of 36° 30′, should admit or exclude slavery as they might deter

mine by vote. The Whig party, a year before this, had been killed, as it was said, by an attempt to swallow the Fugitive Slave Law. Now its last dying hours were embittered by a black draught. By the aid of a few Northern Democrats, the Southern Democrats and Whigs were able to carry through the Nebraska bill; and the Whig party vanished from the election returns of the nation.



Frankiin Pierce.

From a painting by Healy, in 1852, at the Corcoran Art Gallery.

The attention of the people of the United States was now fixed upon the tremendous conflict going on in Kansas, where, the barriers against slavery being thrown down, the friends of slave labor and those of free labor had been invited to "fight it out between themselves." It was no longer possible to keep the antislavery elements of the population of the United States out of national and local politics. So far as known, the first movement in the direction of the organization of a new party made up of the friends of free labor, with a new title, was made in Ripon, Fond du Lac County, Wis., early in the spring of 1854. A meeting dissolved the Whig and Free Soil town committees and appointed another which should take the place of both. That committee was composed of representatives of three parties —Free Soilers, Whigs, Democrats; and it was given a loose constructionist schedule of principles. It was suggested by the Whig who had called the meeting, A. E. Bovey, that the name of Republican would be a good one for a party to be devoted to the proposition that the United States were a Republic with a Federal organization. But the assemblage of the little Ripon school-house did not venture on anything more than a suggestion.

In June, 1854, a mass convention of "all persons in favor of resisting by all constitutional means the usurpations of the propagandists of slavery" was called in Vermont. The Whig party in that State had already cut all communications with the proslavery Whig party of the United States, and the new organization declared itself unalterably opposed to slavery and all its works; its address closed with these words: "We propose, and respectfully recommend to the friends of freedom in other States, to co-operate and be known as Republicans." It has been claimed for William H. Seward that he gave to the party the name of Republican. But, wherever the suggestion first came from, the first official use of the title by an efficient political combination was when a mass convention of Whigs, Free Soilers, and Antislavery Democrats, at Jackson, Mich., July 6, 1854, adopted a platform of principles, accepted the name of Republican, and nominated for Governor Kingsley S. Bingham, who was triumphantly elected.

In the midst of the resounding din of the Kansas conflict, the Democrats nominated James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, for President, and John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for Vice-president, on a platform approving of the pro-slavery course of Pierce's administration in Kansas, and disapproving the Know-Nothing, or American, policy. The Know-Nothings ran Millard Fillmore for President, and Andrew Jackson Donelson (nephew and namesake of "Old Hickory") for Vice-president. The antislavery men in the Know-Nothing convention bolted in high dudgeon when they failed to secure the adoption of a plank advocating the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line. The scattered fragments of the Whig party, later in the campaign, approved of the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson; but they evaded the Know-Nothing platform.

For the first time the National Republican party now made its appearance in a presidential campaign. Its platform was loose constructionist, after the Whig manner, with a special declaration in favor of internal improvements and a transcontinental railway. But the convention's bugle blast on the great question of the day was the signal of the new party's entrance. This was an emphatic statement of the right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery and polygamy in all the Territories and to admit Kansas as a Free State; the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the general policy of the Pierce administration, and the further extension of slavery were condemned. John C. Frémont, of California, and William L. Dayton, of New Jersey, were nominated. The Republican party was born. Popular elections in the Northern States had by this time given the Republicans good reason to hope that they might succeed in a national election, provided they were united and earnest.

During this canvass the writer of these lines had a long conversation with Abraham Lincoln, then a rising politician and lawyer, while attending a Frémont mass-meeting in Ogle County, Ill. Mr. Lincoln cooled the ardor of the young and inexperienced Republican newspaper writer by saying that Frémont's case was hopeless. The interposition of Fillmore's nomination, he said, would lose for us the States of Pennsylvania and Illinois. The result proved the wisdom of his words. Buchanan was elected. Neither of the three candidates had a majority of the popular vote. Frémont carried all the New England States, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin. The revolution had begun.

Kansas continued to be the bloody field of strife; the Free State men, who had now become actual settlers, were fighting against invaders from the slave-ridden State of Missouri, backed by the administration. One more blow was needed to finish the crystallization of all the elements opposed to slavery. This fell two days after Buchanan's inauguration, when the United States Supreme Court announced the famous Dred Scott decision. This was, in effect, an opinion that the ancestors of negro slaves were not persons, but chattels; that they had no rights that a white man was bound to respect; that the Act of Congress of 1820, prohibiting slavery north of the parallel of 36° 30′, was unconstitutional and void, and that a slave-owner could not be lawfully prevented from settling in any Territory of the United States with all his "property;" and, to make more binding this infamous decision, it was further declared that a slave-owner might carry his slave property into any free State or Territory, without thereby invalidating his right of possession in said property. The North was invited to accept the doctrine that property in slaves was recognized in every State of the Federal Union, provided only that a slave-holder chose to take up temporary residence in a free State with his chattels.

The slave-holders, notwithstanding this virtual concession of all they had demanded, were still unsatisfied. It became more and more doubtful that Kansas could be saved to slavery, although all the machinery of law, and all the trickery of politicians, and all the brute force of border raiders had been enlisted for the purpose. The Territory was satirized as "Bleeding Kansas;" it was also "The Graveyard

of Governors," four of these, in three years, had vainly been commissioned to help force slavery into the distracted and resisting Territory. In spite of violence and machinations, the people of the Territory, who were now actual settlers, did occasionally get a chance to vote; and when they voted, it was invariably against slavery. But it now became expedient that more territory for the extension of slavery must be procured. The acquisition of Cuba by the United States, or the seizure of some of the Central American States, was openly advocated, and these suggestions were accepted as sound Democratic doctrine. But foreign objection summarily defeated both of these schemes as soon as they took shape. It was seriously proposed by some of the Southern politicians that the slave-trade should be revived, and this proposition was a legitimate sequence to the insistment that Congress should defend the right of property in human beings in every Territory of the United States.



James Buchanan.
From a photograph by Brady.

This latter article of political faith was embodied in the formal platform proposed for the Democratic National Convention of 1860. In that convention, however, the Anti-Lecompton men, led by Stephen A. Douglas, refused to accept the dictum that neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature had a right to prohibit slavery in a Territory. The recalcitrant Douglas Democrats, with rare inconsistency, were willing to leave the question to the United States Supreme Court, although that tribunal (in the Dred Scott case) had already decided that Congress had no right to prohibit slavery anywhere. Then the party split in twain. The faction that seceded from the Baltimore Convention nominated John C. Breckinridge on an ultra pro-slavery platform, which advocated the acquisition of more slave territory by the purchase of Cuba.

The Douglas Democrats, having adopted a platform which was strictly in accordance with the views of their chief, nominated that statesman. The Know-Nothings, or Americans, hoping to rally again the forlorn fragments of the Whig party scattered through the States, now called theirs the Constitutional Union party, and nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. Their platform was a smooth and utterly meaningless evasion of all living questions.

The Republican party, when it put up the names of Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, cited the Declaration of Independence as the charter of human liberty, denounced Democratic threats of disunion, declared that freedom was the normal condition of the Territories (which Congress was bound to defend), and pronounced in favor of a protective

tariff, internal improvements, a transcontinental railway, and a law to give homesteads to actual settlers on the public lands.

Lincoln's political views had been fully made known during the celebrated debate with Douglas, two years before, when the two men canvassed Illinois, candidates for an election to the United States Senate. The issue now squarely before the people was that which involved the right and duty of Congress as to the extension of slavery in the Territories of the United States. Lincoln's election was accepted by the Southern slave-holding States as the signal for their so-called secession. Their withdrawal from Congress gave the Republicans a fair majority in both houses of Congress. During the progress of the war that followed, the so-called Peace Democrats of the Northern and Border States were opposed by the War Democrats and the Republicans, and when the time came for a second presidential election, in 1864, the party that renominated Lincoln styled itself the National Union party. Under that title the fused elements in favor of defending the Federal Union by force of arms had already taken the field in several of the Northern States.

In addition to measures designed to carry on the Civil War, in which they had the aid of the War Democrats, the Republican majority in Congress admitted Kansas with its Free State Constitution, organized the Territories of Nebraska, Colorado, and Dakota without any mention of the slavery question, enacted the Morrill protective tariff, passed a bill to authorize the building of a trans-continental railway, and enacted the homestead law.

Slavery was now in a fair way to be eliminated from the domain of National politics, after so many years of agitation. It is not necessary here to recount the steps that reached to this consummation. But it is fair to say that the Democratic conservatives left in the North by their seceding brethren were consistent in their demand that there should be a strict construction of the Constitution. Democrats could not forsake the traditions of their party; and they steadily opposed every step that led to the destruction of American slavery; they urged that the war was unconstitutional, and when, in 1864, they nominated General McClellan for President, they demanded that measures for a peaceful adjustment of existing difficulties should be begun.

Among the financial measures adopted by the Republican Congress, from time to time, were those providing for a paper currency, first by the Legal-tender act and then by the National banking act, both of which were denounced by Democrats in their conventions. But when it was proposed, after the war was over, to resume specie payments, the Democrats opposed resumption, and in some States they combined with the so-called Greenbackers in local elections. Republicans and Democrats were also hopelessly at odds on the questions of taxation. The latter party was violently opposed to an income-tax and to the system of internal revenue generally. They also execrated the Administration when, following the example of the Democratic Congress, during the Burr episode, the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus was suspended.

The nomination of Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, for Vice-President, on the ticket with Lincoln, in 1864, brought to pass a condition of things very much like that which obtained when Harrison's administration was "Tylerized," in 1841. The Whigs, in 1840, nominated Tyler, a southern strict constructionist, as a concession to those elements in politics. When he became President, on the death of Harrison, he carried out his views in regard to the United States Bank, and some other matters, and broke with his party. Johnson was nominated by the Republicans with the expectation that this act would conciliate the Border States and attract Democrats who were inclined to the general policy of the Republican party. He was a War Democrat, and he broke with his party when, by the death of Lincoln, he came to the presidential office. His views on negro suffrage, the policy of reconstruction to be pursued in the lately rebellious States, the right to remove Federal officials without co-operation

of the Senate and the rights of States, were found to be violently and hopelessly opposed to the policy of the majority in Congress. Like Tyler, he sought to build up a party for himself; and, like Tyler, he was disappointed in that ambition. But there are no points of resemblance between the characters of the two men. Johnson was passionate, wilful, and a brawler; Tyler was not.



Abraham Lincoln.

From a rare photograph in the possession of Noah Brooks. (Only five copies were printed from this negative.)

The effort to impeach Johnson brought out into strong relief the question of the right of the President to remove high Federal officials without the consent of the Senate. The so-called tenure-of-office law was designed to prevent the President from making removals during a recess of the Senate. Jefferson had complained that, as few died and none resigned, he could find no vacancies to fill unless he first made them by removal. Johnson's determination to rid himself of the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, compelled him to disregard the modern tenure-of-office act; and this step brought on his trial for impeachment. After the failure of this attempt, the contest between Congress and the President went on over their variance as to the powers of Congress in the matter of reconstruction. Congress claimed the right, under a loose construction of the Constitution, to lay down rules for the readmission of the States recently in rebellion. Johnson denied this right.

The Democratic party naturally espoused the view of Johnson, and, at its convention in 1868, nominated Horatio Seymour, of New York, and Frank P. Blair, jr., of Missouri, on a platform which demanded that the Southern States should be at once and unconditionally readmitted to representation in Congress, and that the question of suffrage should be left to the several States for regulation. The Republicans took the opposite view in their platform; and they nominated General Grant for President, and Schuyler Colfax for Vice-President. As there was yet great confusion existing in the lately rebellious States, the result of that presidential election in the South cannot be accepted as indicative of any change of political sentiment. Of the Northern States, New York, New Jersey, and Oregon chose Democratic electors.

The Republican position regarding the status of the States lately in rebellion was sustained by the United States Supreme Court, early in Grant's first year in office. That tribunal decided in the "Texas Case" that the ordinances of secession were null, that the so-called seceding States had never been out of the Union; that during and after the act of rebellion they had no competent State governments, and that Congress had the power to re-establish relations between the said States and the Federal Union.

The activity of Congress during

Grant's two terms of office was chiefly occupied by the discussion of bills to protect the freedmen in their civil rights and to extend amnesty to the rebels lately in arms. The more radical Republicans opposed liberal amnesty; the liberal Republicans insisted on "universal amnesty and universal enfranchisement." Naturally enough, the Democrats sympathized with the latter, partly for the sake of the divisions which would be made in the Republican party, and partly because they hoped to carry amnesty and in some way baffle universal enfranchisement.

From these movements and contentions was brought forth the Liberal Republican Convention that met in Cincinnati in 1872, and nominated Horace Greeley, of New York, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. The Democrats were expected to endorse this unique ticket for the presidency, although Mr. Greeley was a Protectionist Republican who had been a Whig as long as that party was in existence. The tariff question, however, was remitted to the Congressional districts by the Convention, and this amusing juggle with words was solemnly accepted by the Democratic Convention of that year, when platform and candidates were both adopted. A few "kickers" in the party refused to be bound by the agreement and nominated Charles O'Conor, of New York, and John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, for President and Vice-President. Neither of these two gentlemen would accept the doubtful honor thrust upon them. The "kickers," as the popular vote showed, mustered about thirty thousand members of the Democratic party. The death of Mr. Greeley before the time arrived for casting the electoral votes of the States threw the electors into confusion. It was an unforeseen contingency. When the votes were finally canvassed, it was found that Grant had two hundred and eighty-six votes for President; Thomas A. Hendricks had forty-two, and there were twenty-one scattering. For Vice-President, Henry Wilson had two hundred and eighty-six votes, B. Gratz Brown forty-seven, and there were nineteen scattering. The party founded by Thomas Jefferson was once more in an eclipse.



Thurlow Weed.

From an unpublished photograph by Disderi, Paris, in 1861. In the possession of Thurlow Weed Barnes.

The questions that related to the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion still remained unsettled; and these, with a revival of financial issues, furnished topics for political discussion and for political division all through the administrations of Grant, Hayes, and Arthur. In 1884 Grover Cleveland was elected, and the Democratic party, after twenty-four years, was once more in power.

It is interesting to note the radical changes which each of the two great political parties have exhibited since they emerged from the confusion of the Civil

War and the immediately following events. That war removed one of the main causes of difference between the two parties. Slavery being extinct, the conflict for a time raged over the treatment of the ex-slaves. The Republicans insisted that the freedmen should be protected in their civil rights. The Democrats, denying that the freedmen were deprived of any of those rights, rebelled against "negro domination" in the South. But even these questions gradually faded from the view of the politicians, and we find the platforms of the two parties being gradually cut down to the consideration of purely economic propositions.



William H. Seward.
From a photograph by Brady.

Of these questions, that of the tariff has gradually assumed the greatest prominence. The Republican party, which came into existence in response to a popular demand that slavery should not be further extended into the Territories of the United States, and which was continued in power to save the Union from dismemberment by rebellion, gradually took the attitude of a protective-tariff party when its original mission had been fulfilled. On its way to that position it tarried long enough to take up and handle the treatment of the newly enfranchised colored men of the South. The Democratic party, having opposed the prosecution of the war to put down the rebellion, as it had opposed all measures designed to check the further advance of slavery into the Territories, was finally compelled to "accept the situation" and to find other issues on which to construct party platforms. It has accordingly taken the position that a tariff for protection is not only inexpedient but unconstitutional; and although the actions of the party in Congress have been somewhat inconsistent with this view, the Democratic organization has steadily adhered to its fundamental proposition when called upon to frame its creed. The most emphatic deliverance upon the subject of the tariff was that made by the Republicans in 1884, when Mr. Blaine, who had been nominated on a protectionist platform, boldly forced the question into the canvass and made it prominent by his letters and addresses. In that campaign the Democrats declared in favor of a reduction of the tariff, but evaded the issue of protection. They also declared for "honest money," which was defined to be gold and silver coin, "and a circulating medium convertible into such money without loss." The inconsistency of this declaration with the old-time "hard-money" theory of the Democratic party is obvious.

Generally, the Democrats have committed themselves to a tariff for revenue purposes only; and it is impossible to separate the Republican party from the protective-tariff idea. Both parties

have shown themselves responsive to occasional popular demands for a change in an existing financial policy ; but both have been constant to a central idea. These popular demands, often unreasonable, have created other political organizations, which, like the Anti-Masons and the Know-Nothings of an earlier day, have flitted across the stage of National life and have disappeared after a brief exhibition. Of these, the Grangers, the Prohibitionists, the Greenbackers, the Labor Party men, the Independent Nationalists, the Silver Inflationists, and sundry others, have crystallized around economic points and have then passed into a state of deliquescence.

For a time these have had an influence upon the two great parties that lead to-day in American politics ; but the solidarity of those two organizations remains unimpaired. It cannot be said that there is much in the fundamental belief of the Democratic party reminding one of the party of Jefferson's time. The Republican party has outlived the evils in the State which it was born to destroy. It has created for itself another and wholly different policy in National affairs. Economics, not moral questions, divide the mass of American voters.

THOREAU'S POEMS OF NATURE

By F. B. Sanborn

HENRY THOREAU wrote much verse and printed very little — chiefly in the *Dial*, and at the request of his friend Emerson, who edited that magazine. He also included these *Dial* verses, and some others, in his prose volumes, especially in the *Week;* but he would often cite only a stanza, a couplet, or a single line, of what was a long piece of verse. Much that he wrote in this metrical form was destroyed by Thoreau (as he told me himself), from an opinion that it was not worth preserving—an opinion he was in later years disposed to doubt. Whatever may be thought of his verse as melodious poetry, it may be truly said that every line of it stood for a thought, and therefore had a value quite apart from its metrical quality. Whether he wrote in verse or prose, he was the poet of Nature ; to that office he was born, and he early discovered this to be his task. His view of Nature was peculiar ; a certain pantheism was innate with him ; and he identified himself more completely with that cause and effect of all phenomena, than most men ever do, even for a moment ; while with him it was the accepted attitude of his whole life. This will be seen, if I mistake not, in the remarkable letter he wrote to Emerson at Philadelphia, soon after the death of the two persons whom these two friends loved better than aught else in the world—young Waldo Emerson and John Thoreau. The tone of the whole letter is modified by these sad events ; yet, if we did not know the fact from other information, this epistle would scarcely disclose it. Hence perhaps the strong impression of stoicism which Thoreau produced upon Emerson, and which this letter, more than any other page of Thoreau's writing, is fitted to give. It has never been printed, so far as I know, although, from an opinion that it was in print, I omitted it from the correspondence between Emerson and Thoreau which was first printed in the *Atlantic* of May and June, 1892, and since included, in part, in my "Familiar Letters of Thoreau."

THOREAU TO EMERSON, AT PHILADELPHIA.

"CONCORD, March 11th, 1842.

"DEAR FRIEND :—I see so many 'carvels licht, fast tending throw the sea' to your El Dorado, that I am in haste

to plant my flag in season on that distant beach, in the name of God and King Henry. There seems to be no occasion why I, who have so little to say to you at home, should take pains to send you any of my silence in a letter. Yet since no correspondence can hope to rise above the level of those homely, speechless hours—as no spring ever bursts above the level of the still mountain-tarn whence it issued—I will not delay to send a venture. As if I were to send you a piece of the house-sill, or a loose casement, rather. Do not neighbors sometimes halloo with good will across a field, who yet never chat over a fence?

"The sun has just burst through the fog, and I hear blue-birds, song-sparrows, larks, and robins down in the meadow. The other day I walked in the woods, but found myself rather denaturalized by late habits. Yet it is the same nature that Burns and Wordsworth loved—the same life that Shakespeare and Milton lived. The wind still roars in the wood, as if nothing had happened out of the course of nature. The sound of the waterfall is not interrupted more than if a feather had fallen.

"Nature is not ruffled by the rudest blast. The hurricane only snaps a few twigs in some nook of the forest. The snow attains its average depth each winter, and the chic-adee lisps the same notes. The old laws prevail, in spite of pestilence and famine. No genius or virtue so rare or revolutionary appears in town or village, that the pine ceases to exude resin in the wood, or beast or bird lays aside its habits.

"How plain that death * is only the phenomenon of the individual or class! Nature does not recognize it; she finds her own again under new forms without loss. Yet death is beautiful when seen to be a law, and not an accident. It is as common as life. Men die in Tartary, in Ethiopia, in England, in Wisconsin. And, after all, what portion of this so serene and living nature can be said to be alive? Do this year's grasses and foliage outnumber all the past? Every blade in the field, every leaf in the forest, lays down its life in its season, as beautifully as it was taken up. It is the pastime of a full quarter of the year. Dead trees, sere leaves, dried grass and herbs—are not these a good part of our life? And what is that pride of our autumnal scenery but the hectic flush, the sallow and cadaverous countenance of vegetation? its painted throes, with the November air for canvas?

"When we look over the fields we are not saddened because these particular flowers or grasses will wither; for the law of their death is the law of new life.

"Will not the land be in good heart *because* the crops die down from year to year? The herbage cheerfully consents to bloom, and wither, and give place to a new. So it is with the human plant. We are partial and selfish when we lament the death of the individual, unless our plaint be a pæan to the departed soul, and a sigh, as the wind sighs over the fields, which no shrub interprets into its private grief.

"One might as well go into mourning for every sere leaf; but the more innocent and wiser soul will snuff a fragrance in the gale of autumn, and congratulate Nature upon her health. After I have imagined thus much, will not the gods feel under obligations to make me realize something as good?

"I have just read some good verse by the old Scotch poet, John Bellenden:

"'The finest gold or silver that we se
May nocht be wrocht to our utilitie
Bot (without) flammis keen and bitter violence:
The more distress, the more intelligence:
Quhay sailis lang in hie prosperitie,
Are sone oureset be stormis without defence.'

"From your friend,
"Henry D. Thoreau."

As Thoreau was at this time, and for a year before and after, an inmate of the Emerson household, he had many opportunities for speech with Emerson,

* John Thoreau, elder brother of Henry, and the person he loved best, had died just two months before the date of this letter; and young Waldo Emerson had died before February 1st. These two losses had thrown the household of Emerson, where Thoreau was then living, and of the elder Thoreaus, into the most sudden and prolonged grief, and had interrupted the habits of both Emerson and Thoreau.

and few occasions to write. But with Nature he lived far more intimately, and had before this date written a poem on Autumn, in which some of the thoughts of this subtle and profound epistle are expressed in verse :

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The evening of the year draws on,
  The fields a later aspect wear :
Since Summer's garishness is gone,
  Some grains of night tincture the noontide air.

Behold, the shadows of the trees
  Now circle wider 'bout their stem,
Like sentries which by slow degrees
  Perform their rounds, gently protecting them.

And as the year doth decline,
  The sun affords a scantier light ;
Behind each needle of the pine
  There lurks a small auxiliar of the night.

I hear the cricket's slumbrous lay
  Around, beneath me, and on high ;
It rocks the night, it soothes the day,
  And everywhere is nature's lullaby.

But most he chirps beneath the sod,
  When he has made his winter's bed.
His creak grown fainter, but more broad,
  A film of autumn o'er the summer spread.

Far in the woods these golden days
  Some leaf obeys its Maker's call ;
And through their hollow aisles it plays
  With delicate touch the prelude of the Fall.

The loneliest birch is brown and sere,
  The farthest pool is strewn with leaves,
Which float upon their watery bier.
  Where is no eye that sees, no heart that grieves.

The jay screams through the chestnut wood :
  The crisped and yellow leaves around
Are hue and texture of my mood—
  And these rough burrs my heirlooms on the ground.

The threadbare trees, so poor and thin,
  They are no wealthier than I ;
But with as brave a core within
  They rear their boughs to the October sky.

Poor knights they are which bravely wait
  The charge of Winter's cavalry,
Keeping a simple Roman state,
  Discumbered of their Persian luxury.

Thoreau gloried in poverty, like St. Francis, to whom in some other respects he has been compared. In an unfinished poem on "Poverty," he said :

If I am poor,
  It is that I am proud :
If God has made me naked and a boor,
  He did not think it fit his work to shroud.

The poor man comes direct from heaven to earth,
  As stars drop down the sky, and tropic beams ;
The rich receives in our gross air his birth,
  As from low suns are slanted golden gleams.

Yon sun is naked, bare of satellite,
  Unless our earth and moon that office hold ;
Though his perpetual day feareth no night,
  And his perennial summer dreads no cold.

Mankind may delve—but cannot my wealth spend ;
  If I no partial wealth appropriate,
No armed ships unto the Indies send,
  None robs me of my Orient estate.

Another unfinished poem was suggested by the fine print of Guido's "Aurora," sent by Mrs. Carlyle as a wedding-gift to Mrs Emerson, and for nearly sixty years hanging in her parlor at Concord.

THE AURORA OF GUIDO.

The god of day his car rolls up the slopes,
  Reining his prancing steeds with steady hand ;
The lingering moon through western shadows gropes,
  While Morning sheds its light o'er sea and land.

Castles and cities by the sounding main
  Resound with all the busy din of life ;
The fisherman unfurls his sails again :
  And the recruited warrior bides the strife.

The early breeze ruffles the poplar leaves ;
  The curling waves reflect the unseen light ;
The slumbering sea with the day's impulse heaves.
  While o'er the western hill retires the drowsy night.

The seabirds dip their bills in Ocean's foam,
  Far circling out over the frothy waves—
  . . . . . .

The rest is wanting ; how close a rendering these lines are of the picture may be seen by examining that, either in the Rospigliosi palace or in the copies now so common.

The measure of these verses is that used by Davenant in his "Gondibert," and by Dryden in his "Annus Mirabilis"—a grave and rather monotonous verse, no longer much in favor. The last poem I shall cite is in a more pleasing verse — that of Milton's "L'Allegro," used also by Thoreau in his "Rumors from an Æolian Harp" It is a true and profound expression of his feeling for Nature, and may take that name.

NATURE.

O Nature! I do not aspire
To be the highest in thy quire—
To be a meteor in thy sky,
Or comet that may range on high;
Only a zephyr that may blow
Among the reeds by the river low;
Give me thy most privy place
Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead
Let me sigh upon a reed,
Or in the woods, with leafy din,
Whisper the still evening in;
Some still work give me to do—
Only—be it near to you!

For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,
Than be the king of men elsewhere,
And most sovereign slave of care;
To have one moment of thy dawn,
Than share the city's year forlorn.

Judging by the handwriting and other slight indications (for few of Thoreau's verses are dated), all that I have copied here were composed between 1841 and 1844. During most of this period he was living either in Mr. Emerson's house at Concord, or in that of Mr. William Emerson, at Castleton, on Staten Island.



REVENGE

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

MISS ATTERBURY put the paper she was reading carefully and slowly down upon the table. It was the *Boston* ——, and there was a long article upon the first page marked ostentatiously around with a blue lead-pencil, and headed, in glaring letters, "Athletics in Girls' Colleges."

There was a dangerous gleam in Miss Atterbury's dark gray eyes, and she seemed a trifle more than her ordinary five feet eight inches as she drew herself up and turned, with that careful repression of irritation which always denotes the extreme limit of self-control, upon an inoffensive freshman, comfortably installed in the window-seat, playing a mandolin.

"I was in Antwerp two weeks last summer," she remarked, with careful emphasis, "and I heard the cathedral chimes play 'La Mandolinata' twice every five minutes, I think. I would be obliged if you would play something else, or even stop altogether for a while —I have something important to talk about just now."

The freshman stuck her pick guiltily in the strings, and shifted her position upon the cushions into one of extreme and flattering attention, while the four girls who had been playing whist over in a corner turned hastily around toward Miss Atterbury.

"What is it now, Katharine?" inquired Miss Yale, reproachfully, laying down her cards. "She always takes things so terribly *au grand sérieux*," she explained plaintively to the rest. Miss Yale had her rooms with Miss Atterbury, and stood rather in awe of that young woman, and was very proud of her athletic prowess, and could always be relied upon to tell her friends "that Katharine Atterbury was the captain of the senior crew, and could pull an oar as well as a 'Varsity stroke, and that the champion tennis-player of a certain year had said that she was an antagonist to be feared and respected."

"*This* is what is the matter," said Miss Atterbury, in a tragic voice, picking up the paper. "I don't know who it is that writes such absurd, such wilfully misleading articles about us, but I do know that if I could get at him I would——"

What Miss Atterbury would do was apparently too awful to speak of just then.

One of the girls got up and went over to her.

"But what is it? — what have they said about us now?" she inquired, impatiently.

"What they are always doing—poking fun at us," replied Miss Atterbury, hotly, and with a fine disregard of grammar. "To read this article one would imagine that we were imbecile babies. One would think that a girl was as weak as a kitten, and didn't know a boat from an elevator, nor a five-lap running track from an ice-wagon, nor a golf club from a sewing-machine. He —whoever the man is who wrote this ridiculous article—seems to think that all our training and physical development is a huge joke. He don't even know how stupid he is. That's the worst of it—he isn't even aware of his unutterable, his colossal ignorance!"

"Wouldn't it be fun to have him drawn and quartered, as an awful example, a sort of warning to the other newspaper men not to write about what they are totally ignorant of, and to leave us alone," suggested the inoffensive little freshman, with a base but entirely successful attempt to get back into Miss Atterbury's good graces.

The senior gave her a brief but cordial glance, and then ran on:

"Something must be done about it. I'm tired of reading this sort of trash about women's colleges. It is time the



"You cannot imagine how anxious the girls are to see you."

public was learning the true state of things—that girls can and do swim, and row and play golf and tennis, and run and walk about, just as their brothers do, and that we have courage and muscle enough to go in for football even, except that we have some *little* regard for our personal appearance!"

"And it's so degrading and irritating to go home in the vacations, and have one's brother tease one to death about it all, and try to be funny, and ask one if the color of one's gymnasium suit is becoming, and if the golf captain knows the caddie from a cleek," interposed Miss Thayer, a pretty blond girl who got up slowly and sauntered over to Miss Atterbury, putting her face over that young lady's shoulder to get a look at the unfortunate paper. As she did so she gave a little cry of surprise.

"Why, I know the man who wrote that," she gasped. "There! J. E. N.—see those initials at the end?—they mean Jack Newbold. I remember now he is writing for that paper. He told me this summer at the seashore that he was going in for newspaper work. His grandfather owns this paper, you know, and has promised him half a million when he is twenty-five if he will go through the whole thing—learn everything a newspaper man must know. He didn't want to do it much, but, of course, he would go in for almost anything sooner than loose all that pile of money."

Miss Atterbury looked thoughtfully and intently at Miss Thayer.

"You say he is a friend of yours?" she demanded, slowly.

"Oh, yes; we got to be very good friends this summer. He taught me how to play fifteen-ball pool—that's about all he knows," went on the girl, scornfully. "He's an awful duffer about everything else. You ought to see him play tennis! It's not very edifying, but it's awfully funny."

Miss Atterbury gave a little gasp of delight.

"That's too good to be true," she said, enthusiastically.

Miss Thayer rather stared. "Why?" she demanded, and then, without waiting for a reply, she swept on. "You wouldn't think so if you had to play doubles with him! And he simply can't walk—gets awfully tired he says. *I* think it's his clothes. Gets 'em in London, and they are terribly swell and uncomfortable. And he is always afraid his collar is going to melt; it's quite painful to be with him on a warm day. And I couldn't induce him to come out in my cat-boat with me. Said he didn't think a girl could learn to handle one with any degree of safety. Did you ever hear of anything so unjust? I think he was *afraid*."

Miss Atterbury was leaning on the table now, and her countenance had assumed such a cheerful look that the freshman felt quite relieved and ventured to pick up her mandolin again.

"Go on!" demanded the senior, delightedly.

"Well, I don't know anything more," declared Miss Thayer, impatiently. "Isn't that enough for you? He's no good at out-door sports, and what he is doing writing *us* up or down, is more than I can imagine. He oughtn't to be allowed to do so. He don't know anything about it at all, and I should think he would be ashamed of himself. I suppose his editor told him to do it, and he simply 'made up' and put down everything he had ever heard about us, and worked in all the old jokes about girls' colleges."

Miss Atterbury got up slowly.

"Well!" she said, impressively, to Miss Thayer, "I'm sorry if that young man is much of a friend of yours, for we have got to make an example of him. I suppose you know him well enough to invite him out here Monday afternoon?—for you've got to do it," she added, with calm decision.

Miss Thayer said she thought she might venture on that simple act of courtesy, though she could not quite understand why Miss Atterbury was so anxious to see him since she disapproved of him so entirely; to which that young woman replied that she wished to see him once, so that she might never see him again, and that the next day she would explain her plans, in which she expected their hearty co-operation.

Mr. Jack Newbold had just comfortably installed himself in the 1.50 B.

and A. train, when it occurred to him that he might possibly have made a mistake as to the time Miss Thayer expected him. He pulled out the note which he had received from her, and read it again.

"My dear Mr. Newbold: I have been *so* interested in what you have written about athletics in girls' colleges! I saw the article in your paper and knew immediately by the initials that it was your work. Ever since seeing it I have been very anxious to redeem my promise to have you come out here and see our college.

"All the girls are anxious to see you. I hope you won't mind receiving a great deal of attention! You know how enthusiastic and unconventional college girls are, and you are of the greatest interest to us just now. Miss Atterbury, a charming girl, is especially eager to meet you. Don't be *too* flattered! But we shall all be delighted to see the man who has so ably written up girls' colleges, and unless I hear from you to the contrary, shall look for you out Monday afternoon by the 1.50 train.

"Of course I shall expect you to take dinner and go to the concert in the evening. I tell you this now, so you can wear just the right 'dress'—men are so ridiculously particular about their clothes!

"Very cordially yours,
"Eleanor Thayer."

Mr. Jack Newbold was not a particularly vain youth, but he had a slight feeling of satisfaction on perusing that note which made him settle himself even more comfortably in his seat and resign himself cheerfully to the short journey.

"Had no idea that article would make such a sensation," he was saying to himself, "and I'm glad she expects me by this train. Of course she will bring her trap to the station for me. I believe the college is quite a little distance from the town. Nice little trap—she drives well for a girl, I remember." And then he fell to wondering whether he had selected just the right things to wear. "Girls are so deucedly critical," he soliloquized, and it had been rather hard to decide on just what would be in good taste for an afternoon call and would still do without change for the concert in the evening, and he rather complimented himself on his judicious selection, and was assuring himself that the particular shade of his gloves had not been a mistake, when he found that he was at the station.

Miss Thayer welcomed him effusively.

"I knew you wouldn't have the vaguest idea of how to get up to the college," she was saying, "and so I came down for you myself. No, I didn't bring my trap. I knew you would enjoy the walk up, and I wanted to show you it myself. I remember how fond you were of walking, last summer," she added, with a bright smile at him.

Newbold stared a little.

"I don't think," he began doubtfully; but Miss Thayer interrupted him quickly—

"You cannot imagine how anxious the girls are to see you. Each one wants to show you what she is particularly interested in. Really you are quite a martyr—I mean a hero—in our eyes! We will go up this way," she ran on. "It's a little longer and there is a pretty bad hill, but of course a man doesn't mind a little extra exertion, and it's even more beautiful than the other way."

Newbold said he would be charmed to go any way that Miss Thayer might choose, but that he didn't want to lose any of his visit at the college, and that perhaps it would be wiser to take the shorter cut. But Miss Thayer said that if they walked a little faster they would get there just as soon, and he would see the finer view, too. So they started off briskly, and Newbold wished that he had worn the other pair of patent leathers, and finally, when he felt ready to drop, and thought they must have walked about five miles, and she told him they had only two more to go, he blamed himself most severely for not having firmly refused anything but the short cut and a cab. One of Miss Thayer's friends who met her told her the next day that she was glad to see that she had joined the Pedestrian Club, and that she had often wondered why she had not done so before.



"Play!"

"I hardly think it is worth while to go into the drawing-room now," remarked Miss Thayer, argumentatively, as they strolled up the broad drive to the college. "I see Miss Atterbury down there on the campus playing tennis, and I promised to bring you to her immediately," she went on. Newbold felt a horrible inclination to say that he didn't care if he never met Miss Atterbury, and that personally he would very much prefer going into the drawing-room and stopping there for the rest of the afternoon, in the most comfortable chair to be found; but he managed to murmur a weary assent to Miss Thayer's proposition, and together they started down the steep hill at the bottom of which stretched the campus. But he could not seem to keep up with Miss Thayer, and by the time he had reached the tennis grounds and had decided that in all probability his heart would never beat normally again, he was conscious that he was bowing, and that Miss Atterbury, flushed from playing, was standing before him and was laughing and saying—"I don't often give acquaintances such a warm welcome!" The next thing he knew was that someone had thrust a racket into his hand, and he heard, as in a dream, Miss Thayer telling her friend that Mr. Newbold was a splendid tennis-player, and that she would have to do her best to beat him, but that she hoped she would for the honor of the college. And then he found himself, somehow, walking over to the court, and, before he could protest, Miss Atterbury was on the other side, and was asking him kindly but briskly if he were ready to play. He thought he was as near ready as he ever would be, so he said "Play!" and waited resignedly for her serve.

It was just after Miss Atterbury had piled up an appalling number of games against him, and he had come to the conclusion that he knew what it would be like to stand fire from a Krupp gun, and had decided that tight patent leathers and a long coat were not just what he would have chosen to play tennis in, that he saw Miss Atterbury, to his intense relief, throw down her racket and run up the hill a little way. She was back in an instant with Miss Thayer and a tall, handsome girl, carrying a lot of golf clubs. When young Newbold saw the golf clubs he felt so tired that he thought he would sit down on the cold ground, although he knew how dangerous such a proceeding was, especially when he was so painfully aware of how hot his head was and how clammy his linen felt.

"Mr. Newbold!" he heard Miss Atterbury say, "I want to present you to Miss Yale. She is the captain of the Golf Club, and I knew you would want to meet her. Anyone who is such an authority on the subject as you proved yourself to be in that article would, of course, want to see the links out here."

"Ah! thank you!" murmured Newbold; "but I play very little, you know, and I wouldn't interrupt your game for the world!"

But Miss Yale told him how interested she had been in his article, and that she wouldn't feel that she had done her duty by the college unless she showed him the links, and that he really must come with them and tell them whether the meadow-land was too stiff a bit of ground to be gone over. And so Newbold found himself trudging wearily along again between Miss Atterbury and Miss Yale, who seemed as fresh as though they hadn't moved that day. The links seemed distressingly far off, and the holes absurdly distant from each other. His arms ached so from tennis that he could scarcely hold the driver Miss Yale gave him.

"I wish you would drive off this tee once—men do that sort of thing so much better than girls," she was saying, admiringly. "They don't seem to need any practice at all—just comes natural to them." Newbold had a very distinct impression that it hadn't come at all natural to him, and he would greatly have preferred not trying before Miss Yale and the knot of young women who had drawn together at some little distance, and were very obviously watching him under the shallowest pretence of hunting for a lost ball. He felt desperately nervous, and his nervousness did not tend to disappear when he made a frantic try at the ball, digging a hole in the ground about a foot in

front of the tee, and almost hitting Miss Atterbury, who jumped back with a little cry very unlike her ordinary calm self.

"I—I beg your pardon," he began, desperately; but Miss Atterbury assured him that she was all right, and urged him to try again. He did so, and although he balanced himself cautiously on one foot and then on the other, and snapped at the ball several times before trying to hit it, and wobbled his driver after the most approved methods, he topped his ball miserably, and had the mortification of seeing it land in a most difficult hazard. And then he watched Miss Yale drive off with a good backward swing of her club, which hit the ball "sweet and clean," and sent it a good ninety yards.

"Of course, as you said in your article," remarked that young woman, picking up her clubs and starting off energetically after the ball, "this is no game for women. It is pre-eminently a man's game, and a woman's short collar-bone is never such an obvious mistake as in golf. A man can do so much with a driver or a cleek or a lofter, and the walking is so easy for him, and he is so entirely independent of the weather." Newbold murmured inarticulate assents as he walked wearily by her. He wondered if she could keep up that pace all around the course, and he especially wondered how far around it was. He had a great deal of difficulty in getting his ball out of the hazard and lofting it up a steep hill, and he savagely wished that he had joined that golf club all his friends were urging him to join, and decided firmly to do so before he slept that night, and to engage the professional's services for himself, and to practise till he could drive a ball off without utterly destroying all the turf in the vicinity.

They were on the second round, and Newbold was roughly calculating that his erratic plays had made him walk about three miles, and was wondering if he could live to get up the hill in front of him, when he saw Miss Thayer and Miss Yale, who were three holes ahead of him, coming back toward him.

"You look awfully tired and hot," said Miss Thayer, sympathetically. "What's the matter? Don't you like golf? But what an absurd question! Anyone who could write the article on athletics *you* did must like it. Only, I suppose, girls seem such duffers at it, to you!"

Newbold looked at her sharply. He had an uneasy suspicion that she was laughing at him, but he was too tired to think of any way of finding out whether she was or not, and so he walked on taciturnly and sufferingly.

"I have such a nice surprise for you," ran on Miss Thayer. "But I won't tell you what it is yet." She pulled out her watch. "It is just a quarter to four now, and I think the surprise will not be ready until a quarter after. Can you possibly wait that long?"

Newbold said he thought he might if he could sit down; but Miss Thayer said she disapproved of getting overheated and then cooling off rapidly, and that she thought they had better keep moving until it was time to see the "surprise." So they strolled across the grounds, and the two girls seemed to meet an astonishing number of friends, all going their way. And while Newbold was vaguely wondering what their destination might be, and what new torture was in store for him, he heard Miss Yale say, in what sounded to him like the voice of an avenging angel:

"I think we had better show Mr. Newbold our new running-track while we are waiting. He is so interested in such things, and he might suggest some improvements." And then Newbold felt himself irresistibly compelled to walk on farther and farther. He wondered sadly why they thought *he* knew anything about running-tracks for girls, and decided that his humorous remarks on the subject in his article had been a great mistake.

"Do you think it's a fair track?" inquired Miss Yale, anxiously, as they came in sight of it. "It is an eight-lap track, you see, and of course a great many girls only go around four times at first—girls get tired so absurdly easy! Now I suppose men think nothing of making two miles at a time—it is just play for them. Men are so strong—that is their greatest fascination I

think," she ran on enthusiastically. "Haven't you seen foot-ball players after a hard practice game start off and run two miles around the track and seem to think absolutely nothing of it?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said Newbold, unwarily and warmly. "Fellows are so different from girls, you know. A girl cries when she's tired, doesn't she? Well, a man just keeps going, you know, and doesn't let it make any difference to him."

"I am so glad to hear that, Mr. Newbold," said Miss Yale, with prompt and suspicious sympathy, and a sudden firmness of tone, "because I wanted dreadfully to ask you to try the track, but hated to do so, for I knew you were tired—at least you look so. But since you just keep going, and it doesn't make any difference to you, why I would be so awfully obliged if you would run around three or four times. I want to see just how you hold your head and arms. I don't believe we do it in just the best way, you know."

It was a rare and pleasingly curious sight that Miss Yale and Miss Thayer and a great many other young women assembled near the track, apparently by a strange coincidence, looked upon. It is not often that one has the chance of seeing an immaculately dressed youth, with flushed and desperate countenance tear madly around an eight-lap track in the presence of a number of flatteringly attentive young women. It occurred to Newbold as he dashed around and around that it would be far preferable to keep going until he fainted away or dropped dead, than to stop and encounter the remarks and glances of those young women. They would at least feel sorry for him in that case, he thought, gloomily. But even that modest and simple desire was not granted him. As he started on the fifth lap he heard Miss Yale call to him to stop. He had a wild inclination to pay no attention to her, but to keep going on and on, but as he got nearer he saw her step out toward him and put up a warning hand.

"Thank you so much," she said, warmly. "I think we have all had a lesson in running which we shall not forget soon. I hope you are not tired?" she went on, anxiously.

Newbold said, "Oh, no!" but he felt very tired indeed. His feet ached horribly and his head felt hot and dizzy, and there were queer, sharp pains shooting through his body which made him think forebodingly of pneumonia.

"The surprise is ready—Miss Atterbury is going to have the crew out for your especial benefit!" went on Miss Yale, triumphantly. "Don't you feel complimented? And you are to pull Miss Thayer and myself about while they go through a little practice for you. Not much, you know, but just enough to show you the stroke and speed we get. The boat is a beauty—but then, of course, you know so much more about it than we do! I imagine from your article that you must pull an oar capitally. Miss Thayer says a catboat is your especial hobby, though."

"Did Miss Thayer say that?" began Newbold, hotly. "Beastly things, I think—hate 'em!"

Miss Yale smiled incredulously and brightly at him.

"How modest you are!" she said, admiringly. "Ah! there is Miss Atterbury!"

Newbold saw someone waving frantically at them.

"Come on!" exclaimed Miss Yale; "we want to see them start off—that's the best part."

Newbold never remembered afterward how he got across the intervening space, nor how he got into a boat with the two young women. The first thing he heard was Miss Atterbury asking him anxiously how he liked the new sliding-seats, and what he thought of the proportions of the boat, and about outriggers in general, and where he thought they could be built best and cheapest. Newbold felt about as capable of instructing her on such points as of judging the pictures at a Salon exhibit, and he longed, with a longing born of utter exhaustion and desperation, to get away. As he wearily pulled the heavy, unwieldy boat about after the light practice-barge, which kept an appalling distance ahead of him, he decided within himself that the physical development of women had been carried

to an absurd and alarming extent, and that men simply were not in it with them when it came to endurance and enthusiasm, and that he had made the mistake of his life when he wrote that article on athletics in girls' colleges, and that his chief might talk until he was blue in the face before he would ever consent again to write about anything of which he knew so little.

They were very disappointed when he told them firmly that he could not stay to dinner or to the concert, but that he had a pressing engagement that would take him back to the city. And they said that there were still the Swedish gymnastics and basket-ball and pole-vaulting to see, and that they were afraid he had not enjoyed himself or he would have got rid of that engagement in some way; but he assured them impressively that he had never spent a more instructive or peculiarly interesting afternoon in his life.

Miss Thayer took him back to the station in her trap, and remarked on how much shorter the way seemed with a good horse; and when she bade him good-by she told him that she would be looking out for another article in his paper, and that she would be much disappointed if his visit had not inspired him to write something. To which Newbold replied that that was his pressing engagement—he was going back to the city to write another article on athletics in girls' colleges, and that he thought it would be different and better than the former one, but that he would not put his initials to it this time.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

By J. Russell Taylor

I

With flying wing'd mercurial feet
The frolic swift cloud shadows go
Across the meadows long and low
And ghostly woodlands ribb'd with snow,
Chasing the sunshine gleaming fleet
That makes the dismal meadows smile,
And grim woods brighten a brief while.

II

The trees pass on the flying gleam
From hand to hand, from field to stream,
Snatching it deftly from the wind
That follows frenziedly behind:
It leaves no footprint, this torch-race,
Upon the white stream's shuddering face,
And on the forest-tops no trace.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER IX

CONCERNING THE BLACK GODDESS FORTUNE AND THE WORSHIP OF HER, TOGETHER WITH AN INTRODUCTION OF SOME OF HER VOTARIES.

IN those early days of Fortune's pregnant alternations of color between the red and the black, exhibited publicly, as it were a petroleum-spring of the ebony-fiery lake below, Black-Forest Baden was the sprightliest of the antechambers of Hades. Thither in the ripeness of the year trooped the devotees of the sable goddess to perform sacrifice; and annually among them the beautiful Livia, the Countess of Fleetwood; for nowhere else had she sensation of the perfect repose which is rocked to a slumber by gales.

She was not of the creatures who are excited by an atmosphere of excitement; she took it as the nymph of the stream her native wave, and swam on the flood with expansive languor, happy to have the master-passions about her; one or two of which her dainty hand caressed, fearless of a sting; the lady petted them as her swans. It surprised her to a gentle contempt of men and women, that they should be ruffled either by love or play. A withholding from the scene will naturally arouse disturbing wishes; but to be present lulls; for then we live, we are in our element. And who could expect, what sane person can desire, perpetual good luck? Fortune, the Goddess, and young Love, too, are divine in their mutability: and Fortune would resemble a humdrum housewife, Love a droning husband, if constancy were practised by them. Observe the staggering and plunging of the blindfold wretch seeking to be persuaded of their faithfulness.

She could make for herself a quiet centre in the heart of the whirlwind, but the whirlwind was required. The clustered lights at the corner of the vale under forest hills, the bursts of music, the blazing windows of the saloons of the Furies, and the gamblers advancing and retreating, with their totally opposite views of consequences, and fashions of wearing or tearing the mask; and closer, the figures shifting up and down the promenade, known and unknown faces, and the histories half known, half-woven, weaving fast, which flew their threads to provoke speculation; pleasantly embraced and diverted the cool-blooded lady surrounded by the courtiers, who could upon occasion supply the luminous clew or anecdote. She had an intuitive liveliness to detect interchanges of eyes, the shuttle of intrigue; the mild hypocrisy, the clever audacity, the suspicion confirmed, the complication threatening to become resonant and terrible; and the old crossing the young and the young outwitting the old, wiles of fair traitors and dark, knaves of all suits of the pack. A more intimate acquaintance with their lineaments inspired a regard for them, such as poets may feign the throned high moon to entertain for objects causing her rays to flash.

Livia was a follower of the red and black, and the running ball in the person of the giant Captain Abrane, through whom she received her succession of sweetly teasing thrills and shocks, as one of the adventurous company they formed together. The place was known to him as the fair Philistine to another muscular hero; he had been shorn there before, and sent forth tottering, treating the friends he met as pillars to fall with him; and when the operation was done thoroughly, he pronounced himself refreshed by it, like a more sensible Samson, the cooler for his clipping. Then it was that he relapsed undistractedly upon processes of his mind; and he often said he thought Fortune would beat the devil.

Her power is shown in the moving of

her solicitors to think, instantly after they have made their cast, that the reverse of it was what they intended. It comes as though she had withdrawn the bandage from her forehead and dropped a leaden glance on them, like a great dame angry to have her signal misinterpreted. Well, then, distinguished by the goddess in such a manner, we have it proved to us how she wished to favor; for the reverse wins, and we who are pinched blame not her cruelty but our blind folly. This is true worship. Henceforth the pain of her nip is mingled with the dream of her kiss; between the positive and the imagined of her we remain confused until the purse is an empty body on a gallows, honor too perhaps.

Captain Abrane was one of the Countess Livia's numerous courtiers on the border of the promenade under the lighted saloons. A colossus inactive, he had little to say among the chatting circle; for when seated, cards were wanted to animate him; and he looked entirely out of place and unfitted, like a great vessel's figure-head in a shipwright's yard.

She murmured: "Not this evening?"

Abrane quoted promptly a line of nursery song: "How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?"

"Have we run down so low!" said she, with no reproach in her tone.

The captain shrugged over his clean abyss, where nothing was.

Yesterday their bank presented matronly proportions. But an importuned goddess reduces the most voluminous to bare stitches within a few winks of an eye.

Livia turned to a French gentleman of her court, M. de St. Ombre, and pursued a conversation. He was a stately cavalier, of the Gallicized Frankish outlines, ready but grave in his bearing, grave in his delivery, trimly mustached, with a Guise beard.

His profound internal question relating to this un-English Beauty of the British Isles: had she no passion in her nature? was not convinced by her apparent insensibility to Fortune's whips.

Sir Meeson Corby inserted a word of Bull French out of place from time to time.

As it might be necessary to lean on the little man for weapons of war, supposing Lord Fleetwood delayed his arrival yet another day, Livia was indulgent. She assisted him to think that he spoke the foreign tongue.

Mention of Lord Fleetwood set Sir Meeson harping again on his alarms, in consideration of the vagabond object the young lord had roamed away with.

"You forget that Russett has gypsy in him; Welsh! it's about the same," said Livia. "He can take excellent care of himself and his purse."

"Countess, he is a good six days overdue."

"He will be in time for the ball at the Schloss."

Sir Meeson Corby produced an aspect of the word "if," so perkily, that the dejected Captain Abrane laughed outright and gave him double reason to fret for Lord Fleetwood's arrival, by saying: "If he hangs off much longer I shall have to come on you for another fifty."

Our two pedestrians out of Salzburg were standing up in the night of cloud and pines above the glittering pool, having made their way along the paths from the hill anciently dedicated to the God Mercury; and at the moment when Sir Meeson put forth his frilled wrists to say: "If you had seen *his hands*—the creature Fleetwood trotted off alone with! you'd be a bit anxious too;" the young lord called his comrade to gaze underneath them; "There they are, hard at it, at their play! It's the word used for the filthiest gutter scramble."

They had come to know something of one another's humors; which are taken by young men for their characters; and should the humors please, they are friends, until further humors develop, trying these nascent conservatives hard to suit them to their moods as well as the accustomed. Lord Fleetwood had discovered in his companion, besides the spirit of independence and the powers of thought impressed on him by Woodseer's precocious flashes, a broad playfulness that trenched on buffoonery; it astonished, amused, and relieved him, loosening the spell of rev-

erence cast over him by one who could so wonderfully illumine his brain. Prone to admire and bend the knee where he admired, he chafed at subjection, unless he had the particular spell constantly renewed. A tone in him once or twice of late, different from the comrade's, had warned Woodseer to be guarded.

Susceptible, however, of the extreme contrast between the gamblers below and nature's lover beside him, Fleetwood returned to his enthusiasm without thinking it a bondage.

"I shall never forget the walk we've had. I have to thank you for the noblest of pleasures. You've taught me—well, a thousand things; the things money can't buy. What mornings they were! And the dead-tired nights! Under the rock and up to see the snowy peak pink in a gap of thick mist. You were right; it made a crimsoning color shine like a new idea. Up in those mountains one walks with the divinities! you said. It's perfectly true. I shall remember I did. I have a treasure for life! Now I understand where you get your ideas. The life we lead down there is hoggish. You have chosen the right. You're right, over and over again, when you say, the dirty sweaters are nearer the angels for cleanliness than my Lord and Lady Sybarite out of a bath, in chemical scents. A man who thinks, loathes their high society. I went through Juvenal at college. But you—to be sure, you add example—make me feel the contempt of it more. I am everlastingly indebted to you. Yes, I won't forget; you preach against the despising of anything."

Now this was pleasant in Woodseer's ears, inasmuch as it established the young nobleman as the pupil of his philosophy for the conduct of life; and to fortify him, he replied:

"Set your mind on the beauty, and there'll be no room for comparisons. Most of them are unjust; precious few instructive. In this case they spoil both pictures, and that scene down there rather hooks me; though I prefer the Dachstein in the wane of the afterglow. You called it 'Carinthia.'"

"I did. The beautiful Gorgon, haggard Venus—if she is to be a girl," Fleetwood rejoined. "She looked burnt out—a spectre."

"One of the admirably damned," said Woodseer, and he murmured with enjoyment: "between the lights—that's the beauty and the tragedy of Purgatory!"

His comrade fell in with the pictured ideal. "You hit it—not what you called the 'sublimely milky,' and not squalid, as you'll see the faces of the gambling women at the tables below. Oblige me—may I beg?—don't clap names on the mountains we've seen. It stamps guidebook on them, English tourist, horrors. We'll moralize over the crowds at the tables down there. On the whole, it's a fairish game; you know the odds against you, as you don't on the turf or the Bourse. Have your fling; but don't get bitten. There's a virus. I'm not open to it. Others are."

Hereupon Woodseer, wishing to have his individuality recognized in the universality it consented to, remarked on an exchequer that could not afford to lose, and a disposition free of the craving to win.

These were, no doubt, good reasons for abstaining, and they were grand morality. They were, at the same time, customary phrases of the unfleshed in folly. They struck Fleetwood with a curious reminder of the puking inexperienced whom he had seen subsequently plunge suicidally. He had a sharp vision of the attractive forces of the game; and his elemental nature exulted in siding with the stronger against a pretender to the superhuman. For Woodseer had spoken a trifle loftily, as quite above temptation. To see a forewarned philosopher lured to try the swim on those tides, pulled along the current, and caught by the undertug of the lasher, would be fun.

"We'll drop down on them, find our hotel, and have a look at what they're doing," he said, and stepped.

Woodseer would gladly have remained. The starlit black ridges about him and the dragon's mouth yawning underneath were an opposition of spiritual and mundane: innocent noxious; exciting to the youthful philosopher. He had to follow, and so rapidly in the darkness that he stumbled and fell on an arm; a small matter.

Bedchambers awaited them at the hotel, none of the party; and Fleetwood's man-servant was absent. "Gambling, the rascal!" he said. Woodseer heard the first note of the place in that.

His leader was washed, neatly dressed, and knocking at his door very soon, impatient to be off, and he flung a promise of "supper presently" to one whose modest purse had fallen into a debate with this lordly hostelry, counting that a supper and a night there would do for it. They hurried on to the line of promenaders, a river of cross-currents by the side of seated groups; and the willowy swish of silken dresses, feminine perfumery, cigar-smoke, chatter, laughter, told of pleasure reigning.

Fleetwood scanned the groups. He had seen enough in a moment, and his face blackened. A darting waiter was called to him. He said to Woodseer, savagely, as it sounded: "You shall have something to joint your bones!" What cause of wrath he had was past a guess; a wolf at his vitals bit him, hardening his handsome features.

The waiter darted back, bearing a tray and tall glasses filled each with piled parti-colored liqueurs, on the top of which an egg-yolk swam. Fleetwood gave example. Swallowing your egg, the fiery-velvet triune behind slips after it in an easy, milky way, like a princess's train on a state march, and you are completely transformed, very agreeably; you have become a merry demon. "Well, yes, it's next to magic," he replied to Woodseer's astonished snigger after the draught, and explained that it was a famous Viennese four-of-the-morning panacea, the revellers' electrical restorer. "Now you can hold on for an hour or two, and then we'll sup. At Rome?"

"Ay! Druids to-morrow!" cried the philosopher, bewitched.

He found himself bowing to a most heavenly lady, composed of day and night in her coloring, but more of night, where the western edge has become a pale steel blade. Men were around her, forming semicircle. The world of men and women was mere timber and leafage to this flower of her sex, glory of her kind. How he behaved in her presence, he knew not; he was beyond self-criticism or conscious reflection; simply the engine of the commixed three liqueurs, with parlous fine thoughts, and a sense of steaming into the infinite.

To leave her was to have her as a moon in the heavens and to think of her creatively. A swarm of images rushed about her and away, took lustre and shade. She was a miracle of grayness, her eyes translucently gray, a dark-haired queen of the twilights; and his heart sprang into his brain to picture the novel beauty; language became a flushed Bacchanal in a ring of dancing similes.

All the while he was gazing on a green gaming-table. The gold glittered, and it heaped or it vanished. Contemptuous of money, beyond the limited sum for his needs, he gazed; imagination was blunted in him to the hot drama of the business. Moreover, his mind was engaged; but by degrees the visible asserted its authority; his look on the coin fell to speculating. Oddly, too, he was often right; the money, staked on the other side, would have won. He considered it rather a plain calculation than a guess.

Of a circling white marble ball Woodseer said to Fleetwood: "That ball has a look of a nymph running round and round till she changes to one of the Fates."

"We'll have a run with her," said Fleetwood, keener for business than for metaphors at the moment.

He received gold for a bank-note. Captain Abrane hurriedly begged a loan. Both of them threw. Neither of them threw on the six numbers Woodseer would have selected, and they lost. He stated that the number 17 had won before. Abrane tried the transversal enclosing this favored number. "Of course!" he cried, with foul resignation and a hostile glare: the ball had seated itself and was grinning at him from the lowest of the stalls.

Fleetwood quitted the table-numbers to throw on Pair; he won, won again, pushed his luck and lost, dragging Abrane with him. The giant varied his tone of acquiescence in Fortune's whims: "Of course! I've only to fling! Luck hangs right enough till I put down my stake."

"If the luck has gone three times, the chances . . . " Woodseer was rather inquiring than pronouncing. Lord Fleetwood cut him short. "The chances are equally the contrary!" and discomposed his argumentative mind. As argument in such a place was impossible, he had a wild idea of example —"just to see;" and though he smiled, his brain was liquefying. Upon a calculation of the chances merely for the humor of it, he laid a silver piece on the first six, which had been neglected. They were now blest. He laid his winnings on and about the number 17. Who would have expected it? Why, the player, surely! Woodseer comported himself like a veteran; he had proved that you can calculate the chances. Instead of turning in triumph to Lord Fleetwood, he laid gold pieces to hug the number 17, and ten in the centre. And it is the truth, he hoped then to lose and have done with it—after proving his case. The ball whirled, kicked, tried for a seat in two, in three points, and entered 17. The usual temporary wonderment flew round the table; and this number was courted in dread, avoided with apprehension.

Abrane let fly a mighty breath: "Virgin, by Jove!"

Success was a small matter to Gower Woodseer. He displayed his contempt of Fortune by letting his heap of banknotes lie on Impair, and he won. Abrane bade him say "Maximum" in a furious whisper. He did so, as one at home with the word; and winning repeatedly, observed to Fleetwood: "Now I understand what historians mean in telling us of heroes rushing into the fray and vainly seeking death. I always thought death was to be had, if you were in earnest."

Fleetwood scrutinized the cast of his features and the touch of his fingers on the crispy paper.

"Come to another of these 'green fields,'" he returned briefly. "The game here is child's play."

Urging Virgin Luck not to quit his initiatory table, the captain reluctantly went at their heels. Shortly before the tables were clad in mantles for the night, he reported to Livia one of the great cases of Virgin Luck; described it, from the silver piece to the big heap of notes, and drew on his envy of the fellow to sketch the indomitable coolness shown in following or in quitting a run. "That fellow it is, Fleetwood's tag-rag; holds his head like a street-fiddler; Woodler or some name. But there's nothing to be done if we don't cultivate him. He must have pocketed a good three thousand or more. They had a quarrel about calculations of chances, and Fleet ran the V up his forehead at a piece of impudence. Fellow says some high-flying stuff; Fleet brightens like a Sunday chimney-sweep. If I believed in black arts, upon my word!"

"Russett is not usually managed with ease," the lady said

Her placid observation was directed on the pair then descending the steps.

"Be careful how you address this gentleman," she counselled Abrane. "The name is not Woodler, I know. It must be the right name or none."

Livia's fairest smile received them. She heard the captain accosting the child of luck as Mr. Woodler, and she made a rustle in rising to take Fleetwood's arm.

"We haven't dined, we have to sup," said he.

"You are released at the end of the lamps. You redeem your ring, Russett, and I will restore it. I have to tell you Henrietta is here to-morrow."

"She might be in a better place."

"The place where she is to be seen is not generally undervalued by men. It is not her fault that she is absent. The Admiral was persuaded to go and attend those cavalry manœuvres with the Grand Duke, to whom he had been civil when in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. You know the Admiral believes he has military—I mean soldierly — genius; and the delusion may have given him wholesome exercise and helped him to forget his gout. So far Henrietta will have been satisfied. She cannot have found much amusement among dusty troopers or at that Court at Carlsruhe. Our French milliner there has helped in retarding her—quite against her will. She has had to choose a ball-dress for the raw mountain-girl they have with them, and get

her fitted, and it's a task! Why take her to the ball? But the Admiral's infatuated with this girl, and won't hear of her exclusion—because, he says, she understands a field of battle; and the Ducal party have taken to her. Ah, Russett, you should not have flown! No harm, only Henrietta does require a trifle of management. She writes that she is sure of you for the night at the Schloss."

"Why, ma'am?"

"You have given your word. 'He never breaks his lightest word,' she says."

"It sounds like the beginning of respect."

"The rarest thing men teach women to feel for them!"

"A respectable love-match — eh? Good Lord! — You'll be civil to my friend. You have struck him to the dust. You have your one poetical admirer in him."

"I am honored, Russett."

"Cleared out, I suppose? Abrane is a funnel for pouring into that bank. Have your fun as you like it! I shall get supplies to-morrow. By the way, you have that boy Cresset here. What are you going to do with him?"

Livia spoke of watching over him and guarding him.

"He was at the table beside me, bursting to have a fling; and my friend Mr. Woodseer said, it was 'Adonis come to spy the boar!' The picture!"

Prompt as bugle to the breath, Livia proposed to bet him fifty pounds that she would keep young Cresset from gambling a single louis. The pretty saying did not touch her.

Fleetwood crowed and bowed, Sir Meeson Corby simulated a petrification of his frame at seeing the Countess of Fleetwood actually partly bent with her gracious acknowledgment of the tramp's gawky homage.

CHAPTER X

SMALL CAUSES.

A CLOCK sounded one of the later morning hours of the night as Gower Woodseer stood at his hotel door, having left Fleetwood with a band of revellers. The night was not clear. Stars were low over the ridge of pines, dropped to a league of our strange world to record the doings. Beneath this roof lay the starry She. He was elected to lie beneath it also; and he beheld his heavenly lady floating on the lull of soft white cloud among her sister spheres. After the way of imaginative young men, he had her features more accurately now she was hidden, and he idealized her more. He could escape for a time from his coil of similes and paint for himself the irids of her large, long, gray eyes darkly rimmed; purest water-gray, lucid within the ring, beneath an arch of lashes. He had them fast; but then he fell to contemplating their exceeding rareness; and the mystery of the divinely gray swung a kindled fancy to the flight with some queen-witch of woods, of whom a youth may dream under the spell of twilights east or west among forest branches.

She had these marvellous eyes and the glamour for men. She had not yet met a man with the poetical twist in the brain to prize her elementally. All admitted the glamour; none of her courtiers was able to name it, even the poetical head giving it a name did not think of the witch in her looks as a witch in her deeds, a modern daughter of the mediæval. To her giant squire the eyes of the lady were queer; they were unlit glass lamps to her French suppliant; and to the others, they were attractively uncommon; the charm for them being in her fine outlines, her stature, carriage of her person, and unalterable composure; particularly her latent daring. She had the effect on the general mind of a lofty crag-castle with a history. There was a whiff of gunpowder exciting the atmosphere in the anecdotal part of the history known.

Woodseer sat for a certain time over his note-book. He closed it with a thrilling conceit of the right thing written down, such as entomologists feel when they have pinned the rare insect; then restored the book to his coat's breast-pocket, smiling or sneering at the rolls of bank-notes there, disdaining to count them. They stuffed an inner waistcoat pocket and his trousers also. They at any rate warranted that we can form a calculation of the chances, let Lord Fleetwood rave as he may please.

Woodseer had caught a glimpse of the elbow-point of his coat when flinging it back to the chair. There was distinctly abrasion. Philosophers laugh at such things. But they must be the very ancient pallium philosophers, ensconced in tubs, if they pretend to merriment over the spectacle of nether garments gapped at the spot where man is most vulnerable. He got loose from them and held them up to the candle, and the rays were admitted, neither winking nor peeping. Serviceable old clothes, no doubt. Time had not dealt them the final kick before they scored a good record. They dragged him, nevertheless, to a sort of confession of some weakness, that he could not analyze for the swirl of emotional thoughts in the way; and they had him to the ground. An eagle of the poetic becomes a mere squat toad through one of these petty material strokes. Where then is philosophy? But who can be philosopher and the fervent admirer of a glorious lady? Ask again, who in that frowzy garb can presume to think of her or stand within fifty miles of her orbit?

A dreary two hours brought round daylight. Woodseer quitted his restless bed and entered the adjured habiliments, chivalrous enough to keep from denouncing them until he could cast the bad skin they now were to his uneasy sensations. He remembered having stumbled and fallen on the slope of the hill into this vale, and probably then the mischief had occurred—though a brush would have been sufficient, the slightest collision. Only it was odd that the accident should have come to pass just previous to his introduction. How long antecedent was it? He belabored his memory to reckon how long it was from the moment of the fall to the first sight of that lady.

His window looked down on the hotel stable-yard. A coach-house door was open. Odd or not—and it certainly looked like fate—that he should be bowing to his lady so shortly after the mishap expelling him, he had to leave the place. A groom in the yard was hailed, and cheerily informed him he could be driven to Carlsruhe as soon as the coachman had finished his breakfast. At Carlsruhe a decent refitting might be obtained, and he could return from exile that very day, thanks to the praiseworthy early hours of brave old Germany.

He had swallowed a cup of coffee with a roll of stale bread in the best of moods, and entered his carriage; he was calling the order to start, when a shout surprised his ear: "The fiddler bolts!"

Captain Abrane's was the voice. About twenty paces behind Abrane, Fleetwood, and one whom they called Chummy Potts, were wildly waving arms. Woodseer could hear the captain's lowered roar: "Race you, Chummy; couple of louis, catch him first!" The two came pelting up to the carriage abreast. They were belated revellers, and had been carelessly strolling under the pinky cloudlets bedward, after a prolonged carousal with the sons and daughters of hilarious nations, until the apparition of Virgin Luck on the wing shocked all prospect of a dead fight with the tables that day.

"Here, come, no, by Jove, you Mr. Woodsir! Won't do, not a bit; can't let you go," cried Abrane, as he puffed. "What! cut and run and leave us, post winnings bankers—knock your luck on the head! What a fellow! Can't let you. Countess never forgive us. You promised—swore it—play for her. Struck all aheap to hear of your play! You've got the trick. Her purse for you in my pocket. Never a fellow played like you. Cool as a cook over a gridiron! *Comme un phare!* St. Ombre says, that Frenchman. You astonished the Frenchman! And now cut and run? Can't allow it. Honor of the country at stake."

"Hands off!" Woodseer bellowed, feeling himself a leaky vessel in dock, his infirmities in danger of exposure. "If you pull! what the deuce do you want? Stop!"

"Out you come," said the giant, and laughed at the fun to his friends, who were entirely harmonious when not violently dissenting, as is the way with Night's rollickers before their beds have reconciled them to the daybeams.

Woodseer would have had to come and was coming; he happened to say: "Don't knock my pipe out of my mouth," and touched a chord in the giant.

"All right; smoke your pipe," was answered to his remonstrance.

During the amnesty Fleetwood inquired: "Where are you going?"

"For a drive, to be sure. Don't you see!"

"You'll return?"

"I intend to return."

"He's beastly excited," quoth Abrane.

Fleetwood silenced him, though indeed Woodseer appeared suspiciously restive.

"Step down and have a talk with me before you start. You're not to go yet."

"I must. I'm in a hurry."

"What's the hurry?"

"I want to smoke and think."

"Takes a carriage on the top of the morning to smoke and think! Hark at that!" Abrane sang out. "Oh, come along quietly, you fellow, there's a good fellow! It concerns us all, every man-Jack; we're all bound up in your fortunes. Fellow with luck like yours can't pretend to behave independently. Out of reason!"

"Do you give me your word you return?" said Fleetwood.

Woodseer replied: "Very well; I do; there, I give my word. Hang it! now I know what they mean by 'anything for a quiet life.' Just a shake brings us down on that cane-bottomed chair!"

"You return to-day?"

"To-day, yes, yes."

Fleetwood signified the captive's release; and Abrane immediately suggested:

"Pop old Chummy in beside the fellow to mount guard."

Potts was hustled and precipitated into the carriage by the pair, with whom he partook this last glimmer of their night's humorous extravagances, for he was an easy creature. The carriage drove off.

"Keep him company!" they shouted.

"Escort him back!" said he, nodding.

He remarked to Woodseer: "With your permission," concerning the seat he took, and that "a draught of morning air would do him good." Then he laughed politely, exchanged wavy distant farewells with his comrades, touched a breast-pocket for his case of cigars, pulled forth one, obtained "the loan of a light," blew clouds, and fell into the anticipated composure, quite understanding the case and his office.

Both agreed as to the fine morning it was. Woodseer briefly assented to his keeper's reiterated encomium on the morning, justified on oath. A fine morning indeed. "Damned if I think I ever saw so fine a morning!" Potts cried. He had no other subject of conversation with this hybrid; and being equally disposed for hot discourse or for sleep, the deprivation of the one and the other forced him to seek amusement in his famous reading of character; which was profound among the biped equine jockeys, turfmen, sharpers, pugilists, demireps. He fronted Woodseer with square shoulders and wide knees, an elbow on one, a fist on the other, engaged in what he termed the "prodding of his eel," or "nicking of his man;" a method of getting straight at the riddle of the fellow by the test of how long he could endure a flat, mute stare and return look for look unblinking. The act of smoking fortifies and partly covers the insolence. But if by chance an equable, not too narrowly focussed, counterstare is met, our impertinent inquisitor may resemble the fisherman pulled into deep waters by his fish. Woodseer perused his man, he was not attempting to fathom him; he had besides other stuff in his head. Potts had nought, and the poor particle he was wriggled under detection.

"Tobacco before breakfast!" he said disgustedly, tossing his cigar to the road. "Your pipe holds on. Bad thing, I can tell you, that smoking on an empty stomach. No trainers allow it, not for a whole fee or double. Kills your wind. Let me ask you, my good sir, are you going to turn? We've sat a fairish stretch. I begin to want my bath and a shave, linen and coffee. Thirsty as a dog."

He heard with stupefaction that he could alight on the spot, if he pleased, otherwise he would be driven into Carlsruhe. And now they had a lingual encounter, hot against cool; but the eyes of Chummy Potts having been beaten, his arguments and reproaches were not backed by the powerful looks which are an essential part of such eloquence as he commanded. They fled from his enemy's currishly, even while he was launching epithets. His pathetic posi-

tion subjected him to beg that Woodseer would direct the driver to turn, for he had no knowledge of "their German lingo." And said he: "You've nothing to laugh at, that I can see. I'm at your mercy, you brute; caught in a trap. I never walk; and the sun fit to fry a mackerel along that road! I apologize for abusing you; I can't do more. You're an infernally clever player — there! And, upon my soul, I could drink ditchwater! But if you're going in for transactions at Carlsruhe, mark my words, your luck's gone. Laugh as much as you like."

Woodseer happened to be smiling over the excellent reason for not turning back which inflicted the wofulness. He was not without sympathy for a thirsty wretch, and guessing, at the sight of an avenue of limes to the left of the road, that a wayside inn was below, he said: "You can have coffee or beer in two minutes," and told the driver where to pull up.

The sight of a gray-jacketed, green-collared sportsman, dog at heel, crossing the flat land to the hills of the forest, pricked him enviously, and caused him to ask what change had come upon him, that he should be hurrying to a town for a change of clothes. Just as Potts was about to jump out, a carriage, with a second behind it, left the inn-door. He rubbed a hand on his unshaven chin, tried a glance at his shirt-front, and remarking, "It won't be anyone who knows me," stood to let the carriages pass. In the first were a young lady and gentleman; the lady brilliantly fair, an effect of auburn hair and complexion, despite the signs of a storm that had swept them and had not cleared from her eyelids. Apparently her maid, a damsel sitting straight up, occupied the carriage following; and this fresh-faced young person twice quickly and bluntly bent her head as she was driven by. Potts was unacquainted with the maid. But he knew the lady well, or well enough for her inattention to be the bigger puzzle. She gazed at the Black Forest hills in the steadiest manner, with eyes betraying more than they saw, which solved part of the puzzle, of course. Her reasons for declining to see him were exposed by the presence of the gentleman beside her. At the same time, in so highly bred a girl, a defenceless exposure was unaccountable. Half a nod and the shade of a smile would have been the proper course; and her going on along the road to the valley seemed to say it might easily have been taken, except that there had evidently been a bit of a scene.

Potts ranked Henrietta's beauty far above her cousin Livia's. He was therefore personally offended by her disregard of him, and her bit of a scene with the fellow carrying her off did him injury on behalf of his friend Fleetwood. He dismissed Woodseer curtly. Thirsting more to gossip than to drink, he took a moody draught of beer at the inn, and by the aid of a conveyance, "hastily built of rotten planks to serve his needs, and drawn by a horse of the old wars," as he reported on his arrival at Baden, reached that home of the maltreated innocents twenty minutes before the Countess and her party were to start for lunch up the Lichtenthal. Naturally he was abused for letting his bird fly; but as he was shaven, refreshed, and in clean linen, he could pull his shirt-cuffs and take seat at his breakfast-table with equanimity while Abrane denounced him.

"I bet you the fellow's luck has gone," said Potts. "He's no new hand, and you don't think him so either, Fleet. I've looked into the fellow's eye and seen a leery old badger at the bottom of it. Talks vile stuff. However, perhaps I didn't drive out on that sweltering Carlsruhe road for nothing."

He screwed a look at the Earl, who sent Abrane to carry a message and heard the story Potts had to tell. "Henrietta Fakenham! No mistake about her; driving out from a pothouse; man beside her, military man; might be a German. And, if you please, quite unacquainted with your humble servant, though we were as close as you to me. Something went wrong in that pothouse. Red eyes. There had been a scene, one could swear. Behind the lady another carriage, and her maid. Never saw the girl before, and sets to bowing and smirking at me, as if I was the fellow of all others! Comical. I

made sure they were bound for this place. They were on the Strasburg road. No sign of them?"

"You speak to me?" said Fleetwood.

Potts muttered. He had put his foot into it.

"You have a bad habit of speaking to yourself," Fleetwood remarked, and left him. He suffered from the rustics he had to deal with among his class, and it was not needed that he should thunder at them to make his wrath felt.

Livia swam in, asking: "What has come to Russett? He passed me in one of his black fits."

The tale of the Carlsruhe road was repeated by Potts. She reproved him. "How could you choose Russett for such a report as that! The Admiral was on the road behind. Henrietta—you're sure it was she? German girls have much the same coloring. The gentleman with her must have been one of the court equerries. They were driving to some chateau or battlefield the Admiral wanted to inspect. Good-looking man? Military man?"

"Oh! the man! pretty fair, I dare say," Potts rejoined. "If it wasn't Henrietta Fakenham, I see with the back of my head. German girl! The maid was a German girl."

"That may well be," said Livia.

She conceived the news to be of sufficient importance for her to countermand the drive up the Lichtenthal, and take the Carlsruhe road instead; for Henrietta was weak, and Chillon Kirby an arch-plotter, and pleader too, one of the desperate lovers. He was outstaying his leave of absence already, she believed; he had to be in England. If he feared to lose Henrietta, he would not hesitate to carry her off. Livia knew him, and knew the power of his pleading with a firmer woman than Henrietta.

CHAPTER XI

THE PRISONER OF HIS WORD

NOTHING to rouse alarm was discovered at Carlsruhe. Livia's fair cousin was there with the red-haired gaunt girl of the mountains; and it was frankly stated by Henrietta, that she had accompanied the girl a certain distance along the Strasburg road, for her to see the last of her brother Chillon on his way to England. Livia was not the woman to push inquiries. On that subject she merely said, as soon as they were alone together: "You seem to have had the lion's share of the parting."

"Yes, we passed Mr. Chumley Potts," was Henrietta's immediate answer; and her reference to him disarmed Livia.

They smiled at his name, transiently, but in agreement; the tattler-spout of their set was a fatal person to encounter, and each deemed the sudden apparition of him in the very early morning along the Carlsruhe road rather magical.

"You place particular confidence in Russett's fidelity to his word, Riette—as you have been hearing yourself called. You should be serious by this time. Russett won't bear much more. I counted on the night of the ball for the grand effect. You will extinguish every woman there—and if he is absent?"

"I shall excuse him."

"You are not in a position to be so charitable. You ought to know your position, and yourself too, a little better than you do. How could you endure poverty? Chillon Kirby stands in his uniform, and all's told. He can manœuvre, we know. He got the Admiral away to take him to those reviews cleverly. But is he thinking of your interests when he does it? He requires twenty years of active service to give you a roof to your head. I hate such allusions. But look for a moment at your character; you must have ordinary luxuries and pleasures, and if you were to find yourself grinding against common necessities—imagine it! Russett is quite manageable. He is, trust me! He is a gentleman; he has more ability than most young men; he can do anything he sets his mind to do. He has his great estates and fortune all in his own hands. We call him eccentric. He is only young, with a lot of power. Add, he's in love, and some one distracts him. Not love, do you say? You look it. He worships. He has no chance given him to show himself at his best. Perhaps he is off again now. Will you bet me he is not?"

"I should incline to make the bet, if

I betted," said Henrietta. "His pride is in his word; and supposing he's in love, it's with his pride, which never quits him."

"There's firmness in a man who has pride of that kind. You must let me take you back to Baden. I hold to having you with me to-day. You must make an appearance there. The Admiral will bring us his Miss Kirby to-morrow, if he is bound to remain here to-night. There's no harm in his bachelor dinners. I suspect his twinges of gout come of the prospect of affairs when he lands in England. Remember our bill with Madame Clemence. There won't be the ghost of a bank-note for me if Russett quits the field; we shall all be stranded."

Henrietta inquired: "Does it depend on my going with you to-day?"

"Consider, that he is now fancying a thousand things. We won't talk of the road to Paris."

A shot of color swept over Henrietta.

"I will speak to papa. If he can let me go. He has taken to Miss Kirby."

"Does she taste well?"

Henrietta debated. "It's impossible to dislike her. Oh! she is wild! She knows absolutely nothing of the world. She can do everything we can't—or don't dare to try. Men would like her. Papa's beginning to doat. He says she would make a first-rate soldier. She fears blood as little as her morning cup of milk. One of the orderlies fell rather badly from a frightened horse close by our carriage. She was out in a moment and had his head on her lap, calling to papa to keep the carriage fast and block the way of the squadron, for the man's leg was hurt. I really thought we were lost. At these manœuvres anything may happen, at any instant. Papa will follow the horse-artillery. You know his vanity to be a military quite as much as a naval commander—like the Greeks and Romans, he says. We took the bruised man into our carriage and drove him to camp, Carinthia nursing him on the way."

"Carinthia! She's well fitted with her name. What with her name and her hair and her build and her singular style of attire, one wonders at her coming into civilized parts. She's utterly unlike Chillon."

Henrietta reddened at the mention of one of her own thoughts in the contrasting of the pair.

They had their points of likeness, she said.

It did not concern Livia to hear what these were. Back to Baden, with means to procure the pleasant shocks of the galvanic battery there, was her thought, for she had a fear of the Earl's having again departed in a huff at Henrietta's behavior.

The Admiral consented that his daughter should go, as soon as he heard that Miss Kirby was to stay. He had, when a young man, met her famous father; he vowed she was the Old Buccaneer young again in petticoats, and had made prize of an English man-of-war by storm; all the profit, however, being his. This he proved with a courteous clasp of the girl, and a show of the salute on her cheek, which he presumed to take at the night's farewell. "She's my tonic," he proclaimed, heartily. She seemed to Livia somewhat unstrung and toneless. The separation from her brother in the morning might account for it. And a man of the Admiral's age could be excused if he exalted the girl. Senility, like infancy, is fond of plain outlines for the laying on of its paints. The girl had rugged brows, a short nose, red hair; no young man would look at her twice. She was utterly unlike Chillon! Kissing her hand to Henrietta from the steps of the hotel, the girl's face improved.

Livia's little squire, Sir Meeson Corby, ejaculated as they were driving down the main street: "Fleetwood's tramp! There he goes. Now see, Miss Fakenham, the kind of object Lord Fleetwood picks up and calls friend—calls that object friend! . . . But, what? He has been to a tailor and a barber!"

"Stop the coachman. Run, tell Mr. Woodseer, I wish him to join us," Livia said, and Sir Meeson had to thank his tramp for a second indignity. He protested, he simulated remonstrance, he had to go, really feeling a sickness.

The singular-looking person, whose necessities or sense of the decencies had, unknown to himself and to the others, put them all in motion that day, swung round listening to the challenge to arms,

as the puffy little man's delivery of the Countess's message sounded. He was respectably clad, he thought, in the relief of his escape from the suit of clothes discarded, and he silently followed Sir Meeson's trot to the carriage. "Should have mistaken you for a German, to-day, sir," the latter said, and trotted on.

"A stout one," Woodseer replied, with his happy indifference to his exterior.

His dark lady's eyes were kindly overlooking, like the heavens. Her fair cousin, to whom he bowed, awakened him to a perception of the spectacle, causing the slight, quick arrest of her look, in an astonishment not unlike the hiccup in speech, while her act of courtesy proceeded. At once he was conscious of the price he paid for respectability, and saw the Teuton skin on the slim Cambrian, baggy at shoulders, baggy at seat, pinched at the knees, short at the heels, showing outrageously every spot where he ought to have been bigger or smaller. How accept or how reject the invitation to drive in such company to Baden!

"You're decided enough, sir, in your play, they tell me," the vindictive little baronet commented on his hesitation, and Woodseer sprang to the proffered vacant place. But he had to speak of his fly waiting for him at the steps of a certain hotel.

"Best hotel in the town!" Sir Meeson exclaimed, pointedly, to Henrietta, reading her constraint with this comic object before her. It was the Admiral's hotel they stopped at.

"Be so good as to step down and tell the Admiral he is to bring Madame Clemence in his carriage to-morrow; and on your way you will dismiss Mr. Woodseer's fly," Livia mildly addressed her squire. He stared; again he had to go, muttering, "That nondescript's footman!" and his mischance in being checked and crossed and humiliated perpetually by a dirty-fisted vagabond impostor astounded him. He sent the flyman to the carriage for orders.

Admiral Fakenham and Carinthia descended. Sir Meeson heard her cry out: "It is you!" and up stood the pretentious lout in the German sack, affecting the graces of a born gentleman fresh from Paris, bowing, smirking, excusing himself for something; and he jumped down to the young lady, he talked intimately with her, with a joker's air; he roused the Admiral to an exchange of jokes, and the Countess and Miss Fakenham more than smiled, evidently at his remarks, unobservant of the preposterous figure he cut. Sir Meeson Corby had intimations of the disintegration of his country if a patent tramp burlesquing in those clothes could be permitted to amuse English ladies of high station, quite at home with them. Among the signs of England's downfall this was decidedly one. What to think of the Admiral's favorite when, having his arm paternally on her shoulder, she gave the tramp her hand at parting, and then blushed! All that the ladies had to say about it was, that a spread of color rather went to change the character of her face.

Carinthia had given Woodseer her hand and reddened under the recollection of Chillon's words to her as they mounted the rise of the narrow vale, after leaving the lame gentleman to his tobacco on the grass below the rocks. Her brother might have counselled her wisely, and was to be obeyed. Only, the great pleasure in seeing the gentleman again inspired gratitude; he brought the scene to her; the gentleman was her link to the mountain paths; he was just outside an association with her father and mother. At least her thinking of them led to him, he to them. Now she had lost Chillon, no one was near to do so much. Besides Chillon loved Henrietta; he was her own. His heart was hers, and his mind his country's. This gentleman loved the mountains; the sight of him breathed mountain air.

Baden was her first peep at the edges of the world since she had grown to be a young woman. She had but a faint idea of the signification of gambling. The brilliant lights, the band music, the sitting groups and company of promenaders were novelties; the ball of the ensuing night at the Schloss would be a wonder, she acknowledged in response to Henrietta, who was trying to understand her; and she admired her ball-dress, she said; looking unintelligently when she heard that she

would be guilty of slaying numbers of gentlemen before the night was over. Madame Clemence thought her chances in that respect as good as any other young lady's, if only she could be got to feel interested. But at a word of the pine-forest, and saying she intended to climb the hills early with the light in the morning, a pointed eagerness flushed Carinthia, the cold engraving became a picture of color.

She was out with the earliest light. Yesterday's parting between Chillon and Henrietta had taught her to know some little about love ; and if her voice had been heeded by Chillon's beloved, it would not have been a parting. Her only success was to bring a flood of tears from Henrietta. The tears at least assured her that her brother's beautiful girl had no love for the other one, the young nobleman of the great wealth, who was to be at the ball, and had "gone flying," Admiral Fakenham shrugged to say ; for Lord Fleetwood was nowhere seen.

The much talk of him on the promenade overnight fetched his name to her thoughts : he scarcely touched a mind that her father filled when she was once again breathing morning air among the stems of climbing pines, broken alleys of the low-sweeping spruce-branches, and the bare, straight shafts carrying their heads high in the march upward. Her old father was arch-priest of such forest-land, always recoverable to her there. The suggestion of mountains was enough to make her mind play, and her old father and she were aware of one another without conversing in speech. He pointed at things to observe ; he shared her satisfied hunger for the solitudes of the dumb and growing and wild sweet-smelling. He would not let a sorrowful thought backward or an apprehensive idea forward disturb the scene. A half-uprooted pine-tree stem propped mid-fall by standing comrades ; and the downy drop to ground and muted scurry up the bark of long-brush squirrels, cocktail on the wary watch ; were noticed by him as well as by her ; even the rotting timber drift, bark and cones on the yellow pine-needles, and the tortuous dwarf chestnut pushing level out, with a strain of the head up, from a crevice of mossed rock among ivy and ferns ; he saw what his girl saw. Power of heart was her conjuring magician.

She climbed to the rock-slabs above. This was too easily done. The poor bit of effort excited her frame to desire a spice of danger, her walk was towering in the physical contempt of a mountain girl for petty lowland obstructions. And it was just then, by the chance of things—by the direction of events, as dame gossip believes it to be—while color, expression, and her proud stature marked her from her sex, that a gentleman, who was no other than Lord Fleetwood, passed Carinthia, coming out of the deeper pine-forest.

Some distance on, round a bend of the path, she was tempted to adventure by a projected forked head of a sturdy blunted and twisted little rock-fostered forest-tree pushing horizontally for growth about thirty feet above the lower ground. She looked on it, and took a step down to the stem soon after. Fleetwood had turned and followed, merely for the final curious peep at an unexpected vision ; he had noticed the singular shoot of thick timber from the rock, and the form of the goose neck it rose to, the sprout of branches off the bill in the shape of a crest. And now a shameful spasm of terror seized him at sight of a girl doing what he would have dreaded to attempt. She footed coolly, well-balanced, upright. She seated herself.

And there let her be. She was a German girl, apparently. She had an air of breeding, something more than breeding. German families of the nobles give out here and there, as the great war showed examples of, intrepid young women, who have the sharp lines of character to render them independent of the graces. But, if a young woman out alone in the woods was hardly to be counted among the well-born, she held rank above them. Her face and bearing might really be taken to symbolize the forest life. She was as individual a representative as the tragic and comic masks, and should be got to stand between them for sign of the naturally straight-growing untrained, a noble daughter of the woods.

Not comparable to Henrietta in feminine beauty; she was on an upper plateau, where questions as to beauty are answered by other than the shallow aspect of a girl. But would Henrietta eclipse her if they were side by side? Fleetwood recalled the strange girl's face. There was in it a savage poignancy in serenity unexampled among women—or modern women. One might imagine an apotheosis—a militant young princess of Goths or Vandals, the glow of blessedness awakening her martial ardors through the languor of the grave; Woodseer would comprehend and hit on the exact image to portray her in a moment, Fleetwood thought, and longed for that fellow.

He walked hurriedly back to the stunted rock-tree. The damsel had vanished. He glanced below; she had not fallen. He longed to tell Woodseer he had seen a sort of Carinthia—a sister, cousin, one of the family. A single glimpse of her had raised him out of his grovelling perturbations, cooled and strengthened him, more than diverting the course of the poison Henrietta infused, and to which it disgraced him to be so subject. He took love unmanfully; the passion struck at his weakness; in wrath at the humiliation, if only to revenge himself for that, he could be fiendish; he knew it and loathed the desired fair creature who caused and exposed to him these cracks in his nature, whence there came a brimstone stench of the infernal pits. And he was made for better. Of this he was right well assured. Superior to station and to wealth, to all mundane advantages, he was the puppet of a florid puppet girl; and he had slept at the small inn of a village hard by, because it was intolerable to him to see the face that had been tearful over her lover's departure, and hear her praises of the man she trusted to keep his word however grievously she wounded him.

He was the prisoner of his word; rather like the donkeys known as married men; rather more honorable than most of them. He had to be present at the ball at the Schloss and behold his loathed Henrietta, suffer torture of chains to the rack, by reason of his having promised the bitter coquette he would be there. So hellish did the misery seem to him, that he was relieved by the prospect of lying a whole day long in loneliness with the sunshine of the woods, occasionally conjuring up the antidote face of the wood-sprite, before he was to undergo it. But, as he was not by nature a dreamer, only dreamed of the luxury of being one, he soon looked back with loathing on a notion of relief to come from the state of ruminating animal, and jumped up and shook off another of men's delusions; that they can, if they have the heart to suffer pain, deaden it with any semi-poetical devices.

Pleasure in the scenery had gone, and the wood-sprite was a flitted vapor; he longed to be below there, observing Abrane and Potts and the philosopher confounded, and the legible placidity of Countess Livia. Nevertheless, he hung aloft, feeding when he could, impatient of the solitudes, till night, when, according to his guess, the ladies were at their robing.

Half the fun was over; but the tale of it, narrated in turns by Abrane and his Chummy Potts on the promenade, was a very good half. The fiddler had played for the countess and handed her back her empty purse, with a bow and a pretty speech. Nothing had been seen of him since. He had lost all his own money besides. "As of course he would," said Potts. "A fellow calculating the chances, catches at a knife in the air."

"Every franc-piece he had!" cried Abrane. "And how could the jackass expect to keep his luck! Flings off his old suit and comes back here with a rig of German bags—you never saw such a figure! Shoreditch Jew's holiday!—why, of course, the luck wouldn't stand that."

They confessed ruefully to having backed him a certain distance, notwithstanding. "He took it so coolly, just as if paying for goods across a counter."

"And he had something to bear, Braney, when you fell on him," said Potts, and murmured aside: "He can be smartish. Hears me call Braney Rufus, and says he, like a fellow chin on his fiddle, 'Captain Mountain, Rufus Mus.' Not bad for a counter!"

Fleetwood glanced round; he could have wrung Woodseer's hand. He saw young Cressett instead, and hailed him: "Here you are, my gallant! You shall flesh your maiden sword to-night. When I was under your age, by a long count, I dealt sanctimoniousness a flick o' the cheek, and you shall, and let 'em know you're a man. Come and have your first boar-hunt along with me. Petticoats be hanged."

The boy showed some recollection of the lectures of his queen, but he had not the vocables for resistance to an imperative senior at work upon sneaking inclinations. "Promised Lady F——! do you hear him?" Fleetwood called to the couple behind; and as gamblers must needs be parasites, manly were the things they spoke to invigorate the youthful plunger and second the whim of their paymaster.

At half past eleven, the prisoner of his word entered under the Schloss portico, having vowed to himself on the way, that he would satisfy the formulas to gain release by a deferential bow to the great personages, and straightway slip out into the heavenly starlight thence down among the jolly Parisian and Viennese Bacchanals.

CHAPTER XII

HENRIETTA'S LETTER TREATING OF THE GREAT EVENT

BY the first light of an autumn morning, Henrietta sat at her travelling desk, to shoot a spark into the breast of her lover with the story of the great event of the night. For there had been one, one of our biggest, beyond all tongues and trumpets and possible anticipations. Wonder at it hammered on incredulity as she wrote it for fact, and in writing had vision of her lover's eyes over the page.

"Monsieur Du Lac:

"Gray dawn. You are greeted. This, if you have been tardy on the journey home, will follow close on the heels of the prowest, I believe truest, of knights, and bear perhaps to his quick mind some help to the solution he dropped a hint of seeking.

"The Ball in every way a success. Grand Duke and Duchess perfect in courtesy, not a sign of the German *morgue*. Livia splendid. Compared to Day and Night. But the Night eclipses the Day. A Summer Sea of dancing. Who think you eclipsed those two?

"I tell you the very truth when I say your Carinthia did. If you had seen her—'poor dear girl' you sigh to speak of, with the doleful outlook on her fortunes: 'portionless, unattractive!' Chillon, she was magical! You cannot ever have seen her irradiated with happiness. Her pleasure in the happiness of all around her was part of the charm. One should be a poet to describe her. It would task an artist to paint the rose-crystal she became when threading her way through the groups to be presented. This is not meant to say that she looked beautiful. It was the something above beauty — more unique and impressive—like the Alpine snow-cloak towering up from the flowery slopes you know so well and I a little.

"You choose to think, is it Riette who noticed my simple sister so closely before . . . ? for I suppose you to be reading this letter a second time and reflecting as you read. In the first place, acquaintance with her has revealed, that she is not the simple person—only in her manner. Under the beams of subsequent events, it is true I see her more picturesquely. But I noticed also just a suspicion of the 'grenadier' stride when she was on the march to make her courtesy. But Livia had no cause for chills and quivers. She was not the very strange bird requiring explanatory excuses; she dances excellently, and after the first dance, I noticed she minced her steps in the walk with her partner. She catches the tone readily. If not the image of her mother, she has inherited her mother's bent for the graces; she needs but a small amount of practice.

"Take my assurance of that; and you know who has critical eyes. Your anxiety may rest; she is equal to any station.

"As expected by me, my Lord Tyrant appeared, though late, near mid-

night. I saw him bowing to the ducal party. Papa had led your 'simple sister' there. Next I saw the Tyrant and Carinthia conversing. Soon they were dancing together, talking interestedly, like cheerful comrades. Whatever his faults, he has the merit of being a man of his word. He said he would come, he did not wish to come, and he came.

"His word binds him—I hope not fatally; irrevocably, it certainly does. There is the charm of character in that. His autocrat airs can be forgiven to a man who so profoundly respects his word.

"It occurred during their third dance. Your Riette was not in the quadrille. O but she was a snubbed young woman last night! I refrain—the examples are too minute for quotation.

"A little later he had vanished. Carinthia Kirby may already be written Countess of Fleetwood! His hand was offered and hers demanded in plain terms. Her brother would not be so astounded if he had seen the brilliant creature she was—is, I could say; for when she left me here, to go to her bed, she still wore the 'afterglow.' She tripped over to me in the ball-room to tell me. I might doubt, she had no doubt whatever. I fancied he had subjected her to some degree of trifling. He was in a mood. His moods are known to me. But no, he was precise; her report of him strikes the ear as credible, in spite of the marvel it insists on our swallowing.

"'Lord Fleetwood has asked me to marry him.' Neither assurance nor bashfulness; newspaper print; and an undoubting air of contentment.

"Imagine me hearing it.

"'To be his wife?'

"'He said wife.'

"'And you replied?'

"'I said I would.'

"'Tell me all?'

"'He said we were plighted.'

"Now, 'wife' is one of the words he abhors; and he loathes the hearing of a girl as 'engaged.' However 'plighted' carried a likeness.

"I pressed her: 'My dear Carinthia, you thought him in earnest?'

"'He was.'

"'How do you judge?'

"'By his look when he spoke.'

"'Not by his words?'

"'I repeat them to you.'

"She has repeated them to me here in my bed-room. There is no variation. She remembers every syllable. He went so far as to urge her to say whether she would as willingly utter consent if they were in a church and a clergyman at the altar-rails.

"That was like him.

"She made answer: 'Wherever it may be, I am bound, if I say yes.'

"She then adds: 'He told me he joined hands with me.'

"'Did he repeat the word "wife"?'

"'He said it twice.'

"I transcribe verbatim scrupulously. There cannot be an error, Chillon. It seems to show that he has embraced the serious meaning of the word—or seriously embraced the meaning reads better. I have seen his lips form 'wife.'

"But why wonder so strangely? They both love the mountains. Both are wildish. She was looking superb. And he had seen her do a daring thing on the rocks on the heights in the early morning, when she was out by herself, unaware of a spectator, he not knowing who she was; the fates had arranged it so. That was why he took to her so rapidly. So he told her. She likes being admired. The preparation for the meeting does really seem 'under direction.' She likes him too, I do think. Between her repetitions of his compliments, she praised his tone of voice, his features. She is ready to have the fullest faith in the sincerity of his offer; speaks without any impatience for the fulfillment. If it should happen, what a change in the fortunes of a girl!—of more than one possibly.

"Now I must rest—'eyelids fall.' It will be with a heart galloping. No rest for me till this letter flies. Good-morning is my good-night to you, in a world that has turned over."

Henrietta resumes:

"Livia will not hear of it, calls up all her pretty languor to put it inside. It is the same to-day as last night. 'Why mention Russett's nonsense to me?' Carinthia is as quietly circumstantial as

at first. She and the Tyrant talked of her native home. Very desirous to see it, means to build a mansion there. 'He said it must be the most romantic place on earth.'

"I suppose I slept. I woke with my last line to you on my lips, and the great news thundering. He named Esslemont and his favorite—always uninhabited—Cader Argau. She speaks them correctly. She has an unfailing memory. The point is, that it is a memory.

"Do not forget also—Livia is affected by her distaste—that he is a gentleman. He plays with his nobility. With his reputation of gentleman, he has never been known to play. You will understand the slightly hypocritical air—it is not of sufficient importance for it to be be alluded to in Papa's presence—I put on with her.

"Yes, I danced nearly all the dances. One, a princeling in scarlet uniform, appearing fresh from under earth, Prussian; a weighty young Graf in green, between sage and bottle, who seemed to have run off a tree in the forest, and was trimmed with silver-like dew-drops; one of your Austrian white, *dragon de Bohème*, if I caught his French rightly. Others as well, a list. They have the accomplishment. They are drilled in it young, as girls are, and so few Englishmen—even Englishmen—even English officers. How it may be for campaigning, you can pronounce; but for dancing the *pantalon collant* is the perfect uniform. Your critical Henrietta had not to complain of her partners, in the absence of the one.

"I shall be haunted by visions of Chillon's amazement until I hear or we meet. I serve for Carinthia's mouthpiece, she cannot write it, she says. It would be related in two copybook lines, if at all.

"The amazement over London! The jewel hand of the Kingdom gone in a flash, to 'a raw mountain girl,' as will be said. I can hear Lady Endor, Lady Eldritch, Lady Cowry. The reasonable woman should be Lady Arpington. I have heard her speak of your mother, seen by her when she was in frocks.

"Enter the 'plighted.' Poor Livia, to be made a Dowager of by any but a damsel of the family. She may well ridicule 'that nonsense of Russett's last night.' Carinthia kisses, embraces her brother. I am to say: "What Henrietta tells you is true, Chillon.' She is contented though she has not seen him again, and has not the look of expecting to see him. She still wears the kind of afterglow.

"Chillon's Viennese waltz was played by the band — played a second time, special request conveyed to the leader by Prince Ferdinand. True, most true, she longs to be home across the water. But be it admitted, that to any one loving color, music, chivalry, the Island of Drab is an exile. Imagine, then, the strange magnetism drawing her there. Could warmer proof be given?

"Adieu. Livia's 'arch-plotter' will weigh the letter he reads to the smallest fraction of a fraction before he moves a step.

"I could leave it and come to it again and add and add I foresee in Livia's mind a dread of the aforesaid arch, and an interdict. So the letter must be closed, sealed, and into the box, with the hand I still call mine, though I shall doubt my right if it were contested fervently. I am singing the waltz.

"Adieu,

"Ever and beyond it,

"Your obedient Queen,

"HENRIETTA.

"P. S.—My Lord Tyrant has departed as on other occasions. The prisoner of his word is sure to take his airing before he presents himself to redeem it. His valet is left to pay bills, fortunately for Livia. She entrusted her purse yesterday to a man picked up on the road by my lord, that he might play for her. Captain Abrane assured her he had a star, and Mr. Potts thought him a *rusé compère*, an adept of those dreadful gambling tables. Why will she continue to play. The purse was returned to her, without so much as a piece of silver in it; the man has flown. Sir M. Corby says, he is a man whose hands betray him—or did to Sir M., expects to see him one day on the wrong side of the Criminal Bar. He struck me as not being worse than absurd. He was, in any case, an unfit companion, and our

C. would help to rescue the Eccentric from such complicating associates. I see worlds of good she may do. Happily, he is no slave of the vice of gambling; so she would not suffer that anxiety. I wish it could be subjoined, that he has no malicious pleasure in misleading others. Livia is inconsolable over her pet, young Lord Cressett, whom he yesterday induced to 'try his luck'—with the result. We leave if bills are paid in two days. Captain Abrane and Mr. Potts left this afternoon; just enough to carry them home. Papa and your blissful sister out driving. Riette within her four walls and signing herself,

"THE PRISONER OF CHILLON."

(To be continued.)

THE LAST PRAYER

By William Wilfred Campbell

MASTER of life, the day is done,
My sun of life is sinking low.
I watch the hours slip one by one
And hark the night-wind and the snow.

And must thou shut the morning out
And dim the eye that loved to see;
Silence the melody and rout
And seal the joys of earth for me:

And must thou banish all the hope,
The large horizon's eagle swim,
The splendor of the far-off slope
That ran about the world's great rim,

That rose with morning's crimson rays
And grew to noonday's gloried dome,
Melting to even's purple haze
When all the hopes of earth went home?

Yea, Master of this ruined house,
The mortgage closed, outruns the lease.
Long since is hushed the gay carouse,
And now the windowed lights must cease.

The doors all barred, the shutters up,
  Dismantled, empty, wall and floor,
And now for one grim eve to sup
  With death, the bailiff, at the door.

Yea, I will take the gloomward road
  Where fast the arctic nights set in,
To reach the bourne of that abode
  Which thou hast kept for all my kin,

And all life's splendid joys forego,
  Walled in with night and senseless stone,
If at the last my heart might know
  'Mid all the dark one joy alone.

Yea, thou may'st quench the latest spark
  Of life's weird day's expectancy,
Roll down the thunders of the dark
  And close the light of life for me,

Melt all the splendid blue above,
  And let these magic wonders die,
If thou wilt only leave me Love
  And Love's heart-brother Memory.

Though all the hopes of every race
  Crumbled in one red crucible,
And melted mingled into space,
  Yet Master thou wert merciful.



ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTING AND CONDUCTORS

By William F. Apthorp

FOR the musical public at large to take special interest in orchestral conductors—under which head I would include also conductors of choruses — is something rather new; in America at least it belongs distinctly to the present day. Yet that such an interest is really and quite generally felt is indubitable. When Mr. Arthur Nikisch resigned his position at the head of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the spring of 1893, the newspapers rang with the news; as much reporter's ingenuity was spent on trying to find out who was likely to be his successor as if it had been a matter of political import. New York, too, knows well enough how much printer's ink has been spilt over certain notable conductors; and printer's ink is a pretty sure gauge of popular interest in any question. Were this particular interest an isolated fact, a mere passing fashion or fad, unconnected with the progress of the Art of Music itself, it would have little significance. But this is not so; it is to be recognized as a direct outcome of the modern artistic spirit, a sign of the times, and is hence worth studying.

The orchestral conductor, as we now know him, is essentially a modern product; let us trace out his history. Ever since concerted music was first written and performed, it has been felt that bodies of musicians—whether singers or players—must have some more or less definite head. Even in Palestrina's day, and earlier, there was the organist, or *maestro di cappella*, who kept the performers together; but a conductor, beating time with a stick was unheard of. The same is true of Bach's and Handel's time; then it was a matter of course that the organ or clavichord (*cembalo*) should take part in all concerted music:* in purely instrumental compositions as well as in the accompaniment† of choral works. Ensemble performances were led by the organist or cembalist; he sat at his instrument, played the "accompaniment," and directed the performance—now by movements of his head, now perhaps by beating time with one hand. We still see the survival of this in our church choirs, where the organist leads and keeps the singers together.

With the more regular establishment of the orchestra under Philipp Emanuel Bach, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart, and the gradual disappearance of the improvised organ or clavichord "accompaniment," the direction of ensemble performances passed out of the hands of the time-honored organist or cembalist into those of a functionary otherwise employed. Yet the duties of the *maestro di cappella*, *maître de chapelle*, or *Kapellmeister*, embraced also those of the modern *Conzertmeister*, *chef d'attaque*, or leading first violin;

* Except, of course, *a cappella* works, for voices only.

† It is to be noted that the part to be played by the organist or cembalist was not written out, but merely vaguely indicated by thorough-bass figuring over the orchestral bass part (or *continuo*); sometimes even this figuring was omitted. The player had therefore to improvise his part in full harmony from these sparing indications. It is an interesting item in the musical terminology of the day that the term "accompaniment" did not mean, as it now does, the combined instrumental parts in a composition for voices and orchestra, but was restricted in its application to the part improvised by the organist or cembalist.

the conductor still formed part of the orchestra; he conducted violin in hand, played the same part as the other first violins, beating time with his bow only in ticklish places where it was necessary to do so, to keep the players and singers together. In operas and oratorios, where there were *secco*-recitatives to be accompanied, he sat at the clavichord or pianoforte, beating time when necessary and playing—still generally improvising — the accompaniments to the recitatives.* Conducting in Haydn's and Mozart's day was much of the sort still done by the Strauss brothers of Vienna, and other dance-orchestra conductors; it was two-thirds violin playing and one-third beating time with the bow. Indeed, conducting with the violin-bow is still the rule in France, the violin itself being laid rather ostentatiously on the conductor's desk, there to repose in innocuous desuetude.

As composers began to indulge themselves more and more in rhythmic complexities, as the old simple contrasts between *forte* and *piano* made way for more elaborate effects of shading, and the *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, the *rallentando* and *accelerando*, were introduced, the conductor's beating time and giving his attention more exclusively to directing the forces under him became more and more necessary; at last he gave up playing at all, and did nothing but conduct. Then the old traditional violin-bow, with its often audible "swish-sh!" through the air, was replaced by the lighter, more silent, and less fatiguing baton; the conductor grew to be pretty much what he is to-day. Still it was some time before he was considered to have much more to do than give the *tempo*, keep the orchestra well together in *accelerando* and *ritardando* passages, and see that attention was paid to the composer's "expression-marks." In the matters of vitality of accent and personal magnetism in general, he doubtless exerted a considerable influence over the forces under his command; but this was pretty much all. It was not until composers of the romantic and "emotional" schools—Beethoven† and Weber, and after them Mendelssohn—began to conduct their own works that much was done in the way of "rhythmic elasticity," or transient "modifications of *tempo*." But with these men the modern style of orchestral performance began; it was carried to still greater lengths under Wagner, Berlioz,‡ Liszt, and others; and to what extraordinary and monstrous excesses (if I may be pardoned for saying so) it has been pushed by some of our own contemporaries need hardly be said.

So much for a general outline of the main facts in the "evolution of the conductor;" now for the efficient causes that have furthered this evolution. Looking back over the history of the Art of Music, we find that, at every stage in the progress of the Art of Composition, the contemporary Art of Performance reflects its essential, as well as its more salient characteristics; no essential change comes about in the style or ideal aims of musical composition without soon being followed by a corresponding change in the methods of musical performance. And, if we are to seek the reason of being of the evolution of the orchestral conductor I have just described, we must look for it in some corresponding process of development in the Art of Music itself. Here, and nowhere else, can it find its artistic justification and explanation.

The philosophical gist of the course Music has run from the days of its first manhood down to the present time —from the age of Palestrina down to the post-Wagnerians of our own—has been well pointed out by Robert Franz as follows:

"In the old Italian school the personal element withdraws almost wholly into the background, and is overwhelmed by the demands of the Catholic Church, which, as is well known, considers the individual of no account.

* Many of us can still remember old Max Maretzek sticking his baton under his left arm and striking chords on an upright pianoforte for the recitatives in Don Giovanni and others of the older Italian operas.

† Beethoven was, to be sure, as much a classicist as anybody—as indeed Mendelssohn was—but Beethoven was decidedly a romanticist in his way, too; an assertion which I am sure the present "modernists" will be the last to dispute.

‡ Berlioz's "free-romantic" conducting was, however, confined to his own works; he conducted the classic repertory far more strictly, and, as has been said of him, "just like everybody else."

The expression of the masters of this school thus became so typical that one has difficulty in distinguishing between, *e.g.*, the grand works of Palestrina. It was Protestantism that first loosed musicians' tongues, for in it the personal element, in contradistinction to the typical, comes into its rights. Nowadays we are told to fall back upon ourselves alone, which fact has led to a subjectivism. . . ." *

From the absolute "objectivity" of artistic point of view of Palestrina, the two Gabrielis, and Orlando Lasso, with the purely "typical," or, as we say nowadays, "conventional," forms of musical expression it brought with it, we pass by gentle gradations—if at times with a more sudden leap—to Sebastian Bach and Handel, in whose artistic attitude "objectiveness" and "subjectiveness" are in equilibrium, and whose forms of musical expression show complete freedom within the limits of the "typical"—the *libertas in legitimo* of the free citizen. From these masters again we pass on to Beethoven, in whom personal emotion and its expression rise to the passionate pitch, and then to composers of the newer and newest schools of our own day, with whom "subjectivism" reigns rampant, to the destruction or quasi-destruction of all "typical" or conventional modes of expression. The whole process has been a gradual and more and more complete emancipation of the *Ego* and a corresponding elimination of conventional forms in musical composition.

Now let me not be misunderstood if I venture to assert that, with every successive stage in this process, composers have lost something in the matter of *completeness* of expression. In a score by Palestrina the very notes themselves not only contain, but reveal the whole essence and emotional gist of the music; sing these notes accurately and clearly, with good voices and in true intonation, and you have satisfied all the composer's demands. Mere musical notation enabled Palestrina to convey to his performers all he had to say, and they had but to follow this notation blindly to impart his whole meaning to the listener. Thus Palestrina could completely express in his music all he had to express; the aid he asked for from performers was purely mechanical. But when we come to Bach and Handel, we find that the mere notes of their scores do not convey their meaning so exhaustively; even added "expression-marks" do not help the notes to tell the whole story. There is still an *unexpressed residuum* that the performer must get at by some other means than merely reading the score; something—and something very important, too—has been left to be read between the lines. Mere technical adequacy on his part and obedience to printed directions no longer suffice; he must *understand* the composition and grasp its full meaning aright, else he comes to grief. I need not cite further examples, for it must already be plain whither my argument is tending. From the old Italian school, with the composer's complete expression of his idea through purely typical forms, down to the most recent modern school, with its "barrier-spurning subjectivism" and subversion of all that is typical in musical expression, we find that the written or printed score conveys to us the composer's idea less and less exhaustively, and that more and more is left to be "read between the lines" by the performer. The corollary to which is that the performer's task grows more and more arduous and problematical, quite apart from his merely technical proficiency. The adequacy of a mechanically correct performance gives way more and more to the necessity of an ideally correct *interpretation*.

It might be thought from this that the performer's prominence in popular estimation must have kept pace with the increasing difficulty of his task and the wider scope it has given his personal artistic initiative. Unfortunately the matter has been complicated by the introduction of a third element, which it will be well to examine now.

The fact is that the musical performer has, from the very first, enjoyed a prominence in popular estimation such as no change in the character or scope of his normal functions could possibly increase. In the eyes of the musical

* From a private letter.

public at large he has always been cock of the walk; as much so a hundred years ago as he is to-day. And it takes no such ponderous abstractions as "subjectivity" and "objectivity," or "typicalness" and "individuality," to account for it. A fine voice, brilliant technique, the magnetism of genius, the contagion of personal emotion, or were it but the Alcibiades fashion of tailless dogs—all these have ever held potent sway over the enthusiasm of men, regardless of the way they have been used in the service of Art. The virtuoso is the true ruler of men; it is not for nothing that the Italians have dubbed the female of the species *diva*, or goddess!

To great lengths has this business of virtuosity gone! It is well worth a passing glance for its own sake. Virtuosity—by which term is meant *brilliant executive power* in general—is really a twofold quality; it has its higher spiritual, as well as its lower mechanical, side; besides virtuosity in technique there is also virtuosity in expression. Let the reader remember for a moment what essentially different things *emotion* and *expression* are. Expression is the throwing-out of emotion, the projection of our own feeling upon the plane of another's emotional receptivity; it is a process, and, as such, may be analyzed; furthermore, its component elements are susceptible of synthesis. No doubt the power of expression implies the presence of emotion, of something to be expressed—sceptically to deny this were sheer blasphemy against the sacredness of Art—nothing will come of nothing! But observation proves that there is little necessary connection between the vigor and vividness of an artist's expressive power and the depth or poignancy of his feeling; the one does not increase or decrease in any constant ratio with the other. The power of expression is really a special gift; some of the most stolid natures possess it in a high degree, while it is found to be lacking in some of the most emotional.

Virtuosity in expression has ever been a potent factor of the hold great performers have on popular enthusiasm. Let us give this higher spiritual side of virtuosity its due; yet we should none the less remember that it is quite as capable of being misused, of being made a merely marketable article, or employed in the service of the performer's personal vanity, as of being devoted to the ideal interests of Art. And if the prominence virtuosity in both its phases has given the musical performer in the eyes of the public is naturally and easily accounted for, popular enthusiasm for the virtuoso *per se* has not the purely artistic character that should be ascribed to the more legitimate interest felt in the performer because of the larger and wider scope given him by the development I have described in the Art of Music itself.

From the actual performer to the conductor—the director and controller of many united performers—is but an easy step. We have seen how the conductor has gradually separated himself more and more from the orchestra; how, from merely occasionally *leading* it, he has at last come absolutely to *command* it. Indeed the modern orchestra has been converted into a great, composite musical instrument on which the conductor actually *plays;* and the specific skill he has developed of playing on this ideal instrument is an exact counterpart of what we call virtuosity in the individual performer. A generation of "virtuosi of the orchestra" has sprung up, exercising the same fascination over the great crowd of music-lovers that other virtuosi have, time out of mind. The orchestral conductor is fast becoming the Cynosure in the musical firmament, with the pole-star of safety or shipwreck beaming at his baton's tip. Lightly warbling soprani, tenors, storming the Jericho of the people's heart with "miraculous sound," and sonorous basses of Bashan will have to look to their laurels; some fine day they may find them encircling the conductor's Olympian brow! In a word, the modern conductor is essentially a performer; and, whether he be a popular favorite by reason of his virtuosity or of the scope modern musical performance gives to the artistic initiative of all performers, his virtuosity *per se* is unquestionably the element by

which he most gains his ascendency over the public. This aspect of the phenomenon is by no means without its dubious side. All virtuosity is but a means to an end; and the artistic end to compass which this means is employed is what is fundamentally important in the whole business. It is by the artistic ideal he tries to incarnate, and by his fealty to that ideal that the conductor, like other virtuosi, must show whether he is really the man for his place or not; whether he is worthy to step into the conspicuous and responsible position the whole past of the Art of Music has prepared for him, or is only fit to join the glittering and ignoble army of mere clap-trap virtuosi—singers, fiddlers, or pianoforte-torturers—that have gone before him.

The modern orchestral conductor's position is not free from its peculiar temptations. Let us take him in his most favorable situation, as a modern man (the product of his time and of all past time) conducting modern music. Here he has every advantage; he has with him the musical spirit of his day, the best chances of harmony between his individual artistic instinct and that of the composer whose music he is to conduct. It may be taken for granted that much has been left to be read between the lines of the score; in a word, the music has to be *interpreted*. And a modern score is naturally open to considerable latitude of interpretation; the conductor must strive to grasp the unrevealed essence of the music aright, that the composer's intention shall be fully realized.

No exploration of the unknown, mystic essence—as the French well put it, the *au delà*—of a thing, no expedition starting from the *phenomenon* to discover the *noumenon*, is an easy matter, nor its probable results of assured value. Were it so, metaphysics had long since been a closed science and some of the greatest minds would not still spend their best thinking on it, with what results we know! Yet, in this matter of metaphysics, may there not be a grain of truth in the hypothesis that all philosophers, in their explorations of the *au delà*, have insensibly been guided by a certain ineradicable spirit of optimism, by an unconquerable personal preference, that led them to pitch upon that "scheme of the universe" which seemed to them the best, highest, grandest, and most inspiring to the spiritual life? Is not every scheme of philosophy in the end little more than the projected image of the mind that originated it, with its hopes, fears, and aspirations?

If this is so, how natural for the conductor to follow the philosopher, and in his endeavor to discover the mystic essence of a composition, allow himself to be guided by a similar personal preference, and make that problematic essence the best and highest he knows! May he not be irresistibly impelled to make his performance something of an *original* work of art, "*un coin de* musique *vu à travers* son propre *tempérament?*" If he is truly an artist, he knows that the emotional gist of one man's expression can be rightly comprehended only by what is emotional in another; that the intellect and reason can never of themselves exhaust the significance of feeling. Is it not then natural for him, in striving to fulfil the *duties* of his office, to make use also of the *freedom* these duties imply? If he do not, he is no true artist! And yet he must proceed with caution. *Reading* between the lines—taking this hint right, and grasping the exact purport and weight of that innuendo—is one thing; *amplifying* between the lines, putting in something of his own to eke out the composer's incomplete and uncomprehended expression—is another. One can see that the conductor's temptation to abuse his freedom of interpretation, to amplify effectively instead of reading aright, is great, and all the more insidious that the freedom he abuses springs directly from his duty to the composer.

But if the difficulty is considerable in rightly reading between the lines of contemporary composers' scores—where the artistic instincts of both composer and conductor may be assumed to be tolerably harmonious—how doubly and trebly difficult will it not be to grasp and realize the hidden meaning of compositions written in a by-gone age when men had other ideals in art, were

actuated by another spirit, and employed other forms of expression! I have harped on this string before; but must give it another twang or two, for it sounds the key-note of the most serious difficulty in the orchestral conductor's position to-day. It should be the Catonic "*et delendam esse Carthaginem*" to every discussion of the subject.

To quit generalities, let me take one strongly characteristic case — Beethoven. It were idle to deny that the germs — and indeed, something more than these—of some of the most characteristic developments in the music of the present day are to be found in Beethoven. He pushed "subjectiveness" of expression to lengths unknown before him; he virtually was the first to introduce the element of genuine *passion* into music.* His expression was not only passionate, it was often sudden and fitful, another new feature. There was much in Beethoven which, more by relaxing certain restraints than by giving additional prick to any special stimuli, might easily develop into Berlioz on the one hand, or Wagner on the other. Leaving the musical drama out of consideration, the beginnings of what is most characteristic in the "modern" musical movement are to be descried in Beethoven. He left more to be read between the lines than any composer before him. To play the mere notes of his scores is to do him no manner of justice; his music calls imperatively for a certain amount of "interpreting." But it is equally important for us to recognize that in Beethoven there is to be found no disposition to discard any of the essential elements of "typical" expression in music, such as melodic definiteness (almost what the French call "*carrure*") of thematic material, coherency of development, symmetry of design, or unity of form. Beethoven, even when at his most frenetic pitch, when he comes nearest to what Artemus Ward called "slopping over," as in the last part of the ninth symphony, or the prison-quartet in "Fidelio," never loses his grasp of distinct and well-balanced musical form. Neither does he ever seem in danger of it; the saying of von Bülow's I have often quoted, that "it is especially noteworthy how Beethoven in his later period, when he has wrought himself up to such a pitch of passionate fury that he hardly knows where to look for adequate means of expression, nearly always *takes to the fugue*," is very significant here. To suppose that Beethoven aimed at the untrammelled, barrier-spurning "subjectivism" of expression to be found in the works of men like Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, and others of still later date, but was not quite able to throw off the "shackles" of musical form, is to make up a gratuitous hypothesis out of the whole cloth; for nothing in his works indicates any such disposition or inability on his part. It is just as arrant nonsense to speak of a master like Beethoven as unable to throw off the shackles of musical form as it would be to talk about Dante's not being able to throw off the "shackles" of the *terza rima*. If Beethoven held fast by organic construction and symmetry of design in music, it was because he deemed these things eminently worth preserving. Note also that the sense for artistic measure which impelled him to hold fast by unity and symmetry of musical form did not, and in the nature of things could not, restrict its influence to matters of form alone, but must needs manifest itself in other phases of his work as well, in his orchestral coloring, his dynamic effects, in what is commonly called his "expression" in general. And if this sense for measure controls his writing throughout, save in some exceptional moments of fury, a corresponding sense for artistic measure ought to be manifested in the way his works are performed. Never was there a man of more reserve-power than he; he never had to do any tail-lashing to keep his passionateness up to the sticking-point; he had enough to do to give voice to the passion seething within him, without looking about him for more to express. And his expression

* That this statement may not seem too extreme, let me remind the reader of the distinction to be drawn between *dramatic* and *passionate* expression. Music had certainly been dramatic enough before Beethoven; with Gluck, Mozart, and some of the older Italians. But the intrinsically passionate element was, for the most part, lacking.

was nearly always noble and dignified; only twice or thrice in his works do you find him having recourse to anything that might be taken for the musical equivalent of profane swearing—and even then he swears in good grammar! It is most true that his works ill endure the metronomic rigor of rhythm which was part of Bach's* and Handel's natural gait; but it is equally true that, in performing them, "rhythmic elasticity" and transient "modifications of *tempo*" must not be pushed to the point of marring that ideal *unity of tempo* which is an integral factor of all unity of form. His profound pathos and tragic expression do not need the added poignancy of a grimace; his thunder, fresh from Jove's own armory, needs no eking-out with the portentous rolling of Salmoneus chariots. Yet these terrifico-absurd things are what not a few conductors to-day are sorely tempted to do; and they give in to the temptation. They well-nigh wash away all that is "typical" in Beethoven's expression in Niagaras of "subjectivism;" they play him like Wagner, *et encore*—if that were all!

Ay, if that were all! There can be little doubt that the business began after the publication in 1869 of Wagner's pamphlet, "*Ueber das Dirigiren*" (On Conducting). Upon the whole, one hardly knows whether to be glad or sorry this rather violent *opusculum* was ever written; it has doubtless done much good, but also an immense deal of harm. In it Wagner insisted upon conductors taking an inch, and they have gone on taking a longer and longer ell. Especially in what Wagner says about conducting Beethoven—admirable as it is in the main—has he thrown open the door to countless extravagances. It is pretty evident that he could not help allowing his ideas on performing Beethoven to be tinged more or less by his own personal artistic bias, and gave somewhat too liberal scope to his conviction that he and Beethoven were perfectly at one. In this he struck the key-note of a tendency which has since become almost universal and given rise to one of the most curious phenomena in the art history of our day.

It is rather surprising, in an age when all mere *authority* in art matters is held unprecedentedly cheap, how people will do their uttermost to set up one man as irrefragable authority for all their doings. Drive Authority out at the door, and she will back at the window! The most curious part of the controversy that has been going on for years between the modern come-outers and the "classicists" is the way Beethoven has—rather gratuitously, one would think—been thrust into the very centre of the debate. Everything has been made to hinge on him. He has been set up as a sort of infallible incarnation or avatar of the Musical Ideal, and each party seems to think that, if it can only prove Beethoven to be on its side, nothing further need be said. His works have become a musical Bible: ample authority for anything you please. In one way this is not so bad. There is no little truth in the idea. Would that it were oftener recognized that the entirely great artist verily *is* high and highest authority on art matters. It were wholesome for art lovers in general to ponder on this, for it is at times in danger of being forgotten. But the lamentable side of the business is that Beethoven, like the Bible, has been made the theme of a most astounding and bewildering variety of exegesis. It has ended in every sect and denomination in the Musical Ecclesia having a special Beethoven of its own, made, like the horse's god, in its own image. Beethoven has been tortured and twisted into agreement with every musical theory, every miserablest musical fashion or fad that has been offered for the world's edification for the last several decades. He has been so cunningly analyzed and dissected that it is like to take a good half-century more to put him together again!

Of course, musical performance cannot but reflect this curious state of things, as indeed it reflects all developments that regard the Art of Music. It does not take any "*Ueber das Dirigiren*" nowadays to make a Wagnerian

* Robert Franz has well characterized the true essence (*Wesen*) of Sebastian Bach's art as "mystical depth combined with mathematical strictness."

conductor play Beethoven "Wagnerianly;" he would do so of his own accord, if only to prove to himself and his audience how alike the two masters were. And when I say, "Wagnerianly," I do not mean that the conductor plays Beethoven as Wagner would, but that he plays his music just as he does Wagner's—which is quite another story. "*Ja! Wagnerisch, meine Herren!*" has some salt in it, and is oftener capital than not; but the other thing is stale and foisonless as "condemned gooseberry!"

Here we come to the root of the matter. Conductors—or too many of them—cannot let well-enough alone in taking Wagner's advice in "*Ueber das Dirigiren*," but must needs try to improve on it. Instead of taking it with the legendary grain of salt, which some might think it needed, they heighten its pungency with Cayenne pepper of their own. Wagner insists on "modifications of the *tempo*" whenever the character and expression of the music changes. Well and good! But the "modifications" made by some conductors to-day remind one of the Irishman's "persuading" his opponent with a stirrup-strap. Wagner, going on in his poetic way, calls the *cantilena* of the second theme in symphonic first movements an "*adagio* in the midst of an *allegro*." Admirable! Only, when Hamlet invited Laertes to join him in having "millions of acres" piled upon their heads, he probably did not purpose keeping exact tally of the cart-loads; he would have been satisfied when Ossa had been made enough like a "wart" for practical purposes, and let the superfluous acres go. "*Adagio* in the midst of an *allegro*" is all very well: the *cantilena* of the second theme is in so far an *adagio*—and perhaps just a shade farther—as its component notes are of greater time-value than those of the characteristically *allegro* first theme. It has unquestionably something of the *adagio* character by comparison, and this should be duly emphasized in performance. But nowadays, when the "Volumnia and Virgilia" theme * comes in, in the "Coriolan" overture, conductors too often make it a veritable, most love-lorn, and painfully halting *adagio*. Volumnia, forsooth! Mrs. Haller-and-water! And the overture's back is broken, to boot! Every hint in "*Ueber das Dirigiren*" has been taken for considerably more than it was worth. Wagner's suggestions have been held up to the modern conductor's magnifying mirror, and there you see their reflections exaggerated *ad nauseam*.

And, as by a sort of divine irony, these sins against Beethoven have been expiated by no one more painfully than by Wagner himself. His works, too, have come in for the same exaggerated and distorted kind of "interpretation." To hear some performances of Wagner to-day, one would think that "Wagnerian" conductors were with malice prepense playing into the hand of his old-time detractors, who denied him all delicacy of perception, subtlety, or artistic *finesse*. They lay on his colors with a white-wash brush. And the good public is asked to accept this hideous distortion as "characteristically Wagnerian!" †

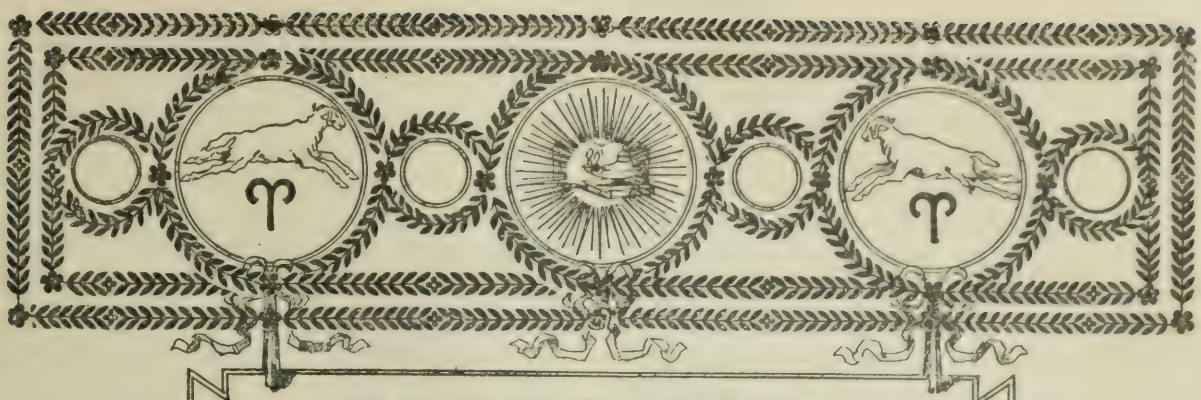
The trouble, in so far as Wagner's music and that of some other modern composers is concerned, is one of degree rather than of kind; the now current excessive style of performance is "Wagnerish," only more so. All performers, especially those of long standing, are exposed to the temptation to commit similar exaggerations. One of the most "moderate" pianists I know in this respect once admitted to me that, after playing certain pieces in public for some time, year in, year out, he had to lay them on the shelf and let them lie fallow for a while; every successive time he played them he would, quite involuntarily, "make the effects a

* *Vide* Wagner's Explanatory Program to Beethoven's overture to Coriolan.

† Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, for five years conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and previously one of the conductors at the Vienna Court Opera, once told me that, when Wagner conducted in person a rehearsal and performance of Lohengrin in Vienna, all the musicians present (of whom he was one) were simply astonished at the way Wagner modified the *tempo* at almost every turning; but were equally, if not still more, surprised at the extreme delicacy of these modifications. In every case the *tempo* was changed but by a hair's-breadth; it was the most delicate and subtile play of *nuances* imaginable! On the other hand, when Verdi conducted his Aïda at the same opera-house, every one was taken off his feet by the suddenness and violence of the "modifications" he made. His *più moto* in particular has been described as "absolutely headlong!"

little stronger than the time before," and would so go on until he became aware that he was overstepping all artistic bounds. This is the cumulative effect of a long course of gradually increased stimulation; it is the half-glass of whiskey to-day, the whole glass next week, ending at last in the bottle *per diem*. The conductor begins with the honestest striving after the *right* effect —which, in our modern music at least, is nearly always of the stimulative sort —and then finds himself insensibly led on to resort to stronger and stronger stimulating doses, until he falls into the downward path of aiming at effect *per se* and *quand même*. To carry out my simile, he ceases to be an epicure who drinks for the flavor, and turns to a mere "stimulator" who drinks for the effect. One can easily see what exceedingly slight value "correct traditions" must have after being submitted to such a process; they must sooner or later lose all authenticity and authority. And, when we consider the headlong pace at which all things move in our day, we should not be surprised to find four or five years of constant professional work quite enough to throw a conductor off his artistic balance. If the Bach and Handel traditions have become a very quicksand for performers after nearly a century and a half, the Beethoven traditions are already in a pretty bad case, and the Wagner traditions are fast following them on the same road. The text in the Beethoven Bible—since Beethoven has, once for all, been set up as *the* authority—that most needs to be preached to-day is that which inculcates *artistic measure in all things!*

I am not constitutionally a croaker, and would by no means be misunderstood in what I have said about conductors to-day exaggerating "effects" in their performance of works by the great classic and modern masters. It seems to me hardly questionable that this tendency toward exaggeration is in many, perhaps in most, cases really nothing more than the exaggeration of a tendency which is essentially good, artistic, and coincident with the general direction the development of the Art of Music has taken for the last three centuries. It is but the unlovely reverse side of something of which the obverse is intrinsically fine—the "vice of a virtue." If the excesses in which some modern conductors are too prone to indulge themselves are worse and lower than anything habitually done by the old "Pigtails" in times when orchestral performance was of a more negative character than it is to-day, our present conductors have led the orchestra to higher ideal flights of artistic performance than were even dreamt of half a century ago. They have made the orchestra capable of doing the fullest justice to music of every age and every school. This is no slight achievement! True, they at times show that they feel their oats a little; they get somewhat by the head with their newly acquired power. Like new brooms, they often make an over-clean sweep of artistic points of view that have been held for ages and have that in them which will not stay swept away in dark corners forever. Yet sanity, and not irresponsible intoxication, is desirable in all things; the time is well past when conductors needed any goading on, to keep the Art of Musical Performance neck and neck with the Art of Musical Composition. Nay! the time has already come when the fly-wheel of artistic measure should be added, to control the mighty push of this new mainspring of free individualism. Else we may in time find the current style of orchestral performance of a kind which is the most irredeemably inartistic of all—the kind which it is *impossible to caricature!*



THE POINT OF VIEW

THE touch of death sometimes crystallizes a man's fame almost as visibly for us as a sudden jar to the chemist's bowl turns the waiting liquid into solid forms, definable and unvarying. However conscious we may have been of a man's achievement, however fully we may have understood its quality, there is a moment not unlike the recognition of a new birth when suddenly we see it finished in the form in which we are to know it henceforth, never to be increased or lessened by any act of its author. And, indeed, it is a new birth : a man is dead ; but that strange entity is only then born which is henceforward to be known by his name, combined of his remembered personality and his work, a being that at first thought seems partly of our own creation, and yet may be really the whole man seen for the first time.

This immortalizing touch of death (no unmeaning paradox) has come to Robert Louis Stevenson so kindly as to be free from much of its sadness, even to his friends, and under circumstances that will always give a peculiar vividness and brightness to the figure that now takes its place in English literature. There has been nothing to dim the impression of that vital and awakening personality, that reached through his books to his readers with perhaps less loss of its quality than that of any living English writer. The conditions of his life, the fine courage of his high-handed and almost contemptuous struggle with disease—which he seldom mentioned but as an inconvenience to be set aside as a matter of course ; and above all the circumstances of his last few years—his actual isolation from, yet intense community with, the world in which he took so keen an interest—all combined to give a force to this personal attraction which will carry it far into the future of his work.

Of much of that work, however, even the coldest critic need not mince his words. It is stamped for long life with that stamp which he can busy himself in justifying, but cannot often affix. The mastery of Stevenson's style has not escaped the occasional accusation that it was self-conscious, or artificial, or "too obviously literary ;" and his defenders have commonly worded their easy defence as though this question of style were that which involved the permanency of his work. Nine out of ten of the comments on his death speak of it as the loss of "one of the greatest living writers of English." He was one of them ; but there is also another element in his prospect of permanence. Readers of this magazine—and all his readers—remember his paper printed here under the title "Pulvis et Umbra," of which the theme was the persistence and indestructibility of the struggle of mankind toward an ideal, "however misconceived." Whoever will turn to "Pulvis et Umbra" and read the enumeration of the powers arrayed against the Promethean side of man (a piece of writing most closely comparable, perhaps, to the memorable catalogue of human woes in Newman's "Apologia"), and then the picture of man contending against them everywhere—"it matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burdened with what erroneous morality"—will have,

though in a form unusually sombre with him, a glimpse of the idea of conflict which above all things interested Stevenson. He was here to preach the Fight and to tell of the Fight—physical, intellectual, moral—and of the Adventure, which is another form of it. This it was that made him a great story-teller. Quiet did not concern him ; and his contemplation, charming as it is, comes nearest, perhaps, to an opening for that accusation of the occasional artificial note. But the other—the *gaudium certaminis*—he felt with all his heart ; his eyes kindled over it ; and literature so inspired, backed by powers like his, is very vital and will last long.

My cousin Anthony has been in to tell me of the betrothal of his son Ajax to a young woman of exceptionally voluminous financial prospects. My cousin is not himself a man of large means, and his children's fortunes are still to be made : nevertheless it was not without an air of deprecation and symptoms of uneasiness that he told me what Ajax had done. He confided to me the name of the maiden's father, and little as I know about finance I recognized its fiscal potency, and realized the probability that the daughter of such a parent would some day be very rich. I asked Anthony how it happened. He could not tell me much. It had been sudden news to him, and wholly unexpected. Beyond the fact that it *had* happened he knew little. Ajax had asked neither his advice nor his consent. The young woman's natural protectors had apparently made no effort to interfere. If she chose to marry Ajax they seemed willing that she should do so, and the engagement was liable to be announced at any moment on the ticker-tapes, and in the society columns of the daily papers.

I congratulated Anthony, of course ; but it was evident that the disparity between his son's fortune and that of his prospective daughter-in-law embarrassed him, and that he had come in not so much to be felicitated as to be reassured. So I did my best to reassure him.

Remarking (not without some private satisfaction in the thought) that Ajax seemed to feel entirely competent to manage his affairs, and that, anyhow, the business had already passed the point where interference was possible, I proceeded to dwell at some length on the disadvantages that had to be overcome by a young man of character and ability who married a very rich girl. What such a young man was after in life was of course to work out what was in him. As long as he was tolerably poor he had the stern incentive of scant means, and if a family became dependent on his efforts, the incentive became so much the stronger. In that case he must work hard, take care of his health, grasp every chance, be temperate, thrifty, and far-sighted, since only by the most earnest devotion could he hope for such success as would yield him the comforts of life. But to the husband of a woman of fortune this incentive would be almost lost, though the mischief might in some degree be counterbalanced by the opportunities for very advantageous labor which a powerful family connection may often control.

I went on to point out some of the perils which beset the path of the working husband of a rich wife. He may get lazy and stop work. It will be made easy for him to do so, since if anything happens to check his labors the strain will be immediately relaxed, and someone will stand ready to undertake any task he may choose to lay down. Instead of having his endurance strengthened by moderate hardship, he will be pampered. If he needs a week's rest, he will be urged to take a month ; if he needs a month, he will be advised to go abroad and spend the summer. He will probably be overfed and very possibly he will develop gout. He will drink champagne when he should be drinking claret, and claret when he should not be drinking at all. He will be liable to be called upon to waste much time aboard yachts ; he will be exposed to many perils from horses ; he will be liable to travel at short notice to the remotest places for the benefit of his health, or his wife's health, or the health of his children ; he must run the risk of being oppressed by a multiplicity of servants, and of having his energies frittered away in detail by the cares of large establish-

ments. He will be nagged by promoters who will offer him opportunities to invest his wife's surplus income. It will be very hard for him to stick to business. Small matters will not be worth his attention, and the direction of large concerns is not to be learned without preliminary training in affairs of less importance. Then there will be his children. He will have to see that his boys are not ruined by luxury, and that adventurers do not steal his daughters.

But, of course, I went on to say, seeing Anthony growing solemn; somebody must marry the rich girls. There might be enough rich young men to pair off with them if all the rich bachelors were available ; but as long as a large percentage of the rich bachelors insist on marrying poor girls there is no choice but for some rich girls to marry poor men or none. And, after all, if a girl is truly a nice girl, it would be a shame to avoid her because of her fortune. When I was young, I told him, if I had really loved a girl, and she had loved me, and had been of age or an orphan, I would have married her if she had owned all New York between Canal Street and Central Park. Dreadful as it would have been to be burdened with such a load I would have felt that a true affection might make it tolerable.

I think I was a comfort to cousin Anthony. He went away looking a good deal less dejected than when he came in. What a happiness it is, to be sure, when one gets a chance to benefit a fellow-creature's spirits by changing his point of view !

No amount of philosophy, in the world as at present constituted, is going to make any man absolutely careless whether his associates consider him an ass or a dullard, or even a bore—which a man may be without being either of the other two, for everybody knows the clever type of the species. Strong feeling on this subject is consistent with all right theories of living, from the highest altruism to the most self-respecting individualism (if indeed they differ) ; and a desire to be taken by others at what he knows to be his value is distinctly a healthy symptom in the social human being.

But I have been a good deal impressed of late by the appearance of a morbid condition of this trait, which bears the same relation to its sounder manifestation that irritation does to normal sensitiveness. It consists in a preposterous alertness ; an apparent fear to be caught napping, or even lounging, in any of your intellectual outposts, as if your immediate response to a signal were a matter of life and death, and a kind of febrile activity were that for which you were chiefly anxious to be esteemed.

The chief damage that this apparently epidemic condition is doing, is the reduction of rational conversation to a process of repartee. Proportionately to the interests involved, not much more time and strength are wasted by the European nations in keeping up their armaments than some of the victims of the complaint waste in trying to be perpetually ready for their interlocutor, to "get back at him," to "score off him." I know men of whom you cannot ask what o'clock it is without their feeling it a necessity to reply in an epigram, or in any form of words that shall not convict them of the unreadiness of saying simply "half-past two." They are extreme cases ; but men with whom satisfactory talk on any subject is impossible are numerous enough, because of a disposition—or more probably only a habit—essentially the same. The worst of it is that the companion of one of these victims is apt to encourage the thing in spite of himself. If a man will fence, or play checkers, or match coins with you (lest you may think he can't do it), instead of getting at what you both want, human nature cannot always refrain from taking an interest in the game, even to your own subsequent annoyance.

It is not necessary to advise persons who find their regard for their interlocutor's opinion in this irritated condition, to sadden conversation by solemnly asking themselves, upon every temptation to a repartee (as Tattycoram in "Little Dorrit" counted five-and-twenty), whether on the whole their intelligence might not be equally proved by speaking simply to the subject in hand. Something must be left to the natural man. But let the reader listen with this homily in mind to the next

talk he hears among half a dozen men of good intelligence, not too great age, and reasonable conformity to the prevailing type and see if the objector has not a case.

READING, this morning, a chapter of Professor Barrett Wendell's skilful book on Shakespeare, I am impressed by a phrase in which the mighty gloom of "King Lear" is summed up wonderfully well. "Whether you read this great tragedy," he says, "or see it on the stage, the effect produced by any single and swift consideration of it must nowadays be one of murky, passionate, despairing confusion." He then proceeds cleverly to justify this "nice derangement of epitaphs," as Mrs. Malaprop would have called it, by indicating obscurities of style, situations intellectually dramatic rather than theatrical, and other technical traits due to obsolete conditions of the Elizabethan stage. But upon one strange obscurity, which surely cannot have escaped the notice of so close a student, since it is unparalleled in all Shakespeare, he does not touch at all. This is the sudden and unexplained disappearance from the play, when the action is at its height, of King Lear's Fool.

Differing from all other clowns and jesters of the master dramatist, Lear's attendant reveals in his very first scene an underlying mournfulness which complicates his character, and, technically speaking, makes the part a hard one to perform. He has been whipped for speaking true, whipped for lying, sometimes whipped for holding his peace. Ellen Tree often played him, and women, perhaps, have always succeeded best with the whimper in his speech, which at times is almost feminine. But his phrase of sorrow rises with the storm until a man, and a strong one, is needed to do it justice. Never was mirth so bitter. As Hamlet's replies were pregnant, even to Polonius, the Fool's questions are home-thrusts that must stir the dullest hearer. "Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?" he asks. And Lear answers: "A king, a king!" Throughout the scenes upon the heath he serves as chorus, brought into the foreground to deepen their sadness by his mockery. And when the king's oppressed nature sleeps, the Fool still has the last word.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so.
We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.
Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Immediately upon this speech, near the close of the third act, he leaves the stage, helping Kent and Gloster to bear away his master. Up to that point, although he is but a secondary figure, he has been constantly before us. Now he makes his final exit into outer darkness. We see him no more, and not the smallest mention is made of him again. Why?

If we decide that the Fool is dismissed in this summary fashion, because he has served his purpose and the full effect of that purpose has been accomplished, the answer seems insufficient. For it is not thus that Shakespeare deals with the well-rounded secondary personages in whom he has awakened interest. We see Mercutio hurt, and learn at once that the hurt was mortal. We know Horatio as we know our own comrades. Other attendants and confidants may arouse our curiosity, and their story is fully told. But the fate of this one faithful follower, who has touched us deeply, is left in everlasting mystery. Did he take arms with his master against Albany and Edmund, to fall in battle? Was he hanged, like that other "fool," the poor Cordelia? Did he live, to journey on in grief as Kent's companion? We search the last two acts in vain for an explanation, only to wonder whether some line has slipped from the text, or whether Shakespeare, with unaccustomed carelessness, forgot to write the line. Whatever may be the true explanation, we shall never know it. The Fool's pathetic figure is hopelessly lost in that desperate confusion of the closing scenes. His end remains an insoluble enigma. He goes to bed at noon.



THE WORSHIPPERS.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON.

From the painting by F. H. Tompkins by courtesy of Mr. John Reese.

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LUKE XVIII. 11

I WATCH my brother at his work
From dawn to dusk, a loaf to win;
I see my sister, toiling late
Beside her lamp, with fingers thin—
This is my daily prayer to God,
"Lord! keep me pure from sin."

I fare through wintry streets, the storm
Beats blithely on my fur-clad breast;
My sister shivers at my side
In one poor threadbare garment dressed.
The warm blood tingles in my veins,
"Lord! be Thy bounty blest!"

I sit beside my plenteous board
That gleams with fruit, that glows with wine;
My brother, on the pave below
Sits by his dinner-pail to dine.
I fold my hands to pray: "Dear Lord!
A thankful heart be mine!"

My little children climb my knee
Their good-night blessing to repeat—
Whose roughened voices do I hear
Wrangling and cursing in the street?
I clasp my darlings close; I cry,
"O God! my life is sweet!"

Like to that Pharisee of old
Who to the temple went to pray,
And thought upon his fellow-men,
And gave thanks he was not as they—?
Nay! not like him; all but ourselves
We have forgot, to-day!

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A NEW YORK
EASTER
LONG AGO.
Drawn by W. T. Smedley.



W. T. Smedley, fecit.

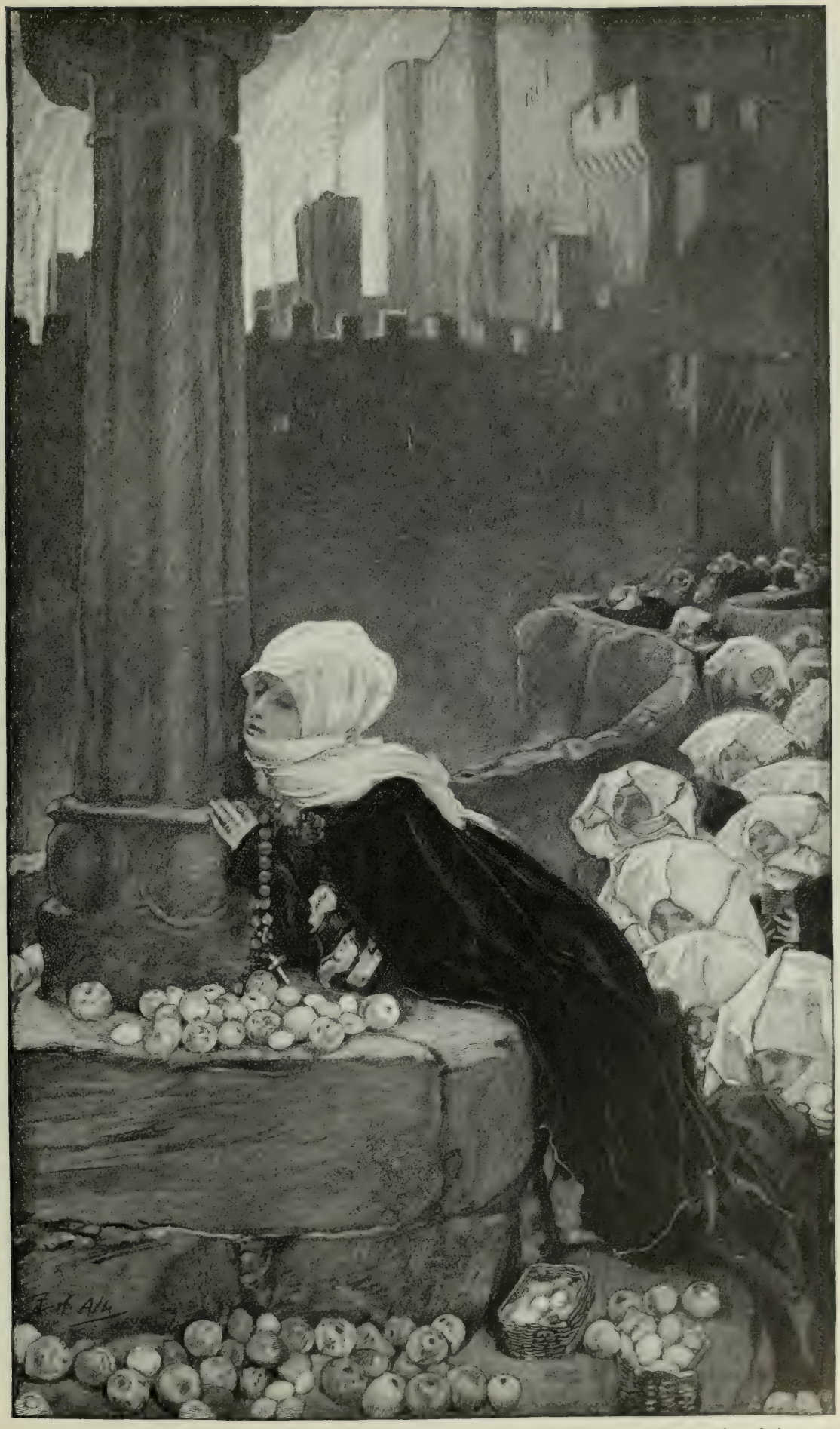

PALM SVNDAY
AT THE
MADELEINE
PARIS
Albert Lynch



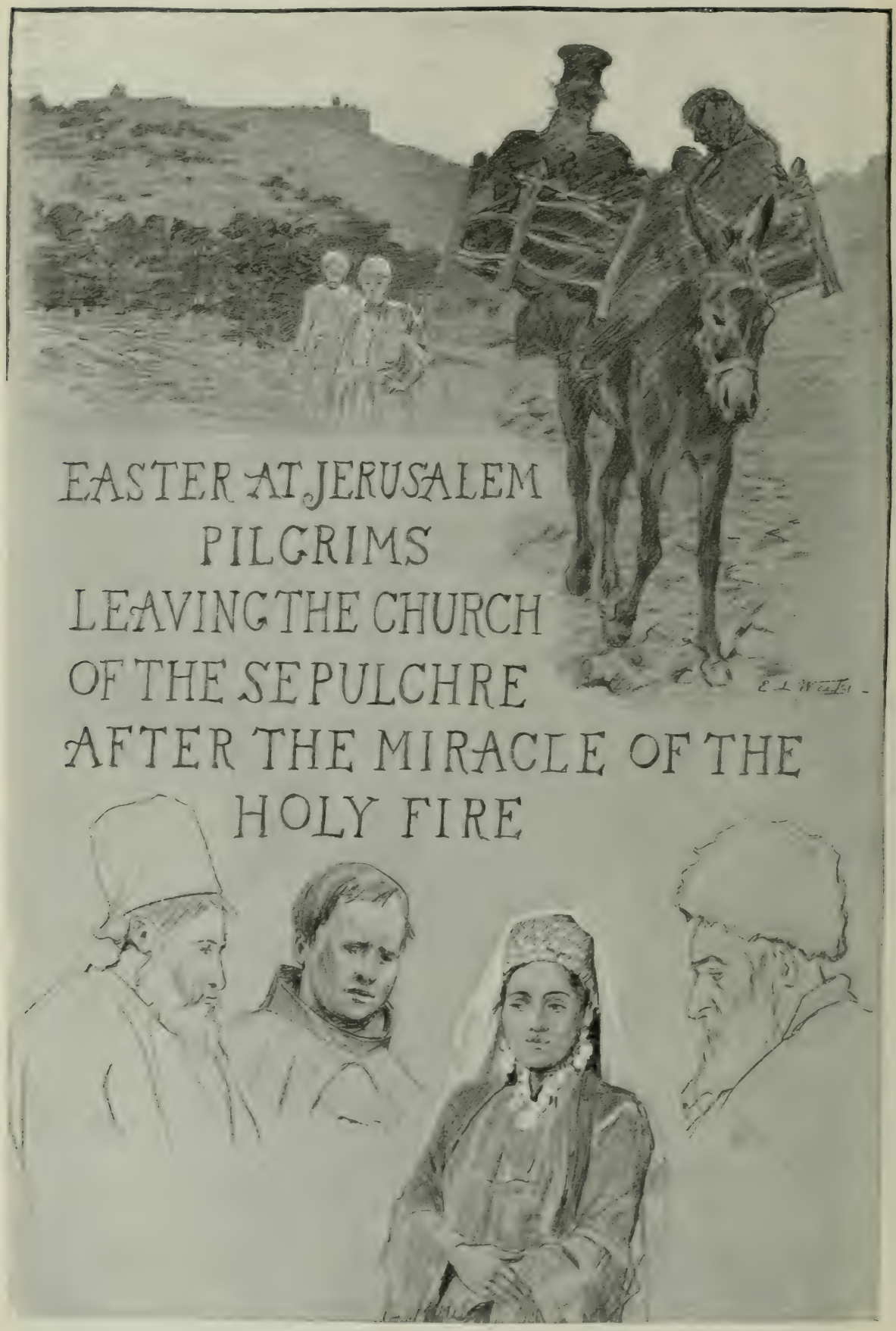
Albert Lynch, fecit.

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ye·CROSSE





E. A. Abbey, fecit.



EASTER AT JERUSALEM
PILGRIMS
LEAVING THE CHURCH
OF THE SEPULCHRE
AFTER THE MIRACLE OF THE
HOLY FIRE



E. L. Weeks, fecit.



PRINCE CHARLES STUART

By Andrew Lang

"The most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince."

THE history of Prince Charles, in whom the romance and the sorrows of the Stuarts came to a close, has often been written, but never completely elucidated. Of the necessary documents many are lost, many lie unpublished among the Stuart papers at Windsor. Several years of the Prince's life, after Culloden, are a blank. He was only too successful in concealing his tracks and obliterating the traces of his designs. Let us try to tell again the old story, and try, especially, to get a clear view of a much-debated character.

Charles was the son of a romantic marriage. His mother, Clementina Sobieski, of the great Polish house, had to flee from the Emperor's dominion, and make her escape from durance before she could join her bridegroom in Rome. Her eldest son, the Prince, was born at Rome, December 31, 1720.

The event caused great festivities, and the Pope made more than royal presents to the Pretender. In the following year the Marquis of Blandford was received by the exiled Prince in Rome; he was treated with great distinction. James, he found, was not austere. "He made his dinner of roast beef, he also prefers our March beer to the best port wines. He drinks his glass of champagne very heartily." Elsewhere, in MSS. catalogued by the Historical Commission, we find a jovial letter in which James speaks of laying his sorrows in a bottle of Burgundy. History does not accuse the Old Pretender of the vice which consummated the ruin of Charles, but it is plain, at least, that he set his son no example of ascetic sobriety.

According to Lord Blandford, the persons about the infant Prince were chiefly English and Protestants, whom Clementina declared that she approved of at that time. But later, as Mr. Ewald remarks, in his "Life of Prince Charles," she changed her mind. The Irish Catholics who governed him were the Prince's bane. He was, moreover, so tossed from Catholic to Protestant in his education, that he became very indifferent to distinctions of creed; hence one of his least creditable acts.

There was a project in James's little court, as full of cabals as a large one, for sending Charles, as a child, to Scotland. The priests preferred to send another child, and produce Charles when the insurrection was ripe. The priests seem to have read too many bad novels, and this promising intrigue was allowed to drop. The Princess's second child, Henry, was born on March 6, 1725. Very soon after this the sorrows of Clementina began in earnest. It was the old story. As Queen Caroline had her rival, Lady Suffolk, Clementina had her Mrs. Hay, wife of Colonel Hay, called Lord Inverness, of the Kinnoul family, a favorite counsellor of James. But Clementina, less worldly wise than Caroline, could not endure Mrs. Hay, still less make a tool of a rival. Nor could she endure James Murray, Lord Dunbar, the Prince's Protestant governor, or tutor. Clementina fled to a convent; the Pope took her side vigorously.

James was just as moral or as immoral as George I., but nobody meddled with George's domestic affairs. The Pope sent a messenger to James, who spoke of throwing him out of the window. However, the Pope could starve James by refusing subsidies; the Queen of Spain and the Jacobites at home put pressure on him, and, in 1727, Clementina rejoined her husband. All these disturbances were the worst training for a boy.

Charles fell under the domination of his Irish governor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, who, with O'Sullivan, may be said to have ruined the attempt of 1745. Of his education we know little. As his letters show, he could spell no better than Claverhouse. James he spells "Gems;" but few people of rank could spell in those days. He makes a few classical allusions, and he was fond of music, performing, in his last unhappy years, on the violin and the bagpipes. He was devoted to manly exercises. During his wanderings in the heather, with a price on his head, he never flinched.

The Prince asked Captain MacLeod if he was a stout walker, and if he could walk barefoot? By "barefoot" he meant to ask if he could walk in his shoes without stockings, for, said he, "that is the way I used to walk at my diversions in Italy." He introduced golf into Italy, where his links were in the grounds of the Villa Borghese. It is probable that he was never a great student, but he did not positively "hate boetry and bainting," like George II. But, like the same prince, he was fond of warfare. In 1734 the forces of the Emperor, the ally of England, were besieged in Gaëta. Charles's cousin, the Duke of Liria, afterward Duke of Berwick, son of a natural son of the sainted James II., took Charles into the trenches. "With an ardor worthy of his ancestor, the victor of Bannockburn, Charles threw himself into his new duties."* He was but a lad of thirteen, but, as the Duke of Liria testifies, "he showed not the least concern even when the balls were hissing about his ears." The Duke had to leave his quarters, as a battery was directed against them, but Charles, coming up as Liria left, "stayed in the

* Ewald, i., 46.

house a very considerable time, with an undisturbed countenance, though the walls had been pierced through with cannon-balls." Other eye-witnesses are in the same tale. Even Walton, the English spy in Rome, admitted his qualities and his courage. As to his courage, like that even of Marlborough, even of Montrose, it has been denied by clergymen, and by one or two soured adherents, such as the Chevalier Johnstone ; but his bravery was really impeccable. "I never knew a man not a coward so prudent, nor a man not rash so brave," said one who had known him well in Scotland. (In Bishop Forbes's contemporary collection, "The Lyon in Mourning," partly published by Mr. Robert Chambers, in "Jacobite Memoirs," 1834. Edinburgh and London.) Of his courage, however, the time to speak will come later.

Here, then, was a young Prince Charming, beautiful, brave, capable of enduring hardships, and, till his misfortunes soured him, not only kind, but of an uncommon and almost impolitic humanity. Well might Walton, the spy, pronounce him, with the blood of John Sobieski in his veins, "a far more dangerous enemy to the present establishment of the government in England than ever his father was." In those days, when a king of some sort was a necessity, England seemed to have in Charles a king born to be adored. But the tendency of things was invincibly against him. His enterprise was fated to split on his religion (which the dying Clementina implored him to abandon for no earthly crown) ; on France, then a broken reed, like Egypt of old, whereon if a man lean it shall pierce his hand ; on the cowardice or caution of the English Jacobites, and on the folly of his Irish governors. Had Charles been a Hannibal, he could scarcely have triumphed, with these things against him.



James Stuart.

This and the picture opposite from miniatures, now at Strathtyrum, near St. Andrews—made about 1740.

Clementina died in 1735. The next two years were occupied in studies, which cannot have been severe. In 1737 Charles, under the name of Count of Albany, made a tour among the Italian cities. Everywhere he was kindly received—at Venice with royal honors. This was resented by England, and the English Minister at Venice was withdrawn at short notice. Charles's tour gave him, as it were, a taste of royalty, and he longed, not perhaps ingloriously or selfishly, for a full draught. The President Desbrosses (author of "Les

Dieux Fétiches," an extremely brilliant work on the origin of religion) often met Charles in Italy, and declared that, in the opinion of his friends, if he failed in his great adventure, it would not be for lack of enterprise. ("Lettres d'Italie," ii., 361. Paris, An. vii.)



Clementina Sobieski, Wife of James Stuart and Mother of Charles.

During Charles's youth, as may be supposed, the Jacobites had not been idle. Plot after plot had burst like a bubble; hope after hope had been deferred. Mr. Ewald traces the beginning of the attempt of '45 to Charles Murray, of Broughton, who was to be the Ganelon of the cause. In 1742 Murray was a young man, making the grand tour. In Rome he met Charles, and for his *beaux yeux*, "his eyes the finest I ever saw, . . . the most surprisingly handsome person of his age," he adopted the forlorn cause. Charles assuredly had given Murray medicines to make him love him. Murray credits Charles with much Latin, a good deal of Greek, and a little Hebrew. He thought Henry the more military of the pair. When Charles went to the siege of Gaëta, Henry was but nine, but he cried to be allowed to fight, and would not wear his ribbon of the Garter, as he might not wear his *sord* — so Charles spelled it; his spelling was like Prince Giglio's. A miniature, in possession of the family of Cheape, of Strathtyrum, shows Henry as a very pretty lad in armor. Desbrosses admired his handsome face and kindly way.

Lord Elcho, eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss, was also in Rome at this time. Of his manuscript memoirs copies exist at Abbotsford, in Lord Wemyss's papers, in the collection of Mr. David Douglas, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, and at Wemyss Castle. The last alone seems to be complete; the others do not contain the passage which, misapprehended by Sir Walter Scott, has been used as a charge against the personal courage of Charles. Lord Elcho, though he now came into the cause, never speaks kindly of Charles. The truth is that he lent £1,500 during 1745, and never was repaid. Hence this not unnatural anger.

The Jacobite Highland lairds had for some time been caballing; the English partisans were ready, they said, to rise as soon as France sent over troops. France, on her side, was ready to send troops as soon as the English Jacobites rose. Neither party could be brought to the point. James himself, as his letters prove, never had any real hope except in French aid. Charles,

on the other hand, was too much of an Englishman to like French assistance, if it could possibly be dispensed with. To what extent the English Jacobites had committed themselves is uncertain. With or without definite English promises, the French Government made up its mind, in 1743, to back James. "The King of France is resolved to undertake in my favor," says James, writing from Rome to the Duke of Ormond, December 23, 1743. Charles went to Roman balls in a kilt, which showed whither his thoughts were tending. On January 9, 1744, he had arranged a hunting party, but started in the middle of the night, threw his servants off the scent, and, under a disguise, reached Savona. Here he embarked, escaped the English fleet, and landed, nearly where Napoleon landed when he left Elba, at Antibes. After a fortnight in Paris, where the king did not receive him, he went incognito to Gravelines, where he lay concealed. The French fleet actually started, the transports with 7,000 men were despatched, Charles was on board, but, *afflavit Deus*, a storm wrecked or discouraged the expedition, and all was over. Charles himself proposed to start for Scotland in a fishing-boat, with Lord Marischal. But Lord Marischal would not accompany him, to the Prince's great indignation. In later years Lord Marischal defamed his character. Charles now discovered that Semple and Drummond, two of his father's counsellors, were quite untrustworthy. There began to be a Prince's party and a King's party, to the chagrin of James. Murray of Broughton came to Paris, and returned to Scotland with news that Charles was ready to come to the Highlands alone. The chiefs opposed the idea. Murray wrote to Charles, but the letter never reached him. Encouraged by his Irish officers, he raised money on his jewels, got a frigate, La Doutelle, and a man-of-war, a privateer,



Henry, Duke of York, Brother of Charles.

from Walsh, a merchant; purchased some fifteen hundred swords; and eighteen hundred muskets, and embarked from Belleisle on July 13, 1745. With him were The Seven Men of Moidart, of whom Sheridan and O'Sullivan would have been better left at home; they only irritated the Scotch, and interfered with the Scotch generals. Neither James nor the French Court knew what was happening.

On June 12th Charles wrote to his father. He was weary of waiting, weary of broken promises from France. He must show his mettle. "If a horse

which is to be sold, if spurred, does not skip, nobody would care to have him, even for nothing; just so my friends would care little to have me, if, after such usage as all the world is sensible of, I should not show I have life in me." He insists that he has been "invited by his friends;" he had either been imposed on, or the "invitations" have disappeared. This letter was written from the house of the young Duc de Bouillon, who had conceived a romantic and enduring friendship for the Prince. Probably much of the mysterious lost years of Charles (1749–55) was spent at a lonely country place of de Bouillon's.

The Doutelle made her way safely to the Western Islands, her consort, the Elizabeth, fought a drawn battle with the British man-of-war the Lion, Captain Brett. Between Barra and South Uist, among the Hebrid Isles, an eagle floated over the Doutelle, and was welcomed as a happy omen.* Duncan Cameron was landed near the Long Isle, to look for a pilot. He found Barra's piper, who steered them into the little islet of Erisca. They landed, lodged very uncomfortably, the Prince assuring himself that Sheridan's bed was dry and clean. They sent for Macdonald of Boisdale, who discouraged them. Sir Alexander Macdonald sent back no answer. MacLeod held aloof, but Kinlochmoidart was hospitable and joined them, thanks to young Ronald Macdonald, who cried, "Though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you." On the 25th of July, 1745, a young lady, Miss Nelly McWilliams, a remote aunt of the writer, was amusing herself with her friend, in Perthshire. They were startled by the sound of a single gun. That gun was heard mysteriously all over Scotland, and that day Prince Charles was landing at Lochnahuagh.† The enterprise still hung in the balance. Kinlochmoidart had risked his neck for those blue eyes in which the official description of Charles by the English Government saw "no sparkle." But it was the coming in of young Lochiel that proved the fatal cast of the die. He is said to have been won against his common sense by the charm of the Prince; like Cluny, he felt that "an angel could not resist those soothing, close applications." Yet, in 1752, young Glengarry told Bishop Forbes that Lochiel, like Cluny, "got security for the full value of his estate" from Charles before they ventured. Consequently, Cluny, in later years, would not part with the hoard of some 20,000 louis in gold, buried after the defeat of Culloden. But what became of that romantic hoard, hidden in the bed of the burn—the gold that lured Archibald Cameron to his death — I have never been able with certainty to discover.‡ On August 19th the standard of red silk was unfurled by the Marquis of Tullibardine in Glenfinnan, while bonnets flew up into the air like a cloud. Hither came Miss Jeanie or Jenny Cameron, for whom Sophia Western was mistaken in "Tom Jones." But, alas for romance, the famed "mistress" of Charles was a buxom widow of some forty-five; she was never, it appears, dearer than she should have been to the Prince; she never followed the camp at all.

The military history of the campaign is too well known to need repetition. The celebrated Johnny Cope, with his army from Edinburgh, did not fancy the idea of meeting the Highlanders below the slopes of Corry Arrack, for "even the haggis, Cot bless her, could charge down a hill." He withdrew to Inverness, hoping that Charles would follow him, but the Prince marched straight for Perth and thence the Fords of Frew, where Forth is too shallow to "bridle the wild Highlandman," and so to Edinburgh. He was joined by the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, Lord George Murray, and, to his sorrow, by the Chevalier Johnstone, of the "Memoirs." The Lowlanders were backward in joining. The nobles could only bring in their grooms and butlers; the farmers had already a will of their own. A small band of the Prince's horse clattered through St. Andrews, on a Sunday, and met the people coming out of the town kirk, that hid-

* Narrative of Æneas Macdonald and Duncan Cameron, in Bishop Forbes's MSS., Jacobite Memoirs, p. 9.

† Family tradition.

‡ In recent years a shepherd found a rouleau of French gold in the heather.

eously deformed relic of twelfth century architecture which rings to the eloquence of A. K. H. B. Only three men joined; one of these, Charlie Sibbald, after Culloden, lay in hiding among the ruins of the Priory. In later years, when the minister prayed for King George, Charlie stuck his bonnet on his head and stalked proudly out of church.* Of the recruits, Lord George Murray was infinitely the most valuable. He was a thorough soldier, without pedantry; he permitted the Highlanders to fight in their own fashion; he was long-enduring, brave as Skobeleff, and strictly loyal. The Irish officers, and a confusion natural with starved troops on a night march, turned Charles against Lord George, just before Culloden; but it is certain enough that, except for insisting on the retreat from Derby, Lord George served Charles better than any other man in his party.

At Perth Charles was induced, much against his will, to retaliate in kind on King George's offer of £30,000 for his head. The practice, as he says, "was unusual in Christian princes." In a later conspiracy he is said to have made it an indispensable condition that none of the reigning family should be harmed. His lenity, indeed, was almost too great. In Glasgow he would not permit the punishment of a man who snapped a pistol in his face, nor was this the only occasion when he showed the same forgiving disposition.

To Charles, advancing rapidly, the unfortified and distracted city of Edinburgh fell an easy prize. The dragoons fled before a few gentlemen skirmishers, and only stopped at Dunbar. Lochiel's Camerons simply walked into the Netherbow Port and relieved the regular guard. Then Charles rode to Holyrood with the White Rose on his breast, and was proclaimed at the Cross, while the beautiful wife of the traitor Murray, mounted, and with a drawn sword in her hand, distributed ribbons for cockades. Meanwhile Cope had sailed from Aberdeen, and had landed with some three thousand men at Dunbar. The Prince marched against him;—we have all made that march with Fergus McIvor and Waverley. The battle lasted but five minutes; the Prince with the second line, fifty yards behind, did not come up before Cope's men had fled. The writer well knows the park wall of Pinkey where the English soldiers, trying to climb over, were ingloriously sliced from behind by the broadswords. The affair was, in brief, an Isandlana. Stout soldiers were amazed by a sudden, savage rush, and the claymore played the part of the stabbing assegai.

> "What arm has this deliverance wrought?
> 'Tis he, the gallant youth appears;
> O warm in field, and cool in thought,
> Beyond the slow advance of years!"

So speaks the Genius of Scotland, in Hamilton of Bangour's "Ode on the Battle of Gladsmuir," as the Highlanders called Preston Pans. As for the gallant youth, he had slept on pease straw with his men, he had been as near as a general should be to the first line, and, after the fight his care of the English wounded was a noble contrast to the unforgiven brutalities of the butcher Cumberland. "As my victory is over Englishmen," the Prince wrote to his father, "it has thrown a damp upon me that I little imagined." He had great difficulty about hospitals, "but I am resolved I won't suffer the poor wounded men to lie in the streets, and if I can do no better I will make a hospital of the palace (Holyrood) and leave it to them."

Horace Walpole, on the news of Gladsmuir, consoled himself by reflecting that the Castle of the Maidens—Edinburgh Castle—was "impregnable." So it proved. The Prince blockaded it, but Lord George Murray knew this, he says, to be futile. He wrote to the Duke of Athole, "the desertion is very frequent among all the army" (September 29, 1745); indeed the Highlanders were going home with their plunder or to get in their oats. Two opinions prevailed among the Scotch Jacobites. Some, as we learn very distinctly from the Chevalier Johnstone, were disinclined to invade England. Their national feeling made them still detest the Union: it would have suited them to make Scotland a separate kingdom with a Stuart king. They saw with resentment Charles's infatuation, as they

* Information from Mr. Hay Fleming, of St. Andrews.

deemed it, for "the executioners of his house." They longed for the assembly of a Scotch Parliament.

These national ideas occupied the minds of Jacobites like Hepburn of Keith; soldiers like Murray saw the advantage of invading England before her troops could return from Flanders, with Dutch and Swiss allies. As Charles was wasting time before Edinburgh Castle, the English Whigs, shrieking "No Popery," were stirring up an unfavorable sentiment in the English populace. A force, relatively large, under Wade, was at Newcastle. Cumberland was advancing on the Midlands. An army of reserve met at Finchley Common, and was caricatured by Hogarth. Meanwhile the Jacobites expected men and supplies from France. At last the eagerness of Charles prevailed. If none would accompany him to England he would go alone, he said, and he was capable of keeping his word. By a brilliant piece of strategy, Lord George deceived Wade, took Carlisle, and, racing south, passed Preston and Manchester, gave Cumberland the slip, and reached, nay passed, Derby, where were the Prince's head-quarters. A member of an ennobled English family has told me that his great-grandfather was then a servant at an inn in Derby, and waited on the Prince.

Every one knows, every one, in his age of romance, has deplored the close of that gallant race for a crown. The chiefs declined to go forward; Charles prayed, even intrigued, they would not move. Had he mounted his horse and ridden on, the Highlanders would have followed him. They were eager for a battle, they lamented when they found themselves being marched home again. Historians usually allege that Charles would have found an open road. Fielding says, in "The True Patriot," that he had "struck a terror which can scarce be credited." The Bank of England was paying in sixpences. There was no fight in the army of Finchley. The Jacobites of the city were in readiness to rise.* Assistance would have come from France. The Duke of Richmond, in command of the English cavalry, did not expect to be able to stop the Prince.† All this sounds very well on paper. It is also apparent that the chiefs had no heart for a conquest of England; an independent Scotland, I think, was their desire. But on the purely military question it does not become civilians to dispute the ideas of Lord George Murray. There was no braver man, no more loyal leader. He expected that, by the evening of December 5th, Cumberland would be at Stafford, and so as near London as the Prince was at Derby. Wade was marching up on the East Coast road. Lord George had not seen Hogarth's picture of the boosy Finchley host. Now it is easy for us to say that Cumberland's men would have been easily outstripped in the race by the Highlanders; that the Finchley contingent would have fled without a blow; that Wade was old and dilatory. All this may be true, but what Lord George saw was an enemy numbering thirty thousand to his five thousand, an enemy who, if victorious, would not leave a man alive, least of all would they spare the Prince. "His Royal Highness had no regard to his own danger, but pressed with all the force of argument to go forward. However," as Lord George adds, "the arguments for retreat seemed to me unanswerable." They hastened homeward under a dispirited leader, who was now the last to leave his quarters in the morning, though he had been ever the first to rise while they advanced. At Clifton, where the enemy's dragoons were on their rear, the Highlanders stood at bay. Lord George, sword in hand, cried "Claymore!" and led the attack, routing cavalry with infantry. We need not follow the long retreat. At Falkirk what might have been a decisive victory was lost through *trop de zèle* in the pipers. When the charge began they threw their pipes to their boys, and went in with their claymores. Consequently the rallying music could not be sounded, and, in the darkness of a tempest, the scattered clans did not pursue their victory.

The siege of Stirling Castle renewed the blunder of Edinburgh. Bannockburn, near Stirling, according to one tradition, was fatal to Charles. Here,

* For this we have only Lord Semple's authority, a man whom Charles knew for a liar.

† Quoted by Lord Mahon, from the State papers.

at Bannockburn House, according to tradition, he met Miss Clementina Walkinshaw. They really met at Shawfield, near Glasgow, the home of Mr. Campbell of Shawfield. Clementina Walkinshaw was "the toast of the district." She is the only woman whose name is permanently connected with that of Charles; she is his fatal Beatrix Esmond.*

Space does not permit us to follow the retreat from Stirling, nor the events of the winter. On April 15th, Charles's army was drawn up on Culloden Moor, opposite the house of the famous Duncan Forbes of Culloden. Food was very scarce, some of the clans had not joined. The Duke of Cumberland, with his forces, was at Nairn, twelve miles off. At a council Lord George proposed what Charles was longing for, a night surprise. It was a feat of which his men, had they but been well fed, were very capable. Lord George led the first rank, Charles the second. But the darkness was dense, the troops hungry and weak. When some four miles from the enemy Lord George, to the extreme disgust of Charles, declared that they were too late for an attack by night. Now Lord George had dragged Charles from Derby, he had made him retreat from Stirling, when the Prince, in despair, dashed his head against the wall of his room. Once more Lord George prevented an attack which had merit in its conception. All through the campaign his Irishry had been poisoning Charles's mind against Lord George. From this moment, in the sourness of disappointment, and influenced by his Irish, he distrusted his best general. We may regret this, but it was not precisely unnatural. It led to Charles's worst action and greatest blunder.†

The night attack abandoned, the draggled, starved, and out-worn army returned to Culloden. Some of the men scattered to seek for food, others fell so soundly asleep that they could scarce be wakened. The Prince breakfasted on a little bread and whiskey.

Culloden, like Falkirk, was fought in a tempest; but this time the Highlanders had the rain in their faces. The right wing broke the English, but were beaten back by artillery and the reserves. The left never struck a blow. Lord George had placed the Macdonalds, contrary to tradition as old as the battle of Harlaw, on the left. They would not charge.

Keppoch, their chief, deserted by his clan, rushed on alone, and fell nobly. The conduct of Charles has been disputed. Sir Walter Scott, unluckily, was told by Sir James Stewart Denham that Lord Elcho bade him lead the second line, and on his refusal called him "a damned cowardly Italian"—something improper—and would never see his face again. Sir James declared that this speech occurred in Lord Elcho's "MS. Memoirs." There neither the speech nor the anecdote occurs, as Mr. Ewald has ascertained. Scott, however, published the statement of Sir James in "Tales of a Grandfather" and the *Quarterly Review*. It is also in his "Journal" for February 10, 1826. Sir James had relied on his

* The history of this intrigue is obscure. Miss Walkinshaw had a sister, Catherine, a woman of the bed-chamber in the royal English family. In her later years she was known to Lady Louisa Stuart, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. In a letter to Scott, Lady Louisa says that the royal people spoke of her as "our faithful Walkie." Now, when Miss Walkinshaw, four or five years after Culloden, joined Charles in France, the Jacobites naturally believed that the young lady was in league with "the faithful Walkie," and a spy on Charles. He never expresses any violent passion for her; it is even uncertain whether she joined him by his wish or on her own motion. But Charles refused to give her up when remonstrated with by his friends, and he finally alienated his last supporters by his obstinate loyalty to a woman whom he did not profess to love. According to Mr. John Sobieski Stuart, Comte d'Albany, Miss Walkinshaw joined Charles at Ghent, in 1750. (Tales of the Century, p. 80. London, 1847.) For a letter of Charles to her, the Comte d'Albany quotes Pichot's Histoire de Charles Edward (1833), a work of no great authority, which the writer has been unable to procure. The evidence of Saint-Simon (vol. xii., p. 144) does not seem very trustworthy. Walton, the English spy, speaks of a "Dulcinea" who caused the Prince's wildness in Paris, and joined him at Avignon, in 1749, which contradicts Pichot's view, if this Dulcinea be Miss Walkinshaw. (Ewald, ii., 190.)

† This is the impression left on the mind of the writer. Mr. Ewald quotes Charles himself to show that he agreed with Murray's decision. "Lord George Murray convinced me of the necessity of retreating." It is Lord Elcho who says that from this hour Charles distrusted Lord George; but Lord Elcho is invariably spiteful. Lord Elcho, however, is not the only witness. In the MS. of Maxwell, of Kirkconnel, he states "the Prince was incensed beyond expression at a retreat begun in direct contradiction to his inclination and express orders. In the first moments he was convinced he was betrayed, . . . but when he knew that this step had been taken in concert with Lochiel and others, he knew not what to think or do." (Quoted in Browne's "History of the Highlands," iii., 238. See also letter from Mr. George Innes in "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 290.) The Prince's own account, alleging that he accepted Lord George's view is in Home's Works, vol. iii., p. 357. On the whole, judging from the Prince's refusal to join the men at Ruthven after the battle, and from his persistent bitterness against Lord George (see Lord George's letters in 1747), the opinion in the text seems correct.

memory of Lord Elcho's "Memoirs," and his memory was inaccurate. On the other hand, Sir Stuart Threipland of Fingask, a companion of Charles in his wanderings, declares that the Prince rode up to the second line, and offered to dismount and lead them, but his officers told him that it was vain—repulsed Highlanders would not charge again. A copy of Sir Stuart's statement, made by Mr. Robert Chambers, is at Abbotsford. Charles, though on an eminence in the moor, was throughout under fire. One of his servants was killed by his side.* The Prince, with a few mounted men, fled to Gortully, the seat of the double-dyed traitor, Lord Lovat. A little girl, reading in a window-seat, saw a cloud of horsemen ride up at desperate speed. She believed they were fairies, and tried to gaze without blinking, for the belief was, that on a movement of the eyelids the fairies will disappear. Alas! they were not fairies, but "Charlie and his men." Old Lovat is said to have denounced Charles to his face for his intention of returning to France.

This was the one almost unpardonable act of Charles. It was for this, not for refusing to head the very charge which he was eager to lead, that Lord Elcho really reproached him, as his "Memoirs" declare. The Highlanders rallied at Ruthven. The Dukes of Athole and Perth met there, "and I expected others," says Lord George, sadly. He means that he expected the Prince.† Lord George had courage and conduct, but not tact. From Ruthven he wrote a scolding letter to Charles, particularly blaming his Irishman, O'Sullivan, "who your Royal Highness entrusted with the most essential things, and who committed gross blunders on every occasion." He offered his own "demission." He later sent to Charles proposing a guerilla campaign, and maintaining that provisions could be found. But elsewhere he himself says, "*There was neither money nor provisions to give; so no hopes were left.*"‡

Now it was not very probable that Charles, already irritated by Lord George, and in the company of the Irish friends whom Lord George attacks, would come back to his Mentor and make submission. Even if he had come, whence was the army to be fed? Charles believed that his best hope was in an instant appeal to France. He said so when he declined to join the men at Ruthven, and his conduct, when he reached France, proves that he was sincere.

But he should have gone to Ruthven; honor called him to keep with the remnant of his men. We have tried to show that for his refusal, so bitterly blamed by Lord Elcho and the Chevalier Johnstone, he had motives other than cowardice.

To follow the intricacies of the Prince's wanderings is impossible without a map, and our space forbids the attempt. The reward of £30,000 was still offered for his person, and would have been paid for his head. "Take no prisoners, you understand me," was said to have been Cumberland's advice to his soldiers. The western coast was watched by English vessels of war; everywhere the militia was out, and to harbor Charles was a dangerous, if not a capital, offence. Captain O'Neil, O'Sullivan, whom Lord George detested; Donald McLeod, the pilot, and Allan Macdonald, were his first companions. O'Neil's narrative appears to be inaccurate. Ned Burke, who ended his life as a chairman in Edinburgh, is a better authority. He it was who caught two salmon in a net, and so provided a meal for the starving Prince at Invergary. Later, on the little desert isle of Klaback, they found some dried fish, left by fishermen, which the Prince cooked, as he had previously cooked a cake of cow's brains. Being becalmed between two isles, and very hungry, they mixed salt water with oatmeal, which the Prince called "no bad food." Indeed, no man ever rose more superior to every hardship of hunger, cold, thirst, filthy, and loathsome quarters than the Prince. He always kept up his own heart and the hearts of his followers. When they had any liquor, he drank "to the dark eyes" of the second French princess, as was supposed. One may suspect, however, that he had Miss Walkinshaw in his mind, a dark beauty. Once the

* Colonel Ker of Gradyn, in Jacobite Memoirs.
† Jacobite Memoirs, p. 124.
‡ In Jacobite Memoirs. The MS. belongs to the Hamiltons of Bangour.

Prince shot a stag. As they were cooking collops a hungry boy put his hand in the dish. Burke pushed him away. "Oh, man," said the Prince, "you don't remember the Scripture, which commands to feed the hungry. I cannot see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, had I the power to supply them." Some clothes were got for the boy, who tried to betray Charles, but was disregarded as a liar.* Charles suffered much from dysentery, but doctored himself and Ned Burke "with drops out of a little bottle." As long as an earthen pitcher, which they found, lasted intact, they could brew warm punch, but it was presently broken. The Prince was "the best cook of them all," according to Donald McLeod, but the boatmen were too respectful to dine with him. "We keepit twa tables, one for the Prince and the shentlemen, the other for the boatmen," says Donald McLeod. Occasionally they caught crabs on the rocks, which were very welcome. "Never meat nor drink came wrang to him; for he could take a share of everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always cheerful and contented in every condition." Charles smoked a good deal, using quills from birds' wings when the stems of his pipes broke. Donald McLeod "never knew, in all his life, any one better at finding out a shift than the Prince was, when he happened to be at a pinch, and he would sometimes sing them a song to keep up their hearts." Donald was caught, later, and Barrisdale threatened to put him in a torture "machine," which he used on thieves, to make them confess. But by this time Charles had escaped, and no harm came of Donald's narrative. The Prince was considerate as well as hardy; he would not allow Captain McLeod to carry his heavy great-coat for him, "alleging he was as able to carry it as the captain was." When disguised as McLeod's servant, an Homeric incident occurred. A Highland lass was washing the captain's feet, but declined, like the maids of Penelope in the case of Odysseus, to attend to Charles. "What's *he*, but a low-country woman's son? I will not wash his feet, indeed."

When pursued by militia, in a boat, the Prince was anxious that his men should not fire on the enemy. "He earnestly entreated John Mackinnon not to take life without absolute necessity." His later time in the Highlands was passed among The Seven Men of Glenmoriston, Jacobite brigands, and in Cluny's "Cage," described by Mr. Stevenson in "Kidnapped." Of Flora Macdonald's heroism any account is superfluous. Boswell has immortalized her courage in Dr. Johnson's "Tour in the Hebrides." Charles escaped on board a French vessel, on September 19th. His wanderings are the most romantic part of a career full of romance. Here he certainly displayed every good and appropriate quality — daring, prudence, consideration for others, and the merry heart which goes all the day, while a sad one tires in a mile. He was a Sobieski as well as a Stuart. His mother's blood declared itself in his earlier life, his Stuart ancestors seem to have inspired most of his later career.

Charles on his arrival in France was welcomed by his brother, "poor Harry," of whom he had often been speaking among his perils. Accompanied by Lord Elcho (who had promised to have "no more to do with him"), Lochiel, and others, he visited the French king. Louis received him kindly. The Prince's desires were to have his followers provided for, and to receive military aid against England. Twenty thousand men would suffice, but Louis was deaf on that ear.† The old Chevalier knew that Charles's importunities would "disgust quite" the French Court, and he also discouraged some project of marriage which Charles seems to have entertained.‡ Now began ill-feeling between Charles and his father, who little believed in his incessant plans. "You are misled, my dearest Carluccio," he says, "and deluded by the craft of ill-bred, designing men." He complains that Charles has refused a pension from France, in his anger and disappointment. "*Enfin*, my dear child, I must tell you plainly that if you don't alter your ways, I see you lost in all respects." The long letter in which these reproaches are con-

* Ned Burke's statement, made to Bishop Forbes. Jacobite Memoirs, p. 369.

† Memoir of Charles to Louis XV., Stuart Papers.

‡ Letter, dated Rome, December 16, 1746.

veyed is of February 3, 1747. The chief difficulty seems to have been James's opposition to a fruitless journey of Charles into Spain. "You mention," says James, "your going soon out of Paris, but you don't say where. Really, it is time that all these mysteries should end." They were only beginning. In Spain, Charles was requested to be gone as soon as possible. "I thought there were no such fools as the French Court, but I find here far beyond it."

On April 25, 1747, James dissuades Charles from "a simple and a blunt proposal of marriage to the Czarina." Meanwhile Henry, to Charles's disgust, went to Rome, and, on June 27, 1747, James is congratulating the Pope on making Henry a cardinal. In the play of "Charles Edouard," written by M. d'Argenson about 1750, Cardinal Tencin announces to the royal council that Henry will be "*un soldat vierge de l'armèe de Jesus-Christ.*" (*Le conseil éclate en rire.*) James apologizes to Charles for keeping him in the dark about this extraordinary step, which was the last straw that broke the back of Charles's temper, and drove him into utter distrust of his family. When the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle insisted on his removal from France, he braved the French Government, was arrested on his way to the opera, was ignobly bound with silk cords, was carried to a cell in Vincennes, and was finally hurried to Avignon. His contempt and hatred for France were undisguised; he compelled that government to drink its degradation to the dregs, and his behavior only made him more popular in France. The ex-foreign minister, M. d'Argenson, wrote a play in Shakespeare's manner (as well as he could imitate it), introducing his successors in the ministry, and Charles, to whom, and of course, he gave the *beau rôle.* The Dauphin boldly took Charles's side, but Louis was weary of war, and mortally afraid of England. The ladies were also on Charles's side. According to M. d'Argenson, the Princesse de Tallemont and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon actually came to cap-pulling in their rivalry for his affections. The Princesse is mentioned in "The Young Chevalier" (1749), as a guest at a magnificent banquet given by Charles, for which he had ordered a new service of gold plate. Charles had a low opinion of women. "As for men," he writes, "I have studied them closely, and, were I to live to fourscore, could scarcely know them better than I do now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable." * At Avignon it seems that Miss Walkinshaw joined Charles, who, nevertheless, at once set off on matrimonial adventures. The English Government compelled the Pope to turn him out of Avignon. He departed on February 28, 1749, and is lost in the darkness.

In 1750 a pamphlet, purporting to be by his equerry, Colonel Goring, was published, and is as romantic as a novel by Marmontel. How far the story is authentic, how much is pure fable, we can hardly determine. Charles, we read, was visited by a mysterious Chevalier de la Luze, who is asserted to have been the Earl Marischal, then resident with Frederick the Great at Berlin. The theory is that Frederick was backing Charles in a claim on the crown of Poland. The Duke of Newcastle had spoken of Frederick as "the chief if not only supporter of the House of Stuart in Europe." To follow the letter of Henry Goring, Charles set out, in Goring's company, secretly, from Avignon, travelled to Strasburg, and there had a remarkable adventure. He rescued a beautiful girl from a fire, and, of course, the beautiful girl lost her heart to the mysterious traveller. "She blushed, she trembled, and gave all the symptoms of a passion too powerful to be controlled." His followers discreetly left him, but Charles instantly rejoined them. "Suppose she were inclined to carry her gratitude to the pitch you hint at, would it not have been ungenerous of me to have accepted the reward?"

After leaving Strasburg, the party, in their carriage, were attacked by armed men under a Scotch fanatic, named Blairthwaite, who had been hanging about Avignon for some time. Charles shot one man, and wounded another. The last man proved to be Mr. Blairthwaite! The letter now becomes very obscure, but appears to hint that Charles

* Stuart Papers.

passed ten days in Berlin, that he set sail from Hamburg or Dantzig, was driven by tempests to England, remained concealed there, and finally escaped to Stockholm, where he met MacDonald of Loch Garrie. But Russia, not England, may be the country hinted at, and Riga the port where Charles lay *incognito*. He was well received in Sweden, whence he went to Lithuania, and flirted with the Princess of Radzivil. So legend runs, and it is always plain that Miss Walkinshaw did not exclusively dominate his affections. But the Polish scheme ended, like all the schemes, in smoke. Charles disappeared from view; for four or five years we know no more of him than was known to his family or his creditors, that is, nothing. A letter of the Lord Marischal, in the "Stuart Papers" proves that his debts, quite as much as his schemes, caused Charles to avoid public recognition. He was unable to support his dependents, and actual poverty, not ingratitude, may account for the stinginess of which he is accused by Dr. King. In 1750 he visited London, and actually went to a reception at Lady Primrose's. Tradition declares that he inhabited a house at Godalming, where his ghost is said to walk! He is said, by Hume, to have visited England in 1753, and renounced the Catholic creed, "in the New Church in the Strand," but a document in the "Stuart Papers" makes Charles himself aver that he did this in 1750.*

In Macallester's "State Letters," p. 128, Lord Clancarthy says the Prince "left his recantation in the hands of Dr. King, of Oxford, but would not gain much by that, as people would not be gulled by the artifice." Dr. King says nothing about this in his "Anecdotes."

"The Prince has no more religion than one of my coach-horses, and the cardinal is as bad," said this injured nobleman. In some pencilled notes of Archibald Cameron, he states that Charles confessed himself to be a Protestant. These notes were written on the eve of Cameron's execution.

In 1753 he was in Paris, where Lord Elcho says that he and Miss Walkinshaw used to quarrel in restaurants. But Lord Elcho's evidence is not of the best. In a curious book, the "State Letters" of Oliver Macallester (1767), we hear much of the crapulous abuse which disappointed intriguers like Lord Clancarthy poured on Charles, Henry, James, and every one. "My God, my dear man, I'll tell you a secret you don't know; there is not a greater scoundrel on the earth than that Prince; he is in his heart a coward and poltroon," and so forth. "He is so great a scoundrel and a rascal that he will lie, even when he is drunk. Do you know what he lately told me: that his friends on the other side solicit him to turn away Miss Walkinshaw? The Prince, swearing, said: 'I would not turn away a cat to please the scoundrels,' and damned himself but he would be master of the English dogs." This was so far true that Charles, as in "Redgauntlet," made it a point of honor to refuse to dismiss the lady with whom he lived privately in Basel, on the Rhine. His friends, even Goring and the Earl Marischal, now left him. Even Miss Walkinshaw retired, with her daughter, from the society of one who had become little better than an arrogant and brutal dipsomaniac (1760). In 1766 James died, and with him the royal honors which Rome had paid to the Stuarts. Charles claimed them in vain; he drank, he sulked, he became so bloated and brutal that his portrait, done in chalk at Rome, might be taken for one of the royal house in England. The glory had departed. The happy, bright-eyed boy, the gallant adventurer, were lost in the sullen, arrogant, moody, and solitary debauchee. The tale of his marriage to the Princess Louisa of Stolberg (1772) is better left untold. They were wedded on a Good Friday, and nothing came of it but disgrace. His wife went, as his mistress had gone, but not alone. She became the mistress of Alfieri, and Charles must have been bad indeed if Alfieri proved a happy exchange. In 1784 he sent for his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, legitimated her, and regarded her as the *spes extrema et exigua*, the last frail hope of his line. He forswore sack and lived cleanly, some say. He died in Rome on January 30, 1788, a day fatal to his family. The

* Ewald, ii., 203.

Duchess of Albany, his daughter, did not long survive him, dying in the following year after a fall from her horse, and there was the end of an old song.

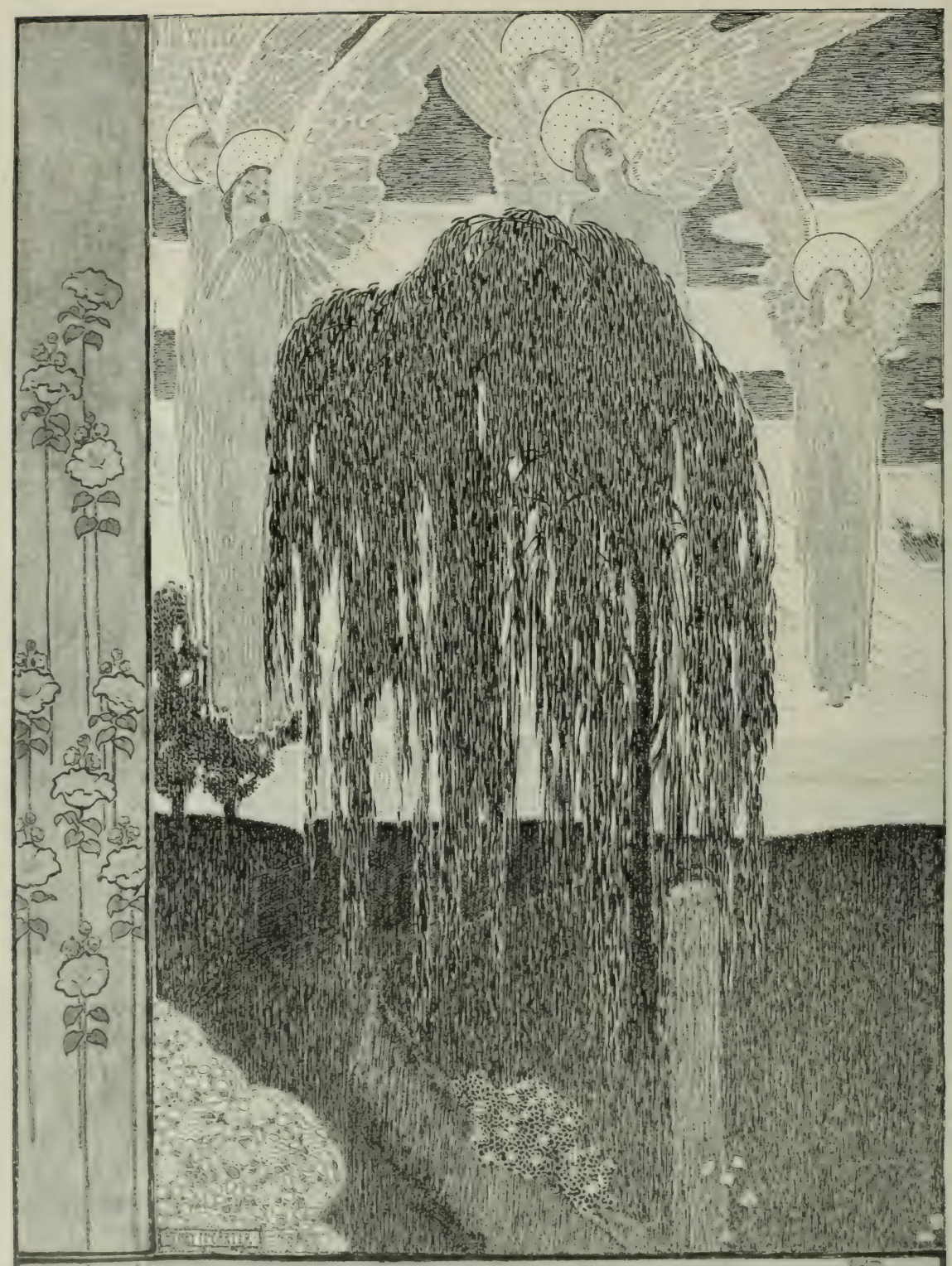


Miss Walkinshaw.
From a miniature now first reproduced.

Charles appears, I own, to myself, to have had better qualities than any man of his line since the Fourth James fell at Flodden. There was nothing in his Scotch expedition, till the fatal morrow of Culloden, that did not become a gentleman and a king. The Cameronians, a feeble but virulent remnant of the auld leaven of the Covenant, publicly blamed his "foolish lenity and pity" to the "red-coats whom Providence put into his hands." *

If his courage is accused, so has that of Marlborough been, and the evidence of Malcolm McLeod, already quoted, "never was a man not a coward so prudent, nor a man not rash so brave," may be taken as disposing of a childishly malevolent accusation. He was gentle and considerate till misfortune taught him suspicion, and hope deferred made the heart sick. The exposure which he bore so gallantly in the Highlands, and the habits of that country, taught him his fatal vice, which corrupted and debased a character naturally noble and generous. In peace may he rest — he that once was brave, beautiful, and kind; courteous, compassionate, and much-enduring; the last Prince of Romance; the last who woke the ancient loyalty of the Highlands.

* Active Testimonies of Presbyterians. Edinburgh, 1741–49.



AN·EASTER·HYMN·

WORDS BY THOMAS BLACKBURN.



AWAKE, THOV · WINTRY · EARTH –
FLING · OFF · THY · SADNESS!
FAIR · VERNAL · FLOWERS, LAVGH · FORTH
YOVR · ANCIENT · GLADNESS!
CHRIST · IS · RISEN!


WAVE, WOODS, YOVR BLOSSOMS ALL—
GRIM DEATH IS DEAD!
YE WEEPING FVNERAL TREES,
LIFT VP YOVR HEAD!
CHRIST IS RISEN!
HENRY McCARTER



COME, SEE! THE · GRAVES · ARE · GREEN;
IT · IS · LIGHT; LET'S · GO
WHERE · OVR · LOVED · ONES · REST
IN · HOPE · BELOW!
CHRIST · IS · RISEN!



ALL·IS·FRESH·AND·NEW,
FVLL·OF·SPRING·AND·LIGHT;
WINTRY·HEART, WHY·WEAR'ST·THE·HVE
OF·SLEEP·AND·NIGHT!
CHRIST·IS·RISEN!



THE PICTURES BY HENRY McCARTER.

A CIRCLE IN THE WATER

By W. D. Howells

V

THE Hasketh lived in a house that withdrew itself behind tall garden trees in a large lot sloping down the hillside, in one of the quieter old streets of their suburb. The trees were belted in by a board fence, painted a wornout white, as far as it was solid, which was to the height of one's shoulder; there it opened into a panel work of sticks crossed X-wise, which wore a coat of aged green; the strip above them was set with a bristling row of rusty nails, which were supposed to keep out people who could perfectly well have gone in at the gate as we did. There was a brick walk from the gate to the door, which was not so far back as I remembered it (perhaps because the leaves were now off the trees), and there was a border of box on either side of the walk. Altogether there was an old-fashioned keeping in the place which I should have rather enjoyed, if I had been coming on any other errand; but now it imparted to me a notion of people set in their ways, of something severe, something hopelessly forbidding.

I do not think there had ever been much intimacy between the Tedhams and the Hasketh, before Tedham's calamity came upon him. But Mrs. Hasketh did not refuse her share of it. She came forward, and probably made her husband come forward, in Tedham's behalf, and do what hopelessly could be done to defend him where there was really no defence, and the only thing to be attempted was to show circumstances that might perhaps tend to the mitigation of his sentence. I do not think they did. Tedham had confessed himself and had been proven such a thorough rogue, and the company had lately suffered so much through operations like his, that, even if it could have had mercy, as an individual may, mercy was felt to be bad morals, and the case was unrelentingly pushed. His sentence was of those sentences which an eminent jurist once characterized as rather dramatic; it was pronounced not so much in relation to his particular offence, as with the purpose of striking terror into all offenders like him, who were becoming altogether too common. He was made to suffer for many other peculators, who had been, or were about to be, and was given the full penalty. I was in court, when it was pronounced with great solemnity by the judge, who read him a lecture in doing so; I could have read the judge another, for I could not help feeling that it was, more than all the sentences I had ever heard pronounced, wholly out of keeping with the offence. I met Hasketh coming out of the court-room, and I said that I thought it was terribly severe. He agreed with me, and as I knew that he and Tedham had never liked each other, I inferred a kindliness in him which made me his friend, in the way one is the friend of a man one never meets. He was a man of few words, and he now simply said, "It was unjust," and we parted.

For several months after Tedham's conviction, I did not think we ought to intrude upon the Hasketh; but then my wife and I both felt that we ought, in decency, to make some effort to see them. They seemed pleased, but they made us no formal invitation to come again, and we never did. That day, however, I caught a glimpse of Tedham's little girl, as she flitted through the hall, after we were seated in the parlor; she was in black, a forlorn little shadow in the shadow; and I recalled now, as we stood once more on the threshold of the rather dreary house, a certain gentleness of bearing in the child, which I found infinitely pathetic, at that early moment of her desolation. She had something of poor Tedham's own style and grace, too, which had served him so ill, and this heightened

the pathos for me. In that figure I had thought of his daughter ever since, as often as I had thought of her at all; which was not very often, to tell the truth, after the first painful impression of Tedham's affair began to die away in me, or to be effaced by the accumulating cares and concerns of my own life. But now that we had returned into the presence of that bitter sorrow, as it were, the little thing reappeared vividly to me in just the way I had seen her so long ago. My sense of her forlornness, of her most hapless orphanhood, was intensified by the implacable hate with which Mrs. Hasketh had then spoken of her father, in telling us that the child was henceforth to bear her husband's name, and had resentfully scorned the merit Tedham tried to make of giving her up to them. "And if I can help it," she had ended, with a fierceness I had never forgotten, "she shall not hear him mentioned again, or see him as long as I live."

My wife and I now involuntarily dropped our voices, or rather they sank into our throats, as we sat waiting in the dim parlor, after the maid took our cards to Mr. and Mrs. Hasketh. We tried to make talk, but we could not, and we were funereally quiet, when Hasketh came pottering and peering in, and shook hands with both of us. He threw open half a blind at one of the windows, and employed himself in trying to put up the shade, to gain time, as I thought, before he should be obliged to tell us that his wife could not see us. Then he came to me, and asked, "Won't you let me take your hat?" as such people do, in expression of a vague hospitality; and I let him take it, and put it mouth down on the marble centre table, beside the large, gilt-edged, black-bound family bible. He drew a chair near me, in a row with my wife and myself, and said, "It is quite a number of years since we met, Mrs. March," and he looked across me at her.

"Yes, I am almost afraid to think how many," she answered.

"Family well?"

"Yes, our children are both very well, Mr. Hasketh. You seem to be looking very well, too."

"Thank you, I have nothing to complain of. I am not so young as I was. But that is about all."

"I hope Mrs. Hasketh is well?"

"Yes, thank you, she is quite well, for her. She is never very strong. She will be down in a moment."

"Oh, I shall be so glad to see her."

The conversation, which might be said to have flagged from the beginning, stopped altogether at this point, and though I was prompted by several looks from my wife to urge it forward, I could think of nothing to do so with, and we sat without speaking till we heard the stir of skirts on the stairs in the hall outside, and then my wife said, "Ah, that is Mrs. Hasketh."

I should have known it was Mrs. Hasketh without this sort of anticipation, I think, even if I had never seen her before, she was so like my expectation of what that sort of woman would be in the lapse of time, with her experience of life. The severity that I had seen come and go in her countenance in former days, was now so seated that she had no other expression, and I may say without caricature that she gave us a frown of welcome. That is, she made us feel, in spite of a darkened countenance, that she was really willing to see us in her house, and that she took our coming as a sign of amity. I suppose that the induration of her spirit was the condition of her being able to bear at all what had been laid on her to bear, and her burden had certainly not been light.

At her appearance her husband, without really stirring at all, had the effect of withdrawing into the background, where, indeed, I tacitly joined him; and the two ladies remained in charge of the drama, while he and I conversed, as it were, in dumb show. Apart from my sympathy with her in the matter, I was very curious to see how my wife would play her part, which seemed to me far the more difficult of the two, since she must make all the positive movements.

After the exchange of some civilities so obviously perfunctory that I admired the force of mind in both the women who uttered them, my wife said, "Mrs. Hasketh, we have come on an errand that I know will cause you pain, and I

needn't say that we haven't come willingly."

"Is it about Mr. Tedham?" asked Mrs. Hasketh, and I remembered now that she had always used as much ceremony in speaking of him; it seemed rather droll now, but still it would not have been in character with her to call him simply Tedham, as we did, in speaking of him.

"Yes," said my wife. "I don't know whether you had kept exact account of the time. It was a surprise to us, for we hadn't. He is out, you know."

"Yes—at noon, yesterday. I wasn't likely to forget the day, or the hour, or the minute." Mrs. Hasketh said this without relaxing the severity of her face at all, and I confess my heart went down.

But my wife seemed not to have lost such courage as she had come with, at least. "He has been to see us——"

"I presumed so," said Mrs. Hasketh, and as she said nothing more, Mrs. March took the word again.

"I shall have to tell you why he came —why *we* came. It was something that we did not wish to enter into, and at first my husband refused outright. But when I saw him, and thought it over, I did not see how we could refuse. After all, it is something you must have expected, and that you must have been expecting at once, if you say——"

"I presume," Mrs. Hasketh said, "that he wished you to ask after his daughter. I can understand why he did not come to us." She let one of those dreadful silences follow, and again my wife was forced to speak.

"It is something that we didn't mean to press at all, Mrs. Hasketh, and I won't say anything more. Only, if you care to send any word to him he will be at our house this evening again, and I will give him your message." She rose, not in resentment, as I could see (and I knew that she had not come upon this errand without making herself Tedham's partisan in some measure), but with sincere good feeling and appreciation of Mrs. Hasketh's position. I rose with her, and Hasketh rose too.

"Oh, don't go!" Mrs. Hasketh broke out, as if surprised. "You couldn't help coming, and I don't blame you at all. I don't blame Mr. Tedham even. I didn't suppose I should ever forgive him. But there! that's all long ago, and the years do change us. They change us all, Mrs. March, and I don't feel as if I had the right to judge anybody the way I used to judge *him*. Sometimes it surprises me. I did hate him, and I don't presume I've got very much love for him now, but I don't want to punish him any more. That's gone out of me. I don't know how it came to go, but it went. I wish he hadn't ever got anything more to do with us, but I'm afraid we haven't had all *our* punishment yet, whatever *he* has. It seems to me as if the sight of Mr. Tedham would make me sick."

I found such an insufficiency in this statement of feeling that I wanted to laugh, but I perceived that it did not appeal to my wife's sense of humor. She said, "I can understand how you feel about it, Mrs. Hasketh."

Mrs. Hasketh seemed grateful for the sympathy. "I presume," she went on, and I noted how often she used the quaint old-fashioned Yankee word, "that you feel as if you had almost as much right to hate him as I had, and that if you could overlook what he tried to do to you, I might overlook what he did do to his own family. But as I see it, the case is different. He failed when he tried to put the blame on Mr. March, and he succeeded only too well in putting the shame on his own family. You could forgive it, and it would be all the more to your credit because you forgave it, but his family might have forgiven it ten times over, and still they would be in disgrace through him. That is the way I looked at it."

"And I assure you, Mrs. Hasketh, that is the way I looked at it, too," said my wife.

"So, when it seems hard that I should have taken his child from him," the woman continued, as if still arguing her case, and she probably was arguing it with herself, "and did what I could to make her forget him, I think it had better be considered whose sake I was doing it for, and whether I had any right to do different. I did not think I had at the time, or when I had to begin to act. I knew how I felt toward

Mr. Tedham; I never liked him; I never wanted my sister to marry him; and when his trouble came, I told Mr. Hasketh that it was no more than I had expected all along. He was that kind of a man, and he was sure to show it, one way or other, sooner or later; and I was not disappointed when he did what he did. I had to guard against my own feeling, and to put myself out of the question, and that was what I tried to do when I got him to give up the child to us and let her take our name. It was the same as a legal adoption, and he freely consented to it, or as freely as he could, considering where he was. But he knew it was for her good, as well as we did. There was nobody for her to look to but us, and he knew that; his own family had no means, and, in fact, he *had* no family but his father and mother, and when they died, that same first year, there was no one left to suffer from him but his child. The question was how much she ought to be allowed to suffer, and whether she should be allowed to suffer at all, if it could be helped. If it was to be prevented, it was to be by deadening her to him, by killing out her affection for him, and much as I hated Mr. Tedham, I could not bring myself to do that, though I used to think I would do it. He was very fond of her, I don't deny that; I don't think it was any merit in him to love such a child, but it was the best thing about him, and I was willing it should count. But then there was another thing that I couldn't bring myself to, and that was to tell the child, up and down, all about it; and I presume that there I was weak. Well, you may say I *was* weak! But I couldn't, I simply couldn't. She was only between seven and eight when it happened——"

"I thought she was older," I ventured to put in, remembering my impressions as to her age the last time I saw her with her father.

"No," said Mrs. Hasketh, "she always appeared rather old for her age, and that made me all the more anxious to know just how much of the trouble she had taken in. I suppose it was all a kind of awful mystery to her, as most of our trials are to children; but when her father was taken from her, she seemed to think it was something she mustn't ask about; there are a good many things in the world that children feel that way about—how they come into it, for one thing, and how they go out of it; and by and by she didn't speak of it. She had some of his lightness, and I presume that helped her through; I was afraid it did sometimes. Then, at other times, I thought she had got the notion he was in for life, and that was the reason she didn't speak of him; she had given him up. Then I used to wonder whether it wasn't my duty to take her to see him —where he was. But when I came to find out that you had to see them through the bars, and with the kind of clothes they wear, I felt that I might as well kill the child at once; it was for her sake I didn't take her. You may be sure I wasn't anxious for the responsibility of *not* doing it either, the way I knew I felt toward Mr. Tedham."

I did not like her protesting so much as this; but I saw that it was a condition of her being able to deal with herself in the matter, and I had no doubt she was telling the truth.

"You never can know just how much of a thing children have taken in, or how much they have understood," she continued, repeating herself, as she did throughout, "and I had to keep this in mind when I had my talks with Fay about her father. She wanted to write to him at first, and of course I let her——"

My wife and I could not forbear exchanging a glance of intelligence, which Mrs. Hasketh intercepted.

"I presume he told you?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "he showed us the letter."

"Well, it was something that had to be done. As long as she questioned me about him, I put her off the best way I could, and after a while she seemed to give up questioning me of her own accord. Perhaps she really began to understand it, or some of the cruel little things she played with said something. I was always afraid of the other children throwing it up to her, and that was one reason we went away for three or four years and let our place here."

"*I* didn't know you were gone," I said toward Hasketh, who cleared his throat to explain:

"I had some interests at that time in Canada. We were at Quebec."

"It shows what a rush our life is," I philosophized, with the implication that Hasketh and I had been old friends, and I ought to have noticed that I had not met him during the time of his absence. The fact was we had never come so near intimacy as when we exchanged confidences concerning the severity of Tedham's sentence in coming out of the court-room together.

"*I* hadn't any interest in Canada, except to get the child away," said Mrs. Hasketh. "Sometimes it seemed strange *we* should be in Canada, and not Mr. Tedham! She got acquainted with some little girls who were going to a convent school there as externes—outside pupils, you know," Mrs. Hasketh explained to my wife. "She got very fond of one of them—she is a child of very warm affections. I never denied that Mr. Tedham had warm *affections*—and when her little girl friend went into the convent to go on with her education there, Fay wanted to go too, and—we let her. That was when she was twelve, and Mr. Hasketh felt that he ought to come back and look after his business here; and we left her in the convent. Just as soon as she was out of the way, and out of the question, it seemed as if I got to feeling differently toward Mr. Tedham. I don't mean to say I ever got to like him, or that I do to this day; but I saw that he had some rights, too, and for years and years I wanted to take the child and tell her when he was coming out. I used to ask myself what right I even had to keep the child from the suffering. The suffering was hers by rights, and she ought to go through it. I got almost crazy thinking it over. I got to thinking that her share of her father's shame might be the very thing, of all things, that was to discipline her and make her a good and useful woman; and that's much more than being a happy one, Mrs. March; we can't any of us be truly happy, no matter what's done for us. I tried to make believe that I was sparing her alone, but I knew I was sparing myself, too, and that made it harder to decide." She suddenly addressed herself to us both: "What would *you* have done?"

My wife and I looked at each other in a dismay in which a glance from old Hasketh assured us that we had his sympathy. It would have been far simpler if Mrs. Hasketh had been up and down with us as Tedham's emissaries, and refused to tell us anything of his daughter, and left us to report to him that he must find her for himself, if he found her at all. This was what we had both expected, and we had come prepared to take back that answer to Tedham, and discharge ourselves of our whole duty toward him in its delivery. This change in the woman who had hated him so fiercely, but whose passion had worn itself down to the underlying conscience with the lapse of time, certainly complicated the case for us. I was silent; my wife said: "I don't know *what* I should have done, Mrs. Hasketh;" and Mrs. Hasketh resumed:

"If I did wrong in trying to separate her life from her father's, I was punished for it, because when I wanted to undo my work, I didn't know how to begin; I presume that's the worst of a wrong thing. Well, I never did begin; but now I've got to. The time's come, and I presume it's as easy now as it ever could be; easier. He's out and it's over, as far as the law is concerned; and if she chooses she can see him. I'll prepare her for it as well as I can, and he can come, if she wishes it."

"Do you mean that he can see her *here?*" my wife asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hasketh, with a sort of strong submission.

"At once? To-day?"

"No," Mrs. Hasketh faltered. "I didn't want him to see her just the first day, or before I saw him; and I thought he might try to. She's visiting at some friends in Providence; but she'll be back to-morrow. He can come to-morrow night, if she says so. He can come and find out. But if he was anything of a man he wouldn't want to."

"I'm afraid," I ventured, "he isn't anything of *that* kind of man."

VI

"Now, how unhandsome life is!" I broke out, at one point on our way home, after we had turned the affair over in every light, and then dropped it, and then taken it up again. "It's so graceless, so tasteless! Why didn't Tedham die before the expiration of his term and solve all this knotty problem with dignity? Why should he have lived on in this shabby way and come out and wished to see his daughter? If there had been anything dramatic, anything artistic in the man's nature, he would have renounced the claim his mere paternity gives him on her love, and left word with me that he had gone away and would never be heard of any more. That was the least he could have done. If he had wanted to do the thing heroically—and I wouldn't have denied him that satisfaction—he would have walked into that pool in the old cockpit and lain down among the autumn leaves on its surface, and made an end of the whole trouble with his own burdensome and worthless existence. That would truly have put an end to the evil he began."

"I wouldn't be — impious, Basil," said my wife, with a moment's hesitation for the word. Then she sighed and added, "Yes, it seems as if that would be the only thing that could end it. There doesn't really seem to be any provision in life for ending such things. He will have to go on and make more and more trouble. Poor man! I feel almost as sorry for him as I do for her. I guess he hasn't expiated his sin yet, as fully as he thinks he has."

"And then," I went on, with a strange pleasure I always get out of the poignancy of a despair not my own, "suppose that this isn't all. Suppose that the girl has met someone who has become interested in her, and whom she will have to tell of this stain upon her name?"

"Basil!" cried my wife, "that is cruel of you! You *knew* I was keeping away from that point, and it seems as if you tried to make it as afflicting as you could —the whole affair."

"Well, I don't believe it's as bad as that. Probably she hasn't met anyone in that way; at any rate it's pure conjecture on my part, and my conjecturing doesn't make it so."

"It doesn't unmake it, either, for you to say that now," my wife lamented.

"Well, well! Don't let's think about it, then. The case is bad enough as it stands, heaven knows, and we've got to grapple with it as soon as we get home. We shall find Tedham waiting for us, I dare say, unless something has happened to him. I wonder if anything can have been good enough to happen to Tedham, overnight."

I got a little miserable fun out of this, but my wife would not laugh; she would not be placated in any way; she held me in a sort responsible for the dilemma I had conjectured, and inculpated me in some measure for that which had really presented itself.

When we reached home she went directly to her room and had a cup of tea sent to her there, and the children and I had rather a solemn time at the table together. A Sunday evening tea-table is solemn enough at the best, with its ghastly substitution of cold dishes or thin sliced things, for the warm abundance of the week-day dinner; and with the gloom of Mrs. March's absence added, this was a very funereal feast indeed.

We went on quite silently for a while, for the children saw I was preoccupied; but at last I asked, "Has anybody called this afternoon?"

"I don't know exactly whether it was a call or not," said my daughter, with a nice feeling for the social proprieties which would have amused me at another time. "But that strange person who was here last night, was here again."

"Oh!"

"He said he would come in the evening. I forgot to tell you. Papa, what kind of person is he?"

"I don't know. What makes you ask?"

"Why, we think he wasn't always a workingman. Tom says he looks as if he had been in some kind of business, and then failed."

"What makes you think that, Tom?" I asked the boy.

"Oh, I don't know. He speaks so well."

"He always spoke well, poor fellow,"

I said, with a vague amusement. "And you're quite right, Tom. He was in business once and he failed—badly."

I went up to my wife's room and told her what the children had said of Tedham's call, and that he was coming back again.

"Well, then, I think I shall let you see him alone, Basil. I'm completely worn out, and besides there's no reason why I should see him. I hope you'll get through with him quickly. There isn't really anything for you to say, except that we have seen the Hasketh, and that if he is still bent upon it he can find his daughter there to-morrow evening. I want you to promise me that you will confine yourself to that, Basil, and not say a single word more. There is no sense in our involving ourselves in the affair. We have done all we could, and more than he had any right to ask of us, and now I am determined that he shall not get anything more out of you. Will you promise?"

"You may be sure, my dear, that I don't wish to get any more involved in this coil of sin and misery than you do," I began.

"That isn't promising," she interrupted. "I want you to promise you'll say just that and no more."

"Oh, I'll promise fast enough, if that's all you want," I said.

"I don't trust you a bit, Basil," she lamented. "Now, I will explain to you all about it. I've thought the whole thing over."

She did explain, at much greater length than she needed, and she was still giving me some very solemn charges, when the bell rang, and I knew that Tedham had come. "Now, remember what I've told you," she called after me, as I went to the door, "and be sure to tell me when you come back, just how he takes it, and every word he says. Oh, dear, I know you'll make the most dreadful mess of it!"

By this time I expected to do no less, but I was so curious to see Tedham again that I should have been willing to do much worse, rather than forego my meeting with him. I hope that there was some better feeling than curiosity in my heart, but I will, for the present, call it curiosity.

I met him in the hall at the foot of the stairs, and put a witless cheeriness into the voice I bade him good-evening with, while I gave him my hand and led the way into the parlor.

The twenty-four hours that had elapsed since I saw him there before had estranged him in a way that I find it rather hard to describe. He had shrunk from the approach to equality in which we had parted, and there was a sort of consciousness of disgrace in his look, such as might have shown itself if he had passed the time in a low debauch. But undoubtedly he had done nothing of the kind, and this effect in him was from a purely moral cause. He sat down on the edge of a chair, instead of leaning back, as he had done the night before.

"Well, Tedham," I began, "we have seen your sister-in-law, and I may as well tell you at once that, so far as she is concerned, there will be nothing in the way of your meeting your daughter. The Hasketh are living at their old place in Somerville, and your daughter will be with them there to-morrow night—just at this moment she is away—and you can find her there, then, if you wish."

Tedham kept those deep eye-hollows of his bent upon me, and listened with a passivity which did not end when I ceased to speak. I had said all that my wife had permitted me to say in her charge to me, and the incident ought to have been closed, as far as we were concerned. But Tedham's not speaking threw me off my guard. I could not let the matter end so bluntly, and I added, in the same spirit one makes a scrawl at the bottom of a page, "Of course, it's for you to decide whether you will or not."

"What do you mean?" asked Tedham, feebly, but as if he were physically laying hold of me for help.

"Why, I mean—I mean—my dear fellow, you know what I mean! Whether you had better do it." I did not intend to add this; it was the very thing I had not intended to do, for I saw how wise my wife's plan was, and how we really had nothing more to do with the matter, after having satisfied the utmost demands of humanity.

"You think I had better not," said Tedham.

"No," I said, but I felt that I was saying it too late, "I don't think anything about it."

"I have been thinking about it, too," said Tedham, as if I had confessed and not denied having an opinion in the matter. "I have been thinking about it ever since I saw you last night, and I don't believe I have slept, for thinking of it. I know how you and Mrs. March feel about it, and I have tried to see it from your point of view, and now I believe I do. I have decided. I am not going to see my daughter; I am going away."

He stood up, in token of his purpose, and at the same moment my wife entered the room. She must have been hurrying to do so from the moment I left her, for she had on a fresh dress, and her hair had the effect of being suddenly, if very effectively, massed for the interview from the dispersion in which I had lately seen it. She swept me with a glance of reproach, as she went up to Tedham, in the pretence that he had risen to meet her, and gave him her hand. I knew that she divined all that had passed between us, but she said:

"Mr. March has told you that we have seen Mrs. Hasketh, and that you can find your daughter at her house tomorrow evening?"

"Yes, and I have just been telling him that I am not going to see her."

"That is very foolish—very wrong!" my wife began.

"I know you must say so," Tedham replied, with more dignity and force than I could have expected, "and I know how kind you and Mr. March have been. But you must see that I am right—that she is the only one to be considered at all."

"Right! How are you right? Have *you* been suggesting that, my dear?" demanded my wife, with a gentle despair of me in her voice.

It almost seemed to me that I had, but Tedham came to my rescue, most unexpectedly.

"No, Mrs. March, he hasn't said anything of the kind to me; or, if he has, I haven't heard it. But you intimated, yourself, last night, that she might be so situated——"

"I was a wicked simpleton," cried my wife, and I forebore to triumph, even by a glance at her; "to put my doubts between you and your daughter in any way. It was romantic, and—and—disgusting. It's not only your right to see her, it's your *duty*. At least it's your duty to let her decide whether she will let you see her. What nonsense! Of course she will! She must bear her part in it. She ought not to escape it, even if she could. Now you must just drop all idea of going away, and you must stay, and you must go to see your daughter. There is no other way to do."

Tedham shook his head stubbornly. "She has borne her share, already, and I won't inflict my penalty on her innocence——"

"Innocence! It's *because* she is innocent that it must be inflicted upon her! That is what innocence is in the world for!"

Tedham looked back at her in a dull bewilderment. "I can't get back to that. It seemed so once; but now it looks selfish, and I'm afraid of it. I am not the one to take that ground. It might do for you——"

"Well, then, let it do for me!" I confess that I was astonished at this turn, or should have been, if I could be astonished at any turn a woman takes. "I will see her for you, if you wish, and I will tell her just how it is with you, and then she can decide for herself. You have certainly no right to decide for her, whether she will see you or not, have you?"

"No," Tedham admitted.

"Well, then, sit down and listen."

He sat down, and my wife reasoned it all out with him. She convinced me, perfectly, so that what Tedham proposed to do seemed not only sentimental and foolish, but unnatural and even impious. I confess that I admired her casuistry, and gave it my full support. She was a woman who, in the small affairs of the tastes and the nerves and the prejudices could be as illogical as the best of her sex, but with a question large enough to engage the hereditary powers of her New England nature she

showed herself a dialectician worthy of her Puritan ancestry.

Tedham rose when she had made an end, and when we both expected him to agree with her and obey her, he said, "Very likely you are right. I once saw it all that way myself, but I don't see it so now, and I can't do it. Perhaps we shouldn't care for each other; at any rate it's too much to risk, and I can't do it. Good-by." He began sidling toward the door.

I would have detained him, but my wife made me a sign not to interfere. "But surely, Mr. Tedham," she pleaded, "you are going to leave some word for her—or for Mrs. Hasketh to give her?"

"No," he answered, "I don't think I will. If I don't appear, then she won't see me, and that will be all there is of it."

"Yes, but Mrs. Hasketh will probably tell her that you have asked about her, and will prepare her for your coming, and then if you don't come——"

"What time is it, March?" Tedham asked.

I took out my watch. "It's nine o'clock." I was surprised to find it no later.

"I can get over to Somerville before ten, can't I? I'll go and tell Mrs. Hasketh I am not coming."

We could not prevent his getting away, by force, and we had used all the arguments we could have hoped to detain him with. As he opened the door to go out into the night, "But, Tedham!" I called to him, "if anything happens, where are we to find you, hear of you?"

He hesitated. "I will let you know. Well, good-night."

"I suppose this isn't the end, Isabel," I said, after we had turned from looking blankly at the closed door, and listening to Tedham's steps, fainter and fainter on the board-walk to the gate.

"There never is an end to a thing like this!" she returned, with a passionate sigh of pity. "Oh, what a terrible thing an evil deed is! It *can't* end. It has to go on and on forever. Poor wretch! He thought he had got to the end of his misdeed, when he had suffered the punishment for it, but it was only just beginning then! Now, you see, it has a perfectly new lease of life. It's as if it had just happened, as far as the worst consequences are concerned."

"Yes," I assented. "By the way, that was a great idea of yours about the office of innocence in the world, Isabel!"

"Why, Basil!" she cried, "you don't suppose I believed in such a monstrous thing as that, do you?"

"You made me believe in it."

"Well, then, I can tell you that I merely said it so as to convince him that he ought to let his daughter decide whether she would see him or not, and it had nothing whatever to do with the matter. Do you think you could find me anything to eat, dear? I'm perfectly famishing, and it doesn't seem as if I could stir a step till I've had a bite of something."

She sank down on the sofa in the hall in proof of her statement, and I went out into the culinary regions (deserted of their dwellers after our early tea) and made her up a sandwich along with the one I had the Sunday-night habit of myself. I found some half-bottles of ale on the ice, and I brought one of them, too. Before we had emptied it we resigned ourselves to what we could not help in Tedham's case; perhaps we even saw it in a more hopeful light. We are not wholly spirit.

VII

The next day was one of those lax Mondays, which come before the Tuesdays and Wednesdays when business has girded itself up for the week, and I got home from the office rather earlier than usual. My wife met me with "Why, what has happened?"

"Nothing," I said; "I had a sort of presentiment that something had happened here."

"Well, nothing at all has happened, and you have had your presentiment for your pains, if that's what you hurried home for."

I justified myself as well as I could, and I added, "That wretched Tedham has been in my mind all day. I think he has made a ridiculous mistake. As if he could stop the harm by taking himself off! The harm goes on in-

dependently of him; it's hardly *his* harm any more."

"That is the way it has seemed to me, too, all day," said my wife. "You don't suppose he's been out of my mind either? I wish we had never had anything to do with him."

A husband likes to abuse his victory, when he has his wife quite at his mercy, but the case was so entirely in my favor that for once I forbore. I could see that she was suffering for having put into Tedham's head the notion which had resulted in this error, and I considered that she was probably suffering enough. Besides, I was afraid that if I said anything it would bring out the fact that I had myself intimated the question again which his course had answered so mistakenly. I could well imagine that she was grateful for my forbearance, and I left her to this admirable state of mind while I went off to put myself a little in shape after my day's work and my journey out of town. I kept thinking how perfectly right in the affair Tedham's simple, selfish instinct had been, and how our several consciences had darkened counsel; that quaint Tuscan proverb came into my mind: *Lascia fare Iddio, ch' è un buon vecchio.* We had not been willing to let God alone, or to trust his leading; we had thought to improve on his management of the case, and to invent a principle for poor old Tedham that should be better for him to act upon than the love of his child, which God had put into the man's heart, and which was probably the best thing that had ever been there. Well, we had got our come-uppings, as the country people say, and however we might reason it away we had made ourselves responsible for the event.

There came a ring at the door that made my own heart jump into my mouth. I knew it was Tedham come back again, and I was still in the throes of buttoning on my collar when my wife burst into my room. I smiled round at her as gayly as I could with the collar-buttoning grimace on my face. "All right, I'll be down in a minute. You just go and talk to him till——"

"*Him?*" she gasped back; and I have never been quite sure of her syntax to this day. "*Them!* It's Mr. and Mrs. Hasketh, and some young lady! I saw them through the window coming up the walk."

"Good Lord! You don't suppose it's Tedham's daughter?"

"How do I know? Oh, how *could* you be dressing at a time like this!"

It did seem to me rather heinous, and I did not try to defend myself, even when she added, from her access of nervousness, in something like a whimper, "It seems to me you're *always* dressing, Basil!"

"I'll be right with you, my dear," I answered, penitently; and, in fact, by the time the maid brought up the Hasketh's cards I was ready to go down. We certainly needed each other's support, and I do not know but we descended the stairs hand in hand, and entered the parlor leaning upon each other's shoulders. The Hasketh, who were much more deeply concerned, were not apparently so much moved. We shook hands with them, and then Mrs. Hasketh said to us in succession, "My niece, Mrs. March; Mr. March, my niece."

The young girl had risen, and stood veiled before us, and a sort of heart-breaking appeal expressed itself in the gentle droop of her figure, which did the whole office of her hidden face. The Hasketh were dressed, as became their years, in a composite fashion of no particular period, but I noticed at once, with the fondness I have for what is pretty in the modes, that Miss Tedham wore one of the latest costumes, and that she was not only a young girl, but a young lady, with all that belongs to the outward seeming of one of the gentlest of the kind. It struck me as the more monstrous, therefore, that she should be involved in the coil of her father's inexpiable offence, which entangled her whether he stayed or whether he went. It was well enough that the Hasketh should still be made miserable through him; it belonged to their years and experience; they would soon end, at any rate, and it did not matter whether their remnant of life was dark or bright. But this child had a right to a long stretch of unbroken sunshine. As I

stood and looked at her I felt the heart-burning, the indefinable indignation that we feel in the presence of death when it is the young and fair who have died. Here is a miscalculation, a mistake. It ought not to have been.

I thought that my wife, in the effusion of sympathy, would have perhaps taken the girl in her arms; but probably she knew that the dropped veil was a sign that there was to be no embracing. She put out her hand, and the girl took it with her gloved hand; but though the outward forms of their greeting were so cold, I fancied an instant understanding and kindness between them.

"My niece," Mrs. Hasketh explained, when we were all seated, "came home this afternoon, instead of this morning, when we expected her."

My wife said, "Oh, yes," and after a moment, a very painful moment, in which I think we all tried to imagine something that would delay the real business, Mrs. Hasketh began again.

"Mrs. March," she said in a low voice, and with a curious, apologetic kind of embarrassment, "we have come —Fay wanted we should come and ask if you knew about her father——"

"Why, didn't he come to you last night?" my wife began.

"Yes, he did," said Mrs. Hasketh, in a crestfallen sort. "But we thought—we thought—you might know where he was. And Fay— Did he tell you what he was going to do?"

"Yes," my wife gasped back.

The young girl put aside her veil in turning to my wife, and showed a face which had all the ill-starred beauty of poor Tedham, with something more in it that she never got from that handsome reprobate — conscience, soul — whatever we choose to call a certain effluence of heaven which blesses us with rest and faith whenever we behold it in any human countenance. She was very young-looking, and her voice had a wistful innocence.

"Do you think my father will be here again to-night? Oh, I must see him!"

I perceived that my wife could not speak, and I said, to gain time, "Why, I've rather been expecting him to come in at any moment;" and this was true enough.

"I guess he's not very far off," said old Hasketh.

"I don't believe but what he'll turn up." Within the comfort these words were outwardly intended to convey to the anxious child, I felt an inner contempt of Tedham, a tacit doubt of the man's nature, which was more to me than the explicit faith in his return. For some reason Hasketh had not trusted Tedham's decision, and he might very well have done this without impugning anything but the weakness of his will.

My wife now joined our side, apparently because it was the only theory of the case that could be openly urged. "Oh, yes, I am sure. In fact he promised my husband to let him know later where he was. Didn't you understand him so, my dear?"

I had not understood him precisely to this effect, but I answered, "Yes, certainly," and we began to reassure one another more and more. We talked on and on to one another, but all the time we talked at the young girl, or for her encouragement; but I suppose the rest felt as I did, that we were talking provisionally, or without any stable ground of conviction. For my part, though I indulged that contempt of Tedham, I still had a lurking fear that the wretch had finally and forever disappeared, and I had a vision, very disagreeable and definite, of Tedham lying face downward in the pool of the old cockpit and shone on by the stars in the hushed circle of the woods. Simultaneously I heard his daughter saying, "I can't understand why he shouldn't have come to us, or should have put it off. He couldn't think I didn't wish to see him," and now I looked at my wife aghast, for I perceived that the Hasketh must have lacked the courage to tell her that her father had decided himself not to see her again, and that they had brought her to us that we might stay her with some hopes, false or true, of meeting him soon. "I don't know what they mean," she went on, appealing from them to us, "by saying that it might be better if I never saw him again!"

"I don't say that any more, child," said Mrs. Hasketh, with affecting hu-

mility. "I'm sure there isn't anyone in the whole world that I would bless the sight of half as much."

"I could have come before, if I'd known where he was; or, if I had only known, I might have been here Saturday!" She broke into a piteous lamentation, with tears and sobs that wrung my heart and made me feel like one of a conspiracy of monsters. "But he couldn't — he couldn't—have thought I didn't *want* to see him!"

It was a very trying moment for us all, and I think that if we had, any of us, had our choice we should have preferred to be in her place rather than our own. We miserably did what we could to comfort her, and we at last silenced her with I do not know what pretences. The affair was quite too much for me, and I made a feint of having heard the children calling me, and I went out into the hall. I felt that there was a sort of indecency in my witnessing that poor young thing's emotion; women might see it, but a man ought not. Perhaps old Hasketh felt the same; he followed me out, and when we were beyond hearing, even if he had spoken aloud, he dropped his voice to a thick murmur and said, "This has all been a mistake. We have had to get out of it with the girl the best we could; and we don't dare to let her know that Tedham isn't coming back any more. You noticed from what she said that my wife tried to make believe it might be well if he didn't; but she had to drop *that;* it set the girl wild. She hasn't got anything but the one idea: that she and her father belong to each other, and that they must be together for the rest of their lives. A curious thing about it is," and Hasketh sank his voice still lower to say this, "that she thinks that if he's taken the punishment that was put upon him he has atoned for what he did; and if anyone tries to make him suffer more he does worse than Tedham did, and he's flying in the face of Providence. Perhaps it's so. I'm afraid," Hasketh continued, with the satisfaction men take in blaming their wives under the cover of sympathy, "that Mrs. Hasketh is going to feel it more and more, as time goes on, unless Tedham turns up. I was never in favor of trying to have the child forget him, or be separated from him in any way. That kind of thing can't be made to work, and I don't suppose, when you come to boil it down, that it's essentially right. This universe, I take it, isn't an accident in any particular, and if she's his daughter it's because she was meant to be so and to bear and share with him. You see it was a great mistake not to prepare the child for it sooner, and tell her just when Tedham would be out, so that if she wanted to see him she could. She thinks she ought to have been there at the prison waiting to speak to him the first one. I thought it was a mistake to have her away, and I guess that's the way Mrs. Hasketh looks at herself, now."

A stir of garments made itself heard from the parlor at last, and we knew the ladies had risen. In a loud voice Hasketh began to say that they had a carriage down at the gate, and I said they had better let me show them the way down; and as my wife followed the others into the hall, I pulled open the outer door for them. On the threshold stood a man about to ring, who let his hand drop from the bell-pull. "Why, Tedham!" I shouted, joyfully.

The light from the hall-lamp struck full on his face; we all involuntarily shrank back, except the girl, who looked, not at the man before her, but first at her aunt and then at her uncle, timorously, and murmured some inaudible question. They did not answer, and now Tedham and his daughter looked at each other, with what feeling no one can ever fully say.

VIII

It always seemed to me as if we had witnessed something like the return of one from the dead, in this meeting. We were talking it over one evening some weeks later, and "It would be all very well," I philosophized, "if the dead came back at once, but if one came back after ten years, it would be difficult."

"It was worse than coming back from the dead," said my wife. "But I hope that is the end of it so far as we are concerned. I am sure I am glad to be out of it, and I don't wish to see any of them ever again."

"Why, I don't know about that," I

returned, and I began to laugh. "You know Hubbell, our inspector of agencies?"

"What has he got to do with it?"

"Hubbell has had a romantic moment. He thinks that in view of the restitution Tedham made as far as he could, and his excellent record—elsewhere—it would be a fine thing for the Reciprocity to employ him again in our office, and he wanted to suggest it to the actuary."

"Basil! You didn't allow him to do such a cruel thing as that?"

"No, my dear, I am happy to say that I sat upon that dramatic climax."

This measurably consoled my wife, but she did not cease to denounce the idea for some moments. When she ended, I asked her if she would allow the company to employ Tedham in a subordinate place in another city, and when she signified that this might be suffered, I said that this was what would probably be done. Then I added, seriously, that I thoroughly liked the notion of it, and that I took it for a testimony that poor old Tedham was right, and that he had at last fully expiated his offence against society.

His daughter continued to live with her aunt and uncle, but Tedham used to come and spend his holidays with them, and however incongruously, they got on together very well, I believe. The girl kept the name of Hasketh, and I do not suppose that many people knew her relation to Tedham. It appeared that our little romantic supposition of a love affair, which the reunion of father and child must shatter, was for the present quite gratuitous. But if it ever should come to that, my wife and I had made up our minds to let God manage. We said that we had already had one narrow escape in proposing to better the divine way of doing, and we should not interfere again. Still I cannot truly say that we gave Providence our entire confidence as long as there remained the chance of further evil through the sort of romance we had dreaded for the girl. Till she was married there was an incompleteness, a potentiality of trouble in the incident apparently closed, that haunted us with a distrustful anxiety. We had to wait several years for the end, but it came eventually, and she was married to a young Englishman whom she had met in Canada, and whom she told all about her unhappy family history before she permitted herself to accept him.

During the one brief interview I had with him, for the purpose of further blackening her father's character (for so I understood her insistance that I should see the young man), he seemed not only wholly unmoved by the facts, but was apparently sorry that poor Tedham had not done much worse things, and many more of them, that he might forgive him for her sake.

They went to live abroad after they were married; and by and by Tedham joined them. So far now as human vision can perceive, the trouble he made, the evil he did, is really at an end. Love, which can alone arrest the consequences of wrong, had ended it, and in certain luminous moments it seemed to us that we had glimpsed, in our witness of this experience, an infinite compassion encompassing our whole being like a sea, where every trouble of our sins and sorrows must cease at last like a circle in the water.

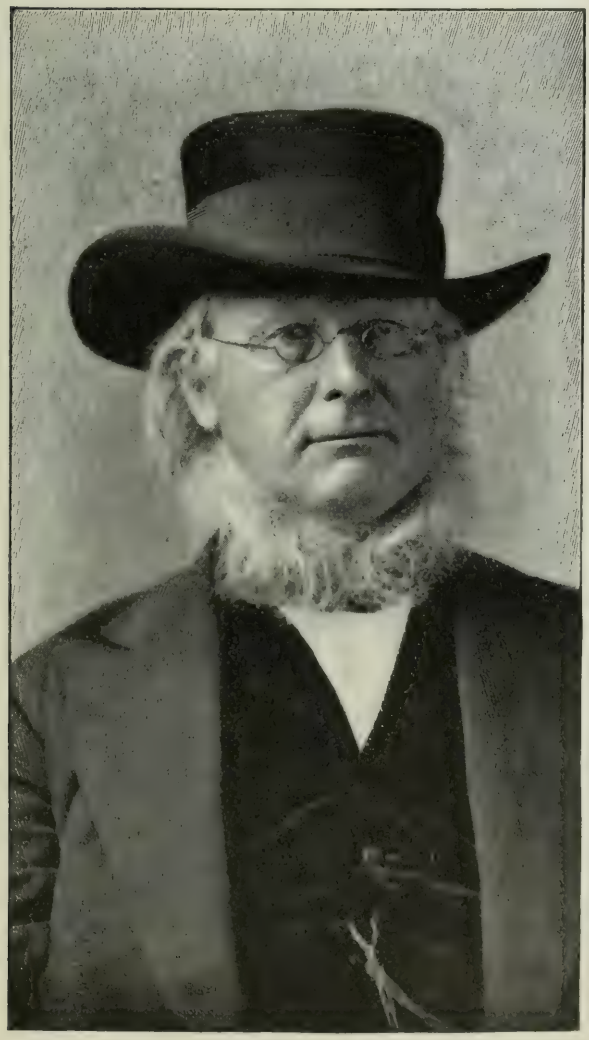
THE END.

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

THE GREELEY CAMPAIGN

THE RISE OF GREELEY.
NOMINATION FOR PRESIDENT.
SCHURZ AND CURTIS.
HOSTILITY TO GRANT.
GRATZ BROWN IGNORED.
THE GENEVA AWARD.
CREDIT MOBILIER SCANDAL.
OAKES AMES'S DEFENCE.
DEATH OF GREELEY.
ANARCHY IN LOUISIANA.



Horace Greeley.

ONE hot day in August, 1831, an ungainly journeyman printer from Erie, Pa., was among the "arrivals" in New York City. It was Horace Greeley, born twenty years before, on a farm in Amherst, N. H. From childhood an insatiable reader, at ten he had become the prodigy of his native town. His stump-grubbing on a farm in Vermont, whither poverty drove his father's family, his service as printer's devil there, and later as job and newspaper printer at Erie, paid little. The young man reached the metropolis with only ten dollars in his pocket, while the rest of his earthly goods formed a bundle which he swung in his hand. After long and vain search for work he at last secured a situation so hard that no other printer would take it. In it he wrought twelve or fourteen hours a day at a rate never exceeding six dollars a week.

After various vicissitudes in job-printing and desultory editorial work, where he evinced genius and zeal but no special aptitude for business, Mr. Greeley, in 1841, started the *Tribune*. For this venture he had borrowed $1,000. The first week's losses engulfed nearly half this sum, but at the end of a year the paper was an assured success. It soon became the mouth-piece of all the more

sober anti-slavery sentiment of the time, whether within or without the Whig Party, and rose to power with the mighty tide of free-soil enthusiasm that swept over the land after 1850. Greeley and his organ were the chief founders of the Republican party, and the most effective moulders of its policy. The influence of the paper before and during the war was incalculable, far exceeding that of any other sheet in America. Hardly a Whig or a Republican voter in all the North that did not take or read it. It gave tone to the minor organs of the party, and no politician on either side acted upon slavery without considering what the *Tribune* would say.



Thomas Hicks. Charles A. Dana. George William Curtis.
After a daguerreotype by Brady, about 1852, in the possession of Charles A. Dana.

While hating slavery and treason, and hence not averse to the war, Greeley was anxious for peace at the earliest moment when it could be safely had; and forthwith upon the collapse of the Confederacy he dismissed all rancor toward the South. At Jefferson Davis's trial he conspicuously stepped forward as Davis's bondsman; and in the long friction which followed he persistently opposed all harshness in dealing with the conquered. He disliked Grant as the exponent of severe methods in reconstruction, and, like Sumner, peculiarly abominated his policy of annexing San Domingo.

At length Grant and Greeley became, in effect, foes. They had many par-



George Ripley.
After a daguerreotype in the possession of Charles A. Dana.



Margaret Fuller.
After a daguerreotype in the historical collection of H. W. Fay.



Bayard Taylor.
After a photograph by Sarony.

Some Noted Contributors to the *Tribune* in its Early Days.



William Henry Fry.
After a daguerreotype in the possession of Horace B. Fry.



Count Adam Gurowski.
After a daguerreotype in the possession of Charles A. Dana.

ty friends in common, who sought by every means to reconcile them, but in vain. Greeley was once induced to call at the White House. Grant invited him to a drive, and he accepted. The horses went, the President smoked, and Greeley kept silence —all with a vengeance. Only monosyllables were uttered as the two stiff men rode side by side, and each was glad when they could alight and separate.

When, in January, 1872, the Liberal Republicans of Missouri issued a call for a national convention at Cincinnati, Greeley and his *Tribune* took sides with the revolt. Soon they were the life of it. Henceforth the opposition to the Administration increased in strength day by day. The Cincinnati *Commercial* and the Springfield [Mass.] *Republican* sided with the *Tribune*, while the New York *Times* and *Harper's Weekly* earnestly advocated Grant's re-election. Many prominent Republicans in Congress and outside lost confidence in the Administration, then became hostile thereto. General Banks was one of these, Stanley Matthews was another. Senator Schurz openly stated that if Grant should be nominated for a second term he would bolt the ticket. Early in the second session of the Forty-second Congress there was question of appointing a committee on Investigation and Retrenchment. Debating this, Senator Trumbull vigorously denounced the prevalent abuses in the civil service. Shortly after, Senator Sumner introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution limiting the President to one term of office. Resolutions were passed inquiring into Grant's acts in the South under the Force Law, and this offered his critics new occasion to inveigh against his policy. So evidently did the rank and file of the party wish Grant to continue in the White House, that his adversaries saw no hope of capturing the Republican convention. Most of them, therefore, allied themselves with the Liberals. The Democrats maintained a policy of "passivity," but long before their convention there were hints that they would accept the bolting Republican candidates as their own, should these not be too radically opposed to democratic ideas. With such aid the separatists expected to carry the country.

NOMINATION OF GREELEY.

The convention of Come-outers assembled at Cincinnati on May 1st, and effected a permanent organization with Carl Schurz as chairman. Touching the South, the platform declared for general amnesty, local self-government, and the abolition of all military authority as superseding civil law. The suspension of *habeas corpus* it especially condemned. It denounced corruption in the civil service and declared against a second term in the presidency. It demanded a tariff which should not unnecessarily interfere with industry, advocated a speedy return to specie payments, and ended with a eulogy on the Union soldiers. Mr. Greeley was nominated for the presidency on the sixth ballot. B. Gratz Brown, Governor of Missouri, received the nomination for Vice-President.

Grant's friends were not frightened. They pretended, rather, to regard the nomination as a huge joke. All conceded that Greeley was an honest man, yet he did not inspire confidence. He had a reputation for doing strange, compromising things. John Sherman thought him "probably the most unfit man for President, except Train, that

has ever been mentioned." Many of the Liberals themselves did not fancy him. He was an ultra protectionist, while Schurz and other prominent anti-administration Republicans leaned toward a revenue tariff. Sumner was for radical measures in the South, which Greeley and most of the Liberals deprecated. It was Sumner who, in the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, so earnestly sought to pass the Supplementary Civil Rights Bill, with the aim of securing for the Southern negro social as well as political equality with the white man. This bill readily passed the Senate whenever moved, but always failed in the House until 1875, when, a year after Sumner's death, it became law. The President himself objected to it, denying in his Second Inaugural that social equality is a fit subject for legislation. However, wishing "anybody to beat Grant," the majority of the seceders accepted Greeley with much heartiness.

The Republican Convention met at Philadelphia on June 5th. The platform declared for civil service reform and complete equality in the enjoyment of all civil, political, and public rights throughout the Union, and uttered a somewhat ambiguous statement in regard to the relations of capital and labor. It upheld the President in his Southern policy, though maintaining that State governments should be permitted to act as far as practicable. The latest amnesty bill of Congress it approved, and it eulogized the President in the highest terms. The Convention developed no opposition to Grant, and he was renominated by acclamation. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, was given the second place on the ticket, defeating Colfax, who had incurred the enmity of several men influential in the party.

Between the nomination of Grant and the Democratic Convention at Baltimore, over a month later, public attention was centred upon the attitude of the democratic leaders to the candidacy of Greeley and Brown. That these nominees were not wholly acceptable to the Democracy there could be no doubt. Many of the party chiefs spoke of Greeley with open derision. Yet, as it was evident that if the Liberal candidates did not receive democratic endorsement all efforts against Grant would prove unavailing, the majority of the party was for Greeley at all hazards. Said ex-Governor Vance, of North Carolina: "If 'Old Grimes' is in the democratic hymn-book, we'll sing him through if it kills us." Accordingly, the convention, which assembled at Baltimore July 9th, notwithstanding considerable opposition, accepted the Cincinnati candidates and platform, adjourning in some hope of victory. A few dissatisfied Democrats met at Louisville on September 3d and nominated Charles O'Conor for President and John Quincy Adams for Vice-President. Both gentlemen declined, but the nominations were left unchanged.

Greeley accepted the Baltimore nomination in a letter dated July 18th. In this he insisted on the "full enfranchisement" of all the white population of the South, and declared that henceforth Democracy and Republicanism would stand for one and the same idea, "equal rights, regardless of creed or clime or color."

General W. T. Sherman wrote from Paris to his brother, the Senator: "Of course I have watched the progress of political events from this standpoint, and feel amazed to see the turn things have taken. Grant, who never was a Republican, is your candidate; and Greeley, who never was a Democrat, but quite the reverse, is the Democratic candidate." The Senator replied: "As you say, the Republicans are running a Democrat, and the Democrats a Republican. And there is not an essential difference in the platform of principle. The chief interest I feel in the canvass is the preservation of the Republican party, which I think essential to secure the fair enforcement of the results of the war. General Grant has so managed things as to gain the very bitter and active hostility of



George Bancroft.
After a photograph in the historical collection of H. W. Fay.



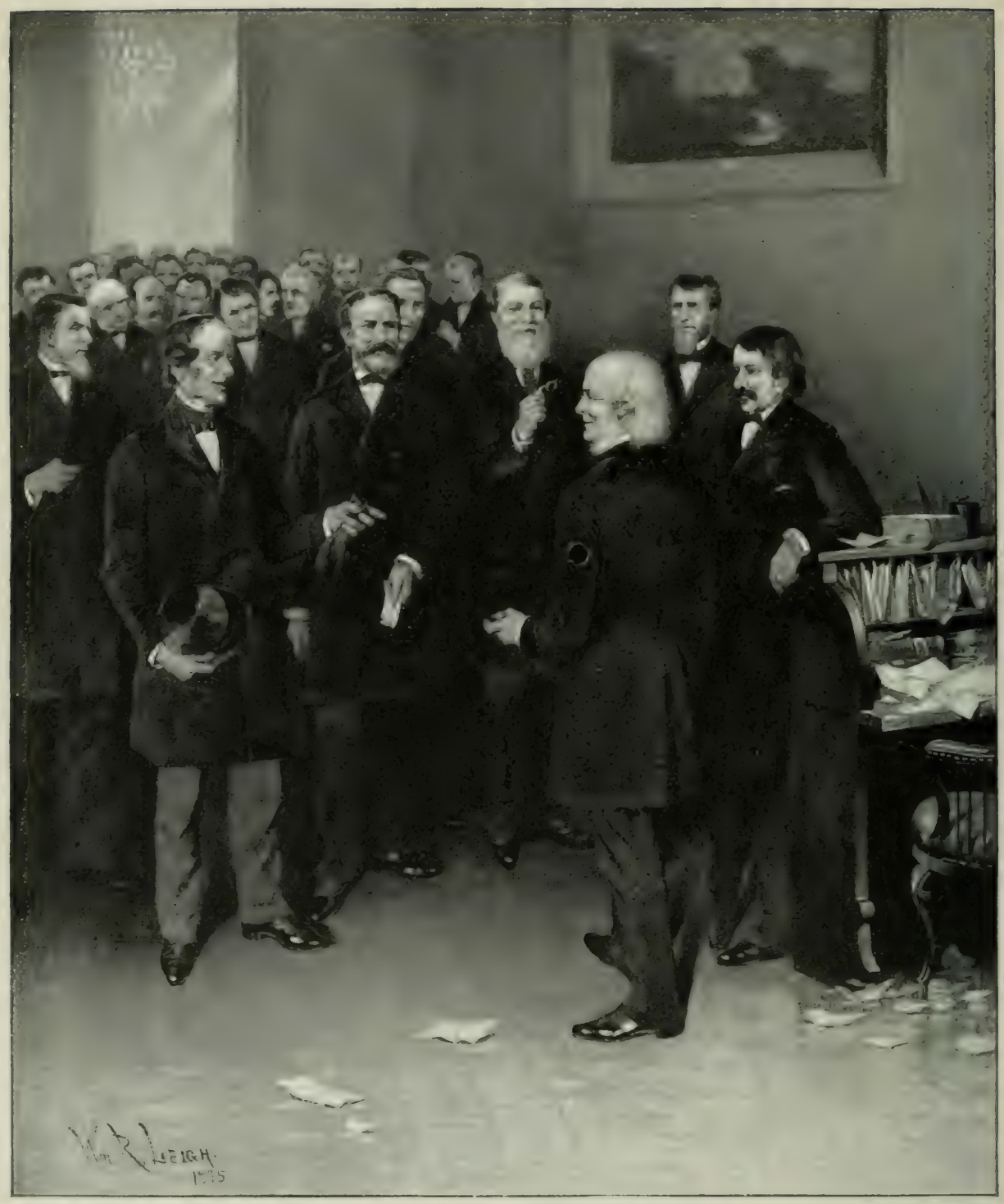
Horace Greeley Signing the Bail-bond of Jefferson Davis at the Richmond, Va., Court House, May 13, 1867.
Painting by William R. Leigh from photographs, and sketches made at the time by W. L. Sheppard.

many of the leading Republicans, and the personal indifference of most of the residue. He will, however, be fairly supported by the great mass of the Republicans, and I still hope and believe will be elected. The defections among Republicans will be made up by Democrats who will not vote for Greeley."

On June 30th George William Curtis wrote: "The best sentiment of the opposition is that both parties must be destroyed and Greeley's election is the way to destroy them. This is Schurz's ground, who likes Greeley as little as any of us. The argument seems to be first chaos then cosmos. The *Nation* and the *Evening Post* in this dilemma take Grant as the least of evils. He has been foully slandered, and Sumner's speech [of May 31st—see page 447] was unpardonable. He was bitterly indignant at me—said that my course was unspeakable and inconsistent, and that I was bringing unspeakable woe upon my country. I could only reply, 'Sumner, you must learn that other men are as honest as you.'"

CRITICISM ON GRANT'S MOTIVES.

The cooler among Grant's critics argued about as follows: The war issues, they said, should be treated as settled; in its prosperity the party had become careless; the President was surrounded by unwise counsellors and influenced



Mr. Greeley receiving the Democratic Committee, who Notified Him of His Nomination, at the Lincoln Club House.*

* Mr. J. Lee Carroll, of Maryland, relates that when the formal speeches on both sides were ended, and Mr. Greeley had invited all present to visit him at Chappaqua, some one in the group asked if there "were any snakes out there." Quick as a flash Mr. Greeley replied: "Oh, yes, a few copperheads but they are quite harmless."



by unscrupulous men; under him the civil service had been debauched as never before, even in Jackson's time; if he should be re-elected things could not but go from bad to worse. Putting the very best possible construction upon his motives, they declared, it was obvious that Grant was dividing the party, and therefore should no longer continue its official head. Some of the President's antagonists did not hesitate even to impugn his honesty. His advocacy of reform in the civil service they denominated "thin twaddle." He was charged with incorrigible nepotism. The fact that he had been given a house was deemed suspicious. The utmost was made of his incessant smoking and of his love for fast horses.



B. Gratz Brown.



Charles O'Conor.

The President's supporters, on the other hand, asserted that under his administration the public debt had been decreased, taxes lowered, the utmost honesty and economy introduced in public affairs, industry revived, and confidence restored. They alleged that the cause of the Cincinnati Convention was nothing but selfish discontent. The meeting, they said, had been controlled by scheming politicians and place-hunters, who knew that under Greeley they could have what they wished. If Grant was incompetent, it was asked, what would be the state of affairs should Greeley, who had hardly ever in his life held an office, and never an administrative office, be elected!



Charles Sumner.

As the conflict deepened feeling waxed painfully bitter, and the meanest personal allusions were common. Greeley's supporters dubbed their candidate "Honest Old Horace;" the opposition, remembering his bail to Jefferson Davis, whom most abolitionists wished hung, called him "Old Bail-Bonds." "Grant beat Davis," they said, "Greeley bailed him." He was named "Horrors Greeley," and his homely manners were made the subject of innumerable jests. Cartoons, which played a great figure in this campaign, ridiculously exaggerated his corpulency. On the unfortunate B. Gratz Brown the stalwarts heaped the worst disgrace which a political candidate can receive, that of being ignored. His views and his record were never mentioned; only his bare name came before the public. In every cartoon by Nast where Greeley was represented, a tag bearing the legend "and Gratz Brown" hung from his coat-tail. Carl Schurz and Whitelaw Reid, both fighting Greeleyites, were pictured with classical and pedantic features, eye-glasses big as tea-cups, and legs ten feet long.



John Quincy Adams in 1870.

Such coarseness was not confined to the supporters of the Administration. The Greeley press made Grant call to his intimates to bid him good-by, as he sang:

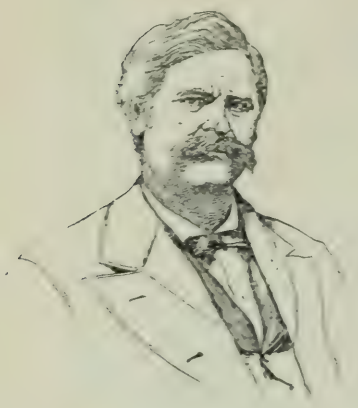
"My friends are gone to Chappaqua.
Oh, put me in my little bed."

Chappaqua was Greeley's country residence.

On May 31st Sumner delivered a speech in which he applied to the President the following extract from a letter of Lord Durham to Henry Brougham:

"Among the foremost purposes ought to be the downfall of this odious, insulting, degrading, aide-de-campish, inca-

pable dictatorship. At such a crisis, is this country to be left at the mercy of barrack councils and mess-room politics?"



Zebulon B. Vance.



Lyman Trumbull.

THE GENEVA AWARD.

NOTHING aided the President and his party in their campaign more than the honorable outcome which the Treaty of Washington had in the Geneva Award and the northwestern boundary settlement, both seasonably made known to the world in 1872. The Award related to the famous Alabama Claims, and meant that these, or the most important of them, must be paid us by Great Britain. Chief credit for such happy result was due to Hon. Hamilton Fish, Grant's Secretary of State, yet naturally and justly, the Administration as a whole profited by his triumphant diplomacy.

The claims usually denominated "Alabama" claims were partly national or, less accurately, "indirect," and partly individual or direct. The national claims were for destruction of United States commerce or its transfer to other flags occasioned by confederate privateers fitted out wholly or partly in Great Britain, and for enhanced marine insurance and increased cost of the war in life and treasure due to the same cause. The individual or direct claims were for damages through certain specific acts of depredation by confederate war-vessels, notably the Alabama, the Florida, and the Shenandoah.

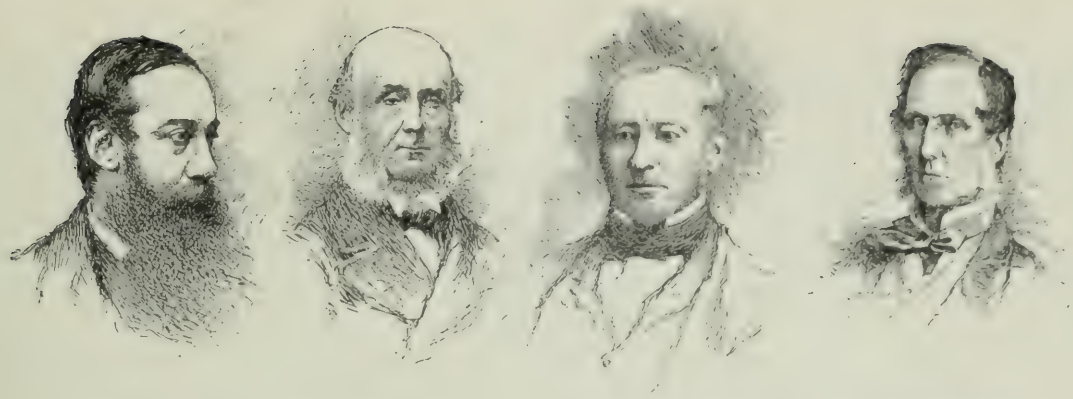
In spite of repeated warnings from Hon. Charles Francis Adams, then United States minister to Great Britain, the Queen's Government had suffered the Florida, originally called "The Oreto" and ostensibly destined for Palermo, Sicily, to be built at Liverpool in 1862, and at Green Bay, near Nassau, to receive arms and munitions from another vessel. The Florida was indeed seized, but soon released. Adams's suspicions were shortly directed against another vessel, building at Liverpool, called "the 290," from the number of merchants who contributed to her construction, but later and better known as the "Alabama." His suspicions were confirmed by evidence which distinguished



The Florida. The Shenandoah. The Alabama, or 290.

The Three Famous Confederate Cruisers.

The Shenandoah is from a photograph of a drawing in the possession of John T. Mason, Esq. The other two are from photographs in the possession of John M. Kell, Esq.



Lord Tenterden. Mountague Bernard. Sir Alexander Cockburn. Sir Roundell Palmer.

The English Representatives at Geneva.

British counsel declared "almost conclusive," sufficient to impose a "heavy responsibility" upon the collector of customs "if he failed to detain her." Easily dodging the half-hearted reach that was made for her, "the 290" went forth upon her career of devastation, continuing it until she was sunk by the Kearsarge. The Shenandoah cleared from Liverpool as a merchant vessel, the Sea King, and when, in November, 1865, she took in supplies and enlisted men at Melbourne, English liability for her acts became definitely fixed. Claims of a less conclusive nature were made on account of the acts of ten other confederate privateers.

Mr. Adams left England in 1868 without having obtained any satisfaction for these claims. His successor, Reverdy Johnson, was upon his arrival in London much dined and wined. He made effusive speeches, judging from which one would think that in his view Great Britain could do no wrong. Secretary Seward, too, had a warm regard for England, and was moreover anxious to settle the difficulty before leaving office. But the Johnson-Clarendon Treaty, the offspring of this cordial policy, was, in the spring of 1869, unceremoniously drummed out of the Senate to the music of Charles Sumner's famous speech, which, as one paper put it, "set almost all Americans to swinging their hats for eight or nine days, and made every Englishman double up his fists and curse every time he thought of it for several weeks."

That treaty contained not a word of regret for England's unfriendly posture during the war, or the slightest confession of fault. It ignored the national claims of the United States, while its language with regard to British citizens' claims against the United States, what-



Caleb Cushing. William M. Evarts. Charles Francis Adams. J. C. Bancroft Davis. Morrison R. Waite.

The American Representatives at Geneva.

ever was intended by it, was so catholic that when the text of the treaty became known confederate bonds in England rose from their tomb with ten per cent. of their original vitality about them.



On becoming President, Grant recalled Johnson and sent to succeed him John Lothrop Motley, a firm friend of Sumner's, sharing Sumner's extreme views upon the British question. But the policy of the new Administration was not so radical as Sumner's. It laid little stress upon the recognition of belligerency as a ground for damage, and left Great Britain to take the initiative in coming to an understanding. Like Sumner, Mr. Motley wished to insist upon damages for England's premature recognition of the confederates as belligerents. He, too, was therefore soon removed.

At the instance of England, a joint high commission was speedily appointed to sit in Washington. The Treaty of Washington, drawn up by this commission and proclaimed on July 4, 1871, provided for an adjustment of all outstanding differences between the countries. The Alabama claims it referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration, consisting of one arbitrator from each of the high contracting parties and one each appointed by the executives of Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil. Count Sclopis was the Italian arbitrator, Mr. Jacques Staempfli the Swiss, and Baron Itajuba the Brazilian. The tribunal met at Geneva, December 15, 1871, but, as we have observed, did not render its decision until the succeeding year.

The Treaty of Washington had laid down for the guidance of the tribunal three rules, which form such an important contribution to international law that they deserve quotation in full:

"A neutral government is bound,

"First: To use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.

"Secondly: Not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms or the recruitment of men.

"Thirdly: To exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

Question being raised as to the interpretation of certain terms and the scope of certain provisions in the three rules, the tribunal made the following preliminary decisions:



Henry Wilson.

1. The meaning of "due diligence." The tribunal took the ground that what constitutes "due diligence" varies with the circumstances of the case. The greater the probable damage to either belligerent, the greater must be the care taken by the neutral government to prevent the escape of cruisers from its ports.





2. Should a neutral detain an escaped cruiser when it re-enters the neutral's



Count Sclopis Announcing the Decision of the Geneva Tribunal.
["Sir Alexander Cockburn . . . left the room without so much as an adieu."]

jurisdiction, the cruiser having in the meantime been regularly commissioned by its government? The arbitrators decided that the neutral had a right to detain such a cruiser, in spite of its commission, but was under no positive obligation to do so.

3. Does a neutral's responsibility end with the enforcement of its local laws to prevent the escape of cruisers, even if those laws are inadequate? Decision was given that the case must be determined by international law and not by national legislation. If a country's regulations for carrying out its acknowledged international duties are ineffective, they ought to be changed.

Though these decisions touching the law of nations were of world-wide significance, the verdict on the facts in the case had a more immediate interest for the American people. Indirect claims the tribunal dismissed, and it made no award for the expense of pursuing confederate cruisers, or for any prospective earnings which ships lost through them. But, for Great Britain's negligence in failing to prevent the equipment, arming, and provisioning of the confederate privateers, the gross sum

of $15,500,000 was awarded the United States. Sir Alexander Cockburn, the English "arbitrator," was the only one to take this decree with ill grace. On the announcement of it he seized his hat and left the room without so much as an adieu, getting "leave to print" with the record of the proceedings a choleric document known as his "Opinions."

The dispute as to our northwestern boundary was also decided in our favor during 1872. By a treaty of 1846 the boundary line between the United States and British America was run westward along the 49th parallel "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island, thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Strait, to the Pacific Ocean." Should "the middle" referred to be interpreted as passing through the Strait of Rosario, on the side next Washington Territory, or through the Canal de Haro, on the Vancouver side of the archipelago there? Should those islands be looped into the territory of Uncle Sam, or given to John Bull? This question the Treaty of Washington referred to Emperor William I., of Germany.

The historian Bancroft, the only surviving statesman save one concerned in negotiating the 1846 treaty, argued our claims in this matter, and on October 21, 1872, had the satisfaction of seeing his plea crowned by a favorable decision. "The award," said President Grant, "leaves us for the first time in the history of the United States as a nation, without a question of disputed boundary between our territory and the possessions of Great Britain." It was a proud result for the President, and assisted not a little in his re-election.



The Northwest Water Boundary.

CREDIT MOBILIER SCANDAL.

While the consequences of the memorable Treaty of Washington were favorable to the party in power, another revelation of the campaign had much influence in the opposite direction. In August, 1872, when the excitement of the presidential strife was already high, the New York *Sun* published a story which added fresh fuel to the political fires already raging, and promised to generate much steam to propel the Greeley movement. It related to the Credit Mobilier operations in constructing the Union Pacific Railway. If true, the facts said to exist involved in corruption the Speaker of the House, the Vice-President, the Republican nominee for the vice-presidency, the Secretary of the Treasury, and others high in political life.

In July, 1862, Congress created the Union Pacific Railway Company to build a railroad from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, fixing at $1,000,000,000 the amount of its stock, loaning it a vast sum in government bonds, endowing it with an enormous amount of land along the route, and allowing it till 1876 to complete the enterprise. The shares sold slowly, and it was soon clear that unless Congress gave better terms the undertaking would fail. Accordingly a more liberal act was passed. Even this did not put the road in a way to completion. Contractors, several of whom were besought to do so, hesitated to undertake the building of such a line or any part of it, and but eleven miles of the construction were accomplished up to September, 1865. Most believed either that the road could not be built, or that it would never pay.

In March, 1865, the Credit Mobilier of America, a company organized by the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1859 as the "Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency," and in its new form soon amply equipped with capital, contracted with the Union Pacific to go forward with the construction. Two hundred and forty-seven miles of road were thus built, carrying the line to the one-hundredth meridian. Then arose trouble within the Credit Mobilier Company. T. C. Durant, President of this and Vice-President of the Union Pacific, wished the Mobilier to realize at once all possible profits out of the construction, while his opponents, New England parties, believing that the road would pay, were inclined to deal honestly with it, expecting their profits as corporators in the Mobilier to come from the appreciation of the Union Pacific stock, in which, to a great extent, the Mobilier was paid for its work. This party sought to eject Durant from the Mobilier management, and at length did so; but his power in the railway corporation was sufficient to prevent the Mobilier as such from getting a further contract. After much contention, during which the Mobilier was on the verge of failing, Durant consented that Oakes Ames might take a contract to push the construction of the road. Mr. Ames was at the time a Mobilier stockholder and a representative in Congress from Massachusetts.



Emperor William I. of Germany.

Ames's contract was dated August 16, 1867, but on the 15th of the next October he made it over to seven trustees, who took Ames's place as contractor. They did all the things which he had agreed to do, and were remunerated just as he was to be. The trustees bound themselves to pay over all the profits of their contract to the Mobilier stockholders in the proportions in which these severally held stock at the date of their contract. This arrangement was fully carried out and the road finished under it. It was an adroit way of circumventing Durant and enabling the Mobilier to build the road in spite of him.

During 1867 and 1868 Ames sold shares of Credit Mobilier stock to many members of Congress. He gave away none, but in a number of cases payment was considerably subsequent to sale. Though worth much more, every share was sold for par and interest, just what it cost Ames himself.

Colonel H. S. McComb, of Delaware, in virtue of a subscription that he said he had made for a friend, claimed of Ames $25,000 in Mobilier stock which he alleged had never been received. Letters passed back and forth between McComb and Ames, in one of which Ames, a blunt, outspoken man, declared that he had placed the stock with influential gentlemen (naming several Congressmen) "where it would do the most good." Press and public eagerly took up this phrase. Soon it was in every mouth, all placing upon it the worst construction which the words could bear. McComb pressed his suit and at last the letters were published. The New York *Sun* of September 4, 1872, in the very heat of the Greeley campaign, came out with the heading: "The King of Frauds; How the Credit Mobilier bought its Way through Congress;" stating that Ames had distributed in bribes thirty thousand shares of the

stock, worth nine millions of dollars. The scandal ran through the country like wild-fire, the allegations being very generally believed, as they probably are still.

But we now know that they comprised partly gross fabrications and partly gross exaggerations. Mr. Ames's motive was laudable—the completion of a great national work, which has long since paid the country many times its cost. He knew that the Pacific Railway had bitter enemies in Congress and outside, most of them not public-spirited but the blackmailer servants of Durant, who stood ready, should opportunity offer, to work its ruin. He wished to be fortified. His method certainly carried him to the verge of propriety, and perhaps beyond; but, everything considered, the evidence shows little ground for the peculiar execration visited upon him. The Poland Committee of the House, reporting on February 18, 1873, declared that Ames had acted with "intent to influence the votes of members." In the sense that he sought to interest men in the enterprise and to prevent them from sacrificing it through apathy or spite, this was probably true. That it was true in any other sense is at least not proved.

OAKES AMES'S DEFENCE.

"THESE, then, are my offences," said Ames, in his defence; "that I have risked reputation, fortune, everything, in an enterprise of incalculable moment to the Government, from which the capital of the world shrank; that I have sought to strengthen the work thus rashly undertaken by invoking the charitable judgment of the public upon its obstacles and embarrassments; that I have had friends, some of them in official life, with whom I have been willing to share advantageous opportunities for investments; that I have kept to the truth through good and evil report, denying nothing, concealing nothing, reserving nothing. Who will say that I alone am to be offered up a sacrifice to appease a public clamor or expiate the sins of others! Not until such an offering is made will I believe it possible. But if this body shall so order that it can best be purified by the choice of a single victim, I shall accept its mandate, appealing with unfaltering confidence to the impartial verdict of history for that vindication which it is proposed to deny me here."



Oakes Ames.

The committee recommended his expulsion. "It was useless to point out that no act was before Congress at the time of the alleged bribery, or before or after it, for which Ames was seeking votes. No person whom he had bribed or sought to bribe was produced. Nor was any object he had attempted to accomplish suggested." Hon. B. F. Boyer, one of those who received stock, testified:

"I had no idea of wrong in the matter. Nor do I now see how it concerns the public. No one connected with either the Credit Mobilier or the Union Pacific Railroad ever directly or indirectly expressed, or in any way hinted, that my services as a member of Congress were expected in behalf of either corporation in consideration of the stock I obtained, and certainly no such services were ever rendered. I was much less embarrassed as a member of Congress by the ownership of Credit Mobilier stock than I should have been had I owned stock in a national bank, or in an iron-furnace, or a woollen-mill, or even been a holder of government bonds; for there was important legislation while I was in Congress affecting all these interests, but no legislation whatever concerning the Credit Mobilier. I can therefore find nothing in my conduct in that regard to regret. It was, in my judgment, both honest and honorable, and consistent with my position as a member of Congress. And as the investment turned out to be profitable, my only regret is that it was no larger in amount."

The House proceeded to censure

Ames, and it would probably have expelled him, had not the alleged offence been committed under a previous Congress. Soon after this censure, which aggravated a disease already upon him, Mr. Ames went home to die. The Wilson Committee reported that the Mobilier had "wronged" the Government, and drafted a bill, which was passed, ordering the Attorney-General to bring suit against its stockholders. He did so, and pushed it to the Supreme Court, but it lamentably failed at every step.

These congressional charges against Oakes Ames have in no wise the weight which has been attached to them. In making them, the House was actuated by a popular clamor against the Credit Mobilier, sedulously worked up by the democratic press and by Durant. Many members who voted for the censure at once apologized to Ames, saying that they had done so purely for fear of their constituents. That "credit mobilier" was a foreign name rendered men suspicious of the thing named. The French *Crédit Mobilier*, from which the American concern took its title, had got into trouble in 1868 and been wound up. Such as knew of this thought that fraud must of course taint the Credit Mobilier of America as well. Some of those charged with having received Ames's alleged bribes cleared themselves at his expense, falsely denying all knowledge of the Mobilier and declaring that they had never directly or indirectly held any of the stock. Such eagerness to disavow connection with it deepened people's suspicion of it. Pressure was used to force Ames, who himself courted investigation, to support these denials. It availed so far as to make him hesitate, telling his story reluctantly and by piecemeal, as if he dreaded the truth. This of course had a further bad effect. In these ways an almost universal impression came to prevail that a fearful crime had been committed, involving most and perhaps all the leaders of the Republican party. Here was rich chance for partisan capital. Democrats and Liberals presented the scandal in the worst possible light and with telling effect. Could anything have defeated Grant, this would assuredly have done so.

If the disclosures and falsehoods about the Credit Mobilier hurt the party in power, the revelations already made and still coming out concerning the Tweed Ring told against Greeley's cause. Tweed was of Tammany, and Tammany, now in the worst repute it had ever borne, threw to the breeze the Greeley flag.

The question of Female Suffrage also plagued Mr. Greeley. The National Women's Suffrage Association met in convention at New York, May 9, 1872, and adopted resolutions strongly condemning him for his position in regard to their movement, asseverating the right of women to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. Nor was this all. As an uncompromising opponent of the Democracy, Greeley had during his editorial career wielded a terribly caustic pen. This fact much aggravated his new position. A cartoon in *Harper's Weekly* represented him in the act of eating uncomfortably hot soup from a dish bearing the inscription, "My own words and deeds." Greeley had said that the Democratic Party would be better off if there were not a schoolhouse in the country, and he had always represented that only people of the lowest sort naturally found their way to its ranks. Now, as "standard-bearer of the great liberal movement," he had accepted the nomination of that very party. Against Greeley, the arch-abolitionist, every fire-eater paper at the South had for twenty-five years been discharging its most venomous spleen. Once, before the war, a northern sheet characterized the representative plantation lord as sighing:

"Oh for a nigger and oh for a whip,
Oh for a cocktail and oh for a nip,
Oh for a shot at Old Greeley and Beecher,
Oh for a whack at a Yankee school-teacher;
And so he kept ohing for what he had not,
Not contented with owing for all he had got."

Now the quondam plantation lord was invited to the polls to vote for the "Old Greeley" aforesaid.

DEFEAT OF GREELEY.

WHATEVER may have been Grant's faults and Greeley's virtues, events proved too strong for the bolting move-

ment. Many for a time deluded themselves with the hope of its triumph, but as election day approached it became evident that Grant would receive an overwhelming majority in the electoral college. As State after State declared for Republicanism during the late summer and fall, the shadows of defeat lengthened across Greeley's path. Finally he undertook a personal canvass, stumping New Hampshire and Maine in August, Pennsylvania and Ohio in September. From this campaign work Greeley was called to the death-bed of his wife, over whose stricken form he watched with the tenderest love and care until she passed away, a week before the election. His defeat at the polls was overwhelming. He carried but six States, all of them Southern. Grant's popular majority approached three quarters of a million. Broken down in body and mind by the terrible bitterness of the canvass, by his deep bereavement, and by the magnitude of his defeat, Mr. Greeley did not long survive. His death occurred on November 29th, ere the shouts of the victors had fully died away. At once all laid aside thoughts of triumph, his bitterest enemies hastening to do honor to the memory of his noble character.



Henry Clay Warmoth.



P. B. S. Pinchback.

In the death of Horace Greeley the nation lost a citizen of sterling worth and deep patriotism. Opinionated, an idealist rather than a practitioner in his contention for right, he had been led into more than one quixotic error, laying himself open to attacks that left their sting. But now, even his foes forgot his blunders and remembered only the purity and benevolence of his spirit. No one had ever impeached the honesty of his motives. It was the universal verdict that he had been a man of great soul and lofty devotion, not unworthy the title bestowed upon him by Whittier, of "The Modern Franklin."

Grant was inaugurated March 4, 1873. In his inaugural address he declared strongly for the establishment of the negroes' civil rights. He maintained that no executive control was exercised in the Southern States which would not be had in others under similar circumstances. He favored the extension of the country's territorial domains, pledging himself to the restoration, so far as possible, of good feeling and to the establishment of the currency on a solid basis. He urged the construction of cheaper inland routes for travel and trade, and also the re-establishment of our foreign commerce.

The campaign of 1872 naturally sweetened Sumner's temper toward the southern people. In a letter to the colored voters of the United States, dated July 29, 1872, he said: "Pile up the ashes, extinguish the flame, abolish the hate—such is my desire." In accordance with this sentiment he introduced in the Senate a bill providing that the names of battles against citizens of the United States while in rebellion should not be continued in the army register, or placed on the colors of regiments. This failed to pass, but an act did pass which happily reduced to some extent the rancor felt by the South against the North. It removed political disabilities fron all citizens of the late Confederacy, except Senators and Representatives in the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Congresses, officers in the judicial, military, and naval service, and heads of departments and foreign ministers of the United States. This act was approved May 22, 1872.

During the second session of the Forty-second Congress, there was more or less race trouble in the South, and the anti-administration forces took occasion to reflect anew on the President's policy under the Force Act. On January 25, 1873, the House passed a resolution requesting the President to in-



The Dispersal of the McEnery Legislature at Odd Fellows' Hall, New Orleans.

On March 6, 1873, a body of Metropolitan Police, under orders from General Longstreet, the Commander of the Kellogg Militia, marched to Odd Fellows Hall, where the McEnery Legislature was in session, and arrested the only five members who refused to disperse or to leave the building.

form Congress touching the condition of South Carolina, in which State, under the authority of the act of April 20, 1871, he had suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*. The citizens of the State also made a request for a statement of the Government's policy in prosecutions under that act. The reply stated that the Executive was disposed, except in grave cases, to show great clemency and to discontinue prosecutions against violators of the law. But these modifications of the old rigor did not imply that the Republican policy in the South had been essentially modified.

Congressional discussions over race difficulties were renewed with some bitterness when, in May, 1872, a bill was brought before Congress, extending to all election precincts the act of 1871, whereby Federal supervisors could be appointed in towns of over 20,000 inhabitants. It passed the Senate without great difficulty. In the House it was strenuously opposed, its enemies dubbing it "election by bayonet." It finally passed the House also, June 8th, as an amendment to an appropriation bill.

ANARCHY IN LOUISIANA.

In Louisiana, the troubles between the whites and negroes occasioned a disruption in the Republican party there, which resulted in serious disturbances, plunging the whole State into utmost confusion and turmoil. The election of November, 1870, gave Louisiana to the Republicans by a substantial majority, but almost immediately the party began to break up into factions. Governor Warmoth was opposed by leading Federal officers, who succeeded in gaining control of the Republican State convention. With the assembling of the Legislature on January 1, 1872, the situation assumed a grave character. On the death of Lieutenant-Governor Dunn, in November of the previous year, P. B. S. Pinchback, a colored adherent of Warmoth, had been elected President of the Senate, but the Administration leaders declared his election illegal. In the House, Speaker Carter, an anti-Warmoth man, was antagonized by Warmoth's friends. After a bitter struggle, during which Warmoth and a number of his supporters were arrested by the Federal authorities, Carter was deposed. A congressional committee investigated the quarrel, but could not quiet it, and the politics of Louisiana continued in an inflamed condition.

Estrangement soon arose between Governor Warmoth and Pinchback, Warmoth heading the Liberal Republican movement in the State. After much manœuvring the Liberals united with the democratic and "reform" parties in a fusion ticket headed by John McEnery, with an electoral ticket supporting Greeley and Brown. The Pinchback faction united with the Grant party, nominating W. P. Kellogg for Governor and Pinchback for Congressman at large.

The result of the November election in 1872 was hotly disputed. Two returning boards existed, one of which favored the Warmoth and the other the Pinchback candidates. The Warmoth board declared McEnery elected by 7,000 majority, while the Pinchback board gave Kellogg nearly 19,000 majority. The warring boards also made up each its own list of members for the Legislature, lists which differed from one another to a considerable extent. On January 7, 1873, the day appointed for the assembling of the Legislature, both the opposing bodies began operations, United States soldiers being present to preserve order. A week later both Kellogg and McEnery took the oath of office. President Grant favored the Pinchback claimants and supported them with Federal troops. Congress finally instructed the Committee on Privileges and Elections to inquire into the dispute. A report was made February 20, 1873, which condemned Federal interference. The committee found that McEnery was the more entitled to the government *de jure*, but that Kellogg, supported by the army, was *de facto* governor. The committee recommended the passage of an act "to secure an honest re-election" in Louisiana. The recommendation was not adopted and practical anarchy followed.



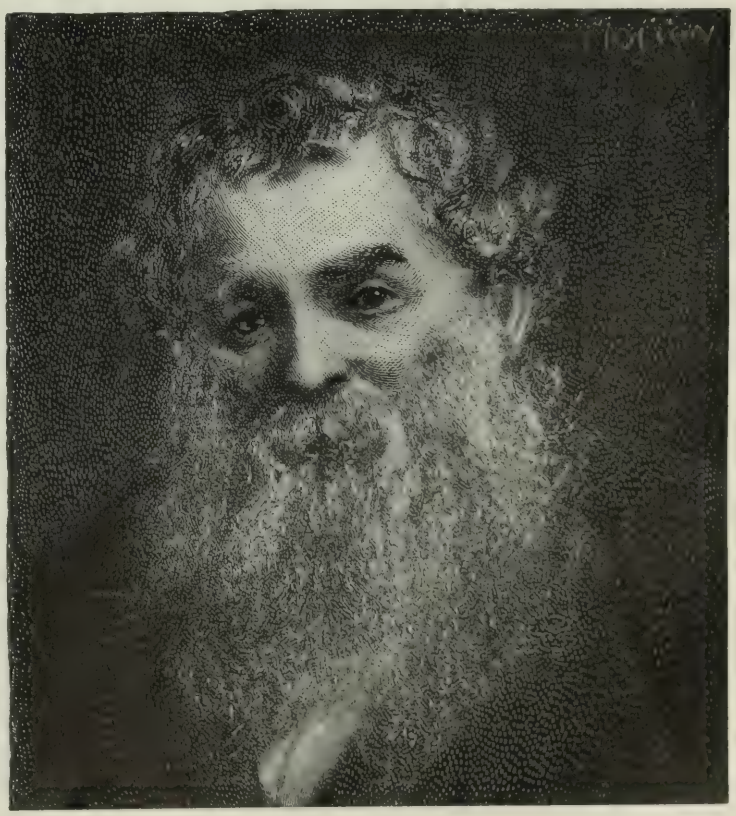
The Gloaming.
Engraved from Nature by Closson.

AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—WILLIAM B. CLOSSON

IN the Exhibition number of this Magazine, May, 1893, appeared a full-page engraving by Closson, "The Heart of the Woods," remarkable for its having been engraved direct from Nature. The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in an essay on "The Art of the American Wood-Engraver," published only a short time before his death, commented upon the entire absence of hardness in this block and the richness of color quite suggestive of mezzotint.

Art was not considered an altogether reputable occupation in the little Vermont town of Thetford, where Closson was born. His tastes in this direction met with no encouragement, and when a clerkship with a local railroad offered, he accepted it. He used to make a studio of a closet in the office where he often made sketches and painted pictures until his employer mildly remarked one day, "Well, I do bother you a good deal by interrupting this painting of yours."

It was while on a visit to a brother in Boston, where he first saw a set of engraver's tools and a piece of boxwood, that the idea came to him of taking up wood engraving as a means by which he might possibly be able to pursue the general study of art. Upon his return home he found time for practice by getting up at four o'clock in the morning. Examples of his work sent to Boston soon brought him the offer of an engagement with a well-known engraver there, with whom he remained for a number of years, working with the graver during the day and studying in various art-schools in the evening. An acquaintance with the distinguished artist, George Fuller, developed into a close friendship and resulted in Closson's engraving several of his paintings, one of which, "Winifred Dysart,"



George Fuller.
Engraved by Closson after his portrait from life.

not only made his name at home but brought also a "mention honorable" at the Paris Salon of 1881. Closson believes that engraving in itself affords limitless opportunities and scope for artistic effort, and that no time given to it can be long enough to enable him to accomplish all that he would in the direction of perfected technical skill and breadth of treatment. Each new block makes him realize ideals yet to be attained, and enforces the difficulties to be overcome in translating from one medium into another. He says that the manner of treatment is his first and most perplexing consideration with each new subject, and that in just the right choice of technical handling, the use of line, etc., lies success or failure. In this all of his training, past experience, and appreciation of effects are brought to a focus, and here the value to the engraver of a broad general art culture is fully demonstrated. The engraver's art being a fixed one, he cannot go back and do over like the painter, but is compelled to know from the start what he intends to do; there must be no indecision, and he must maintain for a long period the strain of concentrated mental effort associated with fatiguing physical work. Another most trying element in the engraver's work is the fact that he cannot see the effect of each delicate cutting as he goes, but can only feel the result by a subtle prescience, born of long practice, and an intense consciousness of the result he is aiming for. Closson has always been a painter as well as an engraver, and it is to the combination of the temperaments and qualities of each that he owes his success in engraving.

He has been experimenting for several years with a new use of the wood-block, and has succeeded in producing some very beautiful prints possessing a peculiar richness of color and suggesting a breadth and facility of treatment approaching etching. It is, he says, however, distinctly wood-engraving, and in no sense a "process."

A fine poetic sensitiveness to Nature's moods, a strong decorative sense of color, sincerity and devotion to his ideals, are evident to all who know and appreciate Closson's beautiful work.



The Corn Gatherers.
A Painting by Closson.

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XIII

AN IRRUPTION OF MISTRESS GOSSIP IN BREACH OF THE CONVENTION.

"IT is a dark land," Carinthia said, on seeing our island's lowered clouds in swift motion, without a break of their folds, above the sheer white cliffs.

She said it, we know. That poor child, Carinthia Jane, when first she beheld Old England's shores, tossing in the packet-boat on a wild Channel sea, did say it and think it, for it is in the family that she did ; and no wonder that she should, the day being showery from the bed of the sun, after a frosty three days, at the close of autumn. We used to have an eye of our own for English weather before printed Meteorological Observations and Forecasts undertook to supplant the shepherd and the poacher and the pilot, with his worn, brown-leather telescope tucked beneath his arm. All three would have told you that the end of a three days' frost in the late season of the year and the early, is likely to draw the warm winds from the Atlantic over Cornish Land's End and Lizard.

Quite by the chance of things Carinthia Jane looked on the land of her father and mother for the first time under those conditions. There can be no harm in quoting her remark. Only —I have to say it—experience causes apprehension that we are again to be delayed by descriptions and an exposition of feelings ; taken for granted, of course, in a serious narrative ; which it really seems these moderns think designed for a frequent arrest of the actors in the story, and a searching of the internal state of this one or that one of them ; who is laid out stark naked, and probed and expounded, like as in the celebrated picture by a great painter : and we, thirsting for events as we are, are to stop to enjoy a lecture on anatomy. And all the while the windows of the lecture-room are rattling, if not the whole fabric shaking, with exterior occurrences or impatience for them to come to pass. Every explanation is sure to be offered by the course events may take ; so, do, in mercy, I say, let us bide for them.

She thought our island all the darker because Henrietta had induced her to talk on the boat of her mountain home, and her last morning there for the walk away with Chillon John. Soon it was to appear supernaturally bright, a very magician's cave for brilliancy.

Now this had happened—and comment on it to yourselves, remembering always that Chillon John was a lover, and a lover has his excuses, though they will not obviate the penalties he may incur ; and dreadful they were. After reading Henrietta's letter to him, he rode out of his Canterbury quarters across the country to the borders of Sussex, where his uncle, Lord Levellier lived, on the ridge of ironstone, near the wild land of a forest, Croridge the name of the place. Now Chillon John knew his uncle was miserly and dreaded the prospect of having to support a niece in the wretched establishment at Lekkatts, or, as it was popularly called, Leancats ; you can understand why. But he managed to assure himself he must in duty consult with the senior and chief member of his family on a subject of such importance as the proposal of marriage to his lordship's niece.

The consultation was short. "You will leave it to me," his uncle said ; and we hear of business affairs between them, involving payment of moneys due to the young man ; and how, whenever he touched on them, his uncle immediately fell back on the honor of the family and Carinthia Jane's reputation, her good name to be vindicated, and especially that there must be no delays, together with as close a reckon-

ing as he could make of the value of Lord Fleetwood's estate in Kent and in Staffordshire and South Wales, and his house property in London.

"He will have means to support her," said the old Lord, shrugging as if at his own incapacity for that burden.

The two then went to the workshops beside a large pond, where there was an island bordered with birch-trees and workmen's cottages near the main building; and that was an arsenal containing every kind of sword and lance and musket and rifle and fowling-piece and pistol, and more gunpowder than was, I believe, allowed by law. For they were engaged in inventing a new powder, for howitzer shells, of tremendous explosive power.

Nothing further did either of them say concerning the marriage. Nor did Carinthia Jane hear any mention of Lord Fleetwood from her brother on the landing-place at Dover. She was taken to Admiral Baldwin Fakenham's house in Hampshire; and there she remained, the delight of his life, during two months, patiently expecting and rebuking the unmaidenliness of her expectations, as honest young women in her position used to do. So did they sometimes wait for years; they have waited until they have withered into their graves, like the vapors of a brief winter's day; a moving picture of a sex restrained by modesty in those purer times from the taking of one step forward unless inquired for.

Two months she waited in our "dark land." January arrived, and her brother. Henrietta communicated the news:

"My Janey, you are asked by Lord Fleetwood whether it is your wish that he should marry you."

Now, usually, a well-born young woman's answer, if a willing one, is an example of weak translation. Here it was the heart's native tongue, without any roundabout, simple but direct.

"Oh, I will; I am ready, tell him."

Remember she was not speaking publicly.

Henrietta knew the man enough to be glad he did not hear. She herself would have felt a little shock on his behalf; only that answer suited the scheme of the pair of lovers.

How far those two were innocent in not delivering the whole of Lord Fleetwood's message to Carinthia Jane, through Lord Levellier, we are unable to learn. We may suspect the miserly nobleman of curtailing it for his purposes, and such is my idea. But the answer would have been the same, I am sure.

In consequence, and straight away, Chillon John betakes him to Admiral Baldwin and informs him of Lord Fleetwood's proposal on the night at Baden, and renewal of it through the mouth of Lord Levellier, not communicating, however (he may really not have known), the story of how it had been wrung from the Earl by a surprise movement on the part of the one-armed old Lord, who burst out on him in the street from the ambush of a club-window, where he had been stationed every day for a fortnight, indefatigably to watch for the passing of the Earl, as there seemed no other way to find him. They say, indeed, there was a scene, and, judging by the result, it would have been an excellent scene for the stage; though the two noblemen were to all appearances politely exchanging their remarks. But the audience, hearing what passes, appreciates the courteous restraint of an attitude so contrasting with their tempers. Behind the ostentation of civility their words were daggers.

For it chanced that the young Earl, after a period of refuge at his Welsh castle, supposing, as he well might, that his latest mad freak of the proposal of his hand and title to the strange girl in a quadrille at a foreign castle had been forgotten by her, and the risks of annoyance on the subject had quite blown over, returned to town, happy in having done the penance for his impulsiveness and got clean again—that is to say, struck off his fetters and escaped from importunities—the very morning of the day when Lord Levellier sprang upon him! It shows the old campaigner's shrewdness in guessing where his prey would come, and not putting him on his guard by a call at his house. Out of the window he looked for all the hours of light during an entire fortnight. "In the service of my sister's child," he said. "To save him from the cost of

maintaining her," say his enemies. At any rate he did it.

He was likely to have done the worse which I suspect.

Now, the imparting of the wonderful news to Admiral Baldwin Fakenham was, we read, the whiff of a tropical squall to lay him on his beam-ends. He could not but doubt; and his talk was like the sails of a big ship rattling to the first puff of wind. He had to believe: and then, we read, he was for hours like a vessel rolling in the trough of the sea. Of course he was a disappointed father. Naturally this glance at the loss to Henrietta of the greatest prize of the matrimonial market of all Europe and America was vexing and saddening. Then he woke up to think of the fortunes of his "other girl," as he named her, and cried: "Crinny catches him!"

He cried it in glee and rubbed his hands.

So thereupon, standing before him, Chillon John, from whom he had the news, bent to him slightly, as his elegant manner was, and lengthened the Admiral's chaps with another proposal; easy, deliberate, precise, quite the respectful bandit, if you please, determined on having his daughter by all means, only much preferring the legal, formal, and friendly. Upon that, in the moment of indecision, Henrietta enters, followed by Admiral Baldwin's heroine, his Crinny, whom he embraced and kissed, congratulated and kissed again. One sees the contrivance to soften him.

So it was done, down in that Hampshire household, on the heights near the downs, whence you might behold off a terra firma resembling a roll of billows England's big battle-ships in line fronting the island; when they were a spectacle of beauty as well as power; which now they are no more, but will have to be, if they are both to float and to fight. For I have had quoted to me by a great admirer of the Old Buccaneer, one of the dark sayings in his "Maxims for Men," where Captain John Peter Kirby commends his fellow-men to dissatisfaction with themselves *if they have not put an end to their enemy handsomely.* And he advises the copying of nature in this, whose elements have always, he says, *a pretty besides a thorough style of doing it*, when they get the better of us; and the one by reason of the other. He instances the horse, the yacht, and chiefly the sword, for proof, that the handsomest is the most effective. And he prints large: "UGLY IS ONLY HALF-WAY TO A THING." To an invention, I suppose he intends to say. But looking on our huge, foundering sea-monsters, and the disappearance of the unwieldy in nature, and the countenances of criminals, who are, he bids us observe, *always in the long run beaten*, I seem to see a meaning our country might meditate on.

So, as I said, it was done; for Admiral Baldwin could refuse his Crinny nothing; as little as he would deny anything to himself, the heartiest of kindly hosts, fathers, friends. Carinthia Jane's grand good fortune covered that pit, the question of money, somehow, and was, we may conceive, a champagne wine in their reasoning faculties. The Admiral was in debt, Henrietta had no heritage, Chillon John was the heir of a miserly uncle, owing him sums and evading every application for them, yet they behaved as people who had the cup of golden wishes. Perhaps it was because Henrietta and her lover were so handsome a match as to make it seem to them and others they must marry; and as to character, her father could trust her to the man of her choice more readily than to the wealthy young nobleman, of whose discreetness he had not the highest opinion. He reconciled this view with his warm feelings for the Countess of Fleetwood-to-be, by saying: "Crinny will tame him!" His faith was in her dauntless, bold spirit, not thinking of the animal she was to tame.

Countess Livia, after receiving Henrietta's letter of information, descended on them and thought them each and all a crazed set. Love, as a motive of action for a woman, she considered the female's lunacy and suicide. Men are born subject to it, happily, and thus the balance between the lordly half of creation and the frail is rectified. We women dress and smile, sigh, if you like, to excite malady. But if we are the fools to share it, we lose our chance; instead of the queens we are the slaves, and instead of a life of pleasure we pass from fever to fever at a tyrant's ca-

price; he does rightly in despising us. Ay, and many a worthy woman thinks the same. Educated in dependency as they are, they come to the idea of love to snatch at it for their weapon of the man's weakness. For which my lord calls them heartless, and poets are angry with them, rightly or wrongly.

It must, I fear, be admitted for a truth that sorrow is the portion of young women who give the full measure of love to the engagement, marrying for love. At least Countess Livia could declare subsequently she had foretold it and warned her cousin. Not another reflection do you hear from me, if I must pay forfeit of my privilege to hurry you on past descriptions of places, anatomy of character, and impertinent talk about philosophy —in a story. When we are startled and offended by the insinuated tracing of principal incidents to a threadbare spot in the nether garments of a man of no significance I lose patience.

Henrietta's case was a secondary affair. What with her passion—it was nothing less—and her lover's cunning arts, and her father's consent given, and, in truth, the look of the two together, the dissuasion of them from union was as likely to keep them apart as an exhortation addressed to magnet and needle. Countess Livia attacked Carinthia, Jane, and the Admiral backing her. But the Admiral, having given his consent to his daughter's marriage, in consequence of the Earl's pledged word to "his other girl," had become a zealot for this marriage; and there was only not a grand altercation on the subject because Livia shunned annoyances. Alone with Carinthia Jane, as she reported to Henrietta, she spoke to a block that shook a head and wore a thin smile and nursed its own idea of the better knowledge of Edward Russett, Earl of Fleetwood, gained in the run of a silly quadrille at a ball.

What is a young man's word to his partner in a quadrille?

Livia put the question, she put it twice, rather sternly, and the girl came out with, "Oh! he meant it!"

The nature, the pride, the shifty and furious moods of Lord Fleetwood were painted frightful to her.

She had conceived her own image of him.

Whether to set her down as an enamoured idiot of a creature, not a whit less artful than her brother, was Countess Livia's debate. Her inclination was to misdoubt the daughter of the Old Buccaneer: she might be simple, at her age; and she certainly was ignorant; but she clung to her prize. Still the promise was extracted from her, that she would not worry the Earl to fulfil the word she supposed him to mean in its full meaning.

The promise was unreluctantly yielded. No, she would not write. Admiral Fakenham, too, engaged to leave the matter to a man of honor.

Meanwhile Chillon John had taken a journey to Lekkatts; following which, his uncle went to London. Lord Fleetwood heard that Miss Kirby kept him bound. He was again the fated prisoner of his word.

And following that, not so very long, there was the announcement of the marriage of Chillon John Kirby-Levellier, Lieutenant in the King's Own Hussars, and Henrietta, daughter of Admiral Baldwin Fakenham. A county newspaper paragraph was quoted for its eulogy of the Beauty of Hampshire—not too strong, those acquainted with her thought. Interest at court obtained an advancement for the bridegroom; he was gazetted captain during his honeymoon, and his prospects under his uncle's name were considered fair, though certain people said at the time it was likely to be all he would get while old Lord Levellier of Leancats remained in the flesh.

Now, as it is good for those to feel who intend preserving their taste for romance and hate anatomical lectures, we never can come to the exact motives of any extraordinary piece of conduct on the part of man or woman. Girls are to read, and the study of a boy starts from the monkey. But no literary surgeon or chemist shall explain positively the cause of the behavior of men and women in their relations together; and speaking to rescue my story, I say we must with due submission accept the facts. We are not a bit the worse for wondering at them. So it happened

that Lord Fleetwood's reply to Lord Levellier's hammer—hammer by post and messenger at his door, one may call it—on the subject of the celebration of the marriage of the young Crœsus and Carinthia Jane, in which there was demand for the fixing of a date forthwith, was despatched on the day when London had tidings of Henrietta Fakenham's wedding.

The letter, lost for many years, turned up in the hands of a Kentish auctioneer, selling it on behalf of a farm-serving man, who had it from Lord Levellier's cook and housemaid, among the things she brought him as her wifely portion after her master's death, and this she had not found salable in her husband's village at her price; but she had got the habit of sticking to the scraps, being proud of hearing it said that she had skinned Leancats to some profit; and her expectation proved correct after her own demise, for her husband, putting it up at the auction, our relative on the mother's side, Dr. Glossop, interested in the documents and particulars of the story as he was, had it knocked down to him, in contest with an agent of a London gentleman, going as high as two pounds ten shillings, for the sum of two pounds fifteen shillings. Count the amount that makes for each word of a letter, a marvel of brevity, considering the purport; but Dr. Glossop was right in saying he had it cheap. The value of that letter may now be multiplied by ten: nor for that sum would he part with it.

Thus it ran: I need not refer to it in Bundle No. 3.

"My Lord: I drive to your church-door on the fourteenth of the month at ten A.M., to keep my appointment with Miss C. J. Kirby, if I do not blunder the initials.

"Your Lordship's obedient servant,

"Fleetwood."

That letter will ever be a treasured family possession with us.

That letter was dated from Lord Fleetwood's Kentish mansion, Esslemont, the tenth of the month. He must have quitted London for Esslemont, for change of scene, for air, the moment after the news of Henrietta's marriage. Carinthia Jane received the summons without transmission of the letter from her uncle on the morning of the twelfth. It was a peremptory summons.

Unfortunately, Admiral Fakenham, a real knight and chevalier of those past times, would not let her mount the downs to have her farewell view of the big ships unaccompanied by him, and partly and largely in pure chivalry no doubt; but her young idea of England's grandeur, as shown in her great vessels of war, thrilled him, too, and restored his youthful enthusiasm for his noble profession or made it effervesce. However it was, he rode beside her and rejoiced to hear the girl's talk of her father as a captain of one of England's thunderers and of the cruelty of that Admiralty to him; at which Admiral Baldwin laughed, but had not the heart to disagree with her, for he could belabor the Admiralty in season, cause or no cause. Altogether he much enjoyed the ride, notwithstanding intimations of the approach of "his visitor," as he called his attacks of gout.

Riding home, however, the couple passed through a heavy rainfall, and the next day, when he was to drive with the bride to Lekkatts, gout, the fieriest he had ever known, chained him fast to his bed. Such are the petty accidents affecting circumstances. They are the instruments of destiny.

There he lay, protesting that the ceremony could not possibly be for the fourteenth, because Countess Livia had, he now remembered, written of her engagement to meet Russett on the night of that day at a ball at Mrs. Cowper Quillett's place, Canleys, lying south of the Surrey hills; a house famed for its gatherings of beautiful women; whither Lord Fleetwood would be sure to engage to go, the Admiral now said; and it racked him like gout in his mind, and perhaps troubled his conscience about handing the girl to such a young man. But he was lying on his back, the posture for memory to play the fiend with us, as we read in the "Book of Maxims" of the Old Buccaneer. Admiral Baldwin wished heartily to be present at his Crinny's wedding "to see her launched,"

if wedding it was to be, and he vowed the date of the fourteenth, in Lord Levellier's announcement of it, must be an error and might be a month in advance, and ought to be. But it was sheer talking and raving, for a solace to his disappointment or his anxiety. He had to let Carinthia Jane depart under the charge of his housekeeper, Mrs. Carthew, a staid, excellent lady, poorly gifted with observation.

Her report of the performance of the ceremony at Croridge village church, a half mile from Lekkatts, was highly reassuring to the anxious old Admiral, still lying on his back, with memory and gout at their fiend's play, and livid forecasts hovering. He had recollected that there had been no allusion in Lord Levellier's message to settlements or any lawyer's preliminaries, and he raged at himself for having to own it would have been the first of questions on behalf of his daughter.

"All passed off correctly," Mrs. Carthew said. "The responses of the bride and bridegroom were particularly articulate."

She was reserved upon the question of the hospitality of Lekkatts. The place had entertained her during her necessitated residence there, and honor forbade her to smile concordantly at the rosy Admiral's mention of Leancats. She took occasion, however, to praise the Earl of Fleetwood's eminently provident considerateness for his bride, inasmuch as he had packed a hamper in his vehicle, which was a four-in-hand driven by himself.

Admiral Baldwin inquired, "Bride inside?"

He was informed, "The Countess of Fleetwood sat on the box on the left of my Lord."

She had made no moan about the absence of bridemaids.

"She appeared too profoundly happy to meditate an instant upon deficiencies."

"How did the bridegroom behave?"

"Lord Fleetwood was very methodical. He is not, or was not, voluntarily a talker."

"Blue coat, brass buttons, hot-house flower? old style or new?"

"His Lordship wore a rather low beaver and a buttoned white overcoat, not out of harmony with the bride's plain travelling dress."

"Ah! he's a good whip, men say. Keeps first-rate stables, hacks, and bloods. Esslemont, hard by, will be the place for their honeymoon, I guess. And he's a lucky dog, if he knows his luck."

So said Admiral Baldwin. He was proceeding to say more, for he had a prodigious opinion of the young Countess and the benefit of her marriage to the British race. As it concerned a healthy constitution and motherhood, Mrs. Carthew coughed and retired. Nor do I reprove either of them. The speculation and the decorum are equally commendable. Masculine ideas are one thing; but let feminine ever be feminine, or our civilization perishes.

At Croridge village church, then, one of the smallest churches in the kingdom, the ceremony was performed and duly witnessed, names written in the vestry-book, the clergyman's fee, the clerk and the pew-man, paid by the bridegroom. And thus we see how a pair of lovers, blind with the one object of lovers in view; and a miserly uncle, all on edge to save himself the expense of supporting his niece; and an idolatrous old Admiral, on his back with gout, conduced in turn and together to the marriage gradually exciting the world's wonder, till it eclipsed the story of the Old Buccaneer and Countess Fanny, which it caused to be discussed afresh.

Mrs. Carthew remembered Carinthia Jane's last maiden remark and her first bridal utterance. On the way, walking to the church of Croridge from Lekkatts, the girl said: "Going on my feet, I feel I continue the mountain walk with my brother when we left our home." And after leaving the church, about to mount the coach, she turned to Mrs. Carthew, saying, as she embraced her: "A happy bride's kiss should bring some good fortune." And looking down from her place on the top of the coach: "Adieu, dear Mrs. Carthew. A day of glory it is to-day."

She must actually have had it in her sight as a day of glory; and it was a day of the clouds off our rainy quarter, similar in every way to the day of her

stepping on English soil and saying, "It is a dark land." For the heart is truly declared to be our colorist. A day having the gale in its breast, sweeping the whole country and bending the trees for the twigs to hiss like spray of the billows around our island, was a day of golden splendor to the young bride of the Earl of Fleetwood, though he scarcely addressed one syllable to her, and they sat side by side all but dumb, he like a coachman driving an unknown lady fare on a morning after a night when his wife's tongue may have soured him for the sex.

CHAPTER XIV

A PENDANT OF THE FOREGOING.

MENTION has been omitted or forgotten by the worthy Dame, in her vagrant fowl's treatment of a story she cannot incubate, will not relinquish, and may ultimately addle, that the bridegroom, after walking with a disengaged arm from the little village church at Croridge to his coach-and-four at the cross of the roads to Lekkatts and the lowland, abruptly, and as one pursuing a deferential line of conduct he had prescribed to himself, asked his bride what seat she would prefer.

He shouted "Ines!"

A person inside the coach appeared to be ineffectually roused.

The glass of the window dropped. The head of a man emerged. It was the head of one of the barge-faced men of the British Isles, broad and battered, flattish, with sentinel eyes.

In an instant the heavy-headed but not ill-looking fellow was nimble and jumped from the coach.

"Napping, my Lord," he said.

Heavy though the look of him might be, his feet were light; they flipped a bar of a hornpipe at a touch of the ground. Perhaps they were allowed to go with their instinct for the dance, that his master should have a sample of his wakefulness. He quenched a smirk and stood to take orders, clad in a flat blue cap, a brown overcoat, and knee-breeches, as the temporary bustle of his legs had revealed.

Fleetwood heard the young lady say, "I would choose, if you please, to sit beside you."

He gave a nod of enforced assent, glancing at the vacated box.

The man inquired: "A knee and a back for the lady to mount up, my Lord?"

"In!" was the smart command to him; and he popped in with the agility of his popping out.

Then Carinthia made reverence to the gray, lean figure of her uncle and kissed Mrs. Carthew. She needed no help to mount the coach. Fleetwood's arm was rigidly extended, and he did not visibly wince when this foreign girl sprang to the first hand-grip on the coach and said, "No, my husband, I can do it"—unaided was implied.

Her stride from the axle of the wheel to the step higher would have been a graceful spectacle on Alpine crags.

Fleetwood swallowed that, too, though it conjured up a mocking recollection of the Baden woods, and an astonished wild donkey preparing himself for his harness.

A sour relish of the irony in his present position sharpened him to devilish enjoyment of it as the finest form of loathing, on the principle that, if we find ourselves consigned to the nether halls, we do well to dance drunkenly. He had cried for Romance—here it was.

He raised his hat to Mrs. Carthew and to Lord Levellier. Previous to the ceremony the two noblemen had interchanged the short speech of mannered duellists punctiliously courteous in the opening act. Their civility was maintained at the termination of the deadly work. The old Lord's bosom thanked the young one for not requiring entertainment and a repast; the young Lord's thanked the old one for a strict military demeanor at an execution, and the abstaining from any nonsensical talk over the affair.

A couple of liveried grooms at the horses' heads ran and sprang to the hinder seats as soon as their master had taken the reins. He sounded the whip caressingly: off those pretty trotters went.

Mrs. Carthew watched them, waving to the bride. She was on the present occasion less than usually an acute or a reflective observer, owing to her admiration of lordly state and masculine commandership; and her thought was: She has indeed made a brilliant marriage.

The lady thought it, notwithstanding an eccentricity in the wedding ceremony such as could not but be noticeable. But very wealthy noblemen were commonly, perhaps necessarily, eccentric, for thus they proved themselves egregious, which the world expected them to be.

Lord Levellier sounded loud eulogies of the illustrious driver's team. His meditation, as he subsequently stated to Chillon, was upon his vanquished antagonist's dexterity in so conducting matters that he had to be taken at once, with nought of the customary preface and apology for taking to himself the young lady, of which a handsome settlement is the memorial.

We have to suppose that the curious occupant of the coach inside aroused no curiosity in the pair of absorbed observers.

Speculations regarding the chances of a fall of rain followed the coach until it sank, and the backs of the two liveried grooms closed the chapter of the wedding, introductory to the honeymoon at Esslemont, seven miles distant by road, to the right of Lekkatts. It was out of sight that the coach turned to the left, northwestward.

CHAPTER XV

OPENING STATE OF THE HONEYMOON.

A FAMOUS maxim in the book of the Old Buccaneer, treating of PRECAUTION as "*the brave man's clean conscience*," with sound counsel to the adventurous, has it:

"*Then you sail away into the tornado, happy as a sealed bottle of ripe wine.*"

It should mean, that brave men entering the jaws of hurricanes are found to have cheerful hearts in them when they know they have done their best. But, touching the picture of happiness, conceive the bounteous Bacchic spirit in the devoutness of a Sophocles, and you find comparison neighbor closely between the sealed wine-flask and the bride who is being driven by her husband to the nest of the unknown on her marriage morn.

Seated beside him, with bosom at heave and shut mouth in a strange land, travelling cloud-like, rushing like the shower-cloud to the vale, this Carinthia, suddenly wedded, passionately grateful for humbleness exalted, virginly sensible of treasure of love to give, resembled the inanimate and most inspiring; was mindless and inexpressive, past memory, beyond the hopes, a thing of the thrilled blood and skylark air, since she laid her hand in this young man's. His not speaking to her, was accepted. Her blood rather than recollection revived their exchanges during the dance at Baden, for assurance that their likings were one, their aims rapturously one; that he was she, she he, the two hearts making one soul.

Could she give as much as he? It was hardly asked. If we feel we can give our breath of life, the strength of the feeling fully answers. It bubbles perpetually from the depths like a wellspring in tumult. Two hearts that make one soul do not separately count their gifts.

For the rest, her hunger to admire disposed her to an absorbing sentience of his acts; the trifles, gestures, manner of this and that, which were seized as they flew, and swiftly assimilated to stamp his personality. Driving was the piece of skill she could not do. Her husband's mastery of the reins endowed him with the beauty of those harmonious trotters he guided and kept to their pace; and the humming rush of the pace, the smooth torrent of the brown heath-knolls and reddish pits and hedgelines and grass flats and copses pouring the counterway of her advance, belonged to his wizardry. The bearing of her onward was her abandonment to him. Delicious as mountain air the wind sang; it had a song of many voices. Quite as much as on the mountains there was the keen, the blissful, nerve-knotting catch of the presence of dan-

ger in the steep descents, taken as if swallowed, without swerve or check. She was in her husband's hands. At times, at the pitch of a rapid shelving, that was like a fall, her heart went down ; and at the next throb exulted before it rose, not reasoning why—her confidence was in him ; she was his comrade whatever chanced. Up over the mountain-peaks she had known edged moments little heeded in their passage, when life is poised as a crystal pitcher on the head, in peril of a step. Then she had been dependent on herself. Now she had the joy of trusting to her husband.

His hard leftward eye had view of her askant, if he cared to see how she bore the trial ; and so relentlessly did he take the slopes that the man inside pushed out an inquiring pate, the two grooms tightened arms across their chests. Her face was calmly set ; wakeful, but unwrinkled ; the creature did not count among timid girls, or among civilized. She had got what she wanted from her madman—mad in his impulses, mad in his reading of honor. She was the sister of Henrietta's husband. Henrietta bore the name she had quitted ? Could madness go beyond the marrying of the creature ? He chafed at her containment, at her courage, her silence, her withholding the brazen or the fawnish look-up, either of which he would have hated.

He, however, was dragged to look down. Neither Gorgon nor Venus, nor a mingling of them, she had the chasm of the face, recalling the face of his bondage, seen first that night at Baden. It recalled, and it was not the face ; it was the skull of the face, or the flesh of the spirit. Occasionally she looked, for a twinkle or two, the creature or vision she had been, as if to mock by reminding him. She was the abhorred delusion, who captured him by his nerves, ensnared his word—the doing of a foul witch. How had it leaped from his mouth ? She must have worked for it. The word spoken—she must have known it—he was bound ; or the detested Henrietta would have said, "Not even true to his word ! "

To see her now, this girl insisting to share his name, for a slip of his tongue, despite the warning sent her through her uncle, had that face much as a leaden winter landscape pretends to be the country radiant in color. She belonged to the order of the variable animals—a woman indeed—womanish enough in that. There are men who love women—the idea of woman. Woman in their shepherdess of sheep. He loved freedom, loathed the subjection of a partnership ; could undergo it only in adoration of an ineffable splendor. He had stepped to the altar fancying she might keep to her part of the contract by appearing the miracle that subdued him. Seen by light of day this bitter object beside him was a witch without her spells ; that is, the skeleton of the seductive ; ghastliest among horrors and ironies. Let her have the credit of doing her work thoroughly before the exposure. She had done it. She might have helped—such was the stipulation of his mad freak in consenting to the bondage — yes, she might have helped to soften the sting of his wound. She was beside him, bearing his name, for the perpetual pouring of an acid on the wound that vile Henrietta—poisoned honey of a girl !—had dealt.

He glanced down at his possession ; heaven and the yawning pit were the contrast ! Poisoned honey is, after all, honey while you eat it. Here there was nothing but a rocky bowl of emptiness. And who was she ? She was the sister of Henrietta's husband. Those two were on their bridal tour.

This creature was also the daughter of an ancient impostor and desperado called the Old Buccaneer ; a distinguished member of the family of the Lincolnshire Kirbys, boasting a present representative grimly acquitted, men said, on a trial for murder. An eminent alliance ! Society considered the Earl of Fleetwood wildish, though he could manage his affairs. He and his lawyers had them under strict control. How of himself ? The prize of the English marriage-market had taken to his bosom for his winsome bride the daughter of the Old Buccaneer. He was to mix his blood with the blood of the Lincolnshire Kirbys, lying pallid under the hesitating acquittal of a divided jury.

How had he come to this pass, which swung him round to think almost regretfully of the scorned multitude of fair besiegers in the market, some of whom had their unpoetic charms?

He was renowned and unrivalled as the man of stainless honor; the one living man of his word. He had never broken it—never would. There was his distinction among the herd. In that a man is princely above princes. The nobility of Edward Russett, Earl of Fleetwood surpasses the nobility of common nobles. But, by all that is holy! he pays for his distinction.

The creature beside him is a franked issue of her old pirate of a father in one respect; nothing frightens her. There she sits; not a screw of her brows or her lips; and the coach rocked, they were sharp on a spill midway of the last descent. It rocks again. She thinks it scarce worth while to look up to reassure him. She is looking over the country.

"Have you been used to driving?" he said.

She replied, "No, it is new to me on a coach."

Carinthia felt at once how wild the wish or half expectation that he would resume the glowing communion of the night which had plighted them.

She did not this time say "my husband," still it flicked a whip at his ears.

She had made it more offensive by so richly toning the official title just won from him as to ring it on the nerves; one had to block it or be invaded. An anticipation that it would certainly recur haunted every opening of her mouth.

Now that it did not, he felt the gap, relieved, and yet pricked to imagine a mimicry of her tones, for the odd foreignness of the word and the sound. She had a voice of her own besides her courage. At the altar her responses had their music. No wonder: the day was hers. "My husband" was a manner of saying "My fish."

He spoke very civilly. "Oblige me by telling me what name you are accustomed to answer to."

She seemed unaware of an Arctic husband, and replied: "My father called me Carin, short for Carinthia. My mother called me Janey; my second name is Jane. My brother Chillon says both. Henrietta calls me Janey."

The creature was dead flesh to goads. But the name of her sister-in-law on her lips returned the stroke neatly. She spared him one whip, to cut him with another.

"You have not informed me which of these names you prefer."

"Oh, my husband, it is as you shall please."

Fleetwood smartened the trot of his team, and there was a to-do with the rakish leaders.

Fairies of a malignant humor in former days used to punish the unhappiest of the naughty men who are not favorites, by suddenly planting a hump on their backs. Off the bedevilled wretches pranced, and they kicked, they snorted, whined, rolled, galloped, outflying the wind, but not the dismal rider. Marriage is our incubus now. No explanation is offered of why we are afflicted; we have simply offended; or some one absent has offended and we are handy. The spiteful hag of power ties a wife to us, perhaps for the reason that we behaved in the spirit of a better time by being chivalrously honorable. Wives are just as inexplicable curses, just as ineradicable and astonishing as humps imposed on shapely backs.

Fleetwood lashed his horses until Carinthia's low cry of entreaty rose to surprise. That stung him.

"Leave the coachman to his devices; we have an appointment and must keep it," he said.

"They go so willingly."

"Good beasts, in their way."

"I do not like the whip."

"I have the same objection."

They were on the level of the vale, going along a road between farms and mansions, meadows and garden-plots and park-palings. A strong, warm wind drove the pack of clouds over the tree-tops and charged at the branches. English scenery, animating air; a rouse to the blood and the mind. Carinthia did not ask for hues. She had come to love of the dark land with the warm lifting wind, the big trees and the hedges, and the stately houses, and people requiring to be studied, who mean well and are

warm somewhere below, as chimney-pots are, though they are so stiff.

English people dislike endearments, she had found. It might be that her husband disliked any show of fondness. He would have to be studied very much. He was not like others, as Henrietta had warned her. From thinking of him fervidly she was already past the marvel of the thought that she called him husband. At the same time, a curious intimation, gathered she knew not whence, of the word husband on a young wife's lips as being a foreign sound in England, advised her to withhold it. His behavior was instructing her.

"Are you weather-wise, able to tell when the clouds will hold off or pelt?" he said, to be very civil to a neighbor.

She collected her understanding, apparently, treating a conversational run of the tongue as a question to be pondered; and the horses paid for it. Ordinarily he was gentle with his beasts. He lashed at her in his heart for perverting the humanest of men.

"Father was," she replied.

"Oh. I have heard of him."

Her face lightened. "Father had a great name in England."

"The Old Buccaneer, I think."

"I do not know. He was a seaman of the Navy, like Admiral Fakenham is. Weather at sea, weather on the mountains, he could foretell it always. He wrote a book; I have a copy you will read. It is a book of Maxims. He often speaks of the weather. English weather and women, he says. But not my mother. My mother he stood aside by herself—*pas capricieuse; du tout!* Because she would be out in the weather and brave the weather. She rode, she swam, best of any woman. If she could have known you, what pleasure for me! Mother learnt to read the mountain weather from father. I did it, too. But sometimes on the high fields' upper snows it is very surprising. Father has been caught. Here the cloud is down near the earth and the strong wind keeps the rain from falling. How long the wind will blow I cannot guess. But you love the mountains. We spoke. . . . And mountains' adventures we both love. I will talk French if you like, for, I think, German you do not speak. I may speak English better than French; but I am afraid of my English with you."

"Dear me!" quoth Fleetwood, and he murmured politely and cursorily, attentive to his coachman business. She had a voice that clave the noise of the wheels, and she had a desire to talk—that was evident. Talk of her father set her prattling. It became clear also to his not dishonest, his impressionable mind, that her baby English might be natural. Or she was mildly playing on it, to give herself an air.

He had no remembrance of such baby English at Baden. There, however, she was in a state of enthusiasm—the sort of illuminated transparency they show at the end of fireworks. Mention of her old scapegrace of a father let her up again. The girl there and the girl here were no doubt the same. It could not be said that she had duped him; he had done it for himself—acted on by a particular agency. This creature had not the capacity to dupe. He had armed a blunt-witted young woman with his idiocy, and she had dealt the stroke; different in scarce a degree by nature from other young women of prey.

But her look at times, and now and then her voice, gave sign that she counted on befooling him as well, to reconcile him to his bondage. The calculation was excessive. No woman had done it yet. Idiocy plunged him the step which reawakened understanding; and to keep his whole mind alert on guard against any sort of satisfaction with his bargain, he frankly referred to the cause. Not female arts, not nature's impulses, it was his passion for the wondrous in the look of a woman's face, the new morning of the idea of woman in the look and the peep into imaginary novel character, did the trick of enslaving him. Call it idiocy. Such it was. Once acknowledged, it is not likely to recur. And implacable reason sits in its place, with a keen blade for efforts to carry the imposture further afield or make it agreeable. Yet, after giving his word to Lord Levellier, he had prodded himself to think the burden

of this wild young woman might be absurdly tolerable and a laugh at the world.

A solicitude for the animal was marked by his inquiry, "You are not hungry yet?"

"Oh, no, not yet," said she, oddly enlivened.

They had a hamper and were independent of stoppages for provision, he informed her. What more delightful? cried her look, seeing the first mid-day's rest and meal with Chillon on the walk over the mountain from their empty home.

She could get up enthusiasm for a stocked hamper! And when told of some business that drew him to a meadow they were nearing, she said she would be glad to help, if she could. "I learn quickly, I know."

His head acquiesced. The daughter of the Old Buccaneer might learn the business quickly, perhaps. A singularly cutting smile was on his tight lips, in memory of a desire he had as a boy to join hands with an Amazonian damsel and be out over the world for adventure, comrade and bride as one. Here the creature sat. Life is the burlesque of young dreams; or they precipitate us on the roar and grin of a recognized beast world.

The devil possessing him gnawed so furiously that a partial mitigation of the pain was afforded by sight of waving hats on a hill-rise of the road. He flourished his whip. The hats continued at windmill work. It signified brisk news to him, and prospect of glee to propitiate any number of devils.

"You will want a maid to attend on you," he said.

She replied: "I am not used to attendance on me. Henrietta's maid would help. I did not want her. I had no maid at home. I can do for myself. Father and mother liked me to be very independent."

He supposed he would have to hear her spelling her words out next.

The hill-top was gained; twenty paces of pretty trotting brought up the coach beside an inn-porch, in the style of the finish dear to whips, and even imperative upon them, if they love their art. Two gentlemen stood in the road, and a young woman at the inn-door; a dark-haired girl of an anxious countenance. Her puckers vanished at some signal from inside the coach.

"All right, Madge; nothing to fear," Fleetwood called to her, and she courtesied.

He alighted, saying to her, before he spoke to his friends: "I've brought him safe; had him under my eye the last four-and-twenty hours. He'll do the trick to-day. You don't bet?"

"Oh, my Lord, no."

"Help the lady down. Out with you, Ines!"

The light-legged, barge-faced man touched ground capering. He was greeted, "Kit," by the pair of gentlemen, who shook hands with him, after he had faintly simulated the challenge to a jig with Madge. She flounced from him, holding her arms up to the lady. Landlord, landlady, and ostler besought the lady to stay for the fixing of a ladder. Carinthia stepped, leaped, and entered the inn, Fleetwood remarking, "We are very independent, Chummy Potts."

"Cordy bally, by Jove!" Potts cried. But the moment after this disengaged ejaculation he was taken with a bewilderment. "At the Opera?" he questioned of his perplexity.

"No, sir, not at the Opera," Fleetwood rejoined. "The lady's last public appearance was at the altar."

"Sort of a suspicion of having seen her somewhere. Left her husband behind, has she?"

"You see; she has gone in."

The scoring of a proposition of Euclid on the forehead of Potts amused him and the other gentleman, who was hailed "Mallard!" and cared nothing for problems involving the female of man when such work was to the fore as the pugilistic encounter of the Earl of Fleetwood's chosen Kit Ines, with Lord Brailstone's unbeaten and well-backed Ben Todds.

Ines had done pretty things from the age of seventeen to his twenty-third; remarkably clever things they were; to be called great in the annals of the Ring. The point, however, was that the pockets of his backers had seriously felt his latest fight. He received a dog's licking

at the hands of Lummy Phelps, his inferior in skill, fighting two to one of the odds; and all because of his fatal addiction to the breaking of his trainer's imposed fast in liquids on the night before the battle. Right through his training, up to that hour, the rascal was devout; the majority's money rattled all on the snug safe side. And how did he get at the bottle? His trainer never could say. But what made him turn himself into a headlong ass, when he had only to wait a night to sit among friends and worshippers drinking off his tumbler upon tumbler with the honors? It was past his wits to explain. Endurance of his privation had snapped in him; or else, which is more likely, this genius of the ring was tempted by his genius on the summit of his perfected powers to believe the battle his own and celebrate it, as became a victor despising the drubbed antagonist.

In any case, he drank, and a minor man gave him the dog's licking. "Went into it puffy, came out of it bunged," the chronicle resounding over England ran. Old England read of "an eyeless carcase" heroically stepping up to time for three rounds of mashing punishment. If he had won the day after all, the country would have been electrified. It sympathized on the side of his backers too much to do more than nod a short approval of his fortitude. To sink with flag flying is next to sinking the enemy. There was talk of a girl present at the fight, and of how she received the eyeless, almost faceless, carcase of her sweetheart Kit, and carried him away in a little donkey-cart comfortably cushioned to meet disaster. This pretty incident drew the attention of the Earl of Fleetwood, then beginning to be known as the diamond of uncounted facets, patron of the pick of all departments of manly activity in England.

The devotion of the girl Madge to her sweetheart was really a fine story. Fleetwood touched on it to Mr. Mallard, speaking of it like the gentleman he could be, while Chumley Potts wagged impatient acquiescence in a romantic episode of the Ring that kept the talk from the hotter theme.

"Money's Bank of England to-day, you think?" he interposed, and had his answer after Mallard had said, "The girl's rather good-looking, too."

"You may double your bets, Chummy. I had the fellow to his tea at my dinner-table yesterday evening; locked him in his bedroom, and had him up and out for a morning spin at six. His trainer, Flipper's on the field, drove from Esslemont at nine, confident as trumps."

"Deuce of a good-looking girl," Potts could now afford to say; and he sang out: "Feel fit, lucky-dog?"

"Concert pitch!" was the declaration of Kit Ines.

"How about Lord Brailstone's man?"

"Female partner in a quadrille, sir."

"Ah." Potts doated on his limbs with a butcher's eye for prize joints.

"Cock-sure has crowed low by sunset," Mallard observed.

Fleetwood offered him to take his bets.

"You're heavy on it with Brailstone?" said Mallard.

"Three thousand."

"I'd back you for your luck blindfold."

A ruffle of sourness shot over the features of the Earl, and was noticed by both eager betters, who exchanged a glance.

Potts inspected his watch, and said half aloud: "Liver, ten to one. That never meant bad luck—except bad to act upon. We slept here last night, you know. It's a mile and a quarter from the Royal Sovereign to the field of glory. Pretty well time to start. Brailstone has a drive of a couple of miles. Coaches from London down by this time. Abrane's dead on Ben Todds, any odds. Poor old Braney! 'Steady man, Todds.' Backs him because he's a 'respectable citizen'—don't drink. A prize-fighter total-abstainer has no spurts. Old Braney's branded for the losing side. You might bet against Braney blindfold, Mallard. How long shall you take to polish him off, Kit Ines?"

The opponent of Ben Todds calculated.

"Well, sir, steady Benny ought to be satisfied with his dose in, say, about forty minutes. Maybe he won't own to it before an hour and ten. He's got a proud English stomach."

"Shall we be late?" Potts asked.

"Jump in," Fleetwood said to his man. "We may be five minutes after time, Chummy. I had a longer drive, and had to get married on the way, and —ah, here they are!"

"Lady coming?"

"I fancy she sticks to the coach; I don't know her tastes. Madge must see her hero through it, that's positive."

Potts deferred his astonishment at the things he was hearing and seeing, which were only Fleetwood's riddles. The fight and the bets rang every other matter out of his head. He beheld the lady, who had come down from the coach like a Columbine, mount it like Beanstalk Jack. Madge was not half so clever, and required a hand at her elbow.

After giving hurried directions to Rundles, the landlord of the Royal Sovereign, Fleetwood took the reins, and all three gentlemen touched hats to the courtesying figure of Mrs. Rundles.

"You have heard, I dare say; it's an English scene," he spoke, partly turning his face to Carinthia; "particularly select to-day. Their majesties might look on, as the Cæsars did in Rome. Pity we can't persuade them. They ought to set the fashion. Here we have the English people at their grandest, in prime condition, if they were not drunk overnight; and dogged, perfectly awake, magnanimous, all for fair play; fine fellows, upon my word. A little blood, of course."

But the daughter of the Old Buccaneer would have inherited a tenderness for the sight of blood. She should make a natural Lady Patroness of England's national sports. We might turn her to that purpose; wander over England with a tail of shouting riff-raff; have exhibitions, join in them, display our accomplishments; issue challenges to fence, shoot, walk, run, box, in time; the creature has muscle. It's one way of crowning a freak; we follow the direction, since the deed done can't be undone; and a precious poetical life, too! You may get as royally intoxicated on swipes as on choice wine; win a name for yourself as the husband of such a wife; a name in sporting journals and shilling biographies; quite a revival of the peerage they have begun to rail at.

"I would not wish to leave you," said Carinthia.

"You have chosen," said Fleetwood.

CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH THE BRIDE FROM FOREIGN PARTS IS GIVEN A TASTE OF OLD ENGLAND.

CHEERS at an open gate of a field saluted the familiar scarlet of the Earl of Fleetwood's coach in Kentish land. They were chorister cheers, the spontaneous ringing out of English country hearts in homage to the nobleman who brightened the heaviness of life on English land with a spectacle of the noble art distinguishing their fathers. He drove along over muffling turf; ploughboys, and blue butcher-boys, and smocked old men, with an approach to a hundredweight on their heels, at the trot to right and left, and hoping for an occasional sight of the jewel called Kitty, that he carried inside. Kitty was there.

Kitty's eyes are shut. Think of that; cradled innocence and angel dreams, and the whole of the hymn just before ding-dong-bang on noses and jaws. That means confidence? Looks like it. But Kitty's not asleep; you try him. He's only quiet, because he has got to undergo great exertion. Last fight he was knocked out of time, because he went into it honest drunk, they tell. And the Earl took him up, to give him a chance of recovering his good name, and that's Christian. But the Earl, he knows a man as well as a horse. He's one to follow. Go to a fayte down at Esslemont, you won't forget your day. See there, he's brought a lady on the top o' the coach. That seems for to signify he don't expect it's going to be much of a bloody business. But there's no accounting. Anyhow, Broadfield'll have a name in the papers for Sunday reading. In comes t'other Lord's coach. They've timed it together close, they have.

They were pronounced to be both the right sort of noblemen for the country.

Lord Brailstone's blue coach rattled through an eastern gate to the corner of the thirty-acre meadow, where Lord Fleetwood had drawn up, a toss from the ring. The meeting of the blue and scarlet coaches drew forth Old England's thunders; and when the costly treasures contained in them popped out heads, the moment was delirious. Kit Ines came after his head on a bound. Ben Todds was ostentatiously deliberate; his party said he was no dancing-master. He stepped out, grave as a barge emerging from a lock, though alive to the hurrahs of supporters and punctilious in returning the formal portion of his rival's too roguish nod. Their look was sharp into the eyes, just an instant.

Brailstone and Fleetwood jumped to the grass and met, talking and laughing, precise upon points of business, otherwise cordial; plenipotentiaries of great powers, whom they have set in motion and bind to the ceremonial opening steps, according to the rules of civilized warfare. They had a short colloquy with newspaper reporters; an absolutely fair, square, upright fight of Britons was to be chronicled. Captain Abrane, a tower in the crowd, registered bets whenever he could. Curricles, gigs, carts, pony-traps, boys on ponies, a swarm on legs, flowed to the central point and huddled there.

Was either champion born in Kent? An audacious boy proclaimed Kit Ines a man of Kent. Why, of course he was, and that was why the Earl of Fleetwood backed our cocky Kitty, and means to land him on the top of his profession. Ben Todds was shuffled aside, as one of their Londoners, destitute of county savor.

All very well, but have a spy at Benny Todds. Who looks the squarer man? And hear what that big gentleman of the other Lord's party says. A gentleman of his height and weight has a right to his opinion. He's dead against Kit Ines; it's fists, not feet, he says, 'll do it to-day; stamina, he says. Benny has got the stamina.

Todds's possession of the stamina, and the grand voice of Captain Abrane, and the Father Christmas, roast-beef-of-Old-England face of the umpire, declared to be on the side of Lord Brailstone's color, blue, darkened the star of Kit Ines till a characteristic piece of behavior was espied. He dashed his cap into the ring and followed it, with the lightest of vaults across the ropes. There he was, the first in the ring; and that stands for promise of first blow, first blood, first flat knock down, and last to cry for quarter. His pair of seconds were soon after him. Fleetwood mounted his box.

"Is it to fight?" said Carinthia.

"To see which is the master."

"They fight to see?"

"Generally until one or the other can't see. You are not obliged to see it; you can be driven away if you wish."

"I will be here, if you are here."

"You choose it."

Fleetwood leaned over to Chumley Potts on the turf. "Abrane's ruining himself."

Potts frankly hoped that his friend might be doing so. "Todds is jolly well backed. He's in prime condition. He's the favorite of the knowing ones."

"You wouldn't have the odds, if he weren't."

"No; but the odds are like ten per cent.; they conjure the gale, and be hanged," said Potts: he swore at his betting mania, which destroyed the pleasure of the show he loved.

All in the ring were shaking hands. Shots of a desire to question and comment sped through Carinthia's veins and hurt her. She had gathered that she spoke foolishly to her husband's ear, so she kept her mouth shut, though the unanswered of her inquisitive ignorance in the strange land pricked painfully at her bosom. She heard the girl behind her say, "Our colors," when the color scarlet, enwound with Lord Brailstone's blue was tied to the stake; and her husband nodded; he smiled; he liked to hear the girl.

Potts climbed up, crying, "Toilots complete, now for paws out, and then at it, my hearties."

Choice of corners under the leaden low cloud counted for little. A signal was given, a man outside the ring eyed a watch, raised a hand; the two umpires were on foot in their places; the

pair of opposing seconds hurried out cheery or bolt-business words to their men, and the champions advanced to the scratch, Todds first, by the courtesy of Ines, whose decorous control of his legs at a weighty moment was rightly read by his party.

Their hands grasped firmly; thereupon becoming fists of a hostile couple in position. And simply to learn which of us two the better man! Or, in other words, with four simple fists to compass a patent fact and stand it on the historic pedestal, with a little red writing underneath: you never can patent a fact without it. But mark the differences of this kind of contention from all other—especially the Parliamentary; this is positive, it has a beginning and an end; and it is good-humored from beginning to end; trial of skill, trial of stamina; nature and art; Old English; which made us what we are; and no rancors, no vows of vengeance; the beaten man of the two bowing to the bit of history he has helped to make.

Kittites had need to be confident in the skill of their lither lad. His facer looked granite. Fronting that mass, Kit you might—not to lash about for comparisons—call a bundle of bamboo. Ay, but well knitted, springy, alive every inch of him; crafty, too, as you will soon bear witness. He knows he has got his task, and he's the man to do it.

There was wary sparring, and mirrors watched them.

"Bigger fellow; but have no fear," the Earl said over his shoulder to Madge.

She said in return, "Oh, I don't know. I'm praying."

Kit was now on his toes, all himself, like one who has found the key. He feinted. Quick as lightning, he landed a bolt on Ben's jib, just at the toll-bar of the bridge, between the eyes, and was off, out of reach, elastic; Ben's counter fell short by a couple of inches. Cheers for first blow.

The Earl clucked to Madge. Her gaze at the ring was a sullen intensity.

Will you believe it? Ben received a second spanking cracker on the spectacles-seat; neat indeed; and, poor payment for the compliment, he managed to dig a drive at the ribs. As much of that game as may suit you, sturdy Ben! But hear the shout, and behold: First blood to Kit Ines! That tell-tale nose of old Ben's has mounted the Earl of Fleetwood's color, and all his party are looking Brailstone-blue.

"So far!" said Fleetwood. His grooms took an indication; the hamper was unfastened; sandwiches were handed. Carinthia held one; she tried to nibble, in obedience to her husband's example. Madge refused a bite of food.

Hearing Carinthia say to her, "I hope he will not be beaten; I hope, I hope;" she made answer, "You are very good, miss;" and the young lady flushed.

Gentlemen below were talking up to the Earl. A Kentish squire, of an estate neighboring Esslemont, introduced a Welsh squire he had driven to see the fun, by the name of Mr. Owain Wythan, a neighbor of the Earl's down in Wales. Refreshments were offered. Carinthia submissively sipped the sparkling wine, which stings the lips when we are indisposed to it. The voice of the girl Madge rang on the tightened chords of her breast. Madge had said she was praying; and to pray, was all that could be done by two women. Her husband could laugh loudly with Mr. Potts and the other gentlemen and the strangers. He was quite sure the man he supported would win; he might have means of knowing. Carinthia clung to his bare words, for the sake of the girl.

A roaring peal went up from the circle of combat. Kit had it this time. Attacking Ben's peepers, he was bent on defending his own, and he caught a body-blow that sent him hopping back to his pair of seconds, five clear hops to the rear, like a smashed surge-wave off the rock. He was respectful for the remainder of the round. But hammering at the system he had formed, in the very next round he dropped from a tremendous repetition of the blow, and lay flat as a turbot. The bets against him had simultaneously a see-saw rise.

"Bellows, he appears to have none," was the comment of Chumley Potts.

"Now for training, Chummy," said Lord Fleetwood.

"Chummy!" signifying a crow over

Potts, rang out of the hollows of Captain Abrane on Lord Brailstone's coach.

Carinthia put a hand behind her to Madge. It was grasped in gratitude for sympathy, or in feminine politeness. The girl murmured, "I've seen worse." She was not speaking to ears.

Lord Fleetwood sat watch in hand. "Up," he said; and as if hearing him, Kit rose from the ministering second's knee. He walked stiffly, squared after the fashion of a man taught caution. Ben made play. They rounded the ring, giving and taking. Ben rushed, and had an emollient; spouted again and was corked; again, and received a neat red waxen stopper. He would not be denied at Kit's door, found him at home and hugged him. Kit got himself to grass, after a spell of heavy fibbing, Ben's game.

It did him no great harm; it might be taken for an enlivener; he was dead on his favorite spot the ensuing round, played postman on it. So cleverly, easily, dancingly did he perform the double knock and the retreat, that Chumley Potts was moved to forget his wagers and exclaim, "Racket-ball, by Jove!"

"If he doesn't let the fellow fib the wind out of him," Mallard addressed his own crab eyeballs.

Lord Fleetwood heard and said, coolly, "Tight-strung; I kept him fasting since he earned his breakfast. You don't wind an empty rascal fit for action. A sword through the lungs won't kill when there's no air in them."

That was printed in the "Few Words before the Encounter," in the book of "Maxims for Men." Carinthia, hearing everything her husband uttered, burned to remind him of the similarity between his opinions and her father's.

She was learning that, for some reason, allusions to her father were not acceptable. She squeezed the hand of Madge, and felt a pleasure, like a scream, telling her the girl's heart was with the fight beneath them. She thought it natural for her. She wished she could continue looking as intently. She looked because her husband looked. The dark hills and clouds curtaining the run of the stretch of fields relieved her sight.

The clouds went their way; the hills were solid, but like a blue smoke; the scene here made them very distant and strange. Those two men were still hitting, not hating one another; only to gratify a number of unintelligible people and win a success. But the earth and sky seemed to say, what is the glory? They were insensible to it, as they are not—they are never insensible to noble grounds of strife. They bless the spot, they light lamps on it; they put it into books of History, make it holy, if the cause was a noble one or a good one.

Or supposing both of those men loved the girl who loved one of them! Then would Carinthia be less reluctantly interested in their blows.

Her infant logic stumbled on for a reason while she repressed the torture the scene was becoming, as though a reason could be found by her submissive observation of it. And she was right in believing that a reason for the scene must or should exist. Only, like other bewildered instinctive believers, she could not summon the great universe or a life's experience to unfold it. Her one consolation was in squeezing the hand of the girl from time to time.

Not stealthily done, it was not objected to by the husband whose eye was on all. But the persistence in doing it sank her from the benignity of her station to the girl's level; it was conduct much too raw, and grated on the deed of the man who had given her his name.

Madge pleased him better. She had the right to be excited, and she was very little demonstrative. She had—well, in justice, the couple of them had, only she had it more—the tone of the women who can be screwed to witness a spill of blood; peculiarly catching to hear; a tone of every string in them snapped except the silver string. Catching to hear? It is worth a stretching of them on the rack to hear that low buzz-hum of their inner breast. . . . By heaven! we have them at their best when they sing that note.

His watch was near an hour of the contest, and Brailstone's man had scored first knock-down blow, a particularly clean floorer. Thinking of that, he was cheered by hearing Chummy

Potts, whose opinions he despised, cry out to Abrane!

"Yeast to him!" For the face of Todds was visibly swelling to the ripest of plums from Kit's deliveries. Down he went. He had the sturdy legs which are no legs to a clean blow. Odds were offered against him.

"Oh! pretty play with your right, Kit!" exclaimed Mallard, as Kit fetched his man an ugly stroke on the round of the waist behind, and the crowd sent up the name of the great organs affected; a sickener of a stroke, if dealt soundly. It meant more than it showed. Kit was now for taking liberties. Light as ever on his pins, he now and then varied his attentions to the yeasty part, delivering a wakener in unexpected quarters; masterly as the skilled cook's carving of a joint, with hungry guests for admirers.

"Eh, Madge?" the Earl said.

She kept her sight fixed, replying: "Yes, I think . . ." Carinthia joining with her; "I must believe it that he will; but will the other man, poor man, submit? I entreat him to put away his pride. It is his—oh, poor man!"

Ben was having it hot and fast on a torso physiognomy.

The voices of these alien women thrilled the fray and were a bardic harp to Lord Fleetwood.

He dropped a pleasant word on the heads in the curricle.

Mr. Owain Wythan looked up. "Worthy of Theocritus. It's the Boxing Twin and the Bembrycian Giant. The style of each. To the letter!"

"Kit is assiduously fastening Ben's blinkers," Potts remarked.

He explained to the incomprehensible lady he fancied he had somewhere seen, that the battle might be known as near the finish by the behavior on board Lord Brailstone's coach.

"It's like Foreign Affairs and the Stock Exchange," he said to the more intelligent males. "If I want to know exactly how the country stands, I turn to the Money Article in the papers. That's a barometrical certainty. No use inquiring abroad. Look at old Rufus Abrane. I see the state of the fight on the old fellow's mug. He hasn't a bet left him!"

"Captain Mountain—Rufus Mus!" cried Lord Fleetwood, and laughed at the penetrative portrait Woodseer's epigram sketched; he had a desire for the presence of the singular vagabond.

The Rufus Mus in the Captain Mountain exposed his view of the encounter by growing stiller, apparently growing smaller, without a squeak, like the entrapped; and profoundly contemplative, after the style of the absolutely detached, who foresee the fatal crash, and are calculating, far ahead of events, the means for meeting their personal losses.

The close of the battle was on the visage of Rufus Abrane fifteen minutes before that Elgin marble under red paint in the Ring sat on the knee of a succoring seconder, mopped, rubbed, dram-primed, puppy-peeping, inconsolably comforted, preparatory to the resumption of the great-coat he had so hopefully cast from his shoulders. Not downcast, by any means. Like an old Roman, the man of the sheer hulk with purple eye-mounds found his legs to do the manful thing, show that there was no bad blood, stand equal to all the forms. Ben Todds, if ever man in Old England, looked the picture you might label 'Bellyful,' it was remarked. Kit Ines had an appearance of springy readiness to lead off again. So they faced on the opening step of their march into English History.

Vanquisher and vanquished shook hands, engaged in a parting rally of good-humored banter; the beaten man said his handsome word; the best man capped it with a compliment to him. They drink of different cups to-day. Both will drink of one cup in the day to come. But the day went too clearly to crown the light and the tight and the right man of the two for moralizing to wag its tail at the end. Oldsters and youngsters agreed to that. Science had done it; happy the backers of Science! Not one of them alluded to the philosophical "hundred years hence." For when England, thanks to a spirited pair of our young nobleman, has exhibited more of her characteristic performances consummately, Philosophy is bidden fly; she is a foreign bird.

(To be continued.)

IN NORTHERN WATERS

By T. C. Evans

AT the inn of Monsieur Bertrand the coming storm held in thrall the interest of all its inmates. Some diversity of opinion prevailed as to the time of its arrival, but there was no doubt that it was near at hand. The ocean mist piled against the westering sun, at first sheared away its frosty halo and extinguished its encircling annulet, which hung in the sky like Ixion's wheel and finally shrouded out of sight the flaming orb itself, blotting it from its own heaven, making a waste without bound of the waters and the overarching air, from which rained the falling noise of sea-birds, now, as it were, "all instruments," and now as flutings of unseen seraphim, but ever edged with cadences of rapture and desire; as if these flying phantoms wheeling in the midst of the grisly arch were minions of the coming tempest, joyous in expectancy of its rough embrace.

On the balcony of the inn, too narrow for his bulk, sat the commissioner of something which it took many buttons and some yards of braid officially to certify, and over against him weltered the flowing bulk of Sandy McCorkendale, each bristling with his own weather opinions, and both wrong. A pervasive young advocate from Quebec, on his way to Prince Edward Island further to confuse the intricacies of a law case, involving the relations of the insular lobster with the statutory ordinances of the main land, also distributed forecasts which the event did not confirm, and an odor of cigarettes and Martel brandy which was authentic. The three salmon fishers from Liverpool, strapped to field-glasses of a range to tackle Saturn, and who at a first glance seemed to be composed mainly of whiskers and Scotch tweed, had no opinions of their own, but took in the flow of local vaticination as if it had been brown stout. Father Pepin, on the way to his mission northward from Bersimis toward Abbittibe among the bear and beaver, read a pious book in the window and said nothing; and the botanist, pausing here on his tour of scientific exploration, made notes in a red book at the littered tavern table, awaiting with composure whatsoever the skies had in store for him. The razor-backed pig which wandered by hung a discontented snout near to the earth, but lifted a contumacious, tightly twisted tail high in the air as if it flung defiance at the menacing heavens; the geese by the riverside clamored with upstretched necks and gray wings flung wide; the twilight fell before its time, sultry and still with a noise of insects in the air blowing horns of defiance or sounding reeds of propitiation under the advancing trumpets of the storm.

After nightfall, when the lamps were lighted in the long room of the inn, the skippers began to arrive, clad in their yellow sou'westers to be ready for the gale and the deluge, when they came. Their craft lay in shelter under the lee of the pier, safe and snug, and they had a few hours for holiday and convivial intercourse with their fellows. They ranged up to the row of bottles at the end of Monsieur Bertrand's bar with the same courage as that with which they had many a time fronted the climbing waters of the gulf, or plunged with their light flying craft into its down-streaming and tumultuous caves. Nothing, in the repertory of Monsieur Bertrand's strong waters or ingenious commixtures, daunted them, and jolly Bacchus astride his kilderkin could not other than joy in the robustness and staying power of these, his votaries. Each helped himself and settled his score at intervals, a spirit of liberality animating the drinking part of the procedure, and a fine sense of equity, accompanied with occasional mental confusion, presiding over the settlements. No official tapster was here needed, nor code of chilly regulative interdictions to stare the cheerful tosspot out of countenance and invade the gen-

erous relations of confidence which subsisted between host and customer. Most of the latter kept easy account of their scores, the fingers of one hand going to a creditable length in this numeration; but Sandy McCorkendale's reckoning ran speedily into decimals, and was after referred to the higher powers of arithmetic. It was ultimately settled on a basis of conjecture and compromise, Sandy supplying the conjectures with great liberality, while the landlord with equal generosity contributed the concessions.

Each of these sea-going men had a history of renown in local annals. They had been cradled amidst the surge of the roughest of seas, and were but a handful surviving of their fellows whose bones lay whitening at the bottom of the gulf. Their eyes were brightened with the beam of the pilot stars long gazed on through flying drift of storm, and their glance upon their flagons was as it were a glance upon the binnacle light and the trembling needle beneath. One had rescued a band of castaway sailors from lone Anticosti, taking them as he deemed from the clutch of witches populous in the air of that storm-driven isle, and another by the flounderings of an infuriate whale, resenting thus the intrusion of his flying harpoon, had been cast upward into space some fathoms toward the constellation of the Bear. There was no end of adventure in the tales rehearsed of them. The youngest in appearance was a diver to whom the ocean's caves held no mystery or terror, but were as grottos of dim unearthly beauty, or as vestibules to palaces of wonder and delight. He had a calm and amicable countenance of rosy bronze, with a shimmer of gold upon it from the overhanging lamp, and he was the centre of the stern and rugged group around him. The qualities expressed in his face and bearing acquired further definition by reason of his abstinence from all the liquor and most of the conversation which the place afforded. It was clear that his comrades looked up to him, and that was a deference which they only paid to superior courage and skill in their particular calling. They all knew of the treasures which he had brought up from the ocean's floor, and of his adventures amidst its perilous caves. In the green lit spaces of a sunken ship they told how one in bridal robe, with jewels on her bosom and arms outstretched, floated toward him as if to fold him in her chill embrace. Other forms were round her, once animate with human impulse and desire; some in attitudes of prayer, and all with wonder-stricken faces on which had fallen a sea change till they seemed native dwellers there and to have forgotten, in that realm of shadow and amaze, the blush and glory of the sun. Out of these gulfs of dread and piteous proximities, undefiled with the slime of the ravening creatures around him, he would come forth among his fellows bearing no outward sign that he had so violated the ocean's sanctuary of terror. But among the older mariners and the withered sibylline old island gammers, rocking to and fro in the dull beam of their cabin fires, knitting a prophetic brede into their coarse stockings of gray wool or the broken meshes of the fisher nets which they mended, there were some who saw, as in a wizard's mirror reflecting futurity and fate, that the deep would one day claim him, and that the robed and jewelled bride of death, in her chill nuptial chamber, still with outstretched arms awaited him.

According to the forecast of those who said they knew but did not, and that composed the whole prophetic circle, the storm was due any time after nightfall; but the hours went by and it still held off, though the air outside seemed to grow heavier and the fog to deepen till it closed behind one like a wall, shutting in a small halo or nimbus the light of passing lanterns and entirely obscuring the beam of those along the water-side, or which were swung red, green, and blue from the rigging of the ships beside the pier. The assemblage at the inn began to break up early, those living outside, who comprised the greatest number, drifting away homeward, singly or in groups, as soon as the private and personal spirit-gauge which each carried within him marked a point of sufficient pressure. The guests of the inn, one after

another, took their bedroom candles and wended their way through narrow and devious passages to their respective dormitories. The long low room, with its dim hanging lamps and candles around the walls, fixed in tin sconces and burning yellow and obscure through an atmosphere of fog and tobacco-smoke, was at length nearly emptied, when the melancholy skirl of Sandy McCorkendale's bagpipe arose in a remote corner like a propitiatory wail or invocation to the spirits of the coming storm.

This instrument was well known along the streets of the riverside town, from the long pier below to the screaming railway station on the hill above it, and in and about every repository of strong waters which the place contained. It was observed of it that, while its preluding notes had the effect of drawing to a focus all neighboring Scotchmen, they immediately dissipated all other orders of men, and its ensuing strains dispersed even its native votaries. The intentions of its owner were respected; but that was neither here nor there, as criticism and the popular idea of his music was another matter. The postmaster, who was likewise the apothecary and performed other useful local functions, made no scruple in declaring that in his opinion a little of it went a great way; but that might freely be said of the entire body of the performance. It was of a shrill, penetrating character, and on windy days might be heard in the next parish. But Sandy was superior to neighborhood opinions or the vagaries of local taste, and poured his measures forth with profuse liberality, indifferent to the sentiments or sensibilities of his auditors, and equally callous to the judgment of the next parish or posterity.

Sandy was a maker and mender of boats, a strapping lout, canny in his work and kind of heart, and he lived in the neat and thrifty cabin of Janet Murdock down by the long pier, with a portrait of John Knox over the mantel and a big Bible on a small table in the corner of the comfortably furnished front room, to the pages of which every Sunday morning he was obliged to devote himself with unswerving diligence, for a certain time, before Janet tucked him under her sinewy arm and carried him away reluctant but obedient to the kirk. This was the only godly place of prayer as she thought in all the region, notwithstanding that there were a number of parish churches in the town, where the priests ministered to their little flocks, and that the cathedral, like a bastion of defence and protection, lifted in the midst of them its twin towers, carrying a mellow chime of bells within, while legions of bright temple-haunting birds floated in the summer air around them. But to Janet these were tabernacles of idolatry, wherein the harlot of Babylon pressed to the lips of her votaries her golden cup of abominations. In her kirk alone was the word which was in the beginning, which had been transmitted undefiled to her fathers, and had guided them forth out of bondage and oppression, as the earlier people chosen of God had been led forth through paths of deliverance from the bondage of Egypt and the encompassing wilderness. This word of grace was expounded by the Rev. Archibald McNutt, a hard-headed Perthshire divine, who had come over as a missionary to the Ojibbeways and the Mic-Macs, but, finding nothing left of these tribes except some fragments of sentimental poetry, setting forth their virtues, and a bundle of scalps hanging up in an Aboriginal Museum, was compelled to turn his ministerial efforts in other directions. A little band of his countrymen was settled here, fisher and sea-going folk, with a few artisans, shopkeepers and the like, and they had established a modest house of worship, to the direction of which he was called. It was small, the ceilings were low, and the deacons were long and, from an artistic point of view, looked out of drawing, and the preacher's voice overflowed its boundaries, annexing to his audience of the elect within the ethnic and the pagan outside for a considerable distance. But, humble as it was, it served the need of the flock and the shepherd, and within it he ministered year in and year out, with the general respect and acceptance of his congregation. He had a pious countenance and an aspect

of authority, and it was locally a point in his favor that he took his gin and water with the faithful in a straightforward, unwinking manner. He had no hesitation in holding up the individual sinner for reprobation, and Sandy, who, if not the chief of these, was the one who conserved that reputation with most assiduity, was frequently thus suspended.

He heard the clerical reproof of the sins of idleness and drink with a certain composure, and may have gathered comfort from the consciousness that he shared it with others of the congregation. Its force thus diffused and attenuated he could endure, with some measure of fortitude, but it was otherwise with the ministerial denunciation of the wickedness of profane music; of the iniquity of the lascivious idler with his sackbut and his pipe and his stringed instrument, spreading round him the strains which went before and led the feet of the unwary as of the sinner and the scorner in the way which led downward to the pit. This reproof could not be lightened by division with any of his fellow-worshippers, for none of them were addicted to such practices, except McNish, the blacksmith, who played the fiddle, but that was at home and in private, and it was generally admitted that he played so badly that his example did not count either for edification or reproof, or lend itself to any other form of clerical application. This peculiar reproach awakened in Sandy a sensibility surpassing that inspired by any form of grog or admonition within his experience, and often threw him into dim moods of penitence, which, however, were not lasting enough to carry him over any crisis of temptation. His submission each week to this kind of rebuke, and his constant appearance as the example of all that was to be avoided in conduct were not entirely voluntary, though he may have had some cloudy consciousness that like a bitter medicament it was good for him, unpalatable as it was to his sensual and sinful appetites. It was the force of Janet's will which brought him thither and kept him steady and submissive to the lessons and admonitions there administered. He had been her lodger since he had first come to the town. She had assiduously knit and mended and washed and spun for him during all this time, and no shirt-collar in the congregation of a Sunday stood higher during the forenoon than his. What was left in him of grace and hope had indeed been of her conservation. Testimony of this was borne by the preacher, and McIan, the clerk, confirmed it, and it was not unknown to Père Anton, the parish priest, or the nuns of the White Cross Sisterhood, to all of whom the implacable virtues of Janet and the contrasting qualities of Sandy had a neighborhood familiarity. Her lean and resolute head now appeared through the opened door of Monsieur Bertrand's inn, fixing her fugitive lodger with calm, commanding eye. "Ye'll be coming home the noo," she said. The minstrel rose without intermitting his performance and, after a saltatory gesture or two, resembling the preluding steps of a hornpipe and very likely designed to intimate that he was his own master though appearances were against him, meekly followed Janet through the door and into the dark, the sound of his pipe dying gradually in the distance, answered by the howl of an occasional belated dog and by the calm opprobrium of Monsieur Bertrand, who, having turned off the master spigot of the inn and extinguished all the lights except his bedroom candle, was engaged in making fast the doors and windows to leave all snug against the oncoming of the storm.

Between midnight and morning it arrived, announcing its advent by a noise as of bells in the upper air, followed by a roaring in the vault and deluges of driving rain, and when the morning rose the little inn was but an islet in the midst of encompassing tempest and flood. Nothing was to be seen without, except the flowing torrents and the shrouding mist driven past the windows. Even the low earth-clinging cabins across the sheet, standing nearest the window, were revealed only in occasional glimpses, and then in vaporous and obscure outline. For the long pier, reaching a mile into the river like an index finger stretched out toward Tadousac and the magnetic pole, it

might have sunk beneath the waves, for all that could be seen of it from the windows of the hostelry. That fabric, in fact, still stood where it was planted, the water piled high against its windward side, and scooped in a deep hollow to the leeward where the ships lay, the wind booming over them across the top of the pier with the sound of guns. Its builder was an inmate of the inn, and had been since (years before) his labor, outreaching any of the fabulous toils of Hercules, had begun. His place was at the head of the inn table since he first arrived, armed with his theodolite and engineer's equipments, to lay out the plan of his gigantic mole. During the years in which he had been there he had listened unmoved to the stream of table-talk which had flowed across the board, gathering in its current many rivulets of dialect and individuality; but it was not on record that he had ever in any noticeable degree increased its volume or manifested absorption in any of its particulars.

On this tempestuous morning he was early in his chair at the breakfast-table, lit with candles to help out the dim and struggling daylight, and the guests came in one after another showing signs of broken sleep, and some of them of last night's conviviality. There was nothing brightening in the outlook for the day, or even in the prospect for the morrow, and there was the certainty of a season of imprisonment of which the only consolatory features were the spirit bottles of Monsieur Bertrand's bar, and some back numbers of Canadian newspapers containing articles against annexation. Besides the weariness and tedium of the situation, some of the guests were penetrated by vague sentiments of foreboding and alarm; and it was no wonder, for the house shook with every blow of the wind, and there was a booming in the sky like the roar of smiting seas; and even the eye could not carry the spirit forth out of its immurement, for the storm shut wet and dim against the windows, and nothing but the driven torrent was to be seen from them. With the young advocate the lobster had resumed its normal proportions and relation to the general plan of things, but a drooping expression was remarked in his mustache and eyelids, and in his manner an abated juridical confidence. Those, however, who knew him thought that he would brighten up as the day advanced, and he did in fact do so, becoming increasingly argumentative as the hours rolled by, though he finally lost his grasp of principles and lapsed into incoherent crustacean theories, for which there was neither legal nor scientific authority. The proportion of whiskers and Scotch tweed which entered into the visible composition of the three salmon fishers still seemed inordinate, but that there was a Briton within each investiture and appended to each flowing and sanguine wisp of hair, was attested by the breadth and vivacity of appetite which they evinced, and by certain guttural articulations which between them appeared to serve some of the purposes of language. Their concern for the storm was that of mere lookers-on, and it might have washed away a geographical boundary without awakening in them any particular interest. From their point of view it was a strictly colonial and exoteric commotion with which they had nothing to do, except to stay in-doors till it was over. To all of the apprehensions expressed by the various guests in pauses of the breakfast and lulls of the shivering gale, the calm-faced engineer with the gray eyebrows and steel watch chain, and air of composure and reserve, returned the assurance that there was no unusual danger; that the hurricane would blow itself out in about twenty-four hours, and that the river would then be found flowing past the town as usual, and the other side of the street, now invisible, would turn up just across the way.

While only so narrow a hand-breadth of the storm revealed itself to the vision, the imagination outlined for it an extent almost unlimited, and saw its progress accompanied on either hand by images of grandeur and terror. It had hung its thunder flame over the shaken seas in the arch of midnight, to outbeam the arrested glow of all its starry fires; and with sorcery more powerful than Prospero's had bedimmed in the vault the noontide sun. It had swept away for the time, mid-

summer's aspect of pride and beauty, and in the midst of such encompassing rage and tumult it seemed strange to consider that only a little distance overhead there hung a zone of radiant stillness and peace, and beneath, no deeper than the graves by the side of kirk and chapel in which the dead lay lulled asleep, there was silence likewise, and calm which no commotion could invade, but folded in a robe of darkness not to be put off till the dawning of the light of resurrection, in the ending of the tempests and the days.

The vision of an occasional ecclesiast blown into strange and vapory outlines, and projected with great velocity across the narrow space commanded by the windows, recalled the fact that it was a saint's day, and that preparations had been made for its celebration which would now have to be delayed. It was evident that these occasionally appearing and vanishing phantoms were not the ministers of pageantry, but refugees from the inclemency of the weather, into which some pressing occasion had summoned them. Some oblation would doubtless be made, and some ceremony performed in the cathedral, that the day of the holy mediator might not pass without its appropriate token of reverence and love, but the feathers of its processional pomp would of course droop under such a copious downpouring deluge. There was nothing, however, to prevent the bells from ringing, and this they did during much of the forenoon, flinging a mellow peal amid the storm like a voice of propitiation between the wrath of heaven and the sins of men. To the faithful it may have seemed a message from the saint himself falling out of the sky, to attest his presence in that celestial space, and give assurance of his continuing watchfulness and protection. It was a golden accent of peace, playing like sunlight over the darkness and rage beneath it, and its benediction must have descended upon his devotees like balm and dew, through the ruder aspersion which the storm poured forth upon them out of its high shaken baptismal urn.

The saint's day came and went in gloom, but the next one stepped forth like a bridegroom from its canopy of saffron and rose, and shone on a scene of restored communal and maritime activity. The razor-backed pig appeared early with his tail out of curl, either from exposure to the elements or in token of some inward relaxation of the strings of contumacy; the geese uplifted a less clamorous note by the river-side, the doves again circled in shining flocks around the towers of the cathedral; the shops spread forth their wares upon the sidewalks; children appeared in the streets with school-books and satchels, and shining morning faces hooded in with quaint gingham bonnets, or surmounted with caps of a curious foreign pattern; the priests came forth robed and shovel-hatted, two and two, and the sisters, black-garmented with rosaries and silver crosses and white wide-winged muslin head-gear; and the guests gathered at the door and on the balcony of the inn with joyous faces, in the midst of some of which short briar-wood pipes were inserted; while others were parted in smiles of contentment that nature had resumed her benignant aspect. The upper section of Janet Murdock's cabin door, by the side of the long pier, was open, and that diligent and conscientious female was visible therein engaged in some household occupation, while she laid down a series of moral propositions to Sandy, who hung across the closed section of the portal with a delinquent expression of countenance, indicating an interval of penitence and sobriety. At the end of the long pier the skippers were gathered, and were busy in releasing their storm-bound craft. One after another they fell off into the stream, and spread their white wings like a retreating flock of water-birds. A trail of smoke revealed the oncoming of the Montreal steamer, the boat from Bersimis, two days belated, hove in sight, and the normal activities of the wharf were resumed. The storm was over, and the broad flowing river, so late a gulf of terror, abandoned even by the porpoises and the red-footed gulls whose element it was, ran sparkling in sunlight to the sea.

THE ART OF LIVING

EDUCATION

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

I

ON occasions of oratory in this country, nothing will arouse an audience more quickly than an allusion to our public school system, and any speaker who sees fit to apostrophize it is certain to be fervidly applauded. Moreover, in private conversation, whether with our countrymen or with foreigners, every citizen is prone to indulge in the statement, commonly uttered with some degree of emotion, that our public schools are the great bulwarks of progressive democracy. Why, then, is the American parent, as soon as he becomes well-to-do, apt to send his children elsewhere?

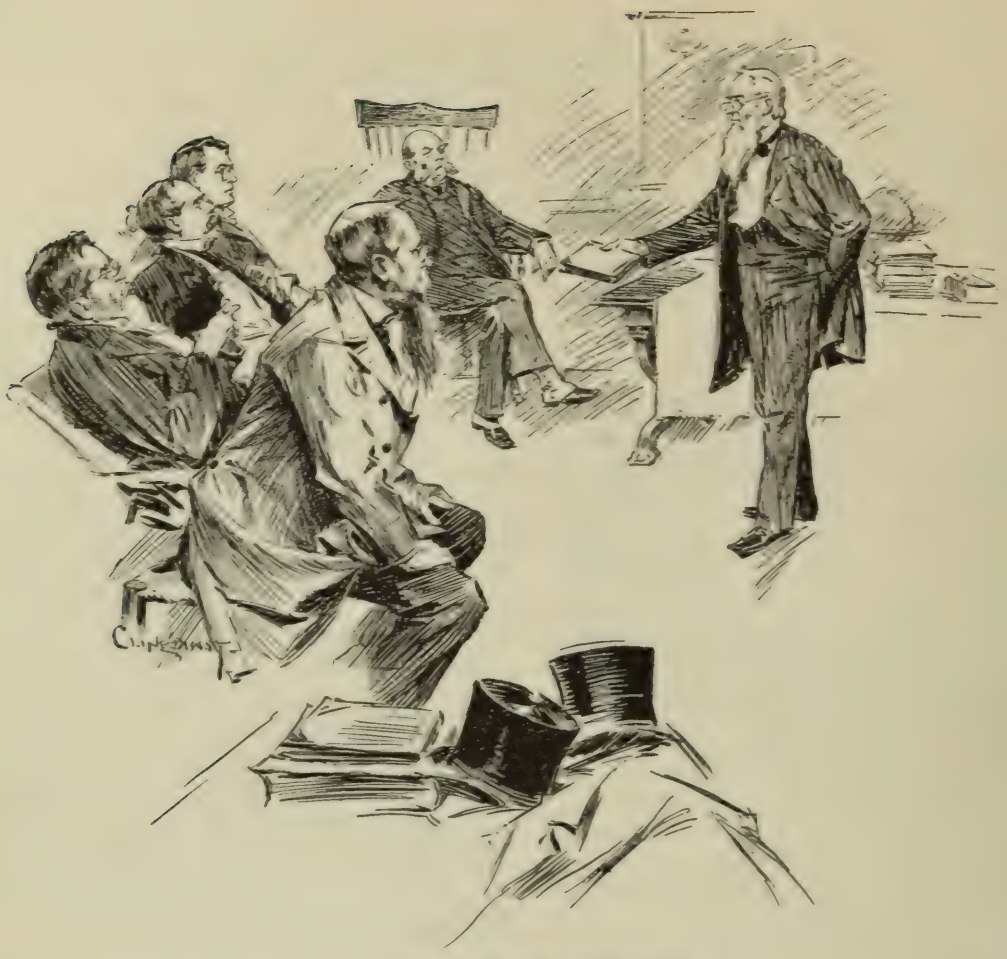
I was walking down town with a friend the other day, and he asked me casually where I sent my boys to school. When I told him that they attended a public school he said, promptly, "Good enough. I like to see a man do it. It's the right thing." I acquiesced modestly; then, as I knew that he had a boy of his own, I asked him the same question.

"My son," he replied slowly, "goes to Mr. Bingham's"—indicating a private school for boys in the neighborhood. "He is a little delicate—that is, he had measles last summer, and has never quite recovered his strength. I had almost made up my mind to send him to a public school, so that he might mix with all kinds of boys, but his mother seemed to think that the chances of his catching scarlet fever or diphtheria would be greater, and she has an idea that he would make undesirable acquaintances and learn things which he shouldn't. So, on the whole, we decided to send him to Bingham's. But I agree that you are right."

There are many men in the community who, like my friend, believe thoroughly that everyone would do well to send his boys to a public school—that is, everyone but themselves. When it comes to the case of their own flesh and blood they hesitate, and in nine instances out of ten, on some plea or other, turn their backs on the principles they profess. This is especially true in our cities, and it has been more or less true ever since the Declaration of Independence; and as a proof of the flourishing condition of the tendency at present, it is necessary merely to instance the numerous private schools all over the country. The pupils at these private schools are the children of our people of means and social prominence, the people who ought to be the most patriotic citizens of the Republic.

I frankly state that I, for one, would not send my boys to a public school unless I believed the school to be a good one. Whatever other motives may influence parents, there is no doubt that many are finally deterred from sending their boys to a public school by the conviction that the education offered to their sons in return for taxes is inferior to what can be obtained by private contract. Though a father may be desirous to have his boys understand early the theory of democratic equality, he may well hesitate to let them remain comparatively ignorant in order to impress upon them this doctrine. In this age, when so much stress is laid on the importance of giving one's children the best education possible, it seems too large a price to pay. Why, after all, should a citizen send his boys to a school provided by the State, if better schools exist in the neighborhood which he can afford to have them attend?

This conviction on the part of parents is certainly justified in many sections of the country, and when justifiable, disarms the critic who is prepared to take



"School Boards and Committees."

a father to task for sending his children to a private school. Also, it is the only argument which the well-to-do aristocrat can successfully protect himself behind. It is a full suit of armor in itself, but it is all he has. Every other excuse which he can give is flimsy as tissue-paper, and exposes him utterly. Therefore, if the State is desirous to educate the sons of its leading citizens, it ought to make sure that the public schools are second to none in the land. If it does not, it has only itself to blame if they are educated apart from the sons of the masses of the population. Nor is it an answer to quote the Fourth of July orator, that our public schools are second to none in the world; for one has only to investigate to be convinced that, both as regards the methods of teaching and as regards ventilation, many of them all over the country are signally inferior to the school as it should be, and the school, both public and private, as it is in certain localities. So long as school boards and committees, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are composed mainly of political aspirants without experience in educational matters, and who seek to serve as a first or second step toward the White House, our public schools are likely to remain only pretty good. So long as people with axes to grind, or, more plainly speaking, text-books to circulate, are chosen to office, our public schools are not likely to improve. So long—and here is the most serious factor of all—so long as the well-to-do American father and mother continue to be sublimely indifferent to the condition of the public schools, the public schools will never be so good as they ought to be.

It must certainly be a source of constant discouragement to the earnest-minded people in this country, who are interested in education, and are at the same time believers in our professed national hostility to class distinctions, that the well-to-do American parent so calmly turns his back on the public schools, and regards them very much

from the lofty standpoint from which certain persons are wont to regard religion—as an excellent thing for the masses, but superfluous for themselves. Of course, if we are going, in this respect also, to model ourselves on and imitate the older civilizations, there is nothing to be said. If the public schools are to be merely a semi-charitable institution for children whose parents cannot afford to separate them from the common herd, the discussion ceases. But what becomes, then, of our cherished and Fourth of July sanctified theories of equality and common school education? And what do we mean when we prate of a common humanity, and no upper class?

It is in the city or town, where the public school is equal or superior to the private school, that the real test comes. Yet in these places well-to-do parents seem almost as indifferent as when they have the righteous defence that their children would be imperfectly educated, or breathe foul air, were they to be sent to a public school. They take no interest, and they fairly bristle with polite and ingenious excuses for evading compliance with the institutions of their country. Not everybody, but probably three-fifths of the parents who can afford, if necessary, to pay for private instruction. And having once made the decision that, for some reason, a public school education is not desirable for their children, they feel absolved from further responsibility and practically wash their hands of the matter. It is notorious that a very large proportion of the children of the leading bankers, merchants, professional men, and other influential citizens, who reside in the so-called court end of our large cities, do not attend the public schools, and it is equally notorious that the existence of a well-conducted and satisfactory school in the district affects the attendance comparatively little. If only this element of the population, which is now so indifferent, would interest itself actively, what a vast improvement could be effected in our public school system! If the parents in the community, whose standards of life are the highest, and whose ideas are the most enlightened, would as a class co-operate in the advancement of common education, the charge that our public schools produce on the whole second-rate acquirements, and second-rate morals and manners, would soon be refuted, and the cause of popular education would cease to be handicapped, as it is at present, by the coolness of the well-to-do class. If the public schools, in those sections of our cities where our most intelligent and influential citizens have their homes, are unsatisfactory, they could speedily be made as good as any private school, were the same interest manifested by the tax-payers as is shown when an undesirable pavement is laid, or a company threatens to provide rapid transit before their doors. Unfortunately, that same spirit of aloofness, which has in the past operated largely to exclude this element in the nation from participation in the affairs of popular government, seems to be at the bottom of this matter. Certainly much progress has been made in the last twenty years in remedying the political evil, and the public good appears to demand a change of front from the same class of people on the subject of common education, unless we are prepared to advocate the existence and growth of a favored, special class, out of touch with, and at heart disdainful of, the average citizen.

The most serious enemies of the public schools among well-to-do people appear to be women. Many a man,



"People with axes to grind."

alive to the importance of educating his sons in conformity with the spirit of our Constitution, would like to send his boys to a public school, but is deterred by his wife. A mother accustomed to the refinements of modern civilization, is apt to shrink from sending her fleckless darling to consort, and possibly become the boon companion or bosom friend, of a street waif. She urges the danger of contamination, both physical and moral, and is only too glad to discover an excuse for refusing to yield. "Would you like to have your precious boy sit side by side with a little negro"? I was asked one day, in horrified accents, by a well-to-do American mother; and I have heard many fears expressed by others that their offspring would learn vice, or contract disease, through daily association with the children of the mass. It is not unjust to state that the average well-to-do mother is gratified when the public school, to which her sons would otherwise be sent, is so unsatisfactory that their father's patriotism is overborne by other considerations. All theories of government or humanity are lost sight of in her desire to shelter her boys, and the simplest way to her seems to be to set them apart from the rest of creation, instead of taking pains to make sure that they are suitably taught and protected side by side with the other children of the community. Excellent as many of our private schools are, it is doubtful if either the morals are better, or the liability to disease is less, among the children who attend them than at a public school of the best class. To begin with, the private schools in our cities are eagerly patronized by that not inconsiderable class of parents who hope or imagine that the social position of their children is to be established by association with the children of influential people. Falsehood, meanness, and unworthy ambitions are quite as dangerous to character, when the little man who suggests them has no patches on his breeches, as when he has, and unfortunately there are no outward signs on the moral nature, like holes in trousers, to serve as danger signals to our darlings. Then again, those of us who occupy comfortable houses in desirable localities, will generally find on investigation that the average of the class of children which attend the public school in such a district is much superior to what paternal or maternal fancy has painted. In such a district the children of the ignorant emigrant class are not to be found in large numbers. The pupils consist mainly of the rank and file of the native American population, whose tendencies and capacities for good have always been, and continue to be, the basis of our strength as a people. There is no need that a mother with delicate sensibilities should send her son into the slums in order to obtain for him a common school education; she has merely to consent that he take his chance with the rest of the children of the district in which he lives, and bend her own energies to make the standards of that school as high as possible. In that way she will



"The Enemy of the Public School."

best help to raise the tone of the community as a whole, and best aid to obliterate those class distinctions which, in spite of Fourth of July negations, are beginning to expose us to the charge of insincerity.



"The private school boy."

When a boy has reached the age of eleven or twelve, another consideration presents itself which is a source of serious perplexity to parents. Shall he be educated at home —that is, attend school in his own city or town— or be sent to one of the boarding-schools or academies which are ready to open their doors to him and fit him for college? Here again we are met by the suggestion that the boarding-school of this type is not a native growth, but an exotic. England has supplied us with a precedent. The great boarding-schools, Rugby, Eton, and Harrow, are the resort of the gentlemen of England. Though termed public schools, they are class schools, reserved and intended for the education of only the highly respectable. The sons of the butcher, the baker, and candlestick-maker are not formally barred, but they are tacitly excluded. The pupils are the sons of the upper and well-to-do middle classes. A few boarding-schools for boys have been in existence here for many years, but in the last twenty there has been a notable increase in their number and importance. These too are essentially class schools, for though ostensibly open to everybody, the charges for tuition and living are beyond the means of parents with a small income. Most of them are schools of a religious denomination, though commonly a belief in the creed for which the institution stands is not made a formal requisite for admission. The most successful profess the Episcopalian faith, and in other essential respects are modelled deliberately on the English public schools.

The strongest argument for sending a boy to one of these schools is the fresh-air plea. Undeniably, the growing boy in a large city is at a disadvantage. He can rarely, if ever, obtain opportunities for healthful exercise and recreation equal to those afforded by a well-conducted boarding-school. He is likely to become a little man too early, or else to sit in the house because there is nowhere to play. At a boarding-school he will, under firm but gentle discipline, keep regular hours, eat simple food, and between study times be stimulated to cultivate athletic or other outdoor pursuits. It is not strange that parents should be attracted by the comparison, and decide that, on the whole, their boys will fare better away from home. Obviously the aristocratic mother will point out to her husband that his predilection for the public school system is answered by the fact that the State does not supply schools away from the city, where abundant fresh air and a famous foot-ball field are appurtenant to the institution. Tom Brown at Rugby recurs to them both, and they conclude that what has been good enough for generations of English boys will be best for their own son and heir.

On the other hand, have we Americans ever quite reconciled ourselves to, and sympathized with, the traditional attitude of English parents toward their sons as portrayed in veracious fiction? The day of parting comes; the mother, red-eyed from secret weeping, tries not to break down; the blubbering sisters throw their arms around the neck of the hero of the hour, and slip pen-wipers of their own precious making into his pockets; the father, abnormally stern to hide his emotion, says, bluffly, "Good-by, Tom; it's time to be off, and we'll see you again at Christmas." And out goes Tom, a tender fledgling into the great world of the public school, and that is the last of home. His holidays arrive, but

there is no more weeping. He is practically out of his parents' lives, and the sweet influence of a good mother is exercised only through fairly regular correspondence. And Tom is said to be getting manly, and that the nonsense has nearly been knocked out of him. He has been bullied and has learned to bully; he has been a fag and is now a cock. Perhaps he is first scholar, if not a hero of the cricket or football field. Then off he goes to college half a stranger to those who love him best. This is fine and manly perhaps, in the Anglo-Saxon sense, but does it not seem just a little brutal? Are we well-to-do Americans prepared to give up to others, however exemplary, the conduct of our children's lives? Granting that the American private boarding-school is a delightful institution where bullying and fags and cocks are not known, can it ever take the place of home, or supply the stimulus to individual life which is exercised by wise parental love and precept? Of course it is easier, in a certain sense, to send one's boy to a select boarding-school where the conditions are known to be highly satisfactory. It shifts the responsibility on to other shoulders, and yet leaves one who is not sensitive, in the pleasing frame of mind that the very best thing has been done for the young idea. In our busy American life—more feverish than that of our English kinsfolk whose institution we have copied—many doubtless are induced to seek this solution of a perplexing problem by the consciousness of their own lack of efficiency, and their own lack of leisure to provide a continuous home influence superior or equal to what can be supplied by head-masters and their assistants, who are both churchmen and athletes. Many too, especially fathers, are firm believers in that other English doctrine, that most boys need to have the nonsense knocked out of them, and that the best means of accomplishing this result is to cut them loose from their mothers' apron-strings.



"The day of parting."

It is to be borne in mind in this connection that the great English public schools are a national cult. That is, everybody above a certain class sends his sons to one of them. On the other hand, the private boarding-schools on this side of the water, fashioned after them, have thus far attracted the patronage of a very small element of the population. It is their misfortune, rather than their fault, that they are chiefly the resort of the sons of rich or fashionable people, and consequently are the most conspicuously class schools in the country. Doubtless the earnest men who conduct most of them

regret that this is so, but it is one of the factors of the case which the American parent with sons must face at present. It may be that this is to be the type of school which is to become predominant here, and that, as in England, the nation will recognize it as a national force, even though here, as there, only the sons of the upper classes enjoy its advantages. That will depend partly on the extent to which we shall decide, as a society, to promote further class education. At present these schools are essentially private institutions. They are small; they do not, like our American colleges, offer scholarships, and thus invite the attendance of ambitious students without means. Moreover, they are almost universally conducted on a sectarian basis, or with a sectarian leaning, which is apt to proselytize, at least indirectly.



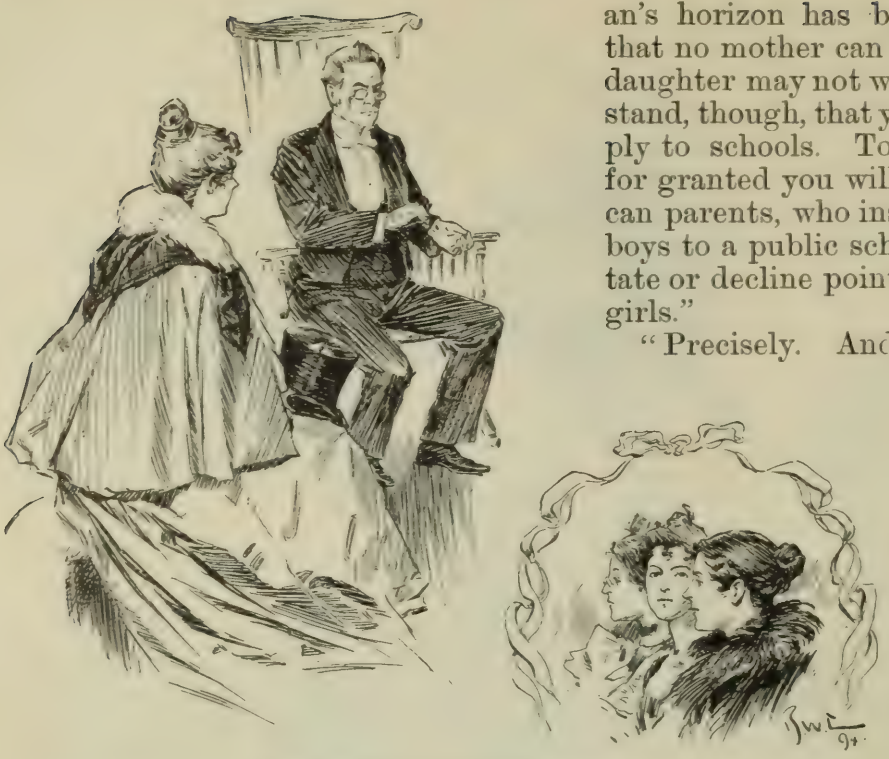
"Ambitious students without means."

While those in charge of them indisputably strive to inculcate every virtue, the well-to-do American father must remember that his sons will associate intimately there with many boys whose parents belong to that frivolous class which is to-day chiefly absorbed in beautiful establishments, elaborate cookery, and the wholly material vanities of life, and are out of sympathy with, or are indifferent to, the earnest temper and views of that already large and intelligent portion of the community, which views with horror the development among us of an aristocracy of wealth, which apes and is striving to out-do the heartless inanities of the Old World. He must remember that a taste for luxury and sensuous, material aims, even though they be held in check by youthful devotion to the rites of the church, will prove no less disastrous, in the long run, to manhood and patriotism, than the lack of fresh air or a famous foot-ball field.



Practical instruction.

If, however, the American father chooses to keep his sons at home, he is bound to do all he can to overcome the physical disadvantages of city life. Fresh air and suitable exercise can be obtained in the suburbs of most cities by a little energy and co-operation on the part of parents. As an instance, in one or two of our leading cities, clubs of twelve to fifteen boys are sent out three or four afternoons a week under the charge of an older youth—usually a college or other student—who, without interfering with their liberty, supervises their sports, and sees that they are well occupied. On days when the weather is unsuitable for any kind of game, he will take them to museums, manufactories, or other places of interest in the vicinity. In this way some of the watchfulness and discipline which are constantly operative at a



"Mr. Perkins and his four daughters."

boarding-school, are exercised without injury to home ties. There is no doubt that, unless parents are vigilant and interest themselves unremittingly in providing necessary physical advantages, the boys in a crowded city are likely to be less healthy and vigorous in body, and perhaps in mind, than those educated at a first-class boarding-school. It may be, as our cities increase in size, and suburbs become more difficult of access, that the boarding-school will become more generally popular; but there is reason to believe that, before it is recognized as a national institution, sectarian religion will have ceased to control it, and it will be less imitative of England in its tone and social attitude. Until then, at least, many a parent will prefer to keep his boys at home.

II

"Supposing you had four daughters, like Mr. Perkins, what would you do with them, educationally speaking?" I said to my wife Barbara, by way of turning my attention to the other sex

"You mean what would they do with me? They would drive me into my grave, I think," she answered. "Woman's horizon has become so enlarged that no mother can tell what her next daughter may not wish to do. I understand, though, that you are referring simply to schools. To begin with, I take for granted you will agree that American parents, who insist on sending their boys to a public school, very often hesitate or decline point-blank to send their girls."

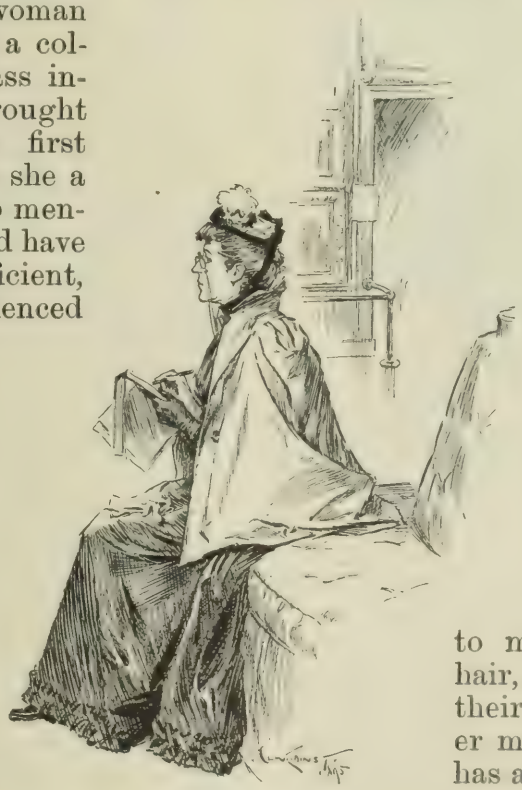
"Precisely. And we are forthwith confronted by the question whether they are justified in so doing."

Barbara looked meditative for a moment, then she said: "I am quite aware there is no logical reason why girls should not be treated in the same way, and yet as a matter of fact I am not at all sure, patriotism and logic to the contrary notwithstanding, I should send a daughter to a public school unless I were convinced, from personal examination, that she would have neither a vulgar teacher nor vulgar associates. Manners mean



"The American school-mistress."

so much to a woman, and by manners I refer chiefly to those nice perceptions of everything which stamp a lady, and which you can no more describe than you can describe the perfume of the violet. The objection to the public schools for a girl is that the unwritten constitution of this country declared years ago that every woman was a born lady, and that manners and nice perceptions were in the national blood, and required no cultivation for their production. Latterly, a good many people interested in educational matters have discovered the fallacy of this point of view; so that when the name of a woman to act as the head of a college or other first-class institution for girls is brought forward to-day, the first question asked is, 'Is she a lady?' Ten years ago mental acquirements would have been regarded as sufficient, and the questioner silenced with the severe answer that every American woman is a lady. The public school authorities are still harping too much on the original fallacy, or rather the new point of view has not spread sufficiently to cause the average American school-teacher to suspect that her manners might be improved and her sensibilities refined. There, that sounds like treason to the principles of democracy, yet you know I am at heart a patriot."



"The decayed gentlewoman of to-day."

"And yet to bring up boys on a common basis and separate the girls by class education seems like a contradiction of terms," I said.

"I am confident—at least if we as a nation really do believe in obliterating class distinctions—that it won't be long before those who control the public schools recognize more universally the value of manners, and of the other traits which distinguish the woman of breeding from the woman who has none," said Barbara. "When that time comes the well-to-do American mother will have no more reason for not sending her daughters to a public school than her sons. As it is, they should send them oftener than they do."

"Of course," continued Barbara, presently, "the best private schools are in the East, and a very much larger percentage, both of girls and boys, attends the public schools in the West than in the East. Indeed, I am inclined to think that comparatively few people west of Chicago do not send their children to public schools. But, on the other hand, there are boarding-schools for girls all over the East which are mainly supported by girls from the West, whose mothers wish to have them finished. They go to the public schools at home until they are thirteen or fourteen, and then are packed off to school for three or four years in order to teach them how to move, and wear their hair, and spell, and control their voices—for the proper modulation of the voice has at last been recognized as a necessary attribute of the well-bred American woman. As for the Eastern girl who is not sent to the public school, she usually attends a private day-school in her native city, the resources of which are supplemented by special instruction of various kinds, in order to produce the same finished specimen. But it isn't the finished specimen who is really interesting from the educational point of view to-day; that is, the conventional, cosmopolitan, finished specimen such as is turned out with deportment and accomplishments from the hands of the English governess, the French Mother Superior, or the American private school-mistress.



"Four years of whirl and then a husband."

After making due allowance for the national point of view, I don't see very much difference in principle between the means adopted to finish the young lady of society here and elsewhere. There are thousands of daughters of well-to-do mothers in this country who are brought up on the old aristocratic theory that a woman should study moderately hard until she is eighteen, then look as pretty as she can, and devote herself until she is married to having what is called on this side of the Atlantic a good time. To be sure, in France the good time does not come until after marriage, and there are other differences, but the well-bred lady of social graces is the well-bred lady, whether it be in London, Paris, Vienna, or New York, and a ball-room in one capital is essentially the same as in all the others, unless it be that over here the very young people are allowed to crowd out everybody else. There are thousands of mothers who are content that this should be the limit of their daughters' experience, a reasonably good education and perfect manners, four years of whirl, and then a husband, or no husband and a conservative afternoon tea-drinking spinsterhood—and they are thankful on the whole when their girls put their necks meekly beneath the yoke of convention and do as past generations of women all over the civilized world have done. For the reign of the unconventional society young woman is over. She shocks now her own countrywomen even more than foreigners; and though, like the buffalo, she is still extant, she is disappearing even more rapidly than that illustrious quadruped."

"Are you not wandering slightly from the topic?" I ventured to inquire.

"Not at all," said Barbara. "I was stating merely that the Old-World, New-World young lady, with all her originality and piquancy, however charming, and however delightfully inevitable she may be, is not interesting from the educational point of view. Or rather I will put it in this way: the thoughtful, well-to-do American mother is wondering hard whether she has a right to be content with the ancient programme for her daughters, and is watching with eager interest the experiments which some of her neighbors are trying with theirs. We cannot claim as an exclusive national invention collegiate education for women, and there's no doubt that my sex in England is no less completely on the war-path than the female world here; but is there a question that the peculiar qualities of American womanhood are largely responsible for the awakening wherever it has taken place? My dear, you asked me just now what a man like Mr. Perkins should do with his four daugh-



"Equip themselves thoroughly in some direction or other."

ters. Probably Mrs. Perkins is trying to make up her mind whether she ought to send them to college. Very likely she is arguing with Mr. Perkins as to whether, all things considered, it wouldn't be advisable to have one or two of them study a profession, or learn to do something bread-winning, so that in case he, poor man—for he *does* look overworked—should not succeed in leaving them the five thousand dollars a year he hopes, they need not swell the category of the decayed gentlewomen of the day. I dare say they discuss the subject assiduously, in spite of the views Mr. Perkins has expressed to you regarding the sacredness of unemployed feminine gentility; for it costs so much to live that he can't lay up a great deal, and there are certainly strong arguments in favor of giving such girls the opportunity to make the most of themselves, or at least to look at life from the self-supporting point of view. At first, of course, the students at the colleges for women were chiefly girls who hoped to utilize, as workers in various lines, the higher knowledge they acquired there; but every year sees more and more girls, who expect to be married sooner or later—the daughters of lawyers, physicians, merchants—apply for admission, on the theory that what is requisite for a man is none too good for them; and it is the example of these girls which is agitating the serenity of so many mothers, and suggesting to so many daughters the idea of doing likewise. Even the ranks of the most fashionable are being invaded, though undeniably it is still the fashion to stay at home, and I am inclined to think that it is only the lack of the seal of fashion that restrains many conservative people, like the Perkinses, from educating their daughters as though they probably would not be married,



"The intellectual companion of men."

instead of as though they were almost certain to be."

"You may remember that Perkins assured me not long ago, that marriage did not run in the Perkins female line," said I.

"All the more reason, then, that his girls should be encouraged to equip themselves thoroughly in some direction or other, instead of waiting disconsolately to be chosen in marriage, keeping up their courage as the years slip away, with a few cold drops of Associated Charity. Of course the majority of us will continue to be wives and mothers—there is nothing equal to that when it is a success—but will not marriage become still more desirable if the choicest girls are educated to be the intellectual companions of men, and taught to familiarize themselves with

the real conditions of life, instead of being limited to the rose garden of a harem, over the hedges of which they are expected only to peep at the busy world—the world of men, the world of action and toil and struggle and sin—the world into which their sons are graduated when cut loose from the maternal apron-strings? We intend to learn what to teach our sons, so that we may no longer be silenced with the plea that women do not know, and be put off with a secretive conjugal smile. And as for the girls who do not marry, the world is open to them—the world of art and song and charity and healing and brave endeavor in a hundred fields. Become just like men? Never. If there is one thing which the educated woman of the present is seeking to preserve and foster, it is the subtle delicacy of nature, it is the engaging charm of womanhood which distinguishes us from men. Who are the pupils at the colleges for women today? The dowdy, sexless, unattractive, masculine-minded beings who have



"The dowdy, masculine-minded being."

served to typify for nine men out of ten the crowning joke of the age—the emancipation of women? No; but lovely, graceful, sympathetic, earnest, pure-minded girls in the flower of attractive maidenhood. And that is why the well-to-do American mother is asking herself whether she would be doing the best thing for her daughter if she were to encourage her to become merely a New-World Old-World young lady of the ancient order of things. For centuries the women of civilization have worshipped chastity, suffering resignation and elegance as the ideals of femininity; now we mean to be intelligent besides, or at least as nearly so as possible."



"The secretive conjugal smile."

"In truth a philippic, Barbara," I said. "It would seem as though Mrs. Grundy would not be able to hold out much longer. Will you tell me, by the way, what you women intend to do after you are fully emancipated?"

"One thing at a time," she answered. "We have been talking of education, and I have simply been suggesting that no conscientious mother can afford to ignore or pass by with scorn the claims of higher education for girls—experimental and faulty as many of the present methods to attain it doubtless are. As to what women are going to do when our preliminary perplexities are solved and our sails are set before a favorable wind, I have my ideas on that score also, and some day I will discuss them with you. But just now I should like you to answer *me* a question. What are the best occupations for sons to follow when they have left school or college?"

Pertinent and interesting as was this inquiry of Barbara's, I felt the necessity of drawing a long breath before I answered it.

TO A GREEK VICTORY

By Pitts Duffield

Fair, broken Victory, with thy wings outspread
To alien bullets in thine evening life;
Thy sandal'd feet, thy flower-tilted head
Marks for a world grown leaden hard in strife,
Toys for barbarian idlers undeterred,
Frail wreckage blackened when foul bivouacs burned;
Yet spared at last from deadlier batteries
    Than e'er thy trumpets stirred
In those far days, when careful chiselers yearned
Creating thee, nor guessed such storms as these.

Strange, headless loveliness, whose ruin seems
Divinely lovelier than what we complete;
Unpassing limbs, ungirdled robe that streams
In lawny ripples like low brooks that meet
Some swell of parting shoals; firm, bruised breasts
And feathered marble plumes; round woman's arm
Stretched forth to nothing; lo, in every one,
    The truth of Hellas rests—
Unquenched, undying altars, while one charm
Still glows beneath the seasonable sun.

The cycled years preserve them, and for thee
Thy station on that southward balustrade.
There is large worship from the blue-gulfed sea
Across Phaleron's quiet meadows made;
There is a violet crown in those wide hills
Which stand at perfect distance, in the falls
Of dusk-veils purpling ere the day takes flight,
    And Gorgon darkness kills
Each backward shadow on the temple walls
Behind thy cousins with her look of night.

And sequent dawns piercing the curtained skies
Above Hymettus' ridge, distilling dew
In unguents glistening on thy tawny thighs,
Like runners in the course; warming anew

Thy seeming-tender flesh; quick, whistling winds
To dry thy sprinkled garments with their breath;
Song birds that settle on thy voiceless throat;
    Echo that speaks and finds
An answer there at last;—rare life in death—
Still and unhidden, luminous, unremote.

Ah happy sights and sounds! Ah thrilling heart
And utterance of youth! Glad livelihood!
Who were thy friends? Who oftenest came apart
To view thy parapet, forsaking wood
And walks in Academe, leaving the throngs
Of peplos-bearing worshippers a space,
With chariots rattling down the rutted way,
    And unison of songs
Borne upward sweetly—so to see thy face
One splendid moment in an Attic day?

Or at some stiller hour, when noon was high
And Athens gone Ilissusward, up-ranged
In rock-hewn circles, whence Medea's cry,
Borne on the favoring winds and fainter changed,
Might waft around thee; or naught else was voiced
Save silence, murmurous while Alcestis wept
Upon her bride-bed—thou and he alone,
    With pagan rites rejoiced;
Which we had almost envied, almost crept
To pay before thee, broken thing of stone.

Yea, let us pray to thee! Our o'erwise times
Need offerings like those wherewith men vied
In conquered Posidonia—pæans and rhymes
For deities usurped, yet not denied
Because their truth was vital as of yore,
And vows were ready-lipped, and feet were led
Across the disused thresholds, and old fires
    Which smouldered, blazed once more.
Let us too gather sometimes with thy dead
Round reverend hearths where Beauty still inspires.

"LA BELLE HÉLÈNE"

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Mrs. Franklin Bennett, Rhinebeck-on-Hudson.

BALTIMORE, October 20th.

MY DEAREST ALMA: As we have been confiding our joys and woes to each other for the last twenty-five years, it is to you I naturally write about this new trial which has come into my life. You will probably think it *peu de chose*, but I assure you, my dear, that if you really and truly put yourself in my place you will realize that it is an annoyance. Henry's child has at last written to me that she "has finished her studies for the present" (!) and is coming to America to spend the winter with us. You *must* see, Alma, that this is slightly appalling. I have never seen her—not since she was a little thing with enormous gray eyes and a freckled nose—and I know absolutely nothing about her except what Henry wrote me from time to time, when he stopped his eternal wanderings long enough to remember he had a sister. But judging by the education he gave her—and I consider it simply deplorable—and the evident taste she had for it, and later for "the higher education of woman," I feel distressingly positive that I cannot approve of the child. I am very sorry now that I did not make an effort to go to her when her father died in England, five years ago, but she wrote me that she had friends there who were doing everything for her, and that she was coming directly to America to enter college according to her father's wishes, and that there was really no need to disturb myself about her. I could see, Alma, the effect of the independent, strange existence she had led, in that letter. It repelled me. Now Eleanor, I am sure, would have been completely prostrated, the dear child!

So she came directly to Boston, and I, being so busy with my own preparations for taking Eleanor and Margaret to Paris, simply could not arrange to go on to Boston to see her. As of course you know, we remained abroad four years, and last year, when we returned and I expected to see Helen at last, she wrote me a letter which I got just before leaving Paris, saying that she had decided to go to Oxford for a year to take a course in mathematical astronomy at the Lady Margaret Hall. So we passed each other in mid-ocean.

Fancy, Alma! I knew when I read that letter what kind of a girl she was. One of your hard students, engrossed in books, without one thought for dress or social manners! I am afraid she will prove a severe trial. And just when Eleanor is counting on having such a gay second winter and Margaret is to début! It is a little hard, is it not, dear? Thank heaven, I shall never have to blame myself as Henry would have to do if he were alive. At least *I* have seen to it that my daughters have had the education which will fit them to ornament society, the education that I still believe in notwithstanding all this talk of colleges for women and advancement in learning, and college settlements and extensions, and heaven knows what besides!

My girls have had first, the best of training at Mrs. Meed's, and then four years at *Les Oiseaux*, you know. They speak French perfectly, of course, and Margaret has even tried Italian and German. They both ride and drive well, and Eleanor plays and sings very sweetly. But what is the use of my telling you about them when you know them so well?

I only wish, Alma, you could tell me something about *Helen!* Just think, I have never even seen a photograph of

her! It is one of her fads not to have them taken, from which I argue that she is very homely, very opinionated, and very strange. Eleanor has two dozen in different poses, I am sure. The only information I have at all about Helen's looks is from Margaret, who saw her for an hour in Brookline—it was five years ago—just before we sailed. She had run up to see a Boston friend for a few days, and of course she was very young and has probably forgotten, but she insists that Helen was rather pretty. However, I do not attach the least importance to what Margaret says, because, as you know, she is so good-natured that she always says the best of everyone; and then her tastes are sometimes really deplorable—so unlike Eleanor's! Besides, her description of Helen does not sound like that of a pretty girl. She says she wore her hair parted and back from her face, and was slightly near-sighted. Think of it, Alma! For the hair, *encore passe*, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Wenzell have made that so much the fashion lately that one might forgive it; but short-sighted! Eye-glasses! Spectacles perhaps! Hard study since may have completely ruined her eyes. I greatly fear she will show up very badly beside Eleanor's piquant beauty and Margaret's freshness.

She writes me that she will be here in a month, so that it is time I was seriously considering what I am to do with her. Of course, with the severe education she has had, she probably dislikes society and could not be induced to go out, knowing well that she could not shine in it; but as my brother's child she must be at least introduced properly, and she can then subside gracefully. Of course, where there are two such attractive girls in the house as Eleanor and Margaret, she cannot hope to compete in social honors with them, and will probably much prefer in any case to continue her studies or go in for charitable work, or something of that sort.

My dear Alma, I have just read over this letter and am shocked to see how much I have written about this affair. Forgive me if I have wearied you and—yes, *do* give me some good advice.

Are you going to Carlsbad?

The girls are out of town for a few days, or would send love as I do.

Very affectionately yours,

MARIAN MORRISON.

P. S. They say a woman cannot write a letter without a postscript, and I believe it! Tell me what to do about H. How had I best introduce her to society? Don't you think a dinner—where she could sit beside someone whom I could especially choose as suited to her—and where she would not be too much *en évidence?* A dance would not do at all—I doubt if she *can* dance, poor girl!

M. M.

Mrs. Franklin Bennett, to Mrs. Olmsted Morrison.

October 22d.

MY DEAREST MARIAN: How could you think me so cold-blooded as to consider such a piece of news as your letter contains, "*peu de chose?*" I feel for you, I assure you. What a dilemma! The dear girls! how do they like the idea? Margaret, as you say, will probably not mind, but Eleanor—so exquisitely pretty and stylish! It will be rather a thorn in the flesh, I imagine. O! how I wish I had children—two such lovely girls as yours would make life a different thing for me!

Of course, the dinner. How could you think of anything else! Invite some of the professors from the University for *her*, and have the rest of the company of young society people, so that Eleanor and Margaret can enjoy it too.

Oh, my dear, I would like to write a long, long letter about this, but I am in such confusion and hurry! Mr. Bennett has been ordered to Wiesbaden for the winter, and we sail in a week. I wish I could be in Baltimore to help you, but it is impossible, of course. I count on your writing me all your plans, and just how Helen appears, and whether it is all as dreadful as you now fear. Address to the Langham Hotel until November 25th, after that, care Brown, Shipley, as usual. Good-by. I have a thousand things to tell you of, but must put them off

until I reach London and have a moment to myself.

As ever,
Devotedly yours,
A. B.

P. S. Don't look too much on the dark side of things. I knew a Philadelphia girl once—the niece of old Colonel Devereux you know—and she was rather pretty and quite good form, though a college girl. I think, however, she had been but *one* year to college.

A. B.

Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Mrs. Franklin Bennett, the Langham Hotel, London, W. C.

BALTIMORE, November 15th.

DEAREST ALMA: Your note, which was so welcome and which came so long ago, would have had an earlier answer had I not been a little sick, and so busy and worried that I have not had time or heart to write even to you. So you can imagine in what a state I am.

The girls came back to town shortly after I last wrote you, and we held a sort of family council about Helen. The dear girls were charming, and Eleanor bore it very bravely. She says she will give Helen hints about her hair, and will implore her not to wear spectacles, but rimless eye-glasses.

We are very much worried about her gowns. Of course her own taste is not to be depended upon, and I hardly fancy her income would justify her in leaving her toilette entirely with a *grande couturière*, even if she would dream of doing such a thing, which I very much doubt. Her father, you know, left the bulk of his fortune to found a library in Westchester. He always said he never intended to leave Helen enough to tempt anyone to marry her for her money. Poor Henry—what a strange, misguided man! But then, of course, he could not foresee that his daughter would be an ugly duckling, and strong-minded and college-bred, and all that. Oh, yes, of course he must have known about the college. But at any rate, man-like, he did not realize how unattractive Helen would be.

Well, as I say, we talked it over, and the girls agree with me that the best thing is a dinner. Eleanor was for having it a small affair. She said it would be truer kindness to Helen, but Margaret, who is very blunt sometimes, I am sorry to say, said she thought "we ought to give Helen a chance," as she rather vulgarly expressed it, and insisted so strongly on it that we gave in, and have decided to have a dinner, and invite some of Eleanor's friends later to a small dance. This will relieve Eleanor of some of her more pressing social obligations, and she will also be able to introduce Margaret to some of her particular set before she makes her formal début later in the season. A débutante cannot have *too* many friends.

And so, after talking it over, we determined to invite Professor Radnor, of the University. He is a comparatively young man—about forty-five, I judge—and though far from handsome he is considered very interesting, I believe, to those who understand him. He is of good family too—one of the Radnors of Cliffe Hill, you know. He and Helen can talk biology or whatever it is he professes—I really forget what it is. Then there is Colonel Gray—I shall invite him because he was an old friend of her father, and though very grumpy and disagreeable, and apt to bore one to death with his interminable war stories, still I always invite him to the house once a year, and he is to be depended upon to come; and indeed, Alma, I am so perplexed to know whom to invite that I really cannot pick and choose. Then I think I shall have the new Rector at All Souls. He is a young man, an Englishman, and as stupid as the proverbial Britisher, very high-church, and as I have not yet invited him to dinner, I think the choice of *him* rather diplomatic. It really has been too much of an exertion to get up a dinner-party for him alone, and indeed Eleanor cannot bear him, she says; but with her usual sweetness has consented to have him come if Helen and Margaret will take him off her hands. He and Helen will doubtless find much to say to each other about Dr. Bernardo, and the People's Palace, and that sort of thing. I think with these three I can safely let the girls take care of the rest, and invite younger people who will be congenial

to them. I say younger people, for Helen must be twenty-three or four, and she will doubtless seem much older and graver. You see I shall be prepared; I know this will be an ordeal, but I mean to do the best for her that I can. I shall have everything as handsome as possible—the girls are particularly anxious about it—as Eleanor proposes asking young Claghart, the new artist you know, who is making such a name for himself.

Helen will be here in a week, I shall send out the invitations in a day or two, so as to have no refusals—dinner engagements are already getting numerous. I shall let you know all about Helen and the dinner-party. I know you are as interested as myself in this, and that you sympathize with me. Poor Henry! to think that he should have given me a niece who has spent the best years of her life shut up in colleges, and ruining health and looks in sedentary, intellectual pursuits!

The Kinglakes were here yesterday and send their kindest regards to you. Good-by! A thousand best wishes for a happy trip. *Do* tell Mr. Bennett how much I hope he will be improved by Wiesbaden.

Write soon to your devoted friend,

MARIAN M.

Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Colonel Ralph Gray.

MY DEAR COLONEL: Of course it is to you, Henry's oldest friend, that I write first to tell the charming news that his daughter Helen is coming to us in a week. She has "finished her studies for the present," so she writes, and we are at last to see the dear child. We are delighted to have her come, and feel that she must meet you at once. You will certainly find her to your taste, as she is so highly educated and not at all like these society girls whom you justly condemn as utterly frivolous.

We have arranged a little dinner-party for Thursday, the twenty-fourth, and positively count on you to come and put us all in a good humor with one of your inimitable war stories.

Most cordially your friend,

MARIAN V. MORRISON.

Friday, the eighteenth.

Mrs. Morrison to the Reverend Percival Beaufort.

MY DEAR MR. BEAUFORT: Will you give us the great pleasure of seeing you at dinner on Thursday evening, at half-past eight? Only severe illness has kept me from asking this favor long ago, so that I very much hope nothing will prevent your accepting now. Eleanor tells me to remind you that the Young People's Guild had been changed to *Wednesday* evening, so at least *that* will not interfere with your acceptance. If you come, virtue will not be its own reward in this case. I have a niece whom I am particularly anxious you should meet. She is intensely interested in all charities—especially London charities—and is very quiet and charming, if not exactly pretty. But I am sure you agree with me that beauty is often only a snare!

The girls particularly wish to be remembered.

Most truly yours,

MARIAN V. MORRISON.

Friday, November the eighteenth.

Mrs. Morrison to Professor Albert Radnor, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

November the eighteenth.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR RADNOR: Can we persuade you to abandon your lectures and experiments long enough to dine with us on the evening of the twenty-fourth? I know we are very frivolous and not at all the people to interest *you*, however much *you* interest *us*, but I fancy I shall have someone here whom you will be glad to meet. I want you to know my niece Miss Helen Hammersley. She is an immensely clever girl—has taken her degree at one of our most famous women's colleges, and has just returned from a year of Oxford and the Bodleian, so that I feel reasonably sure she will be able to *listen* intelligently to you, at any rate. She is greatly interested in your specialty, and will certainly esteem it the greatest privilege to meet such a noted authority on the subject as yourself.

I will take no excuse.

Very sincerely your friend,

MARIAN V. MORRISON.

Miss Eleanor Morrison to Miss Grace Fairfax, Washington, D. C.

November 19th.

Dearest Grace: We are sending out invitations to a dinner and small dance afterward in honor of a cousin of ours, Helen Hammersley, who is coming from England to spend the winter with us, and of course we thought of you first and foremost. You must come and save the situation with your brilliancy and tact. There! can you refuse me after that? To tell you the truth, dear, we are all awfully worried about the whole thing. We none of us know Helen at all, and we are simply *au désespoir* about her because she is such a strange girl. She has been at college for five years — first in America and then at Oxford, and we all feel miserably sure of what an impossible sort of girl she is. She even took some sort of honor in mathematics at Oxford—just fancy! What she is going to be like in a ball-room no mortal can guess! So we have done the best we can—mamma has invited some old fogies to entertain her, and I propose we make our end of the table as much of a shining contrast as possible. I shall ask that Canadian you adore so—Reggie Montrose—for you, and your brother Jerry for Margaret, and shall reserve Wayne Claghart for myself; so please take warning and let that youth severely alone. He is my especial property, and I consider him simply the nicest man I know. He has hinted two or three times that he would like to sketch my head. He needn't be afraid of my refusing, if he'd only ask me outright! I shall tell Helen, of course, that I asked him because he has lately returned from England and she has just returned, etc., etc., but I'm afraid he'll be so far away from her and she'll be so busy talking the ologies with Professor Radnor (forgot to tell you mamma has asked him!), and the East End with Percy Beaufort, that I don't think she'll have a chance to stun him with her learning. Besides, I don't think he is the man to devote much time to *that* sort of a girl.

Now, don't disappoint me! I count on you. Later there will be a lot of people in—the usual crowd you know—and if you'll say positively you'll come we will make it a small cotillion and you shall lead with Reggie.

I'll let Margaret write to Jerry—they are such chums, but you be sure and make him come. Don't, for heaven's sake, let him know about Helen's homeliness and flabbergastering attainments, or he won't stir a foot.

Good-by. Expect you down Wednesday. Telegraph me you will come.

As ever,

Eleanor.

Miss Eleanor Morrison to Reginald Montrose, Esq., Murray Hill Hotel, New York City.

November 19th.

Dear Mr. Montrose: Thank you so much for that lovely philopena present. How charming of you to have thought of *that!* Won't you take dinner with us next Thursday, at half after eight, and let me thank you in person? After dinner you may dance the cotillion with Miss Fairfax. There! is not that an inducement? I have a cousin whom I want you to meet too—she is just returning to America and is very learned, and not quite your style, I fear, but she will doubtless be good for you after *me!*

Most cordially yours,

Eleanor Morrison.

Miss Eleanor Morrison to Wayne Claghart, Esq., — Twenty-third Street, New York City.

Saturday, November 19th.

Dear Mr. Claghart: Do you remember your promise to run down to Baltimore? Well, I shall expect you to keep it next Thursday. We are to have a little dinner and a dance afterward—(perhaps I should say a dinner and a little dance—no, the adjective belongs to both), and I shall certainly expect you to be on hand. Your fame has preceded you, of course, and a great many very nice young women are simply existing on the thought of meeting Mr. Wayne Claghart, the artist! Shall I reserve the very prettiest and nicest of them all to dance the cotillion with you?

Hoping to see you without fail,

Very sincerely yours,

Eleanor Morrison.

Miss Margaret Morrison to Mr. Jeré Fairfax, Washington, D. C.

November 19th.

Dear Jerry: Eleanor has a dinner on for next Thursday, and we want you to throw over all your numerous engagements for that evening and come to us. Do, Jerry—and favor me a lot—I forgot to say there was a german afterward—and be generally nice to your débutante Margot. As an inducement I will say that we've got a jolly surprise for you. Eleanor don't want me to tell, but I'm going to. Our cousin Helen Hammersley is coming to spend the winter with us—it's for her the dinner is being given—and mamma and Eleanor are in despair about her. I don't believe she's half bad, but they say she's awfully ugly and too smart to be nice. I suppose she is awfully erudite—is that the word? Wears specs, and dresses like everything, I suppose. Wonder if she ever danced the german—she can have a sprained ankle if she don't know how.

As ever,

Margaret.

Telegram—Miss Grace Fairfax to Miss Eleanor Morrison, Baltimore.

Washington, November 20th.

Delighted to come. Charmed to lead with R. Have two new figures. Order little French flags for one set favors.

Grace.

Telegram—Miss Grace Fairfax to Miss Eleanor Morrison.

Washington, November 22d.

Terrible attack tonsillitis. Doctor says positively cannot go. Grace.

Miss Eleanor Morrison to Miss Marie de Rochemont, Charles Street.

My Dear Miss de Rochemont: Much to my surprise and annoyance I have this moment found an invitation which I thought had been mailed to you several days ago. It must have slipped out of the other notes some way and has been lying under some papers here on my desk ever since. Can you forgive this mischance and accept so tardy an invitation? It will give us all the greatest pleasure to see you at half after eight. I especially want to introduce to you a cousin of mine just returned from the other side. She has been in college all her life, and I want her to meet some of our most charming society girls to rub her shyness off and make her take more interest in social life. Perhaps you may convert her! Hoping that no previous engagement will prevent our seeing you Thursday,

Most sincerely yours,

Eleanor Morrison.

Mrs. Olmsted Morrison to Mrs. Franklin Bennett, care of Brown, Shipley and Co., London.

November 25th.

My Dear Alma: What a surprise! I can scarcely collect my thoughts sufficiently to write intelligently on the subject. I really was never more surprised in all my life—more intensely and thoroughly surprised. But I must try and tell you connectedly all about it. To begin with—Helen did not come on the twentieth as we had expected, but telegraphed us that she was detained in Boston and would not reach Baltimore until the morning of the twenty-fourth. This was very annoying, as I was most anxious about her gown for the dinner, and then I imagined that she would be utterly dragged out after travelling all night. Dear Eleanor would have been, I am quite sure. But Helen seems to be one of those distressingly healthy people—no nerves, no sensitiveness. She quite laughed when I asked her if she were not tired!

Well—she came on the eleven-five train, and, Alma, she is not at all the kind of person I had expected. She is even handsome after a certain style of her own—not one that I admire—not at all Eleanor's style. But certainly it could be much worse. The men even seemed to find her quite good-looking. She has certainly preserved her complexion wonderfully well—and as for her being short-sighted! Between ourselves I am sure it is only an excuse for using a very beautiful lorgnon, and for looking rather intently at one in a sort of meditative way which I consider rather offensive, but which Percy Beaufort told me he found most attractive. He is very disappointing, by the way;

I had expected so much of him, but I find him quite an ordinary young man.

I was really shocked at Helen's levity. I had expected from her superior education that her mind would be above trivialities, but the way she laughed and seemed to enjoy the conversation of Reggie Montrose and Jerry Fairfax! and if she had confined her attentions to those boys! But, Alma, she even tried to infatuate Colonel Gray and Professor Radnor! Two such men! She is far from being the quiet, thoughtful student I had expected to so enjoy. Why, she had the audacity to say to Colonel Gray, after one of his irascible explosions at things in general—"My dear Colonel, you are a living example of squaring the circle—quite round yet full of angles!" You know how rotund the Colonel is, Alma. Think of it! To Colonel Gray, whose irritability is simply proverbial. And he actually seemed to enjoy it! Men of a certain age seem to be only too willing to make fools of themselves if a young girl looks at them. And Percival Beaufort, who is so interested in London charities, could not extract one word from her on the subject, I believe; at any rate I distinctly heard her giving him an animated account of the last "Eights Week," and he was inquiring solicitously who was the coxswain for Magdalen! Even Professor Radnor seemed to lose his head, though I believe she talked more sensibly to him than to the others, for he told me that she was one of the few women he had ever met who seemed to thoroughly understand Abel's demonstration of the impossibility of solving a quintic equation by means of radicals—whatever that means.

By the way, we need not have worried about her gown at all. It was quite presentable, and had in it a quantity of rare old point d'Alençon which Helen says Henry picked up in Paris. It quite vexed me to think that I have none of that pattern—it is especially beautiful.

Eleanor would add a word, but she is feeling quite ill this morning, dear child! She was so worried over the dinner. At the very last moment Grace Fairfax failed her, and she was obliged to invite Marie de Rochemont in her place. We were especially sorry that Grace could not come, and that Jerry did. He is getting completely spoiled; his assurance and inconsiderateness are truly wonderful.

By the way, we have changed our plans for the winter slightly. We are going to the Bermudas for a month, and Helen will visit friends in Boston for the rest of the winter. Write soon and let me know how Mr. Bennett is feeling. Address here, all our mail will be forwarded.

As ever, your devoted friend,

MARIAN MORRISON.

Mr. Jeré Fairfax to Miss Grace Fairfax, Washington, D. C.

BALTIMORE, November 25th.

DEAR GRACE: I suppose I've got to keep my solemn promise to write to you all about the blow-out, though it's an awful effort for me to write letters, and I'm so razzle-dazzled too! You simply weren't in it! She's stunning! The fellows all call her "La Belle Hélène." Claghart started the name, and it took like wildfire. The fair Eleanor is furious. She looked perfectly insignificant by the side of that magnificent creature. What the dickens did Margaret mean by her letter? Why, Helen Hammersley is a perfect beauty. It isn't good to spring a surprise like that on a fellow. Bad for one's nerves. Claghart is terribly shaken. Found out she had met ever so many celebrated artists, English and French, and they jawed for hours. Fact is Claghart's got the cinch on the rest of us because she's so awfully interested in art—I heard her tell him so. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you the joke! You see, Mrs. Morrison had put her up at her end of the table, with the rector of All Souls on one side of her—the old duffer!—and that fossil, Professor Radnor, on the other, and of all people in the world that ante-bellum specimen, Colonel Ralph Gray, opposite! Think of that, with Montrose and Claghart and myself at the other end, cut off from her by half a dozen married people! Think of the injustice, the tactlessness of such a

proceeding! Well, I simply determined to shake things up a bit, so after the bird I said, as sweetly as only yours truly can say, "Mrs. Morrison, I was at the Dwights the other evening to a progressive dinner-party. Charming idea, don't you think?" I knew all the men would back me up, and sure enough Reggie Montrose sang out, "Yes, indeed, Mrs. Morrison! Why not try it to-night?" and before the words were fairly out of his mouth, Claghart had jumped up with his wine glass and his napkin in his hand, and was moving up one seat nearer "La Belle Hélène." Of course there was an awful muss and Eleanor was furious, I could see, but she pulled herself together and smiled awfully sweetly at Claghart. Marie de Rochemont turned perfectly green—give you my word of honor. Margaret was the only one who seemed really not to mind. She's a nice little thing, but she won't have much show in society if Helen Hammersley is around.

I wish I could tell you about "La Belle Hélène," but I'm not much for descriptions. She's different from any girl I ever knew—not very tall, but awfully good figure—fixes her hair like those stunning girls of Gibson's you know, and she's got a way of looking at a fellow—earnest and yet half laughing—that's enough to drive one out of one's senses. She's got that *je ne sais quoi*, you know — something awfully fetching and magnetic and all that sort of thing. (You'll think me a drivelling idiot!) She wore a beauty of a gown, white satin—or gauze, I'm not sure which. Was going to ask Claghart—being an artist he's up to such fine distinctions—but forgot it. I say, Grace, why don't your gowns look like that? You'd better ask her who built hers. Tell you what, she's just fascinating—not stiff or uppish a bit, but she's got a certain sort of dignity you girls don't seem to acquire, some way or other.

She simply hoodooed old Gray, not to mention Percy Beaufort, the Professor, and several dozen others, including your devoted brother. There was one solemn moment at the cotillion when every man in the room was around her. The other girls looked black, I promise you! What the deuce, Grace, makes you girls so jealous? I actually believe Eleanor didn't like her cousin's brilliant success at all, and yet you told me she was so anxious about it. Can't make you girls out.

You say she's been to college all her life and is awfully smart? Well, I suppose she is—she looks that way—but she didn't come any of it on us. And yet she's clever, that's sure, for she knows all the points of difference between the Rugby and Association game, and I heard her talking golf with Claghart and telling Professor Radnor that dancing was a healthful amusement, and he was asking her, in the most idiotic way, if she'd teach him the two-step. Wasn't that rich! And old Gray said to a lot of fellows in the smoking-room that, "By Jove, she was the handsomest girl he'd seen in a quarter of a century, and that if she was an example of a college-bred girl he wished they'd *all* go to college."

Well, I must stop. I really believe, Grace, this is the longest letter I ever wrote, and I want you to put it to my credit—understand? and the next time I try to arrange a trip to Mount Vernon with certain people, you'll please be more amenable to reason—See?

I think I've told you everything except that I'm going to stop here for a few days—they're always asking me, you know, and I told Margaret last night that I'd accept this time. Eleanor looked as if she didn't half like it. Why not, do you suppose? But I can't tear myself away. I'm desperately in love with "La Belle Hélène," besides I'm awfully interested in watching the running between Claghart and Montrose. It will be a close finish, I think, with Claghart in the lead, Montrose a good second, and a full field not far behind. Excuse sporting instincts and language.

As ever, your aff. brother,

JERRY.

How's your throat? Better, I hope. Hers is lovely—"like a piece of marble column"—at least that's what Reggie confided to me at 3 J. M. this morning.

J. F.

WHO WON THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS?

AN UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON

Within the last few weeks the following original papers, which have for many years been stowed away safely in the keeping of the Southard family, came under the notice of the writer, and by permission were copied for publication. They have never been printed before, a really remarkable fact when their historical importance is taken into consideration, and only explained by the care and secrecy with which they have been guarded by the Southard family.

They relate to the memorable controversy between General Jackson and the Honorable Samuel L. Southard, Secretary of the Navy, and James Monroe, which was caused by some remarks made by Mr. Southard at the table of Mr. John S. Wellford, of Fredericksburg, Va., detrimental to the established claims of General Jackson to the sole honor of the victory at New Orleans. These remarks were called forth by Mr. Southard's asking Dr. J. H. Wallace, "Upon what grounds he supported the election of General Jackson to the Presidency;" and being answered, "On account of General Jackson's services during the late war."

E. Leslie Gilliams.

Jackson to Southard.

Hermitage, Jany 5th, 1827.

Sir: Being informed through a friend that at the table of Mr. Jno S. Wellford of Fredericksburg Virginia, the following conversation took place between you and Doctor J. H. Wallace, to wit, you asked Doctor Wallace "upon what grounds he supported the election of General Jackson to the Presidency." With other reasons, the Doctor mentioned my services during the late war, to which you replied, "that Mr. Monroe and not General Jackson was entitled to the credit for the victory at New Orleans — that just before our troops were ordered to New Orleans General Jackson left the Army and was returning home when Mr. Monroe sent him a peremptory order to return to the defence of that place,—and that this, with other energetic measures of Mr. Monroe was the salvation of New Orleans." Colo. Gray of that place who was present asked where that order could be found remarking—"that it would be of importance." Mr. Southard said—he did not know, but he had been informed such order was issued and did exist.

I have thought it my duty, not less to my own character, than to the high and responsible situation which you occupy, to address you stating the facts precisely as they have been communicated to me—a charge of so serious a nature as that implied in your declarations, as stated, to Doctor Wallace, it cannot be expected of me to pass without some notice, especially as it seems to be adopted as true by an executive branch of our government — and as an act of justice you cannot be surprised when I demand of you the name of your informer, or the source through which you have felt yourself warranted in making this statement; which I am compelled from principles of truth, to pronounce false and unfounded, and that nothing during my military command ever happened like it—nor can it be said with truth, that I ever left my army, or ever slept one night beyond the limits of my camp, so long as I had one—or that I ever was on the sick report, or asked for leave of absence during the whole time I held a military command.

I have enclosed this letter to my friend Genl Houston, with the request that he present it to you, and enclose your reply—which I have no doubt, you will promptly make.

I have the honor to be very respectfully
yr mo, obdt, servt,
" Andrew Jackson.

The Honble
Saml Southard
Sec. of the Navy.

Southard to Jackson.

SIR: Your unsealed letter of the 5th Jany was handed to me, in my Office, on the 3rd of this month, by Genl. Houston, with the remark, that he had received it as an enclosure from you, on the preceding day. Disposed to regard it *only* as an inquiry, dictated by the persuasion that you have been injured, and feeling that I have done you no intentional wrong, I cheerfully give such explanation as is in my power.

About the first of July last, I was at the private table of my friend John S. Wellford, in Fredericksburg, in company with five or six of his immediate neighbors, who, I believe had been invited to spend an hour or two with me after the cloth was removed. There was much conversation on a variety of subjects, occasionally political. That part of it was related to Mr. Monroe and yourself, was probably the foundation of the tale which has been borne to you. You will perceive, from the time and place, that it was in no aspect, official. I do not profess to have a very distinct recollection of every part of it—particularly of the language used —No effort was made to retain it in my memory because I was not aware of the presence of any one who would seize such a time & occasion to treasure it up for future use. I can rely on my memory however, for the substance of what was said.

I cannot recollect that I asked Dr. Wallace upon "what ground he supported the election of General Jackson to the Presidency"—The question would have been superfluous, as the Doctor's habit of talking upon that subject, has rendered the enquiry unnecessary, for any one who has fallen in with him, at least, since his visit to Washington during the Winter before last.

I am also satisfied that he did not then, or at any time, state "other reasons," besides "your services during the late war"—as I feel very sure, that he has never in my presence, given any other than one reason for his choice—The battle of New Orleans.

I have no hesitation in denying to you the statements of my remarks, as they are presented in your letter—and assuring you that I never charged you with neglect or desertion of your military duties — nor denied to you the merit & glory of fighting the battle of New Orleans. But as a conversation relating to that subject did occur, at the private table of Mr. Wellford, and as it may have been misunderstood, & has certainly been misrepresented, I think proper to give you my recollections of it—and feel the more confidence in my correctness because I then intended to express what I have frequently expressed elsewhere, & what I have always believed to be in conformity with the truth of history.

The conversation, was, on this point, commenced and principally sustained by others—In its progress, someone, probably Dr. Wallace, remarked that the battle of N. Orleans was proof that General Jackson was fit for any station. Some other answered, that fighting no one battle could be proof of fitness for high civil stations. The reply was, that it was not the fighting of the battle alone but also providing the materials & preparing the means for it—that this had been left to his unaided exertions —the War Department having neglected to make the preparations & left him without arms, means or money) I think I had not before this taken part in the conversation — but considering this view of the subject extremely unjust to Mr. Monroe, who had been Secretary of War at the time, to whom I have long expressed a strong personal attachment, and for whose virtues I feel reverence, as I did gratitude for his services to the Country—I thought it my duty to say in substance that my impression of what had occurred, at that period, was different—that I did not think Genl J. had been left in the manner represented — that all which could be done, had been done, after Mr. Monroe came into the Department —that his exertion and devotion to his duties at that time had nearly destroyed his life—that he early discovered or foresaw that N. Orleans would be attacked—& informed Genl. Jackson of it —and provided such troops and arms as he could to meet the emergency— that he learned that Genl J's health was bad, & he & the President were ex-

tremely anxious, lest this cause should induce him to return to Tenessee, or he should remain so long in Florida, as to prevent him from reaching N. Orleans in time to prepare for its defence —that urgent and pressing letters were sent to hasten him to that point—and that I believed the means provided, the information given and the orders sent, enabled Genl. Jackson to fight the battle & to fight it successfully—that without Mr. Monroe's exertions it could not probably have been won, as it was won. But I did not deny to you the merit of fighting the battle well ; or making every possible exertion to prepare for it —nor fail to give you the high praise which was your due. My. Object was to vindicat Mr. Monroe, and was not then, nor has it been, at any time, to depreciate your military exploits. They form a part of national glory, which I have no inclination to tarnish.

It is not improbable that Colo. Gray did ask where the letters or orders which I mentioned, were to be found—and that I did answer that I could not tell except it might be in the War Dept. but that I understood and had no doubt that they did exist.

You will not after this narrative, expect me to give the name of any informers—My information whether correct or otherwise was derived from the various sources, verbal written and printed from which my knowledge of the history of that day is drawn.

As you request, I shall enclose this letter to Genl. Houston that he may forward it.

I am Sir, respectfully &c.

SAML. L. SOUTHARD.

Genl. Jackson.

WASHINGTON, 9th Feby 1857

Jackson to Southard.

HERMITAGE, 6th of March, 1827.

SIR : I have rec'd your letter of the 9th ult. in answer to mine of the 5th of January under cover of your subsequent letter of the 16th of February.

On receipt of the written statement of Dr. Wallace, affirmed to be substantially true by Mr. Johnston, who was present, I addressed you, and from the high and dignified station which you then & still hold, I had a right to expect a frank and candid answer giving the source through which you derived information so positively expressed, & where the order issued by Mr. Monroe, that brought me to New Orleans was to be found.—This from one of the heads of the Department of our government was not too much to look for. I had not asked you for historical knowledge, or for your opinion of Doctor Wallace, or of Mr. Johnston *who is not a neighbor of Mr. Wellford* as advised, or of any other of the gentlemen who were present, believeing that all must have been gentlemen & men of truth who were associated with you at the party. I asked you for a frank answer, not an argumentative one which to my mind always carries with it the want of sincerity. As you are at the head of that chivalric corps, the Navy, to whose exploits the glory of our country is so indebted, I believed that you would have answered just as one of those high minded honorable men would on such an occasion, but I have been disappointed. You deny any intention, however, to injure me, whilst you profess to have no distinct recollection of the language used. Whether the *unofficial "aspect of the time and place"* shall excuse your memory, or weaken the statement of the Doctor, it is not my business to determine. I cannot suppose that you meant to intimate that the stamp, official or unofficial can affect the obligation of honorable men on all occasions to speak the truth and act justly, whether at wine drinkings or at the bureau of state—It is a matter of much regret to me that the variance between your statement & that of the gentlemen named, does not enable me to act understandingly on the subject ; it was to avoid this situation that I requested Genl Houston to receive your statement, and thus save me the trouble of sending a copy to those gentlemen, which Justice now requires should be done. I feel sorry therefore that you could not deliver your communication unsealed to Genl Houston.

As my enquiry was dictated by the persuasion that my character was injured by the statemented presented

through Dr. Wallace :—& its *only* object to expose those who willfully misrepresented it, especially should they be high in authority like yourself, I shall add a few remarks upon your historical knowledge, & your reply to the question you acknowledge to have been asked by Colo. Gray & your answer. Had your recollection not proved very bad as it relates to the history of the times & to myself "*verbal, written and printed,*" you would have known that I solicited the Govt. as early as June 1814, when I forwarded to it information of the assemblage of a British force at Pensacola, for a permission to drive them from that rendevous before their reinforcements could arrive, & to disperse the Indians whom they had organized here; & although the order requested was issued in July 1814, it never reached me till after the declaration of peace. From your "*verbal, written and printed*" information, you might also have ascertained, that I kept the Govt. advised of the preparations of the British in Pensacola to attack Fot. Boyer & thro that point to invade the country, & that I again entreated the Govt for orders to attack them—no answer from the Govt—and that fater the British did actually attack Fort Boyer and invade the country & were repulsed, I again made the same entreaty to my Govt.—but still it was silent. I then informed it of the meditated attack by Great Britain with all its combined force as early as the 27th of August, when I appealed to the patriotism of my old volunteers under the command of that brave officer Genl Coffee (having ordered before, all the troops authorized by the Govt.) and with this force called for on my own responsibility, marched to & expelled the British from Pensacola ; by which movement I frustrated the original plan of invasion through Mobile, and by thus clearing my left flank of the enemy, was enabled to move to New Orleans, ordering on Genl Coffee's command to Baton Rouge. These were the men called, armed and equiped at my own responsibility that enabled me to save New Orleans. Tho my friendship has been as sincere for Mr. Monroe as yours or any other man's can be, I will ask in what history "*verbal, written or printed*" have you learned that he had any agency in all this, except writing to me on the 21st of Oct. not to march on Pensacola, that the Govt. was about to negotiate with Spain &c., &c—and I would ask you as a military man whether negotiation then with Spain would have prevented invasion on the part of Great Britain had I not driven her force from Pensacola & destroyed her Indian allies—but these facts were forgotten in your unofficial zeal and in your wine drinking. I cannot but marvel what connection there is between Mr. Monroe and the Presidential canvass in your mind that at this period you should seek to adorn him with plumage which I know he could not consent to wear. To proceed however with the historical facts—"*verbal, written and printed,*" so soon as I had cleared my left flank of the enemy, having ordered Genl Coffee across to Baton Rouge, *without the means provided, information given, or the orders sent,* of the Govt. I repaired to New Orleans reaching that place on the first day of Decebr, 1814. Now I hazard the assertion without the fear of contradiction, that you have ever seen, read, or been verbally informed by Mr. Monroe, or any other person of truth, that ever Mr. Monroe wrote, or sent me any order prior to the date of my arrival at New Orleans ; and that from the 20th of Novbr, 1814, until the 18th of February 1815 I ever recd a single line from the Department of War ; and as you are so conversant with history "*verbal, written & printed,*" I regret in your zeal for truth you did not read my answer to the letter of the 10th Decbr 1814 that moment recd. But further, on my arrival at Orleans I found the arsenal empty of all materials for vigorous and ample defence against such an overwhelming invading enemy, well armed and supplied for the attack—no arms and what was still worse, no flints for the few arms to put into the hands of the militia. What was to be done? Requisitions had been made in Septr 1814 & acknowledged, and the Agent at Pittsburgh had promised to have them forwarded. Still the Steam Boat arrived from Pittsburgh with no arms, no fixed ammunition, no flints, no ordnance

or ordnance stores, & the report was that those supplies altho offered to be brought by the steam boat at 75 cts per Cwt was entrusted to a peddling merchant at 50 cents per Cwt, with the permission to sell or barter his goods on the way, all which, as you have read much, you might have seen on record in the war office where the trial of Mr. Maples before a court martial ought to be found. Thus situated, I was advised that the Barritorions had flints and some arms & were willing to surrender themselves and all their supplies on condition of promise of pardon on good conduct. I directed Mr. Livingston my voluntary aid to accept them, & give the Pledge. This was done and I obtained 7500 pistol flints which were put into the arms obtained for the militia and contributed much to the defense of the city. Now again I will ask what agency Mr. Monroe had in all this that it should be said his energetic orders raised the *means for the defence* of New Orleans. These means were procured by myself and my agents & enabled me to make the defence I did. I would be the last man in the Union to strip Mr. Monroe of the credit to which he is entitled & have no doubt he issued orders for the requisitions & for the supply of arms, but in a military point of view it is not only for the Superior to order but to see his orders executed. Besides, the Govt. did know, & was informed in the latter end of Septr. or first of Octr. 1814 that the Tennesseans and Kentuckians would march, but could not be armed — in consequence the 5000 stand was sent to Pittsburgh & might have been brought to me in due time in the steam boat, but for the pittance of 25 cents per Cwt were detained, and our country thereby Jeopardized, and would probably have been lost, had it not been for the providential supply obtained from the Barritorions.

I have therefore to request when on your electioneering tours, or at your wine drinkings hereafter, you will not fail to recollect these historical facts, which indeed you ought long since to have known from the *verbosities, writings and printings* of the times — and that you will not forget to state that I never abandoned the eagles of my country in the day of trial and danger ; nor ever failed to take upon myself the responsibility of driving from our shores, or from those of a faithless neutral, our declared enemy when I found it necessary for the safety of my country ; and altho I admire the zeal you display for your friend, yet it ought to be recollected that an honorable man will never do injustice to another in that zeal. I am sure Mr. Monroe from his love of truth (or I am much mistaken in him) would be the last man to say that he had given or written me an order to repair to Orleans of prior date to the time I reached the place. I always kept him advised of situations, intentions and movements, and mine of the 14th Novbr 1814 from Purees Block House & 20th of Novbr from Mobile, as is believed, must have reached him before the 10th of Decbr. was written, from the then expedition of the mail—mine being sent by express to the direct line of mail, which at that time travelled at the rate of 100 miles in 24 hours, & the distance to the city 1200 miles.

Having given you a *few* of the "*written, printed and verbal*" facts of the time alluded to, I close this correspondence, and am yr mo, obd't servt,

ANDREW JACKSON.

The Honble
Saml L. Southard
sec of the U. S. Navy.

The foregoing were followed by a letter from Samuel Houston and two exceedingly interesting letters to Honorable Samuel L. Southard from James Monroe, President of the United States.

Houston to Southard.

SIR : In reply to your note of yesterday, declining to return me an answer to General Jackson's letter to you of the 8th ultimo, *unsealed ;* I have to say, that inasmuch, as his letter passed through my hands *open,* and his request was, *that the answer should be received unsealed ; and for me to take and retain a copy of the same ;* leave me but one course to pursue ; I shall therefore, unhesitatingly, adopt the course of refusing to receive from you any *sealed*

communication addressed to General Jackson. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL HOUSTON.

18th February, 1827.

Hon. Samuel L. Southard,
Secretary of the Navy
United States.

Monroe to Southard.

DEAR SIR: I have yours of the 11th, and most earnestly hope, that any publication at this time, may be avoided, which brings me in any shape before the public. In what relates to my conduct, in the Dep't of War, I shall take the proper time, to bring all the occurrences, in relation to every part of the Union, before the nation. . . . "General Jackson acquitted himself well, in combining his force, turning all the material at his command to the best acc't, and by his judgm't and gallantry in action, in the battle of the 8th, but yet all the force was sent to him, by w'h he gained the victory, and had not the gov't anticipated the invasion and pro vided for it, and sent the force down, on its own part, N. Orleans would have been lost. As to my conduct in the aff'r, my correspondence of record in the Dep't, will place that in a clear light. I fear nothing from the investigation. My advice to you is to observe the utmost calmness and moderation in your reply. I would myself state facts as they can be proved by documents. Allow him credit where due, and no more, but do it, as I know you will, in a candid and liberal spirit." . . . Was it our old friend, Dr. Wallace, whom you suspect to have communicated what passed at Mr. Wellford's, or some other person? I hardly think it possible that he sho'd have been the person.

Very sincerely your friend,

JAMES MONROE.

Monroe to Southard.

I have just received yours of the 27th, and hasten to answer it. I do not positively know, that Gen'l Jackson ever expressed, either at Lynchburg or elsewhere, any sentiment, which acknowledged my services, in preparing for the defence of N. Orleans. I never had any conversation with him on the subject, but I have always understood that he had expressed that sentiment. The first however, does not rest on his acknowledgement, but is proved by the documents of the Dep't of War, which are accessible to you, should a vindication of your conduct, in doing justice to my services become necessary. The troops for Tennessee and Kentucky were ordered out by me without communication with him. That is, the order to march, was peremptory, and it was by them principally, that the battle was gained. His service was important and the acknowledgement of it on your part, regarding the state in which you are and the issue depending, will render service to and not injure you or your friends. A defense only can be useful and proper, and that, in the mildest form and within that limit, is what I expect from you.*

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES MONROE.

* In the same collection are also a number of letters from John S. Wellford, John H. Wallace, Fayette Johnson, William F. Gray, Archibald Hart, William M. Blackford, and John Minor, being the gentlemen that with Hon. Samuel L. Southard composed the company that met at John S. Wellford's house, where the discussion occurred that caused the above controversy. These letters are written to Mr. Wellford in answer to communications from him requesting their statement of the conversation that took place, and their opinion as to the inference to be drawn from it.

THE COMPASS

(*Genus Irritabile Vatum*)

By Edith M. Thomas

Touch but with gentlest finger the crystal that circles the Mariner's Guide—
To the East and the West how it drifts, and trembles, and searches on every side!
But it comes to its rest, and its light lance poises only one self-same way
Since ever a ship spread her marvellous sea-wings, or plunged her swan-breast through the spray—
For North points the needle!

Ye look not alone for the sign of the lode-star; the lode-stone too lendeth cheer;
Yet one in the heavens is stablished forever, and one is compelled through the sphere.
What! and ye chide not the fluttering magnet that seemeth to fly its troth,
Yet even now is again recording its fealty's silent oath—
As North points the needle!

Praise ye bestow that, though mobile and frail as tremulous spheret of dew,
It obeys an imperial law that ye know not (yet know that it guideth most true);
So, are ye content with its fugitive guidance—ye, but the winds' and waves' sport!—
So, are ye content to sail by your compass, and come in fair hour to your port;
For North points the needle!

And now, will ye censure, because, of compulsion, the spirit that rules in this breast,
To show what a poet must show, was attempered, and touched with a cureless unrest,
Swift to be moved with all human mutation, to traverse Passion's whole range?
Mood succeeds mood, and humor fleets humor, yet never heart's drift can they change,
For North points the needle!

Inconstant I were to that Sovereign Bidding (why or whence given unknown),
Failed I to tent the entire round of motive ere sinking back to my own:
The error be yours, if ye think my faith erring or deem my allegiance I fly;
I follow my law and fulfil it all duly—and look! when your doubt runneth high—
North points the needle!

A QUESTION IN ART

By Robert W. Herrick

I

JOHN CLAYTON had pretty nearly run the gamut of the fine arts. As a boy at college he had taken a dilettante interest in music, and having shown some power of sketching the summer girl he had determined to become an artist. His numerous friends had hoped such great things for him that he had been encouraged to spend the rest of his little patrimony in educating himself abroad. It took him nearly two years to find out what being an artist meant, and the next three in thinking what he wanted to do. In Paris and Munich and Rome, the wealth of the possible had dazzled him and confused his aims; he was so skilful and adaptable that in turn he had wooed almost all the arts, and had accomplished enough trivial things to raise very pretty expectations of his future powers. He had enjoyed an uncertain glory among the crowd of American amateurs. When his purse had become empty he returned to America to realize on his prospects.

On his arrival he had elaborately equipped a studio in Boston, but as he found the atmosphere "too provincial" he removed to New York. There he was much courted at a certain class of afternoon teas. He was in full bloom of the "might do," but he had his suspicions that a fatally limited term of years would translate the tense into "might have done." He argued, however, that he had not yet found the right *milieu;* he was fond of that word — conveniently comprehensive of all things that might stimulate his will. He doubted if America ever could furnish him a suitable *milieu* for the expression of his artistic instincts. But in the meantime necessity for effort was becoming more urgent; he could not live at afternoon teas.

Clayton was related widely to interesting and even influential people. One woman, a distant cousin, had taken upon herself his affairs.

"I will give you another chance," she said, in a business-like tone, after he had been languidly detailing his condition to her and indicating politely that he was coming to extremities. "Visit me this summer at Bar Harbor. You shall have the little lodge at the Point for a studio, and you can take your meals at the hotel near by. In that way you will be independent. Now, there are three ways, anyone of which will lead you out of your difficulties, and if you don't find one that suits you before October, I shall leave you to your fate."

The young man appeared interested.

"You can model something—that's your line, isn't it?"

Clayton nodded meekly. He had resolved to become a sculptor during his last six months in Italy.

"And so put you on your feet, professionally." Clayton sighed. "Or you can find some rich patron or patroness who will send you over for a couple of years more until your *chef d'œuvre* makes its appearance." Her pupil turned red, and began to murmur, but she kept on unperturbed. "Or, best of all, you can marry a girl with some money and then do what you like." At this Clayton rose abruptly.

"I haven't come to that," he growled.

"Don't be silly," she pursued. "You are really charming: good character; exquisite manners; pleasant habits; success with women. You needn't feel flattered, for this is your stock in trade. You are decidedly interesting, and lots of those girls who are brought there every year to get them in would be glad to make such an exchange. You know everybody, and you could give

any girl a good standing in Boston or New York. Besides, there is your genius which may develop. That will be thrown in to boot; it may bear interest."

Clayton, who had begun by feeling how disagreeable his situation was when it exposed him to this kind of hauling over, ended by bursting into a cordial laugh at the frank materialism with which his cousin presented his case. "Well," he exclaimed, "it's no go to talk to you about the claims and ideals of art, Cousin Della, but I will accept your offer, if only for the sake of modelling a bust of 'the energetic matron (American).'"

"Of course, I don't make much of ideals in art and all that," replied his cousin, "but I will put this through for you, as Harry says. You must promise me only one thing: no flirting with Harriet and Mary. Henry has been foolish and lost money, as you know, and I cannot have another beggar on my hands!"

II

By the end of July Clayton had found out two things definitely; he was standing in his little workshop, pulling at his mustache and looking sometimes at a half-completed sketch, and sometimes at the blue stretch of water below the cliff. The conclusions were that he certainly should not become interested in Harriet and Mary, and secondly, that Mount Desert made him paint rather than model.

"It's no place," he muttered, "except for color and for a poet. A man would have to shut himself up in a cellar to escape those glorious hills and the bay, if he wanted to work at that putty." He cast a contemptuous glance at a rough bust of his Cousin Della, the only thing he had attempted. As a solution of his hopeless problem he picked up a pipe and was hunting for some tobacco preparatory to a stroll up Newport, when someone sounded timidly at the show knocker of the front door.

"Is that you, Miss Marston?" Clayton remarked, in a disappointed tone, as a middle-aged woman entered.

"The servants were all away," she replied, "and Della thought you might like some lunch to recuperate you from your labors." This was said a little maliciously, as she looked about and found nothing noteworthy going on.

"I was just thinking of knocking off for this morning and taking a walk. Won't you come? It's such glorious weather and no fog," he added, parenthetically, as if in justification of his idleness.

"Why do you happen to ask me?" Miss Marston exclaimed, impetuously. "You have hitherto never paid any more attention to my existence than if I had been Jane, the woman who usually brings your lunch." She gasped at her own boldness. This was not coquettishness, and was evidently unusual.

"Why! I really wish you would come," said the young man, helplessly. "Then I'll have a chance to know you better."

"Well! I will." She seemed to have taken a desperate step. Miss Jane Marston, Della's sister-in-law, had always been the superfluous member of her family. Such unenviable tasks as amusing or teaching the younger children, sewing, or making up whist sets, had, as is usual with the odd members in a family, fallen to her share. All this Miss Marston hated in a slow, rebellious manner. From always having just too little money to live independently, she had been forced to accept invitations for long visits in uninteresting places. As a girl and a young woman, she had shown a delicate, retiring beauty that might have been made much of, and in spite of gray hair, thirty-five years, and a somewhat drawn look, arising from her discontent, one might discover sufficient traces of this fading beauty to idealize her. All this summer she had watched the wayward young artist with a keen interest in the fresh life he brought among her flat surroundings. His buoyancy cheered her habitual depression; his eagerness and love of life made her blood flow more quickly out of sympathy; and his intellectual alertness bewildered and fascinated her. She was still shy at thirty-five, and really very timid and

apologetic for her commonplaceness; but at times the rebellious bitterness at the bottom of her heart would leap forth in a brusque or bold speech. She was still capable of affording surprise.

"Won't I spoil the inspiration?" she ventured, after a long silence.

"Bother the inspiration," groaned Clayton. "I wish I were a blacksmith, or a sailor, or something honest. I feel like a hypocrite. I have started out at a pace that I can't keep up!"

Miss Marston felt complimented by this apparent confidence. If she had had experience in that kind of nature, she would have understood how indifferent Clayton was to her personally. He would have made the same confession to the birds, if they had happened to produce the same irritation in his mind.

"They all say your work is so brilliant," she said, soothingly.

"Thunder!" he commented. "I wish they would not say anything kind and pleasant and cheap. At college they praised my verses, and all the theatres stole my music for the Pudding play, and the girls giggled over my sketches. And now, at twenty-six, I don't know whether I want to fiddle, or to write an epic, or to model, or to paint. I am a victim of every artistic impulse."

"I know what you should do," she said, wisely, when they had reached a shady spot and were cooling themselves.

"Smoke?" queried Clayton, quizzically.

"You ought to marry!"

"That's every woman's great solution, great panacea," he replied, contemptuously.

"It would steady you and make you work."

"No," he replied, thoughtfully, "not unless she were poor, and in that case it would be from the frying-pan into the fire!"

"You should work," she went on, more courageously. "And a wife would give you inspiration and sympathy."

"I have had too much of the last already," he sighed. "And it's better not to have it all of one sort. After a while a woman doesn't produce pleasant or profitable reactions in my soul. Yes, I know," he added, as he noticed her look of wonderment, "I am selfish and supremely egotistical. Every artist is; his only lookout, however, should be that his surroundings don't become stale. Or, if you prefer to put it more humanely, an artist isn't fit to marry; it's criminal for him to marry and break a woman's heart."

After this heroic confession he paused to smoke. "Besides, no woman whom I ever knew really understands art, and the ends which the artist is after. She has the temperament, a superficial appreciation and interest, but she hasn't the stimulus of insight. She's got the nerves, but not the head."

"But you just said that you had had too much sympathy and molly-coddling."

"Did I? Well, I was wrong. I need a lot, and I don't care how idiotic. It makes me courageous to have even a child approve. I suppose that shows how closely we human animals are linked together. We have got to have the consent of the world, or at any rate a small part of it, to believe ourselves sane. So I need the chorus of patrons, admiring friends, kind women, etc., while I play the Protagonist, to tell me that I am all right, to go ahead. Do you suppose any one woman would be enough? What a great posture for an arm!" His sudden exclamation was called out by the attitude that Miss Marston had unconsciously assumed in the eagerness of her interest. She had thrown her hand over a ledge above them, and was leaning lightly upon it. The loose muslin sleeve had fallen back, revealing a pretty, delicately rounded arm not to be suspected from her slight figure. Clayton quickly squirmed a little nearer, and touching the arm with an artist's instinct, brought out still more the fresh white flesh and the delicate veining.

"Don't move. That would be superb in marble!" Miss Marston blushed painfully. "How strange you are," she murmured, as she rose. "You just said that you had given up modelling, or I would let you model my arm

in order to give you something to do. You should try to stick to something."

"Don't be trite," laughed Clayton, "and don't make me consistent. You will keep yourself breathless if you try that!"

"I know what you need," she said, persistently unmindful of his admonition. "You need the spur. It doesn't make so much difference *what* you do—you're clever enough."

"'Truth from the mouths of babes ——'"

"I am not a babe." She replied to his mocking, literally. "Even if I am stupid and commonplace, I may have intuitions like other women."

"Which lead you to think that it's all chance whether Raphael paints or plays on the piano. Well, I don't know that you are so absurd. That's my theory: an artist is a fund of concentrated, undistributed energy that has any number of possible outlets, but selects one. Most of us are artists, but we take so many outlets that the hogshead becomes empty by leaking. Which shall it be? Shall we toss up a penny?"

"Painting," said Miss Marston, decisively. "You must stick to that."

"How did you arrive at that conclusion—have you observed my work?"

"No! I'll let you know some time, but now you must go to work. Come!" She rose as if to go down to the lodge that instant. Clayton, without feeling the absurdity of the comedy, rose docilely and followed her down the path for some distance. He seemed completely dominated by the sudden enthusiasm and will that chance had flung him.

"There's no such blessed hurry," he remarked at last, when the first excitement had evanesced. "The light will be too bad for work by the time we reach Bar Harbor. Let's rest here in this dark nook, and talk it all over."

Clayton was always abnormally eager to talk over anything. Much of his artistic energy had trickled away in elusive snatches of talk. "Come," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "I have it. I will begin a great work—a modern Magdalen or something of that sort. We can use you in just that posture, kneeling before a rock with outstretched hands, and head turned away. We will make everything of the hands and arms!"

Miss Marston blushed her slow, unaccustomed blush. At first sight it pleased her to think that she had become so much a part of this interesting young man's plans, but in a moment she laughed calmly at the frank desire he expressed to leave out her face, and the characteristic indifference he had shown in suggesting negligently such a subject.

"All right. I am willing to be of any service. But you will have to make use of the early hours. I teach the children at nine."

"Splendid!" he replied, as the vista of a new era of righteousness dawned upon him. "We shall have the fresh morning light, and the cool and the beauty of the day. And I shall have plenty of time to loaf, too."

"No, you mustn't loaf. You will find me a hard task-mistress!"

III

True to her word, Miss Marston rapped at the door of the studio promptly at six the next morning. She smiled fearfully, and finding no response, tried stones at the windows above. She kept saying to herself, to keep up her courage: "He won't think about me, and I am too old to care, anyway." Soon a head appeared, and Clayton called out, in a sleepy voice:

"I dreamt it was all a joke; but wait a bit, and we will talk it over."

Miss Marston entered the untidy studio, where the *débris* of a month's fruitless efforts strewed the floor. Bits of clay and carving-tools, canvases hurled face downward in disgust and covered with paint-rags, lay scattered about. She tiptoed around, carefully raising her skirt, and examined everything. Finally, discovering an alcohol-lamp and a coffee-pot she prepared some coffee, and when Clayton appeared—a somewhat dishevelled god—he found her hunting for biscuit.

"You can't make an artist of me at six in the morning," he growled.

In sudden inspiration, Miss Marston

threw open the upper half of the door and admitted a straight pathway of warm sun that led across the water just rippling at their feet. The hills behind the steep shore were dark with a mysterious green and fresh with a heavy dew, and from the nooks in the woods around them thrush was answering thrush. Miss Marston gave a sigh of content. The warm, strong sunlight strengthened her and filled her wan cheeks, as the sudden interest in the artist's life seemed to have awakened once more the vigor of her feelings. She clasped her thin hands and accepted both blessings. Clayton also revived. At first he leant listlessly against the door-post, but as minute by minute he drank in the air and the beauty and the hope, his weary frame dilated with incoming sensations. "God, what beauty!" he murmured, and he accepted unquestioningly the interference in his life brought by this woman just as he accepted the gift of sunshine and desire.

"Come to work," said Miss Marston, at last.

"That's no go," he replied, "that subject we selected."

"I dare say you won't do much with it, but it will do as well as any other for experiment and practice."

"I see that you want those arms preserved."

The little woman shrank into her shell for a moment: her lazy artist could scatter insults as negligently as epigrams. Then she blazed out.

"Mr. Clayton, I didn't come here to be insulted."

Clayton, utterly surprised, opened his sleepy eyes in real alarm.

"Bless you, my dear Miss Marston, I can't insult anybody. I never mean anything."

"Perhaps that's the trouble," replied Miss Marston, somewhat mollified. But the sitting was hardly a success. Clayton wasted almost all his time in improvising an easel and in preparing his brushes. Miss Marston had to leave him just as he was ready to throw himself into his work. He was discontented, and instead of improving the good light and the long day, he took a pipe and went away into the hills. The next morning he felt curiously ashamed when Miss Marston, after examining the rough sketch on the easel, said:

"Is that all?"

And this day he painted, but in a fit of gloomy disgust destroyed everything. So it went on for a few weeks. Miss Marston was more regular than an alarm-clock; sometimes she brought some work, but oftener she sat vacantly watching the growing picture. Her only standard of accomplishment was quantity. One day, when Clayton had industriously employed a rainy afternoon in putting in the drapery for the figure, she was so much pleased by the quantity of the work accomplished that she praised him gleefully. Clayton, who was as usual in an ugly mood, cast an utterly contemptuous look at her and then turned to his easel.

"You mustn't look at me like that," the woman said, almost frightened.

"Then don't jabber about my pictures."

Her lips quivered, but she was silent. She began to realize her position of galley-slave, and welcomed with a dull joy the contempt and insults to come.

One morning Clayton was not to be found. He did not appear during that week, and at last Miss Marston determined to find him. She made an excuse for a journey to Boston, and divining where Clayton could be found, she sent him word at a certain favorite club that she wanted to see him. He called at her modest hotel, dejected, listless, and somewhat shame-faced; he found Miss Marston calm and commonplace as usual. But it was the calm of a desperate resolve won after painful hours, that he little recognized. Her instinct to attach herself to this strange, unaccountable creature, to make him effective to himself, had triumphed over her prejudices. She humbled herself joyfully, recognizing a mission.

"Della said that I might presume on your escort home," she remarked, dryly, trembling for fear that she had exposed herself to some contemptuous retort. One great attraction, however, in Clayton was that he never expected the conventional. It did not occur to him as particularly absurd that this woman, ten years his senior, should hunt him

up in this fashion. He took such eccentricities as a matter of course, and whatever the circumstances or the conversation, found it all natural and reasonable. Women did not fear him, but talked indiscreetly to him about all things.

"What's the use of keeping up this ridiculous farce about my work," he said, sadly. Then he sought for a conventional phrase. "Your unexpected interest and enthusiasm in my poor attempts have been most kind, my dear Miss Marston. But you must allow me to go to the dogs in my own fashion; that's the inalienable right of every emancipated soul in these days." The politeness and mockery of this little epigram stung the woman.

"Don't be brutal as well as good-for-nothing," she said, bitterly. "You're as low as if you took to drink or any other vice, and you know it. I can't appreciate your fine ideas, perhaps, but I know you ought to do something more than talk. You're terribly ambitious, but you're too weak to do anything but talk. I don't care what you think about my interference. I can make you work, and I will make you do something. You know you need the whip, and if none of your pleasant friends will give it to you, I can. Come!" she added, pleadingly.

"Jove!" exclaimed the young man, slowly, "I believe you're an awful trump. I will go back."

On their return they scarcely spoke. Miss Marston divined that her companion felt ashamed and awkward, and that his momentary enthusiasm had evaporated under the influence of a long railroad ride. While they were waiting for the steamer at the Mount Desert ferry, she said, as negligently as she could, "I have telegraphed for a carriage, but you had better walk up by yourself."

He nodded assent. "So you will supply the will for the machine, if I will grind out the ideas. But it will never succeed," he added, gloomily. "Of course I am greatly obliged and all that, and I will stick to it until October for the sake of your interest." In answer she smiled with an air of proprietorship.

One effect of this spree upon Clayton was that he took to landscape during the hours that he had formerly loafed. He found some quiet bits of dell with water, and planted his easel regularly every day. Sometimes he sat dreaming or reading, but he felt an unaccustomed responsibility if, when his mentor appeared with the children late in the afternoon, he hadn't something to show for his day. She never attempted to criticise except as to the amount performed, and she soon learned enough not to measure this by the area of canvas. Although Clayton had abandoned the Magdalen in utter disgust, Miss Marston persisted in the early morning sittings. She made herself useful in preparing his coffee and in getting his canvas ready. They rarely talked. Sometimes Clayton, in a spirit of deviltry, would tease his mentor about their peculiar relationship, about herself, or, worse than all, would run himself and say very true things about his own imperfections. Then, on detecting the tears that would rise in the tired, faded eyes of the woman he tortured, he would throw himself into his work.

So the summer wore away and the brilliant September came. The unsanctified crowds flitted to the mountains or the town, and the island and sea resumed the air of free-hearted peace which was theirs by right. Clayton worked still more out of doors on marines, attempting to grasp the perplexing brilliancy that flooded everything.

"It's no use," he said, sadly, as he packed up his kit one evening in the last of September. "I really don't know the first thing about color. I couldn't exhibit a single thing I have done this entire summer."

"What's the real matter?" asked Miss Marston, with a desperate calm.

"Why, I have fooled about so much that I have lost a lot I learnt over there in Paris."

"Why don't you get—get a teacher?"

Clayton laughed ironically. "I am pretty old to start in, especially as I have just fifty dollars to my name, and a whole winter before me."

They returned silently. The next morning Miss Marston appeared at the usual hour and made the coffee. After

Clayton had finished his meagre meal, she sat down shyly and looked at him.

"You've never interested yourself much in my plans, but I am going to tell you some of them. I'm sick of living about like a neglected cat, and I am going to New York to—to keep boarders." Her face grew very red. "They will make a fuss, but I am ready to break with them all."

"So you, too, find dependence a burden?" commented Clayton, indifferently.

"You haven't taken much pains to know me," she replied. "And if I were a man," she went on, with great scorn, "I would die before I would be dependent!"

"Talking about insults—but an artist isn't a man," remarked Clayton, philosophically smoking his pipe.

"I hate you when you're like that," Miss Marston remarked, with intense bitterness.

"Then you must hate me pretty often! But continue with your plans. Don't let our little differences in temperament disturb us."

"Well," she continued, "I have written to some friends who spend the winters in New York, and out of them I think I shall find enough boarders—enough to keep me from starving. And the house has a large upper story with a north light." She stopped and peeped at him furtively.

"Oh," said Clayton, coolly, "and you're thinking that I would make a good tenant."

"Exactly," assented Miss Marston, uncomfortably.

"And who will put up the tin: for you don't suppose that I am low enough to live off you?"

"No," replied the woman, quietly. "I shouldn't allow that, though I was not quite sure you would be unwilling. But you can borrow two or three hundred dollars from your brother, and by the time that's gone you ought to be earning something. You could join a class; the house isn't far from those studios."

Clayton impulsively seized her arms and looked into her face. She was startled and almost frightened.

"I believe," he began, but the words faded away.

"No, don't say it. You believe that I am in love with you, and do this to keep you near me. Don't be quite such a brute, for you *are* a brute, a grasping, egotistical, intolerant brute." She smiled slightly. "But don't think that I am such a fool as not to know how impossible *that* is."

Clayton still held her in astonishment. "I think I was going to say that I was in love with you."

"Oh, no," she laughed, sadly. "I am coffee and milk and bread and butter, the 'stuff that dreams are made on.' You want some noble young woman—a goddess, to make you over, to make you human. I only save you from the poor-house."

IV

There followed a bitter two years for this strange couple. Clayton borrowed a thousand dollars—a more convenient number to remember, he said, than three hundred dollars—and induced a prominent artist "who happens to know something," to take him into his crowded classes for a year. He began with true grit to learn again what he had forgotten, and some things that he had never known. At the end of the year he felt that he could go alone, and the artist agreed, adding, nonchalantly: "You may get there, God knows, but you need loads of work."

Domestically, the life was monotonous. Clayton had abandoned his old habits, finding it difficult to harmonize his present existence with his clubs and his fashionable friends. Besides he hoarded every cent, and with Miss Marston's aid wrung the utmost of existence out of the few dollars he had left. Miss Marston's modest house was patronized by elderly single ladies. It was situated on one of those uninteresting East Side streets where you can walk a mile without remembering an individual stone. The table, in food and conversation, was uninteresting. In fact, Clayton could not dream of a more inferior *milieu* for the birth of the great artist.

Miss Marston had fitted herself to suit his needs, and in submitting herself to this difficult position felt that

she was repaying a loan of a new life. He was so curious, so free, so unusual, so fond of ideas, so entertaining even in his grim moods, that he made her stupid life over. She could enjoy vicariously by feeling his intense interest in all living things. In return she learnt the exact time to bring him an attractive lunch, and just where to place it so that it would catch his eye without calling out a scowl of impatience. She made herself at home in his premises, so that all friction was removed from the young artist's life. He made no acknowledgment of her devotion, but he worked grimly, doggedly, with a steadiness that he had never before known. Once, early in the first winter, having to return to Boston on some slight business, he permitted himself to be entrapped by old friends and lazed away a fortnight. On his return Miss Marston noticed with a pang that this outing had done him good; that he seemed to have more spirit, more vivaciousness, more ideas, and more zest for his work. So, in a methodical fashion she thought out harmless dissipations for him. She induced him to take her to the opera, even allowing him to think that it was done from pure charity to her. Sunday walks in the picturesque nooks of New York—they both shunned the Fifth Avenue promenade for different reasons — church music, interesting novels, all the "fuel," as Clayton remarked, that she could find she piled into his furnace. She made herself acquainted with the peculiar literature that seemed to stimulate his imagination, and sometimes she read him asleep in the evenings to save his overworked eyes. Her devotion he took serenely, as a rule. During the second winter, however, after a slight illness brought on by over-application, he seemed to have a thought upon his mind that troubled him. One day he impatiently threw down his palette and put his hands upon her shoulders.

"Little woman, why do you persist in using up your life on me?"

"I am gambling," she replied, evasively.

"What do you expect to get if you win?"

"A few contemptuous thanks; perhaps free tickets when you exhibit, or a line in your biography. But seriously, Jack, don't you know women well enough to understand how they enjoy drudging for someone who is powerful?"

"But even if I have any ability, which you can't tell, how do you enjoy it? You can't appreciate a picture."

She smiled. "Don't bother yourself about me. I get my fun, as you say, because you make me feel things I shouldn't otherwise. I suppose that's the only pay you artists ever give those who slave for you."

Such talks were rare. They experienced that physical and mental unity in duality which comes to people who live and think and work together for a common aim. They had not separated a day since that first visit to Boston. The summer had been spent at a cheap boarding-house on Cape Ann, in order that Clayton might sketch in company with the artist who had been teaching him. Neither thought of conventionality; it was too late for that.

As the second year came to an end, the pressure of poverty began to be felt. Clayton refused to make any efforts to sell his pictures. He eked out his capital and went on. The end of his thousand came; he took to feeding himself in his rooms. He sold his clothes, his watch, his books, and at last the truck he had accumulated abroad. "More fuel for the fire," he said, bitterly.

"I will lend you something," remarked Miss Marston.

"No, thanks," he said, shortly, and then added, with characteristic brutality, "my body is worth a hundred. Stevens will give that for it, which would cover the room-rent. And my brother will have to whistle for his cash or take it out in paint and canvas."

She said nothing, for she had a scheme in reserve. She was content meantime to see him pinched; it brought out the firmer qualities in the man. Her own resources, moreover, were small, for the character of her boarders had fallen. Unpleasant rumors had deprived her of the unexceptionable set of middle-aged ladies with

whom she had started, but she had persued her course unaltered. The reproach of her relatives, who considered her disgraced, had been a sweet solace to her pride.

The rough struggle had told on them both. He had forgotten his delicate habits, his nicety of dress. A cheap suit once in six months was all that he could afford. His mind had become stolidly fixed, so that he did not notice the gradual change. It was a grim fight! The elements were relentless; day by day the pounding was harder and the end of his resistance seemed nearer. Although he was deeply discontented with his work, he did not dare to think of ultimate failure, for it unnerved him for several days. Miss Marston's quiet assumption, however, that it was only a question of months, irritated him.

"God must have put the idea into your head that I am a genius," he would mutter fiercely at her. "I never did, nor work of mine. You don't know good from bad, anyway, and we may both be crazy." He buried his face in his hands, overcome by the awfulness of failure. She put her arms about his head.

"Well, we can stand it a little longer, and then——"

"And then?" he asked, grimly.

"Then," she looked at him significantly. They both understood. "Lieber Gott," he murmured, "thou hast a soul." And he kissed her gently, as in momentary love. She did not resist, but both were indifferent to passion, so much their end absorbed them.

At last she insisted upon trying to sell some marines at the art stores. She brought him back twenty-five dollars, and he did not suspect that she was the patron. He looked at the money wistfully.

"I thought we should have a spree on the first money I earned. But it's all fuel now."

Her eyes filled with tears at this sign of humanity. "Next time, perhaps."

"So you think that's the beginning of a fortune. I have failed—failed if you get ten thousand dollars for every canvas in this shop. You will never know why. Perhaps I don't myself." And then he went to work. Some weeks later he came to her again. This time she tried to enlist the sympathy of the one successful artist Clayton knew, and through his influence she succeeded in selling a number of pictures and placed others upon sale. She was so happy, so sure that the prophetic instinct in her soul was justified, that she told Clayton of her previous fraud. He listened carefully; his face twitched, as if his mind were adjusting itself to new things. First he took twenty-five dollars from the money she had just brought him and handed it to her. Then putting his arms about her, he looked inquisitively down into her face, only a bit more tenderly than he squinted at his canvases.

"Jane!" She allowed him to kiss her once or twice, and then she pushed him away, making a pathetic bow.

"Thanks for your sense of gratitude. You're becoming more civilized. Only I wish it had been something more than money you had been thankful for. Is money the only sacrifice you understand?"

"You can take your dues in taunts if you like. I never pretended to be anything but a huge and possibly productive polypus. I am honest enough anyway not to fool with lover's wash. You ought to know how I feel toward you—you're the best woman I ever knew."

"Kindest to you, you mean? No, Jack," she continued, tenderly, "you can have me body and soul. I am yours fast enough now, what there is left of me. I have given you my reputation, and that sort of thing long ago—no, you needn't protest. I know you despise people who talk like that, and I don't reproach you. But don't deceive yourself. You feel a little moved just now. If I had any charms, like a pretty model, you might acquire some kind of attachment to me, but love—you never dreamed of it. And," she continued after a moment, "I begin to think, after watching you these two years, never will. So I am safe in saying that I am yours to do what you will with. I am fuel. Only, oh, Jack, if you break my heart, your last fuel will be gone. You can't do without me!"

It seemed very absurd to talk about

breaking hearts—a tired, silent man ; a woman unlovely from sordid surroundings, from age, and from care. Clayton pulled back the heavy curtain to admit the morning light, for they had talked for hours before coming to the money question. The terrible, passionate glare of a summer sun in the city burst in from the neighboring housetops.

"Why don't you curse *Him?*" muttered Clayton.

"Why?"

"Because He gave you a heart to love, and made you lonely, and then wasted your love!"

"Jack, the worst hasn't come. It's not all wasted."

V

Clayton gradually became conscious of a new feeling about his work. He was master of his tools, for one thing, and he derived exquisite pleasure from the exercise of execution. The surety of his touch, the knowledge of the exact color, tone, and effect he was after, made his working hours an absorbing pleasure rather than an exasperating penance. And through his secluded life, with its singleness of purpose, its absence of the social ambitions of his youth, and the complexity of life in the world, the restlessness and agitation of his earlier devotion to his art disappeared. He was content to forget the expression of himself — that youthful longing—in contemplating and enjoying the created matter. In other words, the art of creation was attended with less friction. He worked unconsciously, and he did not, hen-like, call the attention of the entire barnyard to each new-laid egg. He felt also that human, comfortable weariness after labor when self sinks out of sight in the universal wants of mankind — food and sleep. Perhaps the fact that he could now earn enough to relieve him from actual want, that to some extent he had wrestled with the world and wrung from it the conditions of subsistence, relieved the strain under which he had been laboring. He sold his pictures rarely, however, and only when absolutely compelled to get money. Miss Marston could not comprehend his feeling about the inadequacy of his work, and he gave up attempting to make her understand where he failed.

The bond between them had become closer. This one woman filled many human relationships for him—mother, sister, friend, lover, and wife in one. The boarding-house had come to be an affair of transients and young clerks, so that all her time that could be spared from the drudgery of housekeeping was spent in the studio. Slowly he became amenable to her ever-present devotion, and even in his way thoughtful for her. And she was almost happy.

The end came in this way. One day Clayton was discovered on the street by an intimate college friend. They had run upon each other abruptly, and Clayton, finding that escape was decently impossible, submitted without much urging to be taken to one of his old clubs for a quiet lunch. As a result he did not return that night, but sent a note to Miss Marston saying that he had gone to Lenox with a college chum. That note chilled her heart. She felt that this was the beginning of the end, and the following week she spent in loneliness in the little studio, sleeping upon the neglected lounge. And yet she divined that the movement and stimulus of this vacation was what Clayton needed most. She feared he was becoming stale, and she knew that in a week, or a fortnight, or perhaps a month, he would return and plunge again into his work.

He came back. He hardly spoke to her; he seemed absorbed in the conception of a new work. And when she brought him his usual luncheon she found the door locked, the first time in many months. She sat down on the stairs and waited—how long she did not know — waited staring down the dreary hall and at the faded carpet and at herself, faded to suit the surroundings. At length she knocked, and Clayton came only to take her lunch, and say absently that he was much absorbed by a new picture and should not be disturbed. Would she bring his meals? He seemed to refuse tacitly an entrance to the studio. So a week passed, and

then one day Clayton disappeared again, saying that he was going into the country for another rest. He went out as he had come in, absorbed in some dream or plan of great work. Pride kept her from entering his rooms during that week.

One day, however, he came back as before and plunged again into his work. This time she found the door ajar and entered noiselessly, as she had learned to move. He was hard at work; she admired the minute, sure strokes, the accuracy and nicety of his movements that seemed premeditated, the ease with which the picture before him was growing. Surely he had a man's power, now, to execute what his spirit conceived! And the mechanical effort gave him great pleasure. His complete absorption indicated the most intense though unconscious pleasure.

The picture stunned her. She knew that she was totally ignorant of art, but she knew that the picture before her was the greatest thing Clayton had accomplished. It seemed to breathe power. And she saw without surprise that the subject was a young woman. Clayton's form hid the face, but she could see the outline of a woman beside a dory, on a beach, in the early morning. So it had come.

When she was very close to Clayton, he felt her presence, and they both stood still looking at the picture. It was almost finished—all was planned. Miss Marston saw only the woman. She was youthful, just between girlhood and womanhood—unconscious, strong, and active as the first; with the troubled mystery of the second. The artist had divined an exquisite moment in life, and into the immature figure, the face of perfect repose, the supple limbs, he had thrown the tender mystery that met the morning light. It was the new birth—that ancient, solemn, joyous beginning of things in woman and in day.

Clayton approached his picture as if lovingly to hide it. "Isn't it immense?" he murmured. "It's come at last. I don't daub any more, but I can see, I can create! God, it's worth the hell I have been through——"

He paused, for he felt that his companion had left him.

"Jane," he said, curiously examining her face. "Jane, what's the matter?"

"Don't you know?" she replied, looking steadily at him. He looked first at her and then at the picture, and then back again. Suddenly the facts in the case seemed to get hold of him. "Jane," he cried, impetuously, "it's all yours—you gave me the power, and made me human, too—or a little more so than I was. But I am killing you by living in this fashion. Why don't you end it?"

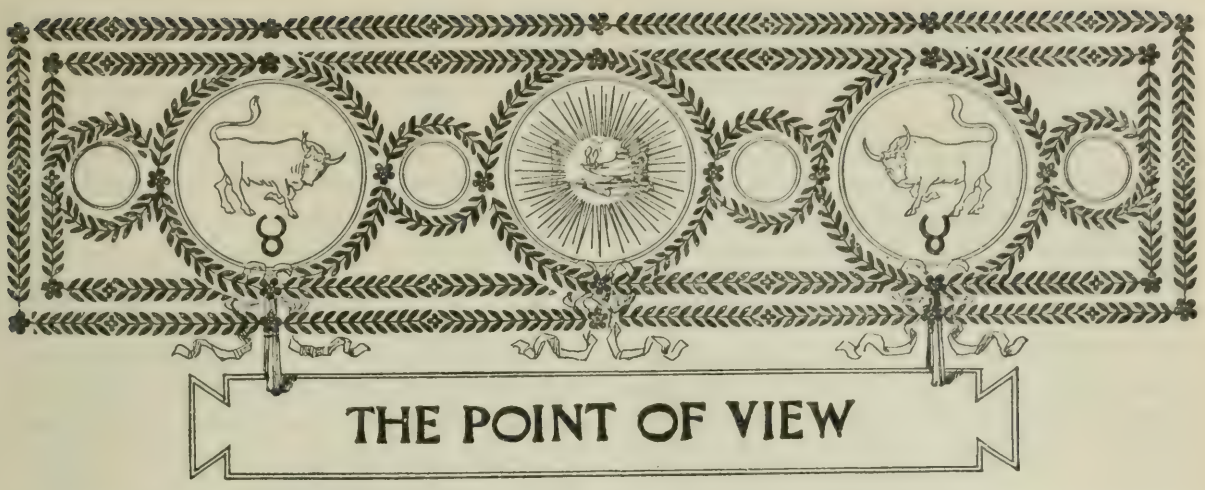
She smiled feebly at his earnestness. "There is only one end," she whispered, and pointed to his picture. Clayton comprehended, and seizing a paint-rag would have ruined it, but the woman caught his hand.

"Don't let us be melodramatic. Would you ruin what we have been living for all these years? Don't be silly—you would always regret it."

"It's your life against a little fame."

"No, against your life." They stood nervelessly eying the picture.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," she cried, "why did God make men like you? You take it all, everything that life gives, sunshine and love and hope and opportunity. Your roots seem to suck out what you want from the whole earth, and you leave the soil exhausted. My time has gone; I know it, I know it, and I knew it would go. Now some other life will be sacrificed. For you'll break her heart, whether she's alive now or your dreaming of someone to come. You'll treat her as you have everything. It isn't any fault—you don't understand." The words ended with a moan. Clayton sat doggedly looking at his picture, but his heart refused to be sad.



THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE is stimulation at times in the reflection that, after all, the whole wide world is no great space ; that all the people in it are no more than a community, and that of none among them need a man stand much in awe. You seem, under this reducing view, to have got everything at last easily within your own grasp. You are exalted and emboldened as by wine. Fancy, starting up, raps you out of house and home and off on the longest, hardest journeys, without regard to cost or consequence ; and to your more particular satisfaction, frames for you a new and triumphant encounter with the man or circumstance that last put you out of countenance. For that you have been put out of countenance, and quite lately, is to be inferred from the very fact of your present meditations.

Just there, indeed, is the flaw in this fine masterful attitude toward the world : you rarely command it when you most need it. Like an unfaithful servant, it comes stealing in, submissive to your want, after the want is passed, but while the stress of it is still fresh and vexing in your memory. Practise the thing as faithfully as you will in the privacy of your lodging, you forget it entirely when you are again face to face with the world and closing with it for a renewal of the old tussle. If without having to think to do so, you could only keep the world then, in your regard, down to manageable dimensions, your prosperity would be assured. The only competitor you would need at all to fear would be the man so centred in his own individual purpose that for him the world at large did not exist even to the measure of a globule : a much rarer man, by the way, than one is apt to suppose.

For the sons of fighters, born ourselves to a life of strife, we are a singularly timid race. Ninety-nine men out of every hundred stand in the world more or less abashed. They know that one man's right to be here is no better than another's, and that any man has here but what he can get. Yet this knowledge has emboldened them to a singularly small degree. Overlooking the ordinary course of life, we remark the special manifestations of audacity and boldness, and are apt from these to conclude that boldness and audacity are special marks of the race. But they are not. Even the eminent masters of circumstance, the men of rare conquests, have proceeded ordinarily with the utmost caution, equipping themselves against their fellows much as if they were faring forth to hunt lions. And in the end, as even in lion-hunting, the prosperity and glory of the hunter have lain half in the fearfulness of the game. If he had not found other men timid and submissive, exaggerating the power of his arm, his own courage would not have lasted to the triumph.

The ordinary successful man is one who has managed to work up a little courage at a single point, in a single narrow province. So long as he has to do with brethren whose respective courages attach to other points, to other narrow provinces, he quite lords it. Thus one pale-faced little tailor can make nineteen out of every twenty of the strappingest fellows consent that they are admirably fitted in clothes that they know perfectly well both

wrinkle and hump up. But set the sovereign tailor down in a court-room, and a less aggressive man than he could not be found.

Through want of strength to front each other squarely we are sometimes led to grace our manners with amiability and consideration ; and these, to be sure, are virtues in their way. But by the same want we have been led also into no end of cunning and dishonesty. Now, certainly, it were better to stiffen a little in neck and body than not stand stout on the legs. When a man's organism weakens to a point where you can scarcely distinguish between his bow and his wabble, it is high time for him to "brace up."

I WONDER if persons who can write Scotch are sufficiently aware of the great literary advantage they have over writers who are not born to that ability. It is no credit to them that they can do it. It is a gift of nature dropt in their lap. I never heard of anyone who learned by artificial means to write Scotch. Scotch writers do it, and no one else. It has long been obvious that the proportion of good writers to the whole Scotch population was exceedingly large ; but I do not remember that it has ever been pointed out how much easier it is for a Scotchman to be a good writer than another because of his innate command of the Scotch tongue.

There are such delightful words in that language ; words that sing on the printed page wherever their employer happens to drop them in ; words that rustle; words that skirl, and words that clash and thump. It is their gain, I believe, that not many of us who know the sounds of them have an accurate notion of their meanings. Do you know what a brae is ? After thirty years of familiarity with that word, I am still a little dubious about it, and cannot be sure whether the idea it conveys contains underbrush or is open field, and if the latter, whether there is an implication of heather. Perhaps sheep graze on braes. I could not be sure, and if a well-informed person insisted that Scotch nosegays had braes in them I could not contradict him with much confidence. But for all that

Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon

conveys an image as delightful to my mind's eye as to the actual ear, and what uncertainty there may be about the dimensions and ingredients of the braes in it merely operates to give the imagination greater scope. I can aver that at least one habitual reader of English finds his attention curiously and agreeably quickened by Scotch words and idioms that are familiar enough not to be troublesome, and unfamiliar enough to give the ear a gentle fillip. A brook sparkles brighter for the moment for being a burn ; "gone gyte" makes a prompter conveyance of its significance than "gone crazy ;" brogues and lugs and bairns fit better into many sentences than shoes, and ears, and children. "A wheen blethers" fills the mouth like a spoonful of oatmeal ; "twine" is a better word than "separate ;" "will can" beats "will be able," and the verb to ken in all its uses is fit to stir the envy of the English writer. A French word dragged into English writing is an offence which is only tolerable when a master-hand commits it and the excuse is adequate, but the Scotch words of Scotchmen vary the tongue that harbors them only to enrich it, and stand among their English cousins with all the confiding assurance of blood relations.

It is to be hoped that the Scotch writers, and especially the story-tellers, appreciate with due humility the advantage they enjoy in having unrestricted use of as much English as they can handle, and in addition a monopoly of their own blessed brogue. There is scant justice in the dispensation that secures them their special privilege. They do not need it, for many of them write just as good English as even the Americans do, and are perfectly at home in that language. There is no true propriety in granting them special rights to write Scotch and English with the same pen on the same page ; but on grounds of expediency, and because the mixture makes good reading, they have been suffered to do so. I am not one of those who would abridge their privilege, for I like its results; but I do think that in consideration

of their advantages Scotch writers should be humble, should make allowances for other scribes, and in all literary competitions should be handicapped down to an equality with the writers in whose field they compete.

IT is hardly in these pages that one need call attention to the various interest of the point of view, but perhaps some of us do not suspect the importance of it in matters with which lovers of reading are not too familiar. I ran across an instance of it lately that impressed me strongly. It was in a little *brochure* with a forbiddingly long title, written in very intelligible, but by no means elegant, French, by M. Julien Weiler : "Ingénieur du matériel des charbonnages de Mariemont et de Bascoup," Belgium. This title, I suppose, may fairly be rendered as "Engineer in charge of the Plant" of the coal mines named. M. Weiler is that rarest of men, a practical philosopher. He has set himself to work to get on peaceably with the employees of the mines, and the first obstacle he met was the difficulty of making them understand his language. For example, when he announced to them that they would have "every interest" in adopting a certain course, he found that they took that as an argument against it. It seems that in their dialect, to have an interest, "avoir de l'intérêt," meant to incur a loss. Again, having told them of his intention to make changes in the buildings by which they would be sheltered from the weather, "à l'abri du temps," he discovered to his dismay that they interpreted that phrase to mean that they would be exposed to the weather. And when he tried to explain that their opposition was due to "ignorance" of his real purpose, he learned that he had used a most offensive term.

Now, if M. Weiler had contented himself with writing an essay on the variations of meaning in language in different districts and among different classes, I should not think it worth while to call the attention of the readers of this magazine to the matter. But what he actually did was to think out and apply a system of representation of employers and employed — an equal number from each side — ranging from committees in each branch, who simply discuss affairs, to a Superior Committee who settle all differences, calling in an umpire if necessary. When M. Weiler wrote his pamphlet, the system had been in operation for four years, and there had been no need of an umpire. He foresees that this may not be an exhaustive test, but the plan has stood a number of severe trials, which, previously, would have led to strikes and lock-outs. The first and chief difficulty was that the representatives of the workmen, being chosen with perfect freedom, were the leaders who had been deemed, and who had actually been, mischief-makers in the past ; the most encouraging feature of the experience was that these men gradually became the most intelligent and efficient representatives. The essential fact in this, to me, very interesting story is that two classes, whose real interests were mutual, and whose past relations had been disturbed, uncertain, and often hostile, found a common profit and a great one when they succeeded each in ascertaining the point of view of the other. I have, since reading this account, learned that a similar system carried the employers and employed in the bricklayers' trade in this city safely and peacefully through the building strikes of last summer. Clearly, there is something worth studying and developing in this idea of a common hunt for the point of view.

WHEN I slip away for a season from the lively town of Wayback where I live, and take up temporary quarters at the Collegiate Reformed Club in the city of New York, I am always interested in certain men that I see there, who ought to recognize me and don't. I always see them there when I am in town, and they always see me, and every man of them seems to me to be visibly conscious that he has seen me before, and that he ought to know me ; but the impression I made at the time of our original meeting must have been somewhat faint, and has been inadequately renewed in our subsequent encounters, for we pass in the hallway of the club without recognition, and read the newspapers side by side without admission of previous acquaintance.

There is Dr. Fitztim. My acquaintance with him dates from an expedition I made fifteen years ago to the uttermost parts of Long Island. We rode from the train to the village together in a stage, and I asked him questions which he answered with politeness. I saw him that same afternoon riding a horse, and made exhaustive inquiries about him which gave him a permanent standing in my recollection. I think I was actually introduced to him at that time, but that may not have been so. Certainly I met him at Wayback, eight years later, when he came there to be usher at a wedding, and showed him distinguished attentions, including effervescent beverages. Later still I met him at dinner at his sister's house, and conversed with him freely, so I really know him intimately, know his relations, know his friends, know his religious opinions and his professional peculiarities ; and yet, when he sees me at the Collegiate Club, he cannot quite remember who I am, and does not venture to bow to me. He ought to be ashamed, and I think he is, for though I try not to embarrass him by a painful propinquity, or by showing consciousness of his existence, I think it makes him squirm a little to see me in the club.

There is another man in the same club with whom I have the same experience. I met him once, when everything about him that was of importance was communicated to me by a common friend, and his identity firmly established in my mind. I know how many times he has been married and to whom, who have been his partners in business, where he spends his summers, and where he goes fishing. Once, since our acquaintance began, I have run into him at the Collegiate, and recalled myself to his recollection on the rebound. But the last time I saw him he knew me as little as ever. He is a particularly amiable gentleman, and I do not resent his obliviousness in the least. Indeed, there is a general rule concerning recognitions which applies to his case, and which excuses him. When I first met him and got him by heart, it was on a social occasion when he was one of the imported performers, and I one of the local chorus. It is to be expected that the chorus will always remember the visiting stars, and that the stars will go away with a very confused notion of the individuals in the chorus. When I am hanged, or lost at sea, or acquire a nine-days newspaper notoriety from crime or misfortune, he will remember to have seen me once ; but until then I suspect that I shall have the advantage of him.

A man's estimate of his own worth must be low, indeed, if he does not rather feel sympathy for a man who has forgotten him, than resentment toward such a person. When I meet Fitztim again at dinner, I shall certainly have what fun I can with him about his halting memory ; but neither for him nor for my other oblivious friend (whose name I cannot at this moment recall) is my esteem at all modified because of their unconscious surrender of my acquaintance. I suspect that there are men whose visages escape my recognition in the same way, and I forgive Fitztim and Blank, as I hope to be forgiven.



THE RED POPE

ENGRAVED BY STÉPHANE PANNEMAKER.

From Velasquez's portrait in the Doria Gallery, Rome

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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GOLF

By Henry E. Howland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THE origin of the royal and ancient game of Golf is lost in obscurity. Whether it was an evolution from the kindred games of Kolf, Hockey, or Jeu de Mail, whether developed in Scotland or carried thither from Holland, may never be definitely ascertained.

Its record is woven into Scottish history, legislation, and literature from the beginning of recorded time. More than four hundred years ago it was a popular game in Scotland, and archery, the necessary training for the soldier, so languished in competition with it that, by the stern ordinance of Parliament and royal decree, it was proclaimed "that the fut ball and golf be utterly cryit doun and nocht usit." But although forbidden to the people, it was a favorite royal pastime. King James played it with Bothwell in 1553, and the royal accounts show that he had money on the game; Queen Mary played it after the death of Darnley, perhaps as a solace in her widowhood; James VI., an early protectionist, laid a heavy tariff on golf balls from Holland, and gave a monopoly of ball-making at four shillings each ball to a favorite. The great Marquis of Montrose played at St. Andrews and Leith Links, and was lavish in his expenditure for golf-balls, clubs, and caddies. The news of the Irish Rebellion came to Charles I. while playing a match at Leith. James II., when Duke of York, won a foursome, with an Edinburgh shoemaker as a partner, against two Englishmen; the shoemaker built a house in the Canongate with his share of the stakes, and, in order to commemorate the origin of his fortunes, placed on its walls as escutcheon a hand dexter grasping a club, with the motto, "Far and Sure." John Porteous, of the "Heart of Midlothian," Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, who turned the tide of Prince Charlie's fortunes in 1745, were adepts at the game, and Covenanters in their sermons, poets, philosophers, and novelists have paid their tribute to the royal sport.

With lingering feet it crossed the Grampian Hills in the wake of his somewhat sportive Majesty James VI. of Scotland, and made its home at Blackheath, where it maintained a precarious existence under the care of Scottish Londoners, until the establishment of the famous clubs of Banbury, Westward Ho, Wimbledon, and Hoylake, when, with a suddenness unexplainable, and an unparalleled popular favor, it extended all over England; since then it has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The nurseries for golf in the United States are many and varied, and are increasing so fast that the tale outruns the telling. The first one, established at Yonkers on the Hudson, some five years ago, by Mr. John Reid (of course a Scotchman), bears the name of St. Andrews, in honor of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of the East Neuk of Fife, in

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Stymie or not stymie?

the shadow of "Auld Reekie," the clustering point for the great mass of golfing history and tradition. It is an inland course of stone-wall hazards, rocky pastures bordered by ploughed fields and woods, and is prolific in those little hollows known as cuppy lies; the Saw Mill River meanders in its front, and a fine view of the Palisades from its highest teeing ground makes it an attractive spot for tired city men to whom it is accessible for an afternoon's sport.

The links of the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, established three years since by Mr. Edward S. Mead, with Willie Dunn as its keeper, is a golfing Eden. The great rolling sand-hills, covered with short stiff grass, lying between Peconic Bay on the north and Shinnecock Bay on the south, with the ocean beyond, are picturesque in their beauty, and since the resolution of matter from chaos have been waiting for the spiked shoe of the golfer. The hazards are mainly artificial; there are some stretches of sand, railroad embankment, and deep roads, that are tests of skill and temper; the breezy freshness of the air, the glory of the boundless expanse of downs and water, and the splendor of the sunsets, make a perfect setting for the beauty of good golfing.

Newport is a well-to-do club with a large investment in land and a tasteful club-house now in course of construction. From its site the whole course is visible, and the panorama of Narragansett Bay, with the fleet of yachts lying at anchor on one side, and of the ocean on the other, is most pleasing. It is a course of nine holes, with turf of the true golfing quality, stone wall, and artificial hazards — and a tricky



The St. Andrews Club, Yonkers, N. Y



Leg Wrappings.

quality to its putting greens which require careful approaches to save many extra strokes. Its members are enthusiastic sportsmen, who are not diverted by the giddy attractions of that favorite resort from the serious work required of a good golfer.

The Tuxedo Club has its links partly in Tuxedo Park and partly outside of it, about ten minutes' walk from the club-house. The Ramapo Hills rise abruptly a few hundred yards on either side of the course, the curve of the valley at either end making a beautiful nest, which is traversed by the Ramapo River and its tributary, the Tuxedo Brook.

There are nine holes in the course, which crosses Tuxedo Brook four times and furnishes great variety in its hazards of hills, stone walls, railroad embankments lined with blast furnace slag, apple-trees, and a combination of terrors in front of what is known as Devil's Hole, consisting of brook, bowlders, and road, which has spoiled many a score. The course is known as a "sporting links," where straight, long drives are the only hope for preserving the temper, and the hazards are such that they make glad the heart of man when surmounted, but to the beginner, are outer darkness where is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

The game was first introduced into New England by the Messrs. Hunnewell, who laid out a course on their estate at Wellesley. Since then golf clubs have sprung up as if by magic in the neighborhood of the modern Athens, a full list of which, with their characteristics, would exceed the limits of this article.

A player who has done a round at the Country Club of Brookline will have passed over various points of



Shinnecock Hills Golf Club.



Willie Dunn's Shop at Shinnecock.

avenue, steeple-chase course, race-track, polo-fields, and pigeon-shooting grounds; he will have come triumphantly through a purgatorial stone-wall jump, a sand-bunker and bastion, a water-jump, and finally a vast gravel-pit or crater, which has made many a golfing heart quail, and whose depths the great Campbell himself (the Scotch professional keeper) has not disdained to explore. As in the case of the embankments at Shinnecock, it requires but a true drive or a fair cleek shot to negotiate it; but the moral effect of these hazards is such that the true drive or the fair cleek is problematical. Stone walls, trees, ploughed fields, fences, and chasms, however, present excellent sporting requirements on a course, for variety is the spice of golf. It is difficult to picture a prettier sight on a fine golfing morning, than this course with its red-coated players, the shepherd, his dog, and his flock, in a lovely setting of undulating land, fine trees, old-fashioned colonial club-house, race-track and polo-field.

The course at the Essex County Club of Manchester-by-the-Sea, consists of eleven holes, all visible from the piazza of its pretty club-house. The hazards are nearly all natural, consisting of fences, barns, roadways, a broad valley of cleared land filled in with sand and traversed by a winding brook, which is also met and crossed at other points. The teeing-grounds and putting-greens have been made with great care, and the course will always be a popular one.

At Pride's Crossing is a private course of nine holes, laid out over the estates of several of its members. The green is mostly lawn and pleasure grounds, extending along the front of handsome summer-houses, the whole by the gifts of nature exceedingly attractive, with nothing formidable save the impossibility of driving a ball accurately through parlors and kitchens—some amateurs, however, have essayed it to the discomfiture of the ladies and servants—and a

trying bit of corn-field, which yielded a far more valuable crop of lost golf balls in the harvest-time of 1894, than of corn.

The Myopia Hunt Club of Wenham, famous in polo and hunting annals, is an admirable golfing land, with good distances, natural hazards, commanding extensive views of the adjoining country, which is dotted with fine residences and covers, where the whistle of the quail tickles the sportsman's ear, and the music of the kennelled hounds testifies to the varied sports of its members. At the last hole is a pond in whose depths lies a hidden treasure of golf-balls, and over whose surface has been wafted many a smothered and unsmothered curse. The story is told of one enthusiastic tyro who drove two or three balls into the water, and sent his caddie to the club-house for a fresh supply ; then, opening the box, he drove the whole dozen into the placid pond. Such exhibitions are common to the game, and a great relief to the surcharged heart.

The Weston Golf Club has among its officers General C. J. Paine, who, when not holding the tiller of an unconquered yacht, does not disdain the cleek and the mashie, and ex-Governor William E. Russell, an enthusiastic golfer, who has laid aside the cares of state to compete in tournaments.

The Rockaway Hunting Club, of Cedarhurst, Long Island, is a prominent club, and has a fine seaside links of nine holes. The members are enthusiastic golfers and the play is constant through the year. The hazards are sunken roads, high cedar-tree hedges and ravines. The tasteful club-house, recently completed, is well patronized both in winter and summer.



A good lie.



Enthusiasm.

In addition to these may be mentioned the Nahant Club, which has received less than all others of the gifts of nature and art, but is frequented by players who make up for its defects by their enthusiasm ; the Dedham Polo Club, the Cambridge Golf Club, and the Kebo Valley Club at Bar Harbor, the Warren Farm Golf Club, the Westchester Country Club, the Staten Island, Meadowbrook, Philadelphia Country Club, Morristown, Morris County,



The Golf Links at Tuxedo.

Tacoma Golf Club, Tacoma, Wash., and Chicago Clubs, all of which have fostered the interests of the game.

It has been played for twenty years in Canada, the Royal Montreal Golf Club being the pioneer. The course commands a fine view of the city and the St. Lawrence with the Belœil Mountain and the Vermont hills in the distance.

The course of the Quebec Golf Club is over the Plains of Abraham, and is full of historic interest. The scenery is unequalled in its grandeur, the St. Lawrence lying far below and the beautiful Isle of Orleans not far distant.

There are important and well-established clubs also at Toronto, Kingston, and Ottawa, and the number is rapidly increasing throughout the Dominion.

To prevent the friction and the uncertain results which necessarily follow from having a number of clubs each offer prizes for so-called championships, a National Association has been formed to give authority to certain meetings where, each year, the amateur and professional championships shall be played for, as in England and Scotland, the amateur championship being well guarded from professional play, while the "open" events will admit amateurs and professionals alike.

There is no Anglomania about this game in America—it has its own inherent charm. To the novice it seems the simplest of all sports, but to the expert the most complicated; to him it is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." The scoffer who speaks with a contempt not born of familiarity, or views it with assumed indifference, may assert that the game, with its system of strokes and score, will restore the unhealthy atmosphere of the croquet ground; that it will try the souls of the clergy and become the undoing of parishioners. "It is simply driving a quinine pill over a cow pasture." He may watch with a pitying and ill-disguised contempt the frantic efforts of stout elderly gentlemen to extricate a ball from a hazard, and say, as an old farmer did, who leaned over the fence and smiled placidly at a perspiring banker, "Don't you think you are pretty big for that little marble?"—yet he cannot stay its triumphant progress.

Jeers at the paraphernalia of the game have some justification. Red coats are not becoming to the American landscape, and on a warm July day are fairly distressing; the various wrappings with which some men adorn their legs, as for defence against whin gorse and "fog," which we have not, are suggestive of ornament rather than utility, and excite laughter in the cynical observer; but such criticism is the veriest dalliance. From the moment one of the Phil-



The Drive.

istines essays a stroke, and by accident makes a fair drive from a tee, his conversion is assured, he has gone through all the phases, and learned "to endure, then pity, then embrace;" the game then becomes dangerously near being interesting; henceforth he will strive persistently, in season and out of season, to show "the golf that is in him;" he will regret the neglected opportunities of his youth, and the disease which has no microbe and no cure is chronic and seated on him for life. Henceforward he will adopt the motto of the Hittormissit Club, "Drive it if you can, club it if you will, kick it if you must."

The game illustrates the analytical and philosophical character of the Scotch mind. In it muscle and mind, hand, ball and eye, each play a part, and all must be in perfect accord. Some of its fascinations lie in its difficulties—there are twenty-two different rules to remember in making a drive; some golfers write them on their wristbands, others have them repeated by their caddies at the beginning of their stroke; one enthusiast, after painfully obtaining the proper position, had himself built into a frame, which thereafter was carried about to each teeing ground, that he might be sure of his form. The loose, slashing style known as the St. Andrew's swing, in which the player seems to twist his body into an imitation of the Laocoön, and then suddenly to uncoil, is the perfection of art. It is a swing and not a hit; the ball is met



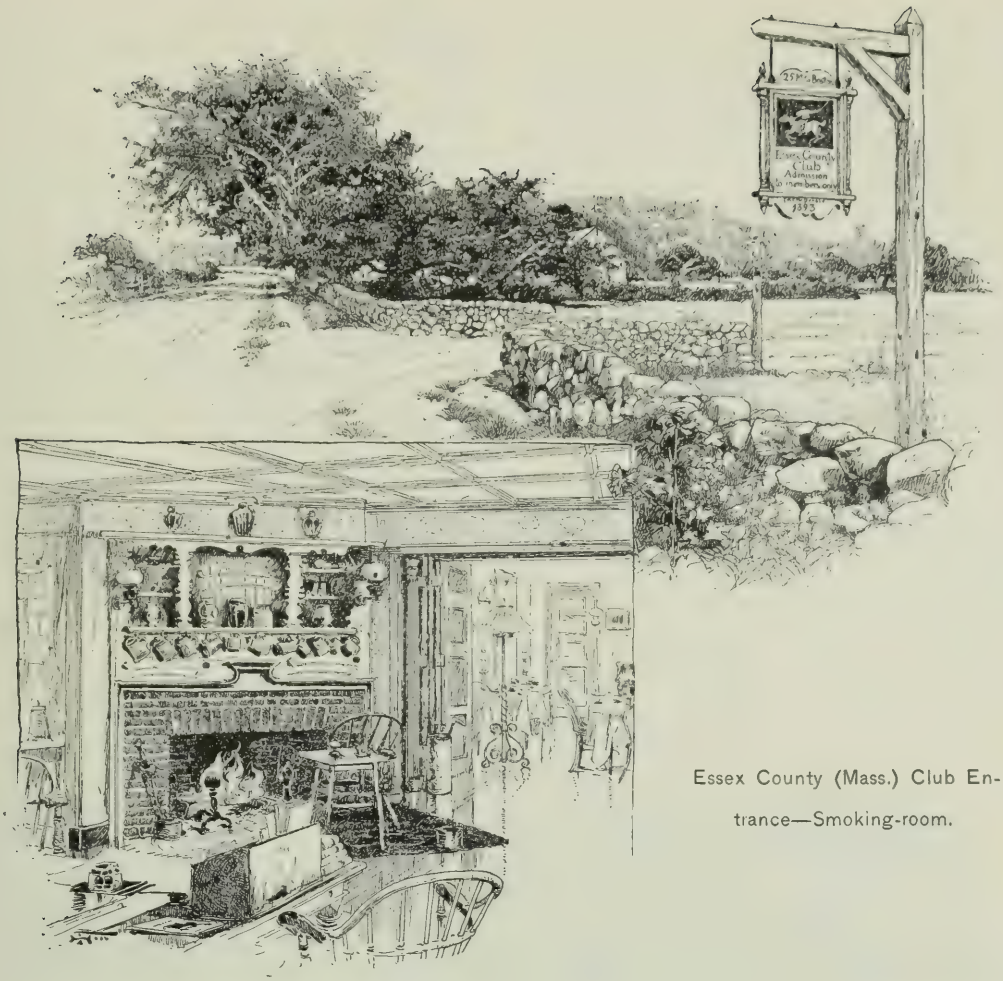
Uncertain Arithmetic.

at a certain point and swept away with apparent abandon, the driver following the ball, and finishing with a swing over the shoulder in what is almost a complete circle. A jerk is an abomination; the true motion requires a gradual acceleration of speed, with muscles flexible, save that the lower hand should have a tight grip on the stick—a swing like "an auld wife cutting hay;" if this does not convey the idea, "Eh, man, just take and throw your club at the ba'." Oh! the careless ease of that swing and the beautiful far-reaching results that fol low! But be not deceived, over-confident beginner, wise in your own conceit; a topped ball that rolls harmlessly a few yards, or some practical agriculture with perhaps a broken driver, or a wrench that follows a fruitless blow, will be your reward, if you venture to imitate that dashing, insolent, fearless stroke, which seems so easy because it is the very perfection of art and crown of skill. It is but the fruit of a life spent club in hand, for the best golfer, like the oyster, is caught young.

The recognized styles of the drive are as varied as the players, a fact attributed by golfers to the errors of greatness, easy to imitate, but dangerous without the genius to turn them to good account. An admirer of a famous Scotch champion declared, as a result of patient and anxious observation at the end of a round, that the great player had every fault at golf that he himself had been taught to avoid; genius, however, is not trammelled by rules, and the greatest



The Brookline, Mass., Country Club.



Essex County (Mass.) Club Entrance—Smoking-room.

players have always adapted their game to their anatomical configuration.

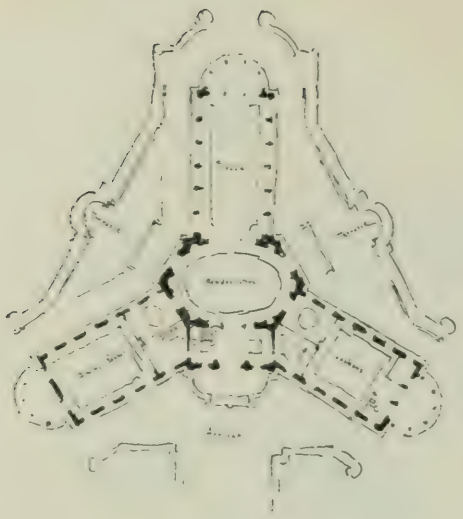
In addition to the recognized styles of famous golfers there are swings of diverse and wonderful grotesqueness—the "Pig-tail" style, the "Headsman," the "Pendulum," the "Recoil," the "Hammerhurling," the "Double-jointed," the "Surprise," and the "Disappointment"—whose respective names are in a measure their explanation, the last-named not being applicable to the state of mind of the player, as one might suppose, but to that of the spectator, who finds that a faulty style in the beginning of a swing may often result in as clean a stroke as one could wish. These styles have been characteristic of famous golfers, and with all of them the ball starts low-flying from the club, skims like a swallow's rise as the initial velocity begins to diminish, continues in its career for two hundred yards, and drops to the ground as gently as a bird alights.

But who shall tell of the unrecognized styles, the hooking, slicing, heeling, toeing, foozling of the would-be golfer in his game of eternal hope and everlasting despair, of bright anticipation tempered by experience, playing as if he owned the green instead of using it, cutting out divots of turf, ploughing the waste places, larding the lean earth as he walks along, plunging down the escarpments of a hazard, and keeping the recording angel busy during his sojourn there, driving into those in front, and passed on the green by succeeding players—

> "While those behind cry forward
> And those before cry back."

Let kindly forgetfulness draw a veil over this stage of his career.

The drive, however, as many insist, is but the prelude, and, therefore, the least important of the shots. It passes



of these ; then must you choose whether to run the ball up along the ground and risk the irregularities of turf and soil, or loft with accurate judgment, and pitch the ball dead on to the elevation, so reaching the putting-green where you would be. To see a finished artist at this work is a sight that lingers long in the memory—his glance to measure the distance and assure himself of the direction, the momentary rest of the club behind the ball, the knuckling over of the body toward the hole, the cross-cutting downward stroke with its clean blow, and then the tri-



WHITNEY WARREN, ARCH.

One of the Façades of the Newport Golf Club-house.

The distinctive feature of this Club-house, as shown by the plan, is that it is divided into three parts. One is given over to the dining-room, kitchen, and servants' quarters ; another to dressing and locker-rooms ; and the third to the social or general club features—the three wings being joined by an elliptical hall—the rendezvous.

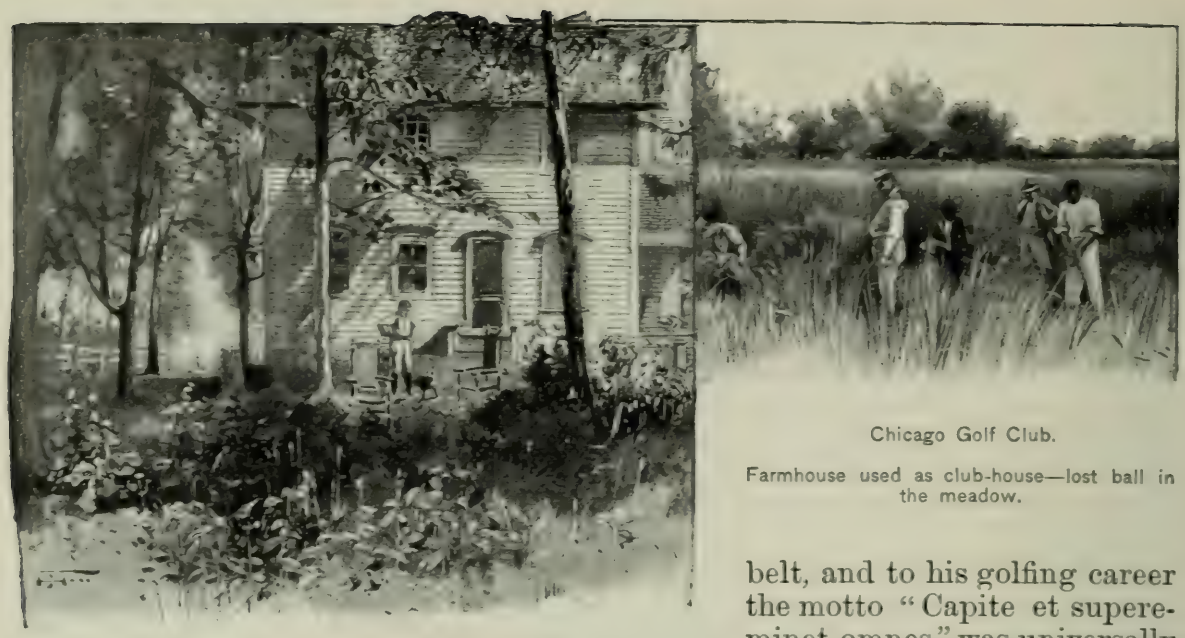
many a pitfall, reduces the dangers that lurk in cuppy lies, bastion bunkers, pit bunkers, and hazards, but the approach shots in playing "through the green" are a test of skill, nerve, and temper, and cut a greater figure in the score than the drive from the teeing-ground. The term "approach shot," in its common acceptation, conveys the idea of a stroke played with the iron with something less than the full swing, and involves differences in distance, elevation, and style. Then comes in the nice judgment as to three-quarter shots, half-shots, and wrist shots to cover the distance, the straight forward stroke, or the cut in making any umph as the ball pitches with its reverse "English" on to the ground far short of the distance the unpractised eye would have measured, and grips into the earth as if with inanimate intent to save the player any unnecessary trouble in holeing out. Even though one may know nothing of its difficulties by experience, he grasps intuitively an enlarged idea of the merits of the game ; but to a player the success of such a shot, made with a clear purpose, gives the same exquisite thrill of ecstasy as a two-lengths lead in a boat-race or the strike of a three-pound trout. On the putting-green the work seems easier—indeed, a scoffing onlooker once

said he could hole the ball with his umbrella, and did; but there is as much nicety of judgment, accuracy of eye, and delicacy of execution in this stage as in any other part of the game. The approach putt brings you near the hole; then should come a careful survey of the ground with objects to guide the eye on the line, which will be facilitated by diligent practice on the drawing-room carpet; a rest of the putter for a moment behind the ball, near the right foot, the forearm resting against the leg, a following pendulum-like swing of the club, without a jerk, and the ball will roll as if in a groove to its appointed resting-place.

It would be wise for a tyro not to watch a professional match until he has made a trial himself. "Can you play the violin?" a boy was asked. "I don't know," he replied, "I never tried;" and the novice at golf, to whom it all looks so easy, would probably make the same answer. When from actual experience he has learned its difficulties, when modesty and humility have entered into his soul, when he has tired his brain with diagrams and rules in books of instruction, with their nice distinction between an upward swing and a lift, and a downward swing and a hit, and complicated formulæ for every kind of club or iron in every kind of lie on the course, when he has had burned into his memory, as with a red-hot cleek, the five injunctions of the golfer's Koran, "Slow back;" "Keep your eye on the ball;" "Don't aim too long;" "Aim to pitch to the left of the hole," and "Be up"—then let him with meek heart and due reverence follow Willie Dunn and Willie Campbell in a match-play over a round of eigh-



On the green.



Chicago Golf Club.

Farmhouse used as club-house—lost ball in the meadow.

teen holes, and take an object-lesson in the art which he has labored so painfully and fruitlessly to acquire; then will his respect for skill, patience in play, judgment in the selection of the proper club, and nerve in critical moments, rise proportionately to the descent of his own self-conceit; and his vaulting ambition for a record as a golfer will receive a spur that may help him to acquire it.

The game is too young in America to have developed players of remarkable note, though creditable records have been made; but coming years may cast the halo of championships on heads now young that shall link their names with Allan Robertson, old Tom Morris, Anderson, the Parks, Dunns, Piries, Straths, and Kirks of a previous generation who made history in the golfing world, and with that of "poor young Tommy," as he is always affectionately called, the son of the famous old keeper at St. Andrews, whose play was so incomparable that, although he died at the early age of twenty-four, he was the most formidable golfer of his time. At twenty he had three times won in succession the championship belt, and to his golfing career the motto "Capite et supereminet omnes" was universally accorded.

It is one of the traditions of these great players at St. Andrews, that it was their guiding principle never to make a bad shot, an easy theory to enunciate, but the great army of amateurs who with heart-breaking efforts have striven to



"Four strokes at the bunker and not over yet."

rise to that standard, and the record of their topped balls, broken clubs, misses and foozles at critical stages in a match, can bear witness to the difficulty of reducing it satisfactorily to practice. The merit of these fine golfers was that their play was sure—as they played to-day so they would play to-morrow; there was nothing unequal in them, no wavering, no unexpected breaking down at a moment when the championship might depend upon a single stroke. They have been known to play ninety consecutive holes without one bad shot or one stroke made otherwise than as it was intended; and it was this dead level of steadiness under all chances of hazards and bad lies, and all conditions of cold, wet, wind, or snow, as in young Tom Morris's last famous match before his death, that placed them in the front rank of golfers.



Fore!

The true golfer is critical of lucky strokes or flukes; in his estimation they are as discreditable as bad ones; certainty and precision is his standard, and his comment in broad Scotch, the real golf language, after a bad shot by a good player, calculated to draw applause from ignorant bystanders, would probably be "My, but yon was a lucky yin, bad play—didna desairve it." George Glennie, a famous player whose purism was proverbial, once in a "foursome" drove his ball into a burn; his partner wading in with boots and stockings, took the ball on the wing with his niblic, as it floated down, and laid it dead at the hole. "Well, what about that stroke?" said his partner to the sage, who had preserved unyielding silence. "No golf at a'"—then, in a soliloquy, as he advanced to the teeing-ground, "just monkey's tricks."

The game can be played in company or alone. Robinson Crusoe on his island, with his man Friday as a caddie, could have realized the golfer's dream of perfect happiness—a fine day, a good course, and a clear green; if Henry VIII. had cultivated the more delicate emotions by taking to the links of the Knuckle Club, he might have saved his body from the gout and his name from the contempt of posterity; he might have dismissed the sittings of the Divorce Court and gone to play a foursome with Cromwell, Wolsey, and the papal legate; and all the abbey lands which fell to the nobles would have been converted into golfing greens by the fiat of the royal golfer. He might with Francis have established a record on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Such a game would have cemented their friendship, for the man with a keen love of golfing in his heart is more than the devotee of an idle sport, he is a man of spiritual perceptions and keen sympathies. As a teacher of self-discipline the game is invaluable. The player is always trying to get the better of the game, and, as Allan Robertson said, "The game is aye fechtin' against ye."

The fascinations of golf can only be learned by experience. It is difficult to explain them. It has its humorous and its serious side. It can be begun



Playing as if he owned the green.

as soon as you can walk, and once begun it is continued as long as you can see. The very nature of the exercise gives length of days. Freedom of movement, swing of shoulder, and that suppleness of which the glory had departed, all return to the enthusiast. He has a confidence in his own ability which is sublime, because it is justified by performance, and that self-control which chafes the ordinary adversary.

His sense of the ultimate purpose and the true proportions of his existence is unruffled, whether he views life from the exaltation of a two-hundred yard drive on to the hill, or the lowest heel-mark in the deepest sand-pit on the course; while the feelings of momentary success or depression which so possess the souls of weaker men, pass over him with no more influence than the flight of birds. His soul is so wrapped in the harmony of earth and sky and the glory of the game, that no buffets of fortune can come at him.

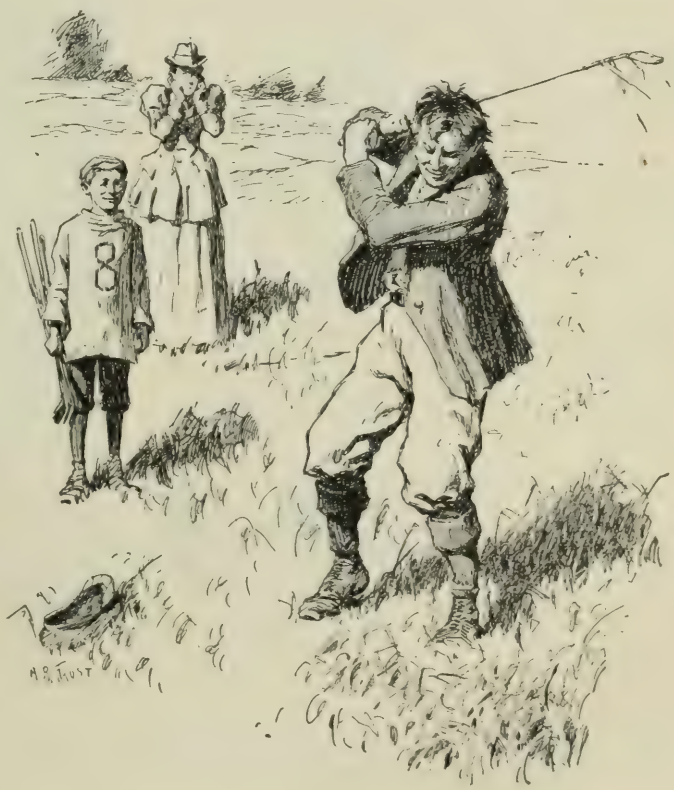
This is what makes it a tonic to the



Wasted time.

nerves, while the temper goes through a personally conducted tour, beginning with impatience and ending with complete equanimity. Egotism is powerless to excuse a fault, for that can lie only with the player himself. He cannot vent his fury upon his opponent, even though a tree opportunely situated may land a ball on the green, while his own flies hopelessly into the woods; for the game is born in the purple of equable temper and courtesy, and the golfer's expletives must be directed against his own lack of skill, or lies, or hazards, and the luck and vengeance must light, and often do, on the unoffending clubs, even to their utter extermination. To the language with which every golf course is strewn, differing more in form than in substance, from the "Tut, tut, tut" of the ecclesiastic to the more sulphurous exclamation of the layman, the divine quality of forgiveness must be extended; but as it is a compliment to call a man a "dour" player, it seems to be recognized that the characteristic of all language in golf should be its brevity. The difficulty of contending with an uncertain temper in others is nothing as compared with ruling our own, and the dust and bad language that rise from the depths of a bunker emphasize the truth of the words of Holy Writ, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;" but yet it is certain that he who hath not lost his temper can never play golf.

Golfers as a rule are an exceptionally honest race of men, but uncertain arithmetic is occasionally encountered on the green. "I aim to tell the truth," said one; "Well, you are a very bad shot," was the reply, and there is often an area of low veracity about a bunker. Accuracy is a cardinal virtue in the game, and a kindly judgment may attribute such errors to forgetfulness; but as the chief pleasure is to beat your own record for your own satisfaction, and as this form of deception makes real progress continually more difficult, for the discount is always in



Temper.

your path, the man of treacherous memory gets small comfort out of his duplicity.

With the development of the game comes the development of the caddie, who is one of its principal adjuncts. In America he is still the small boy with no special peculiarities to distinguish him from others. In Scotland he is as much of an institution as the player himself. He has grown up on the links, and is the guide, counsellor, and friend of the player, whose clubs he carries. One of his principal qualifications there is that he should be able to conceal his contempt for your game. He is ready with advice, reproof, criticism, and sympathy, always interested, ready at critical times with the appropriate club, and, if need be, with the appropriate comment. He is anxious for the success of his side as if he were one of the players. His caustic remarks are borne with equanimity, and his contemptuous criticisms with the submission they deserve.



A foozle.

The relation of the fairer part of creation to golf varies between that of a "golfer's widow" and that of a champion. Singleness of thought, concentration of purpose, quietude of manner, are essential in the game, and the expert golfer, whose tender mercies are ever cruel, will unhesitatingly cry "Fore" to the flutter of a golf cape or the tinkle of light feminine conversation, so distracting by reason of the natural gallantry of man. In the words of a promising young golfer, who found it hard to decide between flirtation and playing the game, "It's all very pleasant, but it isn't business." But the sincerity of their enthusiasm is so apparent, and their adaptability to the nicer points of the game so great that there are few clubs now where they are not firmly established, and where a man who has finished a hard day's play cannot take pleasure in an aftermath of tea and blandishments.



A clean miss.

Health, happiness, and "a spirit with a' the world content," lie on the golfing ground. The game is a leveller of rank and station. King and commoner, noble and peasant, played on equal terms in days gone by, and rich and poor, clever and dull, are "like as they lie" when matched in skill.

"There's naething like a ticht-gudegowing mautch to soop yer brain clear o' troubles and trials." It is so fostered by companionship and wrapped about with the joys of friendship, that he who



Topped.

has his soul's friend for his golfing mate is on fortune's cap the very button. With such company, when the November wind streams down the course, whipping out our little clouds of breath into streamers, we can stride over our eighteen holes with the keen joy of living that comes at intervals to the tired worker. And then, oh! weary soul, what joys await the faithful! The putting off of mud-caked shoes, the brisk plunge or shower-bath, and the warm glow thereafter; the immaculate shirt-front that crackles at your touch, the glad joy of dinner and the utter relaxation of content, "with just a wee drappie of guid Scotch to follow."

The poet, scorning the material things of life and the pursuit of wealth, sings thus:

"But thou, O silent mother, wise, immortal,
To whom our toil is laughter, take, Divine One,
This vanity away, and to thy lover
Give what is needful,
A stanch heart, nobly calm, averse to evil,
The purer sky to breathe, the sea, the mountain,
A well-born gentle friend, his spirit's brother,
Ever beside him."

Mr. Santayana should go a-golfing.



THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Scene I

IT was an August evening, still and cloudy after a day unusually chilly for the time of year. Now, about sunset, the temperature was warmer than it had been in the morning, and the departing sun was forcing its way through the clouds, breaking up their level masses into delicate lattice-work of golds and grays. The last radiant light was on the wheat-fields under the hill, and on the long chalk hill itself. Against that glowing background lay the village, already engulfed by the advancing shadow. All the nearer trees, which the daylight had mingled in one green monotony, stood out sharp and distinct, each in its own plane, against the hill. Each natural object seemed to gain a new accent, a more individual beauty, from the vanishing and yet lingering sunlight.

An elderly laborer was walking along the road which led to the village. To his right lay the allotment gardens just beginning to be alive with figures, and the voices of men and children. Beyond them, far ahead, rose the square tower of the church ; to his left was the hill, and straight in front of him the village, with its veils of smoke lightly brushed over the trees, and its lines of cottages climbing the chalk steeps behind it. His eye as he walked took in a number of such facts as life had trained it to notice. Once he stopped to bend over a fence, to pluck a stalk or two of oats ; he examined them carefully, then he threw back his head and sniffed the air, looking all round the sky meanwhile. Yes, the season had been late and harsh, but the fine weather was coming at last. Two or three days' warmth now would ripen even the oats, let alone the wheat.

Well, he was glad. He wanted the harvest over. It would, perhaps, be his last harvest at Clinton Magna, where he had worked, man and boy, for fifty-six years come Michaelmas. His last harvest! A curious pleasure stirred the man's veins as he thought of it, a pleasure in expected change, which seemed to bring back the pulse of youth, to loosen a little the yoke of those iron years that had perforce aged and bent him ; though, for sixty-two, he was still hale and strong.

Things had all come together. Here was "Muster" Hill, the farmer he had worked for these seventeen years, dying of a sudden, with a carbuncle on the neck, and the farm to be given up at Michaelmas. He—John Bolderfield—had been working on for the widow ; but, in his opinion, she was "nobbut a caselty sort of body," and the sooner she and her children were taken off to Barnet, where they were to live with her mother, the less she'd cost them as had the looking after her. As for the crops, they wouldn't pay the debts ; not they. And there was no one after the farm—"nary one"—and didn't seem like to be. That would make another farm on Muster Forrest's hands. Well, and a good job. Landlords must be "took down ;" and there was plenty of work going on the railway just now for those that were turned off.

He was too old for the railway, though, and he might have found it hard to get fresh work if he had been staying at Clinton. But he was not staying. Poor Eliza wouldn't last more than a few days ; a week or two at most, and he was not going to keep on the cottage after he'd buried her.

Aye, poor Eliza! She was his sister-in-law, the widow of his second brother. He had been his brother's lodger during the greater part of his working life, and since Tom's death he had stayed on with Eliza. She and he suited each other, and the "worritin' childer" had all gone away years since and left them in peace. He didn't believe Eliza knew

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where any of them were, except Mary, "married over to Luton"—and Jim, and Jim's Louisa. And a good riddance too. There was not one of them knew how to keep a shilling when they'd got one. Still, it was a bit lonesome for Eliza now, with no one but Jim's Louisa to look after her.

He grew rather down-hearted as he trudged along, thinking. She and he had stuck together "a many year." There would be nobody left for him to go along with when she was gone. There was his niece Bessie Costrell and her husband, and there was his silly old cousin Widow Waller. He dared say they'd both of them want him to live with them. At the thought a grin crossed his ruddy face. They both knew about *it*—that was what it was. And he wouldn't live with either of them, not he. Not yet a bit, anyway. All the same he had a fondness for Bessie and her husband. Bessie was always very civil to *him*—he chuckled again—and if anything had to be done with *it*, while he was five miles off at Frampton on a job of work that had been offered him, he didn't know but he'd as soon trust Isaac Costrell and Bessie as anybody else. You might call Isaac rather a fool, what with his religion, and "extemp'ry prayin', an' that," but all the same Bolderfield thought of him with a kind of uneasy awe. If ever there was a man secure of the next world it was Isaac Costrell. His temper, perhaps, was "nassty," which might pull him down a little when the last account came to be made up; and it could not be said that his elder children had come to much, for all his piety. But, on the whole, Bolderfield only wished he stood as well with the powers talked about in chapel every Sunday as Isaac did.

As for Bessie, she had been a wasteful woman all her life, with never a bit of money put by, and never a good dress to her back. But, "Lor' bless yer, there was a many worse folk nor Bessie." She wasn't one of your sour people—she could make you laugh; she had a merry heart. Many a pleasant evening had he passed chatting with her and Isaac; and whenever they cooked anything good there was always a bite for him. Yes, Bessie had been a good niece to him; and if he trusted anyone he dared say he'd trust them.

"Well, how's Eliza, Muster Bolderfield?" said a woman who passed him in the village street.

He replied, and then went his way, sobered again, dreading to find himself at the cottage once more, and in the stuffy upper room with the bed and the dying woman. Yet he was not really sad, not here at least, out in the air and the sun. There was always a thought in his mind, a fact in his consciousness, which stood between him and sadness. It had so stood for a long, long time. He walked through the village to-night in spite of Eliza and his sixty years with a free bearing and a confident glance to right and left. He knew, and the village knew, that he was not as other men.

He passed the village green with its pond, and began to climb a lane leading to the hill. Half way up stood two cottages sideways. Phloxes and marigolds grew untidily about their doorways, and straggly roses, starved a little by the chalk soil, looked in at their latticed windows. They were, however, comparatively modern and comfortable, with two bedrooms above and two living rooms below, far superior to the older and more picturesque cottages in the main street.

John went in softly, put down his straw dinner-bag, and took off his heavy boots. Then he opened a door in the wall of the kitchen, and gently climbed the stairs.

A girl was sitting by the bed. When she saw his whitish head and red face emerge against the darkness of the stair-hole, she put up her finger for silence.

John crept in and came to look at the patient. His eyes grew round and staring, his color changed.

"Is she a-goin'?" he said, with evident excitement.

Jim's Louisa shook her head. She was rather a stupid girl, heavy and round-faced, but she had nursed her grandmother well.

"No, she's asleep. Muster Drew's been here, and she dropped off while he was a-talkin' to her."

Mr. Drew was the Congregational minister.

"Did she send for him?"

"Yes; she said she felt her feet a-gettin' cold and I must run. But I don't believe she's no worse."

John stood looking down, ruefully. Suddenly the figure in the bed turned.

"John," said a comparatively strong voice which made Bolderfield start, "John — Muster Drew says you'd oughter put it in the bank. You'll be a fool if yer don't, 'ee says."

The old woman's pinched face emerged from the sheets, looking up at him. Bluish patches showed here and there on the drawn white skin; there was a great change since the morning, but the eyes were still alive.

John was silent a moment, one corner of his mouth twitching, as though what she had said struck him in a humorous light.

"Well, I don't know as I mind much what 'ee says, 'Liza!"

"Sit down."

She made a movement with her emaciated hand. John sat down on the chair Louisa gave up to him, and bent down over the bed.

"If yer woan't do — what Muster Drew says, John—whatever *wull* yer do with it?"

She spoke slowly, but clearly. John scratched his head. His complexion had evidently been very fair. It was still fresh and pink, and the full cheek hung a little over the jaw. The mouth was shrewd, but its expression was oddly contradicted by the eyes, which had on the whole a childish, weak look.

"I think yer must leave it to me, 'Liza," he said at last. "I'll do all for the best."

"No—yer'll not, John," said the dying voice. "You'd a done a many stupid things — if I 'adn't stopped yer. An' I'm a-goin'. You'll never leave it wi' Bessie?"

"An who 'ud yer 'ave me leave it with? Ain't Bessie my own sister's child?"

An emaciated hand stole out of the bed-clothes and fastened feebly on his arm.

"If yer do, John, yer'll repent it. Yer never were a good one at judgin' folk. Yer doan't consider nothin'—an' I'm a-goin'. Leave it with Saunders, John."

There was a pause. Then John said, with an obstinate look,

"Saunders 'as never been a friend o' mine, since 'ee did me out o' that bit o' business with Missus Molesey. An' I don't mean to go makin' friends with him again."

Eliza withdrew her hand with a long sigh, and her eyelids closed. A fit of coughing shook her; she had to be lifted in bed, and it left her gasping and deathly. John was sorely troubled, and not only for himself. When she was more at ease again, he stooped to her and put his mouth to her ear.

"'Liza, don't yer think no more about it. Did Mr. Drew read to yer? Are yer comfortable in yer mind?"

She made a sign of assent, which showed, however, no great interest in the subject. There was silence for a long time. Louisa was getting supper downstairs. John, oppressed by the heat of the room and tired by his day's work, had almost fallen asleep in his chair, when the old woman spoke again.

"John—what 'ud you think o' Mary Anne Waller!"

The whisper was still human and eager.

John roused himself, and could not help an astonished laugh.

"Why, whatever put Mary Anne into your head, 'Liza? Yer never thought anythink o' Mary Anne—no more than me."

Eliza's eyes wandered round the room.

"P'r'aps——" she said, then stopped, and could say no more. She seemed to become unconscious, and John went to call for Louisa.

In the middle of the night John woke with a start, and sat up to listen. Not a sound — but they would have called him if the end had come. He could not rest, however, and presently he huddled on some clothes and went to listen at Eliza's door. It was ajar, and hearing nothing he pushed it open.

Poor Eliza lay in her agony, unconscious, and breathing heavily. Beside her sat the widow, Mary Anne Waller, and Louisa, motionless too, their heads bent. There was an end of candle in a basin behind the bed, which threw cir-

cles of wavering light over the coarse whitewash of the roof and on the cards and faded photographs above the tiny mantel-piece.

John crept up to the bed. The two women made a slight movement to let him stand between them.

"Can't yer give her no brandy?" he asked, whispering.

Mary Anne Waller shook her head.

"Dr. Murch said we weren't to trouble her. She'll go when the light comes—most like."

She was a little shrivelled woman with a singularly delicate mouth, that quivered as she spoke. John and Eliza Bolderfield had never thought much of her, though she was John's cousin. She was a widow, and greatly "put upon" both by her children and her neighbors. Her children were grown up, and settled —more or less—in the world, but they still lived on her freely whenever it suited them; and in the village generally she was reckoned but a poor creature.

However, when Eliza — originally a hard, strong woman—took to her bed with incurable disease, Mary Anne Waller came in to help, and was accepted. She did everything humbly; she even let Louisa order her about. But before the end, Eliza had come to be restless when she was not there.

Now, however, Eliza knew no more, and the little widow sat gazing at her with the tears on her cheeks. John, too, felt his eyes wet.

But after half-an-hour, when there was still no change, he was turning away to go back to bed, when the widow touched his arm.

"Won't yer give her a kiss, John?" she said, timidly. "She wor a good sister to you."

John, with a tremor, stooped, and clumsily did as he was told—the first time in his life he had ever done so for Mary Anne. Then, stepping as noiselessly as he could on his bare feet, he hurried away. A man shares nothing of that yearning attraction which draws women to a death-bed as such. Instead, John felt a sudden sickness at his heart. He was thankful to find himself in his own room again, and thought with dread of having to go back — for the end. In spite of his still vigorous and stalwart body he was often plagued with nervous fears and fancies. And it was years now since he had seen death —he had indeed carefully avoided seeing it.

Gradually, however, as he sat on the edge of his bed in the summer dark, the new impression died away, and something habitual took its place—that shielding, solacing thought, which was in truth all the world to him, and was going to make up to him for Eliza's death, for getting old, and the lonesomeness of a man without chick or child. He would have felt unutterably forlorn and miserable, he would have shrunk trembling from the shapes of death and pain that seemed to fill the darkness, but for this fact, this defence, this treasure, that set him apart from his fellows and gave him this proud sense of superiority, of a good time coming in spite of all. Instinctively, as he sat on the bed, he pushed his bare foot backward till his heel touched a wooden object that stood underneath. The contact cheered him at once. He ceased to think about Eliza, his head was once more full of whirling plans and schemes.

The wooden object was a box that held his money, the savings of a laborer's lifetime. Seventy-one pounds! It seemed to him an ocean of gold, never to be exhausted. The long toil of saving it was almost done. After the Frampton job, he would begin enjoying it, cautiously at first, taking a bit of work now and again, and then a bit of holiday.

All the savor of life was connected for him with that box. His mind ran over the constant excitements of the many small loans he had made from it to his relations and friends. A shilling in the pound interest—he had never taken less and he had never asked more. He had only lent to people he knew well, people in the village whom he could look after, and seldom for a term longer than three months, for to be parted from his money at all gave him physical pain. He had once suffered great anxiety over a loan to his eldest brother of thirty pounds. But in the end James had paid it all back.

He could still feel tingling through him the passionate joy with which he had counted out the recovered sovereigns, with the extra three half-sovereigns of interest.

Muster Drew indeed! John fell into an angry inward argument against his suggestion of the savings bank. It was an argument he had often rehearsed, often declaimed, and at bottom it all came to this—without that box under his bed, his life would have sunk to dulness and decrepitude; he would have been merely a pitiful and lonely old man. He had neither wife nor children, all for the hoard's sake; but while the hoard was there, to be handled any hour, he regretted nothing. Besides, there was the peasant's rooted distrust of offices, and paper transactions, of any routine that checks his free will and frightens his inexperience. He was still eagerly thinking when the light began to flood into his room, and before he could compose himself to sleep the women called him.

But he shed no more tears. He saw Eliza die, his companion of forty years, and hardly felt it. What troubled him all through the last scene was the thought that now he should never know why she was so set against "Bessie's 'avin' it."

Scene II

It was, indeed, the general opinion in Clinton Magna that John Bolderfield—or "Borrofull," as the village pronounced it—took his sister-in-law's death too lightly. The women especially pronounced him a hard heart. Here was "poor Eliza" gone, Eliza who had kept him decent and comfortable for forty years, ever since he was a lad, and he could go about whistling, and—to talk to him—as gay as a lark! Yet John contributed handsomely to the burial expenses—Eliza having already, through her burial club, provided herself with a more than regulation interment; and he gave Jim's Louisa her mourning. Nevertheless these things did not avail. It was felt instinctively that he was not beaten down as he ought to have been, and Mrs. Saunders, the smith's wife, was applauded when she said to her neighbors that "you couldn't expeck a man with John Bolderfield's money to have as many feelin's as other people." Whence it would seem that the capitalist is no more truly popular in small societies than in large.

John, however, did not trouble himself about these things. He was hard at work harvesting for Muster Hill's widow, and puzzling his head day and night as to what to do with his box.

When the last field had been carried and the harvest supper was over, he came home late, and wearied out. His working life at Clinton Magna was done; and the family he had worked for so long was broken up in distress and poverty. Yet he felt only a secret exultation. Such toil and effort behind—such a dream-land in front!

Next day he set to work to wind up his affairs. The furniture of the cottage was left to Eliza's son Jim, and the daughter had arranged for the carting of it to the house twelve miles off where her parents lived. She was to go with it on the morrow, and John would give up the cottage and walk over to Frampton, where he had already secured a lodging.

Only twenty-four hours! — and he had not yet decided. Which was it to be—Saunders after all—or the savings bank—or Bessie?

He was cording up his various possessions — a medley lot — in different parcels and bundles when Bessie Costrell knocked at the door. She had already offered to stow away anything he might like to leave with her.

"Well, I thought you'd be busy," she said, as she walked in, "an' I came up to lend a hand. Is them the things you're goin' to leave me to take care on?"

John nodded.

"Field's cart, as takes Louisa's things to-morrer, is a-goin' to deliver these at your place first. They're more nor I thought they would be. But you can put 'em anywheres."

"Oh, I'll see to them."

She sat down and watched him tie the knots of the last parcel.

"There's some people as is real ill-natured," she said, presently, in an angry voice.

"Aye?" said John, looking up sharply. "What are they sayin' now?"

"It's Muster Saunders. 'Ee's allus sayin' nassty things about other folks. An' there'd be plenty of fault to be found with 'im, if onybody was to try. An' Sally Saunders eggs him on dreadful."

Saunders was the village smith, a tall, brawny man, of great size and corresponding wisdom, who had been the village arbiter and general councillor for a generation. There was not a will made in Clinton Magna that he did not advise upon; not a bit of conscientious business that he had not a share in; not a family history that he did not know. His probity was undisputed; his ability was regarded with awe; but as he had a sharp tongue and was no respecter of persons, there was, of course, an opposition.

John took a seat on the wooden box he had just been cording, and mopped his brow. His full cheeks were crimson, partly with exertion, partly with sudden annoyance.

"What's 'ee been sayin' now? Though it doan't matter a brass farthin' to me what 'ee says."

"He says you 'aven't got no proper feelin's about poor Eliza, an' you'd ought to have done a great deal more for Louisa. But 'ee says you allus were a mean one with your money—an' you knew that *'ee* knew it—for 'ee'd stopped you takin' an unfair advantage more nor once. An' 'ee didn't believe as your money would come to any good; for now Eliza was gone you wouldn't know how to take care on it."

John's eyes flamed.

"Oh! 'ee says that, do 'ee? Well, Saunders wor allus a beast—an' a beast 'ee'll be."

He sat with his chin on his large, dirty hands, ruminating furiously.

It was quite true that Saunders had thwarted him more than once. There was old Mrs. Moulsey at the shop, when she wanted to buy those cottages in Potter's Row — and there was Sam Field, the higgler—both of them would have borrowed from him if Saunders hadn't cooled them off. Saunders said it was a Jew's interest he was asking—because there was security — but he wasn't going to accept a farthing less than his shilling a pound for three months—not he! So they might take it or leave it. And Mrs. Moulsey got hers from the Building Society, and Sam Field made shift to go without. And John Bolderfield was three pounds poorer that quarter than he need have been — all along of Saunders. And now Saunders was talking "agen him" like this—blast him!

"Oh, an' then he went on," pursued Bessie, with gusto, "about your bein' too ignorant to put it in the post-office. 'Ee said you'd think Edwards would go an' spend it" (Edwards was the postmaster), "an' then he laughed fit to split 'imself. Yer couldn't see more nor the length of your own nose, he said—it was edication *you* wanted. As for 'im, 'ee said, 'ee'd have kep' it for you if you'd asked him, but you'd been like a bear with a sore 'ead, 'ee said, ever since Mrs. Moulsey's affair—so 'ee didn't suppose you would."

"Well, 'ee's about right there," said John, grimly; "'ee's talkin' sense for onst when 'ee says that. I'd dig a hole in the hill and bury it sooner nor I'd trust it to 'im—I would, by ——" he swore vigorously. "A thievin' set of magpies is all them Saunders—cadgin, 'ere and cadgin' there."

He spoke with fierce contempt, the tacit hatred of years leaping to sight. Bessie's bright brown eyes looked at him with sympathy.

"It was just his nassty spite," she said. "He knew *'ee* could never ha' done it—not what you've done—out o' your wages. Not unless 'ee got Sally to tie 'im to the dresser with ropes so as 'ee couldn't go a-near the 'Spotted Deer 'no more!"

She laughed like a merry child at her own witticism, and John relished it, too, though he was not in a laughing mood.

"Why," continued Bessie with enthusiasm, "it was Muster Drew as said to me the other afternoon, as we was walkin' 'ome from the churchyard, says 'ee, 'Mrs. Costrell, I call it splendid what's John's done — I *do*,' 'ee says. 'A laborer on fifteen shillin's a week —why, it's an example to the county,' 'ee says. 'Ee ought to be showed.'"

John's face relaxed. The temper and

obstinacy in the eyes began to yield to the weak complacency which was their more normal expression.

There was silence for a minute or two. Bessie sat with her hands on her lap and her face turned toward the open door. Beyond the cherry-red phloxes outside it, the ground fell rapidly to the village, rising again beyond the houses to a great stubble-field, newly shorn. Gleaners were already in the field, their bent figures casting sharp shadows on the golden upland, and the field itself stretched upward to a great wood that lay folded round the top of a spreading hill. To the left, beyond the hill, a wide plain travelled into the sunset, its level spaces cut by the scrawled elms and hedgerows of the nearer landscape. The beauty of it all —the beauty of an English midland— was of a modest and measured sort, depending chiefly on bounties of sun and air, on the delicacies of gentle curves and the pleasant intermingling of wood and corn-field, of light spaces with dark, of solid earth with luminous sky.

Such as it was, however, neither Bessie nor John spared it a moment's attention. Bessie was thinking a hundred busy thoughts. John, on the other hand, had begun to consider her with an excited scrutiny. She was a handsome woman, as she sat in the doorway with her fine brown head turned to the light. But John naturally was not thinking of that. He was in the throes of decision.

"Look 'ere, Bessie," he said, suddenly; "what 'ud you say if I wor to ask Isaac an' you to take care on it?"

Bessie started slightly. Then she looked frankly round at him. She had very keen, lively eyes, and a bright red-brown color on thin cheeks. The village applied to her the epithet which John's thoughts had applied to Muster Hill's widow. They said she was "caselty," which means flighty, haphazard, excitable; but she was popular, nevertheless, and had many friends.

It was, of course, her own settled opinion that her uncle ought to leave that box with her and Isaac; and it had wounded her vanity, and her affection besides, that John had never yet made any such proposal, though she knew— as, indeed, the village knew — that he was perplexed as to what to do with his hoard. But she had never dared to suggest that he should leave it with her, out of fear of Eliza Bolderfield. Bessie was well aware that Eliza thought ill of her and would dissuade John from any such arrangement if she could. And so formidable was Eliza—a woman of the hardest and sourest virtue—when she chose, that Bessie was afraid of her, even on her death-bed, though generally ready enough to quarrel with other people. Nevertheless, Bessie had always felt that it would be a crying shame and slight if she and Isaac did not have the guardianship of the money. She thirsted, perhaps, to make an impression upon public opinion in the village, which, as she instinctively realized held her cheaply. And then, of course, there was the secret thought of John's death and what might come of it. John had always loudly proclaimed that he meant to spend his money, and not leave it behind him. But the instinct of saving, once formed, is strong. John, too, might die sooner than he thought—and she and Isaac had children.

She had come up, indeed, that afternoon, haunted by a passionate desire to get the money into her hands; yet the mere sordidness of "expectations" counted for less in the matter than one would suppose. Vanity, a vague wish to ingratiate herself with her uncle, to avoid a slight—these were, on the whole, her strongest motives. At any rate, when he had once asked her the momentous question, she knew well what to say to him.

"Well, if you arst me," she said, hastily, "of course *we* think as it's only nateral you should leave it with Isaac and me, as is your own kith and kin. But we wasn't goin' to say nothin'; we didn't want to be pushin' of ourselves forward."

John rose to his feet. He was in his shirt-sleeves, which were rolled up. He pulled them down, put on his coat, an air of crisis on his fat face.

"Where 'ud you put it?" he said.

"Yer know that cupboard by the top of the stairs? It 'ud stand there easy. And the cupboard's got a good lock to

it; but we'd 'ave it seen to, to make sure."

She looked up at him eagerly. She longed to feel herself trusted and important. Her self-love was too often mortified in these respects.

John fumbled round his neck for the bit of black cord on which he kept two keys—the key of his room while he was away, and the key of the box itself.

"Well, let's get done with it," he said. "I'm off to-morrer mornin', six o'clock. You go and get Isaac to come down."

"I'll run," said Bessie, catching up her shawl and throwing it over her head. "He wor just finishin' his tea."

And she whirled out of the cottage, running up the steep road behind it as fast as she could. John was vaguely displeased by her excitement; but the die was cast. He went to make his arrangements.

Bessie ran till she was out of breath. When she reached her own house, a cottage in a side lane above the Bolderfields' cottage and overlooking it from the back, she found her husband sitting with his pipe at the open door and reading his newspaper. Three out of her own four children were playing in the lane, otherwise there was no one about.

Isaac greeted her with a nod and slight lightening of the eyes, which, however, hardly disturbed the habitual sombreness of the face. He was a dark, finely featured man, with grizzled hair, carrying himself with an air of sleepy melancholy. He was much older than his wife, and was a prominent leader in the little Independent chapel of the village. His melancholy could give way on occasion to fits of violent temper. For instance, he had been almost beside himself when Bessie, who had leanings to the Establishment, as providing a far more crowded and entertaining place of resort on Sundays than her husband's chapel, had rashly proposed to have the youngest baby christened in church. Other Independents did it freely—why not she? But Isaac had been nearly mad with wrath, and Bessie had fled upstairs from him, with her baby, and bolted the bedroom door in bodily terror. Otherwise he was a most docile husband — in the neighbors' opinion, docile to absurdity. He complained of nothing, and took notice of little. Bessie's untidy ways left him indifferent; his main interest was in a kind of religious dreaming, and in an Independent paper to which he occasionally wrote a letter. He was gardener at a small house on the hill, and had rather more education than most of his fellows in the village. For the rest, he was fond of his children, and, in his heart of hearts, exceedingly proud of his wife, her liveliness, and her good looks. She had been a remarkably pretty girl when he married her, some eight years after his first wife's death, and there was a great difference of age between them. His two elder children by his first marriage had long since left the home. The girl was in service. It troubled him to think of the boy, who had fallen into bad ways early. Bessie's children were all small, and she herself still young, though over thirty.

When Bessie came up to him she looked round to see that no one could hear. Then she stooped and told her errand in a panting whisper. He must go down and fetch the box at once. She had promised John Borrofull that they would stand by him. They were his own flesh and blood—and the cupboard had a capital lock — and there wasn't no fear of it at all.

Isaac listened to her at first with amazement, then sulkily. She had talked to him often certainly about John's money, but it had made little impression on his dreamer's sense. And now her demand struck him disagreeably.

He didn't want the worrit of other people's money, he said. Let them as owned it keep it; filthy lucre was a snare to all as had to do with it; and it would only bring a mischief to have it in the house.

After a few more of these objections, Bessie lost her temper. She broke into a torrent of angry arguments and reproaches, mainly turning, it seemed, upon a recent visit to the house of Isaac's eldest son. The drunken ne'er-do-weel had given Bessie much to put up with. Oh, yes! — *she* was to be plagued out of her life by Isaac's belongings, and he wouldn't do a pin's

worth for her. Just let him see next time, that was all.

Isaac smoked vigorously through it all. But she was hammering on a sore point.

"Oh, it's just like yer!" Bessie flung at him at last in desperation. "You're allus the same—a mean-spirited feller, stannin' in yer children's way! 'Ow do *you* know who old John's going to leave his money to? 'Ow do *you* know as he wouldn't leave it to *them* poor innercents"—she waved her hand tragically toward the children playing in the road—"if we was just a bit nice and friendly with him now 'ee's gettin' old? But you don't care, not you!—one 'ud think yer were made o' money—an' that little 'un there not got the right use of his legs!"

She pointed, half crying, to the second boy, who had already shown signs of hip disease.

Isaac still smoked, but he was troubled in his mind. A vague presentiment held him, but the pressure brought to bear upon him was strong.

"I tell yer the lock isn't a good 'un!" he said, suddenly removing his pipe.

Bessie stopped instantly in the middle of another tirade. She was leaning against the door, arms akimbo, eyes alternately wet and flaming.

"Then, if it isn't," she said, with a triumphant change of tone, "I'll soon get Flack to see to it—it's nobbut a step. I'll run up after supper."

Flack was the village carpenter.

"An' there's mother's old box as takes up the cupboard," continued Isaac, gruffly.

Bessie burst out laughing.

"Oh! yer old silly," she said. "As if they couldn't stand one top o' the t'other. Now, do just go, Isaac—there's a lovey! 'Ee's waitin' for yer. Whatever did make yer so contrairy? Of course I didn't mean nothin' I said—an' I don't mind Timothy, nor nothin'."

Still he did not move.

"Then I s'pose yer want everybody in the village to know?" he said with sarcasm.

Bessie was taken aback.

"No — I — don't —" she said, undecidedly — 'I don't know what yer mean."

"You go back and tell John as I'll come when it's dark, an', if he's not a stupid, he won't want me to come afore."

Bessie understood and acquiesced. She ran back with her message to John.

At half-past eight, when it had grown almost dark, Isaac descended the hill. John opened the door to his knock.

"Good-evenin', Isaac. Yer'll take it, will yer?"

"If you can't do nothin' better with it," said Isaac, unwillingly. "But in gineral I'm not partial on keepin' other folk's money."

John liked him all the better for his reluctance.

"It'll give yer no trouble," he said. "You lock it up, an' it 'll be all safe. Now, will yer lend a hand?"

Isaac stepped to the door, looked up the lane, and saw that all was quiet. Then he came back, and the two men raised the box.

As they crossed the threshold, however, the door of the next cottage — which belonged to Watson, the policeman — opened suddenly. John, in his excitement, was so startled that he almost dropped his end of the box.

"Why, Bolderfield," said Watson's cheery voice, "what have you got there? Do you want a hand?"

"No, I don't — thank yer kindly," said John, in agitation. "An', if *you* please, Muster Watson, don't yer say nothin' to nobody."

The burly policeman looked from John to Isaac, then at the box. John's hoard was notorious, and the officer of the law understood.

"Lor' bless yer," he said, with a laugh, "I'm safe. Well, good-evenin' to yer, if I can't be of any assistance."

And he went off on his beat.

The two men carried the box up the hill. It was in itself a heavy, old-fashioned affair, strengthened and bottomed with iron. Isaac wondered whether the weight of it were due more to the box or to the money. But he said nothing. He had no idea how much John might have saved, and would not have asked him the direct question for

the world. John's own way of talking about his wealth was curiously contradictory. His "money" was rarely out of his thoughts or speech, but no one had ever been privileged for many years now to see the inside of his box, except Eliza once; and no one but himself knew the exact amount of the hoard. It delighted him that the village gossips should double or treble it. Their estimates only gave him the more ground for vague boasting, and he would not have said a word to put them right.

When they reached the Costrells' cottage, John's first care was to examine the cupboard. He saw that the large wooden chest filled with odds and ends of rubbish which already stood there was placed on top of his own box. Then he tried the lock, and pronounced it adequate; he didn't want to have Flack meddling round. Now, at the moment of parting with his treasure, he was seized with a sudden fever of secrecy. Bessie meanwhile hovered about the two men, full of excitement and loquacity. And the children, shut into the kitchen, wondered what could be the matter.

When all was done, Isaac locked the cupboard, and solemnly presented the key to John, who added it to the other round his neck. Then Bessie unlocked the kitchen, and set the children flying, to help her with the supper. She was in her most bustling and vivacious mood, and she had never cooked the bloaters better or provided a more ample jug of beer. But John was silent and depressed.

He took leave at last with many sighs and lingerings. But he had not been gone half an hour, and Bessie and Isaac were just going to bed, when there was a knock at the door, and he reappeared.

"Let me lie down there," he said, pointing to a broken-down old sofa that ran under the window. "I'm lonesome somehow, and I've told Louisa." His white hair and whiskers stood out wildly round his red face. He looked old and ill, and the sympathetic Bessie was sorry for him.

She made him a bed on the sofa, and he lay there all night, restless, and sighing heavily. He missed Eliza more than he had done yet, and was oppressed with a vague sense of unhappiness. Once, in the middle of the night when all was still, he stole upstairs in his stocking feet and gently tried the cupboard door. It was quite safe, and he went down contented.

An hour or two later he was off, trudging to Frampton through the August dawn, with his bundle on his back.

Scene III

Some five months passed away.

One January night the Independent minister of Clinton Magna was passing down the village street. Clinton lay robed in light snow, and "sparkling to the moon." The frozen pond beside the green, though it was nearly eight o'clock, was still alive with children, sliding and shouting. All around the gabled roofs stood laden and spotless. The woods behind the village, and those running along the top of the snowy hill, were meshed in a silvery mist which died into the moonlit blue, while in the fields the sharpness of the shadows thrown by the scattered trees made a marvel of black and white.

The minister, in spite of a fighting creed, possessed a measure of gentler susceptibilities, and the beauty of this basin in the chalk hills, this winter triumphant, these lights of home and fellowship in the cottage windows disputing with the forlornness of the snow, crept into his soul. His mind travelled from the physical purity and hardness before him to the purity and hardness of the inner life—the purity that Christ blessed, the "hardness" that the Christian endures. And such thoughts brought him pleasure as he walked—the mystic's pleasure.

Suddenly he saw a woman cross the snowy green in front of him. She had come from the road leading to the hill, and her pace was hurried. Her shawl was muffled round her head, but he recognized her, and his mood fell. She was the wife of Isaac Costrell, and she was hurrying to the "Spotted Deer," a public-house which lay just beyond the village, on the road to the mill. Al-

ready several times that week had he seen her going in or coming out. Talk had begun to reach him, and he said to himself to-night as he saw her, that Isaac Costrell's wife was going to ruin.

The thought oppressed him, pricked his pastoral conscience. Isaac was his right-hand man: dull to all the rest of the world, but not dull to the minister. With Mr. Drew sometimes he would break into talk of religion, and the man's dark eyes would lose their film. His big troubled self spoke with that accent of truth which lifts common talk and halting texts to poetry. The minister, himself more of a pessimist than his sermons showed, felt a deep regard for him. Could nothing be done to save Isaac's wife and Isaac? Not so long ago Bessie Costrell had been a decent woman, though a flighty and excitable one. Now some cause, unknown to the minister, had upset a wavering balance, and was undoing a life.

As he passed the public-house a man came out, and through the open door Mr. Drew caught a momentary glimpse of the bar and the drinkers. Bessie's handsome, reckless head stood out an instant in the bright light.

Then Drew saw that the man who had emerged was Watson the policeman. They greeted each other cordially and walked on together. Watson also was a member of the minister's flock. Mr. Drew felt suddenly moved to unburden himself.

"That was Costrell's wife, wasn't it, poor thing?"

"Aye, it wor Mrs. Costrell," said Watson, in the tone of concern natural to the respectable husband and father.

The minister sighed. "It's terrible the way she's gone down hill the last three months. I never pass almost but I see her going in there or coming out."

"No," said Watson slowly, "no, it's bad. What I'd like to know," he added, reflectively, "is where she gets the money from."

"Oh, she had a legacy, hadn't she, in August? It seems to have been a curse. She has been a changed woman ever since."

"Yes, she had a legacy," said Watson, dubiously; "but I don't believe it was much. She talked big, of course, and made a lot o' fuss—she's that kind o' woman—just as she did about old John's money."

"Old John's money?—Ah! did anyone ever know what became of that?"

"Well, there's many people thinks as Isaac has got it hid in the house somewhere, and there's others thinks he's put it in Bedford bank. Edwards told me private he didn't know nothin' about it at the post-office, an' Bessie told my wife as John had given Isaac the keepin' of it till he come back again; but he'd knock her about, she said, if she'd let on what he'd done with it. That's the story she's allus had, and boastin', of course, dreadful, about John's trustin' them, and Isaac doin' all his business for him."

The minister reflected.—"And you say the legacy wasn't much?"

"Well, sir, I know some people over at Bedford where her aunt lived as left it her, and they were sure it wasn't a good deal; but you never know."

"And Isaac never said?"

"Bless yer, no, sir! He was never a great one for talkin', wasn't Isaac; but you'd think now as he'd never learnt how. He'll set there in the Club of a night and never open his mouth to nobody."

"Perhaps he's fretting about his wife, Watson?"

"Well, I don't believe as he knows much about her goin's-on—not all, leastways. I've seen her wait till he was at his work or gone to the Club, and then run down the hill—tearin'—with her hair flyin'—you'd think she'd gone silly. Oh, it's a bad business," said Watson, strongly, "an uncommon bad business—all them young children, too."

"I never saw her drunk, Watson."

"No—yer wouldn't. Nor I, neither. But she'll treat half the parish if she gets the chance. I know many young fellers as go to the 'Spotted Deer' just because they know she'd treat 'em. She's a-doin' of it now—there's lots of 'em. And allus changin' such a queer lot o' money, too—old half crowns—years and years old—King George III., sir. No—it's strange—very strange."

The two walked on into the darkness still talking.

Meanwhile, inside the "Spotted Deer" Bessie Costrell was treating her hangers-on. She had drunk one glass of gin and water—it had made a beauty of her in the judgment of the tap-room, such a kindling had it given to her brown eyes and such a redness to her cheek. Bessie, in truth, had reached her moment of physical prime. The marvel was that there were no lovers in addition to the drinking and the extravagance. But the worst of the village scandal-mongers knew of none. Since this new phase of character in her had developed, she would drink and make merry with any young fellow in the place, but it went no farther. She was *bonne camarade* with all the world—no more. Perhaps at bottom some coolness of temperament protected her; nobody, at any rate, suspected that it had anything to do with Isaac, or that she cared a ha'porth for so lugubrious and hypocritical a husband.

She had showered drinks on all her friends, and had, moreover, chattered and screamed herself hoarse, when the church-clock outside slowly struck eight. She started, changed countenance, and got up to pay at once.

"Why, there's another o' them half-crowns o' yourn, Bessie," said a consumptive-looking girl in a bedraggled hat and feathers, as Mrs. Costrell handed her coin to the landlord. "Wheriver do yer get 'em?"

"If yer don't ask no questions, I won't tell yer no lies," said Bessie, with quick impudence. "Where did you get them hat and feathers?"

There was a coarse laugh from the company. The girl in the hat reddened furiously, and she and Bessie—both of them in a quarrelsome state—began to bandy words.

Meanwhile the landlord was showing the coin to his assistant at the bar.

"Rum, ain't it? I niver seed one o' them pieces in the village afore this winter, an' I've been 'ere twenty-two year come April."

A decent-looking laborer, who did not often visit the "Spotted Deer," was leaning over the bar and caught the words.

"Well then, I 'ave," he said, promptly. "I mind well as when I were a lad, sixteen year ago, my fayther borrered a bit o' money off John Bolderfield, to buy a cow with—an' there was 'arf of it in them 'arf-crowns."

Those standing near overheard. Bessie and the girl stopped quarrelling. The landlord, startled, cast a sly eye in Bessie's direction. She came up to the bar.

"What's that yer sayin'?" she demanded. The man repeated his remark.

"Well, I dessay there was," said Bessie—"I dessay there was. I s'pose there's plenty of 'em. Where do I get 'em?—why, I get 'em at Bedford, of course, when I goes for my money."

She looked round defiantly. No one said anything; but everybody instinctively suspected a lie. The sudden silence was striking.

"Well, give me my change, will yer?" she said, impatiently, to the landlord. "I can't stan' here all night."

He gave it to her, and she went out, showering reckless good-nights, to which there was little response. The door had no sooner closed upon her than everyone in the tap-room pressed round the bar in a close gathering of heads and tongues.

Bessie ran across the green and began to climb the hill at a rapid pace. Her thin woollen shawl blown back by the wind left her arms and bosom exposed. But the effects of the spirit in her veins prevented any sense of cold, though it was a bitter night.

Once or twice, as she toiled up the hill, she gave a loud, sudden sob.

"Oh, my God!" she said to herself. "My God!"

When she was half way up she met a neighbor.

"Have yer seen Isaac?" Bessie asked her, panting.

"'Ee's at the Club, arn't 'ee?" said the woman. "Well, they won't be up yet. Jim tolt me as Muster Perris"—Muster Perris was the vicar of Clinton Magna—"'ad got a strange gen'leman stayin' with 'im, and was goin' to take him into the Club to-night to speak to 'em. 'Ee's a bishop, they ses—someun from furrin parts."

Bessie threw her good-night and climbed on.

When she reached the cottage the

lamp was flaming on the table and the fire was bright. Her lame boy had done all she had told him, and her miserable heart softened. She hurriedly put out some food for Isaac. Then she lit a candle and went up to look at the children. They were all asleep in the room to the right of the stairs—the two little boys in one bed, the two little girls in the other, each pair huddled together against the cold, like dormice in a nest. Then she looked, conscience-stricken, at the untidiness of the room. She had bought the children a wonderful number of new clothes lately, and the family being quite unused to such abundance, there was no place to keep them in. A new frock was flung down in a corner just as it had been taken off; the kitten was sleeping on Arthur's last new jacket; a smart hat with a bunch of poppies in it was lying about the floor; and under the iron beds could be seen a confusion of dusty boots, new and old. The children were naturally reckless like their mother, and they had been getting used to new things. What excited them now, more than the acquisitions themselves, was that their mother had strictly forbidden them ever to show any of their new clothes to their father. If they did, she would beat them well, she said. That they understood; and life was thereby enriched, not only by new clothes, but by a number of new emotions and terrors.

If Bessie noted the state of the room, she made no attempt to mend it. She smoothed back the hair from the boys' foreheads with a violent, shaky hand, and kissed them all, especially Arthur. Then she went out and closed the door behind her.

Outside she stood a moment on the tiny landing—listening. Not a sound; but the cottage walls were thin. If anyone came along the lane with heavy boots, she must hear them. Very like he would be half an hour yet.

She ran down the stairs and shut the door at the bottom of them, opening into the kitchen. It had no key or she would have locked it; and in her agitation, her state of clouded brain, she forgot the outer door altogether. Hurrying up again, she sat down on the topmost step, putting her candle on the boards beside her. The cupboard at the stair-head where John had left his money was close to her left hand.

As she sank into the attitude of rest, her first instinct was to cry and bemoan herself. Deep in her woman's being great floods of tears were rising, and would fain have spent themselves. But she fought them down, rapidly passing instead into a state of cold terror—terror of Isaac's step—terror of discovery—of the man in the public-house.

There was a mouse-hole in the skirting of the stairs close to the cupboard. She slipped in a finger, felt along an empty space behind, and drew out a key.

It turned easily in the cupboard lock and the two boxes stood revealed, standing apparently just as they stood when John left them. In hot haste Bessie dragged the treasure-box from under the other, starting at every sound in the process, at the thud the old wooden trunk made on the floor of the cupboard as its supporter was withdrawn, at the rustle of her own dress. All the boldness she had shown at the "Spotted Deer" had vanished. She was now the mere trembling and guilty woman.

The lock on Bolderfield's box had been forced long before; it opened to her hand. A heap of sovereigns and half-sovereigns lay on one side, divided by a wooden partition from the few silver coins, crowns and half-crowns, still lying on the other. She counted both the gold and silver, losing her reckoning again and again, because of the sudden anguish of listening that would overtake her.

Thirty-six pounds on the one side, not much more than thirty shillings on the other. When John left it there had been fifty-one pounds in gold and rather more than twenty pounds in silver, most of it in half-crowns. Ah! she knew the figures well.

Did that man who had spoken to the landlord in the public-house suspect? How strange they had all looked! What a silly fool she had been to change so much of the silver instead of sticking to the gold! Yet she had thought the gold would be noticed more.

When was old John coming back? He had written once from Frampton to say that he was "laid up bad with the rheumatics," and was probably going into the Frampton Infirmary. That was in November. Since then nothing had been heard of him. John was no scholar. What if he died without coming back? There would be no trouble then, except—except with Isaac.

Her mind suddenly filled with wild visions — of herself marched through the village by Watson, as she had once seen him march a poacher who had mauled one of Mr. Forrest's keepers—of the towering walls of Frampton jail—of a visible physical shame which would kill her — drive her mad. If, indeed, Isaac did not kill her before anyone but he knew! He had been that cross and glum all these last weeks—never a bit of talk hardly—always snapping at her and the children. Yet he had never said a word to her about the drink—nor about the things she had bought. As to the "things" and the bills, she believed that he knew nothing — had noticed nothing. At home he was always smoking, sitting silent, with dim eyes, like a man in a dream—or reading his father's old books, "good books," which filled Bessie with a sense of dreariness unspeakable—or pondering his weekly paper.

But she believed he had begun to notice the drink. Drinking was universal in Clinton, though there was not much drunkenness. Teetotalers were unknown, and Isaac himself drank his beer freely, and a glass of spirits, like anybody else on occasion. She had been used for years to fetch his beer from the public, and she had been careful. But there were signs——

Oh! if she could only think of some way of putting it back—this thirty odd pounds. She held her head between her hands, thinking and thinking. Couldn't that little lawyer-man to whom she went every month at Bedford, to fetch her legacy money — couldn't he lend it her, and keep her money till it was paid? She could make up a story, and give him something for himself to induce him to hold his tongue. She had thought of this often before, but never so urgently as now. She would take the carrier's cart to Bedford next day, while Isaac was at work, and try.

Yet all the time despair was at her heart. So hard to undo! Yet how easy it had been to take and to spend. She thought of that day in September, when she had got the news of her legacy—six shillings a week from an old aunt—her father's aunt, whose very existence she had forgotten. The wild delight of it! Isaac got sixteen shillings a week in wages—here was nearly half as much again. She was warned that it would come to an end in two years. But none the less it seemed to her a fortune—and all her life, before it came, mere hard pinching and endurance. She had always been one to spend where she could. Old John had often rated her for it. So had Isaac. But that was his money. This was hers, and he who, for religious reasons, had never made friends with or thought well of any of her family, instinctively disliked the money which had come from them, and made few inquiries into the spending of it.

Oh! the joy of those first visits to Frampton, when all the shops had seemed to be there for her, and she their natural mistress! How ready people had been to trust her in the village! How tempting it had been to brag and make a mystery! That old skinflint, Mrs. Moulsey, at "the shop," she had been all sugar and sweets *then*.

And a few weeks later — six, seven weeks later — about the beginning of October, these halcyon days had all come to an end. She owed what she could not pay—people had ceased to smile upon her—she was harassed, excited, worried out of her life.

Old familiar wonder of such a temperament! How can it be so easy to spend, so delightful to promise, and so unreasonably, so unjustly difficult to pay?

She began to be mortally afraid of Isaac—of the effect of disclosures. One night she was alone in the cottage, almost beside herself under the pressure of one or two claims she could not meet—one claim especially, that of a little jeweller, from whom she had bought a gold ring and a brooch at Frampton—

when the thought of John's hoard swept upon her—clutched her like something living and tyrannical, not to be shaken off.

It struck her all in an instant that there was another cupboard in the little parlor, exactly like that on the stairs. The lower cupboard had a key—what if it fitted?

The Devil must have been eager and active that night, for the key turned in the lock with a smoothness that made honesty impossible, almost foolish. And the old, weak lock on the box itself—why, a chisel had soon made an end of that! Only five minutes—it had been so quick—there had been no trouble. God had made no sign at all.

Since! All the village smiles — the village flatteries recovered — an orgie of power and pleasure — new passions and excitements—above all, the rising passion of drink, sweeping in storms through a weak nature that alternately opened to them and shuddered at them. And through everything the steadily dribbling away of the hoard—the astonishing ease and rapidity with which the coins—gold or silver—had flowed through her hands! How could one spend so much in meat and dress, in beer and gin, in giving other people beer and gin? How was it possible? She sat lost in miserable thoughts, a mist round her. . . .

"Wal, I niver!" said a low, astonished voice at the foot of the stairs.

Bessie rose to her feet with a shriek, the heart stopping in her breast. The door below was ajar, and through the opening peered a face — the vicious, drunken face of her husband's eldest son, Timothy Costrell.

The man below cast one more look of amazement at the woman standing on the top stair, at the candle behind her, at the open box. Then an idea struck him: he sprang up the stairs at a bound.

"By gosh!" he said, looking down at the gold and silver. "*By gosh!*"

Bessie tried to thrust him back. "What are you here for?" she asked, fiercely, her trembling lips the color of the whitewashed wall behind. "You get off at onst, or I'll call yer father."

He pushed her contemptuously aside. The swish of her dress caught the candle, and by good fortune put it out, or she would have been in a blaze. Now there was only the light from the paraffin lamp in the kitchen below striking upward through the open door.

She fell against the doorway of her bedroom, panting and breathless, watching him.

He seated himself in her place, and stooped to look at the box. On the inside of the lid was pasted a discolored piece of paper, and on the paper was written, in a round, laborious hand, the name, "John Bolderfield."

"My blazes!" he said slowly, his bloodshot eyes opening wider than ever. "It's old John's money! So yo've been after it, eh?"

He turned to her with a grin, one hand on the box. He had been tramping for more than three months, during which time they had heard nothing of him. His filthy clothes scarcely hung together. His cheeks were hollow and wolfish. From the whole man there rose a sort of exhalation of sodden vice. Bessie had seen him drunken and out at elbows before, but never so much of the beast as this.

However, by this time she had somewhat recovered herself, and, approaching him, she stooped and tried to shut the box.

"You take yourself off," she said, desperately, pushing him with her fist. "That money's no business o' yourn. It's John's, an' he's coming back directly. He gave it to us to look after, an' I wor countin' it. March!—there's your father comin'!"

And with all her force she endeavored to wrench his hand away. He tore it from her, and hit out at her backward —a blow that sent her reeling against the wall.

"Yo' take yer meddlin' fist out o' that!" he said. "Father ain't comin', and if he wor, I 'spect I could manage the two on yer— *Keowntin'* it—" he mimicked her. "Oh! yer a precious innercent, ain't yer? But I know all about yer. Bless yer, I've been in at the 'Spotted Deer' to-night, and there worn't nothin' else talked of but yo' and yo'r goin's on. There won't be a tongue in the place to-morrow that won't be a-waggin' about yer — yo'r a public

charickter, yo' are—they'll be sendin' the reporters down on yer for a hinterview. 'Where the devil do she get the money?' they says."

He threw his curly head back and laughed till his sides shook.

"Lor', I didn't think I wor going to know quite so soon! 'An' sich queer 'arf-crowns,' they ses, 'as she keeps a-changin'.' Jarge somethin' — an old cove in a wig. An 'ere they is, I'll be blowed—some on 'em. Well, yer a nice 'un, yer are!"

He stared her up and down with a kind of admiration.

Bessie began to cry feebly—the crying of a lost soul.

"Tim, if yer'll go away and hold yer tongue, I'll give yer five o' them suverins, and not tell yer father nothin'."

"Five on 'em?" he said, grinning. "Five on 'em, eh?"

And dipping his hand into the box he began deliberately shovelling the whole hoard into his trousers and waistcoat pocket.

Bessie flung herself upon him. He gave her one business-like blow which knocked her down against the bedroom door. The door yielded to her fall, and she lay there half stunned, the blood dripping from her temple.

"Noa, I'll not take 'em all," he said, not even troubling to look where she had fallen. "That 'u'd be playin' it raythe too low down on John. I'll leave 'im two—jest two—for luck."

He buttoned up his coat tightly, then turned to throw a last glance at Bessie. He had always disliked his father's second wife, and his sense of triumph was boundless.

"Oh! yer not hurt," he said; "yer shammin'. I advise yer to look sharp with shuttin' up. Father'll be up the hill in two or three minutes now. Sorry I can't 'elp yer, now yer've set me up so comfortabul. Bye-bye!"

He ran down the stairs. She, as her senses revived, heard him open the back-door, cross the little garden, and jump the hedge at the end of it.

Then she lay absolutely motionless, till suddenly there struck on her ear the distant sound of heavy steps. They roused her like a goad. She dragged herself to her feet, shut the box, had just time to throw it into the cupboard and lock the door, when she heard her husband walk into the kitchen. She crept into her own room, threw herself on the bed, and wrapped her head and eyes in an old shawl, shivering so that the mattresses shook.

"Bessie, where are yer?"

She did not answer. He made a sound of astonishment, and, finding no candle, took the lamp and mounted the stairs. They were covered with traces of muddy snow, and at the top he stooped to examine a spot upon the boards. It was blood; and his heart thumped in his breast.

"Bessie, whatever is the matter?"

For by this time he had perceived her on the bed. He put down the lamp and came to the bedside to look at her.

"I've 'ad a fall," she said, faintly. "I tripped up over my skirt as I wor comin' up to look at Arthur. My head's all bleedin'. Get me some water from over there."

His countenance fell sadly. But he got the water, exclaiming when he saw the wound.

He bathed it clumsily, then tied a bit of rag round it, and made her head easy with the pillow. She did not speak, and he sat on beside her, looking at her pale face, and torn, as the silent minutes passed, between conflicting impulses. He had just passed an hour listening to a good man's plain narrative of a life spent for Christ, amid fever-swamps and human beings more deadly still. The Vicar's friend was a missionary bishop, and a High Churchman; Isaac, as a stanch Dissenter by conviction and inheritance, thought ill both of bishops and Ritualists. Nevertheless he had been touched; he had been fired. Deep, though often perplexed instincts in his own heart had responded to the spiritual passion of the speaker. The religious atmosphere had stolen about him, melting and subduing.

And the first effect of it had been to quicken suddenly his domestic conscience; to make him think painfully of Bessie and the children as he climbed the hill. Was his wife going the way of his son? And he, sitting day after day like a dumb dog, instead of striving with her.

He made up his mind hurriedly. "Bessie," he said, stooping to her and speaking in a strange voice, "Bessie had yer been to Dawson's?"

Dawson was the landlord of the "Spotted Deer."

Bessie was long in answering. At last she said, almost inaudibly,

"Yes."

She fully understood what he meant by the question, and she wondered whether he would fall into one of his rages and beat her.

Instead his hand sought clumsily for hers.

"Bessie, yer shouldn't; yer mustn't do it no more; it'll make a bad woman of yer. I know as I'm not good to live with; I don't make things pleasant to yer; but I've been thinkin'; I'll try if yo'll try."

Bessie burst into tears. It seemed as though her life were breaking within her. Never since their early married days had he spoken to her like this. And she was in such piteous need of comfort, of some strong hand to help her out of the black pit in which she lay. The wild impulse crossed her to sit up and tell him—to throw it all on Timothy, to show him the cupboard and the box. Should she tell him, brave it all now that he was like this? Between them they might find a way—make it good.

Then the thought of the man in the public-house, of the half-crowns, a host of confused and guilty memories, swept upon her. How could she ever get herself out of it? Her heart beat so that it seemed a live creature strangling and silencing her. She was still fighting with her tears and her terror when she heard Isaac say:

"I know yer 'll try, and I'll help yer. I'll be a better husband to yer, I swear I will. Give us a kiss, old woman."

She turned her face, sobbing, and he kissed her cheek.

Then she heard him say in another tone:

"An' I got a bit o' news down at the Club as will 'liven yer up. Parkinson was there; just come over from Frampton to see his mother; an' he says John will be here to-morrow or next day. 'Ee see'd him yesterday—pulled down dreadful—quite the old man, 'ee says. An' John told him as he was comin' 'ome directly to live comfortable."

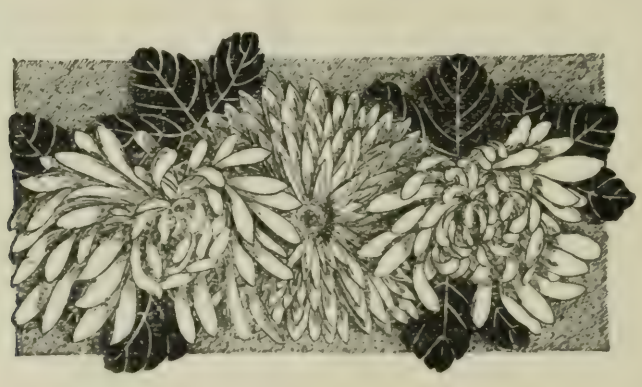
Bessie drew her shawl over her head.

"To-morrer, did yer say?" she asked in a whisper.

"Mos' like. Now you go to sleep; I'll put out the lamp."

But all night long Bessie lay wide awake in torment, her soul hardening within her, little by little.

(To be continued.)



FOOL'S GOLD

By Edith M. Thomas

I

For gold they delved the rugged mountain side,
For gold they washed the yellow river sand;
With hope, and gleaming ore, the grizzled band
Took up their march across the desert wide.
The journey done, how did their fate deride!
They laid their prize within the chymist's hand,
With narrow gaze their prize the chymist scanned;
At last, "O men, it is fool's gold!" he cried.
Thou Genius of my much-deceivèd day,
I doubt not—I who seek for Truth each where—
If some grim sage my treasure should assay,
I'd fare as ill as did those miners fare!
But it may chance, before his word can slay,
That gentle Death such detriment shall spare.

II

Into thine heart, O friend, I sank a shaft,
And deemed I drew from thence a thousandfold.
If aught thou yieldest me but native gold,
Conceal what thou hast done, with kindly craft.
I care not, I—who shall have frowned, or laughed,
That I such dross for kingly metal hold:
What matters, when my sunlit day is told,
And I have drained the long Lethean draught?
Then, while I live, thy wonted spell yet weave—
Ay, while I live, of thee I do entreat,
If e'er thy lips, thine eyes, thine heart deceive,
They shall deceive me still, in accents sweet.
If thou have mercy, to the lie still cleave,
And leash the truth that runs with swift and cruel feet!

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

THE DOWNFALL OF THE CARPET-BAG RÉGIME

DESOLATION OF THE SOUTH
SOME HONEST CARPET-BAGGERS
ANARCHY IN SOUTH CAROLINA
CHAMBERLAIN'S REFORMS
FIGHTING IN ARKANSAS
THE POLAND REPORT
RIOTING AT VICKSBURG
OVERTHROW OF KELLOGG
SHERIDAN'S ATTITUDE
THE WHEELER ADJUSTMENT

THE war left the South in indescribable desolation. Great numbers of Confederates came home to find their farms sold for unpaid taxes, perhaps mortgaged to ex-slaves. The best Southern land, after the war, was worth but a trifle of its old value. Even city real estate was a drug. Many their ruin rendered insane; in multitudes more it broke down all energy. The braver spirits—men to whom till now all toil had been strange—set to work as clerks, depot-masters, and agents of various business enterprises. High-born ladies, widowed by Northern bullets, became teachers or governesses. In the comparatively few cases where families retained their estates, their effort to keep up appearances was pathetic. One by one domestics were dismissed; dinner-parties grew rare; stately coaches lost their paint and became rickety; carriage and saddle horses were worn out at the plough and replaced by mules. At last the master learned to open his own gates, the mistress to do her own cooking.

Upon the whites, in many communities, a kind of moral and social stagnation settled down, an unhealthy, hopeless acquiescence in the worst that might come. Politics they long regarded with abhorrence, as the accursed thing that had brought on the war. Whites, as well as negroes, drank recklessly. Few of any class cared much for education. In 1874 Alabama had 380,000 citizens who could neither read nor write, of whom more than 100,000 were white. Yet the year before, the public schools in that State, except in the larger cities, had been closed because the State could not pay the teachers. If, to the Africans, education was freer after the war than before, turmoil and poverty left the young Southerners of paler skin little time or disposition for schooling. The determination, when it came, of the Southern whites to rule, sad as were the atrocities to which it led, was a good sign, marking the end of a lethargy which boded naught but ill to any.

The South had still, as always, a class of swaggering whites, the kind who earlier said that "the Yankees would back up against the North Pole before they would fight." Once previous to the war, Hon. John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, journeying from New Orleans to Washington, passed through South Carolina. He subsequently related his experience. "But one man," he said, "boarded the cars on the route through that unpopulous piny-wooded land. He was dressed in full regimen-

tals, and entered the smoking-car with the mien of a Cambyses or a Murat. I joined this splendid soldier in the smoking-car. I offered him a fresh cigar to engage him in conversation, and began to question him. 'May I ask,' said I, meekly, 'what is going on in this State?' Tossing his head in proud disdain, he replied: 'Going on, suh? We won't stand it no mo', suh! The Governor has sent for his staff to meet with him and consult about it in Columbia, suh! I am one of his staff, suh! We won't stand it any longer, suh! No, suh! It is intolerable, suh! No, suh!' 'Stand what?' I asked, in surprise, not unmixed with dread. 'What is going on?' He answered: 'Stand the encroachments on our Southern institutions, suh! The abolitionists must be crushed, suh! We will do it, suh! South Carolina is ready, suh!'"*

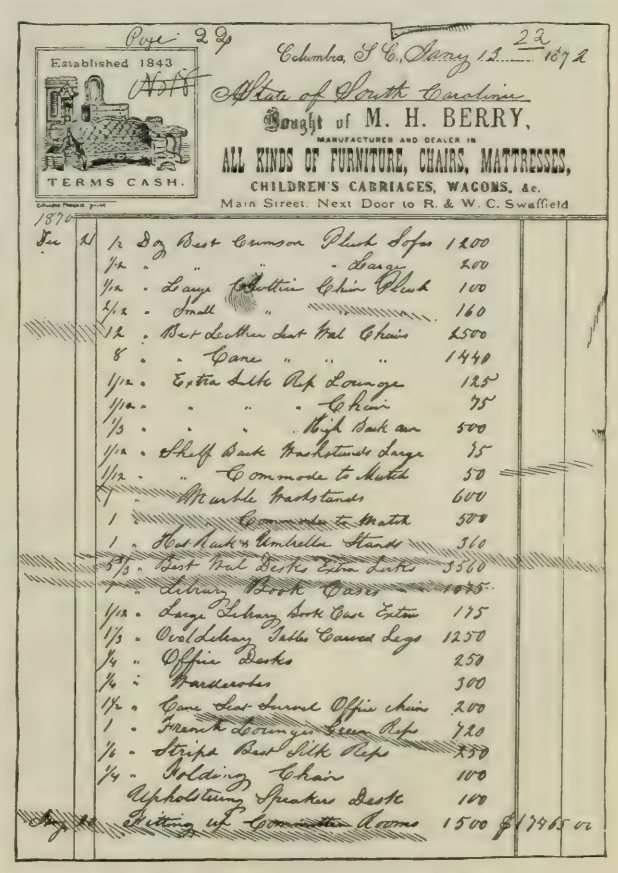
In reconstruction times Southern heroes of this stamp turned up as scalawags.

Soon after the reconstruction of his State, at a public meeting in celebration of the event, Wade Hampton advised the blacks to seek political affiliation with the best native whites, as both races equally wished order and prosperity restored. Beverly Nash, colored, addressed the meeting, urging the same. His people, he said, recognized the Southern white man as their "true friend," and he wished all the Confederates re-enfranchised. In this temper colored men formed the Union Republican party of South Carolina, and adopted a platform free from rancor.

GOOD AND BAD CARPET-BAGGERS

Unfortunately, such chance for affiliation was lost. Causes were at work which soon lessened Sambo's respect for "Old Massa," and "Old Massa's" for Sambo. Republicans from the North flocked to the South, whom the blacks, viewing them as representing the emancipation party, naturally welcomed and followed. There were honest carpet-baggers, no doubt, but most such were idealists, little likely to reconcile the races, nearly certain to be misled by their shrewd but unprincipled colleagues. The good and the bad alike did their best to inflame the negro's sense of independence and to engage him in politics. His former wrongs were dwelt upon and the ballot held up as a providential means of righting them. The negro was too apt a pupil. "The reformers complain of taxes being too high," said Beverly Nash in 1874, after he had become State Senator; "I tell you that they are not high enough. I want them taxed until they put those lands back where they belong, into the hands of those who worked for them. You worked for them; you labored for them and were sold to pay for them, and you ought to have them."

The tendency of such exhortation was most vicious. In their days of serfdom the negroes' besetting sin had been thievery. Now that the opportunities for this were multiplied, the fear of punishment gone, and the carpet-bagger at hand to encourage it, the prevalence of public and private stealing was not strange. The colored legislators of South Carolina furnished the State


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Established 1843

TERMS CASH.

Columbia, S. C., January 12 22 1872

State of South Carolina

Bought of M. H. BERRY,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES,

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, WAGONS, &c.

Main Street. Next Door to R. & W. C. Swafffield

1870

Jan 21	1/2	Doz Best Crimson Plush Sofas	1200
	1/2	" " Large	200
	1/2	Large Leather Chairs Plush	100
	1/2	Small " "	160
	12	Best Leather Seat Wal Chairs	2500
	8	" Cane " " "	1440
	1/2	Extra Silk Rep Lounges	125
	1/2	" " " Chairs	75
	1/3	" " " High Back ans	500
	1/2	Sheff Back Washstands Large	75
	1/2	" Commode to Match	50
		Marble Washstands	600
	1	Commode to Match	500
	1	Hat Rack & Umbrella Stands	360
	5/3	Best Wal Desks Extra Lake	3560
	1	Library Book Cases	1045
	1/2	Large Library Book Case Extra	175
	1/3	Oval Library Table Carved Legs	1250
	1/4	Office Desks	250
	1/2	Bureaus	300
	1/2	Cane Seat Curved Office Chairs	200
	1	French Lounges Extra Rep	720
	1/2	Stripe Best Silk Reps	250
	1/4	Folding Chairs	100
		Upholstering Speakers Desk	100
Aug 26		Putting up Committee Rooms	1500

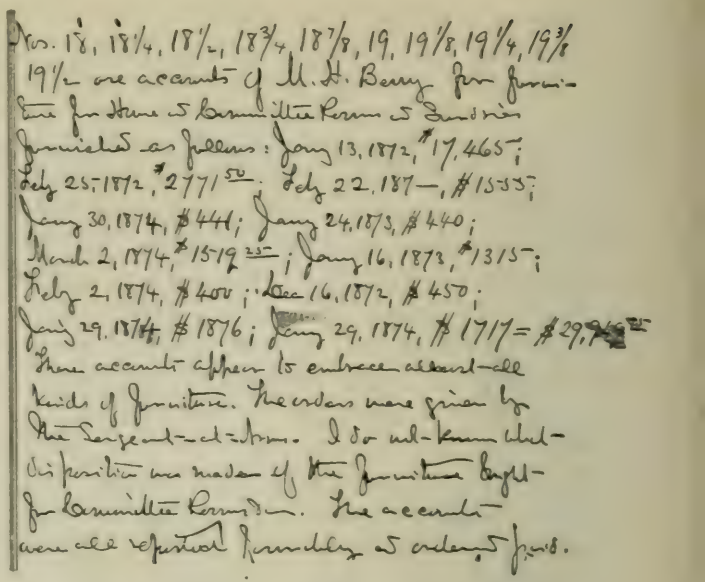
$17465 00

Facsimile of a Bill for Furnishing the State House at Columbia, S. C., in 1872.

* S. S. Cox: Three Decades of Federal Legislation.

House with gorgeous clocks at $480 each, mirrors at $750, and chandeliers at $650. Their own apartments were a barbaric display of gewgaws, carpets, and upholstery. The minority of a congressional committee recites that "these ebony statesmen" purchased a lot of imported china cuspidors at $8 apiece, while senators and representatives "at the glorious capital of the nation" had to be "content with a plain earthenware article of domestic manufacture." The contingent funds voted in South Carolina during the six years before 1875, aggregated $376,000. The bills for public printing during the same years ran up to $1,104,000—for three years of that time amounting to a thousand dollars a day.

Of the Palmetto State Solons in 1873 an eye-witness wrote: "They are as quick as lightning at points of order, and they certainly make incessant and extraordinary use of their knowledge. No one is allowed to talk five minutes without interruption, and one interruption is the signal for another and another, until the original speaker is smothered under an avalanche of them. Forty questions of privilege will be raised in a day. At times nothing goes on but alternating questions of order and of privilege. The inefficient colored friend who sits in the Speaker's chair cannot suppress this extraordinary element in the debate. Some of the blackest members exhibit a pertinacity in raising these points of order and questions of privilege that few white men can equal. Their struggles to get the floor, their bellowings and physical contortions, baffle description. The

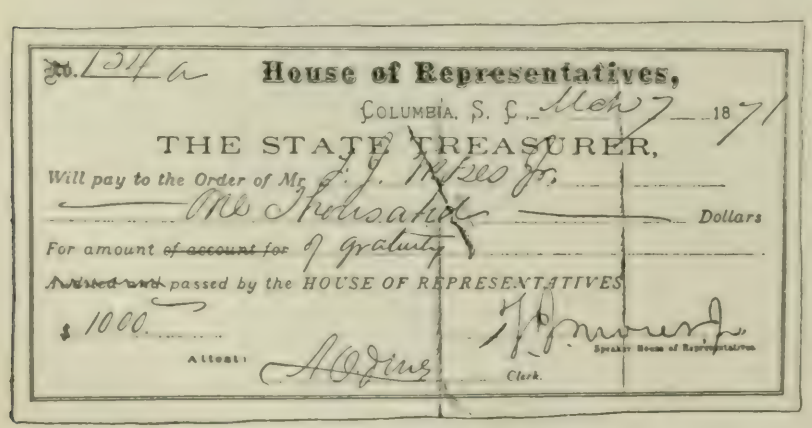


Summary of the Amounts Paid to One Firm for Furniture by the South Carolina Legislature of 1872–74.

From the Report of the Investigating Committee.

Speaker's hammer plays a perpetual tattoo, all to no purpose. The talking and interruptions from all quarters go on with the utmost license. Everyone esteems himself as good as his neighbor, and puts in his oar, apparently as often for love of riot and confusion as for anything else. The Speaker orders a member, whom he has discovered to be particularly unruly, to take his seat; the member obeys, and with the same motion that he sits down, throws his feet on to his desk, hiding himself from the Speaker by the soles of his boots."

Around the State House, during the session of a Legislature in which were colored representatives, a dense crowd of open-mouthed negroes would stand, rain or shine, and stare at the walls from hour to hour, day after day. In one State election in South Carolina, Judge Carpenter, an old South Carolinian and a Republican, ran in opposition to the carpet-bag candidate. Against him it was charged that if he were elected he would re-enslave the blacks, or that, failing in this, he would not allow their wives and daughters to wear hoop-skirts. Another judge was threat-



Facsimile of a "Gratuity" Voted to Governor Moses by the South Carolina Legislature in 1871.



The South Carolina Legislature of 1873 Passing an Appropriation Bill.

ened with impeachment and summoned before the Legislature above described, because he had "made improper reflections on a colored woman of doubtful character."

How baneful the doings of such lawmakers were in the South is partly revealed by the accompanying table.

By 1874, in most Southern States, the carpet-bag governments had succumbed. Such States were well on the way to order and prosperity, though breaches of the peace still occurred there oftener than in the North.

DEBTS AND LIABILITIES OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

	At Close of War.	After Reconstruction.	Increase.
Alabama....	$5,939,654.87	$38,331,967.37	$32,442,312.50
Arkansas....	4,036,952.87	19,761,265.62	15,724,312.75
Florida.....	221,000.00	15,763,447.54	15,542,447.54
Georgia	nominal.	50,137,500.00	50,137,500.00
Louisiana...	10,099,074.34	50,540,206.61	40,341,132.27
N. Carolina..	9,699,500.00	34,887,467.85	25,187,967.85
S. Carolina..	5,000,000.00	39,158,914.47	34,158,914.47
Mississippi..	nominal.	20,000,000.00	20,000,000.00
Tennessee ..	20,105,606.66	45,688,263.46	25,582,656.80
Texas.....	nominal.	20,361,000.00	20,361,000.00
Virginia	31,938,144.59	45,480,54.221	13,542,397.62
Total	$87,139,933.33	$380,160,575.13	$293,020,641.80

See Congressional Record, first session Fifty-first Congress, D. 6566.

From Alabama, in particular, came startling reports of terrorism. They had some foundation, but were greatly exaggerated by interested or ill-informed persons. In a letter to Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, Hon. Charles Hayes wrote of one Allen as having been beaten by ruffians and threatened with death if he "didn't keep his mouth shut about that d——d Yankee, Billings," who had been assassinated. To a New York *Tribune* correspondent Allen said he had been assaulted by a solitary gentleman, armed only with the weapons of nature, who scratched his face. "Massacred" persons often denied that they had been hurt at all. Such violence as did occur by no means always proceeded from whites. It is well authenticated that colored Democrats were maltreated by colored Republicans. The blacks were often unfriendly to whites, even when these were Republicans. It is quite true that where negroes had lost their political power they received little consideration. Sixteen were taken from a jail in Tennessee and shot by a band of masked horsemen, their bodies being left in the road. The Governor offered a reward for the apprehension of the murderers, when one turned State's evidence and told everything. The others were at once arrested; whether punished does not appear.



W. Beverly Nash.

South Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana were, in 1874, still under carpet-bag sway. Their nearly complete deliverance therefrom during this year and the next forms the subject of the following paragraphs.

In a letter written so early as 1871, General Sherman says:

"I told Grant plainly that the South would go against him *en masse*, though he counts on South Carolina, Louisiana, and Arkansas. I repeated my conviction that all that was vital in the South was against him; that negroes were generally quiescent and could not be relied on as voters when local questions became mixed up with political matters." This was an exact forecast of the actual event in all the States named. In each a reform faction of white Republicans grew up, disgusted with carpet-bag corruption and unwilling longer to limit their political creed to the single article of negro rights. In the face of this quarrel negroes became bewildered and scattered, or withheld their votes, while the Democrats walked into power.



Charles Hayes, of Alabama.

THE TAX BURDEN IN SOUTH CAROLINA

The Carpet-bag Legislature of South Carolina guaranteed $6,000,000 in railroad bonds to subsidize the Greenville & Columbia and the Blue Ridge Railroads, taking mortgages on the roads to cover the amount. Rings of carpet-baggers and native speculators obtained legislation releasing the mortgages but continuing the State's liabilities. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in fraudulent State bank-notes were approved and assumed by the State. Though property in general had lost four-fifths of its ante-bellum value, it paid on the average five times heavier taxes. In 1874, 146 square miles of land were sold for unpaid taxes, and 547 square miles forfeited to the State, some of the latter failing to bring twelve cents an acre. As in Arkansas and in Louisiana the Governor had dangerously



Daniel H. Chamberlain.

great patronage. Negro felons were pardoned by wholesale for political purposes. Undeserving white convicts could be ransomed for money. Of the three justices on the Supreme Bench one was a carpet-bagger and one a negro. Juries were composed of illiterate and degraded men.

In March, 1874, a committee of the South Carolina Taxpayers' Union waited on President Grant with complaints. He expressed regret at the anarchic condition of South Carolina, but said that as the State government was in complete working order the federal authority was powerless. This appeal, however, favorably affected public opinion. "It shows," said one journal, "that the South cherishes no sullen hostility." Antipathy toward Southerners slowly changed to sympathy. Mr. Elliott, a colored Congressman from South Carolina, warned his constituents that the doings of the State Republicans were



The Beginning of the Conflict in Front of the Anthony House, Little Rock, subsequent to Baxter's Speech to the Colored Regiment.



General Badger in Front of the Gem Saloon, New Orleans.*

disapproved by the party in the Nation.

In 1874 the South Carolina Republicans quarrelled. After a hot contest the regular convention nominated Hon. D. H. Chamberlain for Governor, Moses, his predecessor, being set aside. Chamberlain was a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Yale and of the Harvard Law School, who had commanded a regiment of colored cavalry in the war. He was a polished gentleman and an able lawyer. War ended, he became a citizen of South Carolina in time to sit in its Constitutional Convention. The Independent Republicans bolted, and put up for Governor Judge John T. Green, a native South Carolinian, to-

* On January 10, 1872, General A. S. Badger, under orders from Governor Warmoth, marched to the Gem Saloon in Royal Street, and demanded the surrender of the Carter Legislature which had made its headquarters there.

whose standard rallied the entire "reform" element of the State, whether Conservative or Republican.

The Chamberlain ticket was elected. In his inaugural address Governor Chamberlain marked out an able scheme of retrenchment and reform, soon showing, to the astonishment of all, and to the dismay of his supporters, that he was in earnest with it. The enormous power given the executive, apparently that he might abuse it, enabled Chamberlain, spite of his party allies, to effect sweeping improvements. He supplanted dishonest officials with men of integrity, Republicans, if such were available, if not, Democrats. He vetoed corrupt jobs and firmly withheld pardons. Ex-Governor Moses and the infamous Whipper, elected by the Legislature to the Circuit Bench, he refused to commission. Good jurors were selected, and crime and race hatred wonderfully diminished. Like the English in Ireland, Governor Chamberlain learned that an abstractly good government over a community may fit the community very ill. Carpet-bagger, scalawag, and negro, however well intentioned and wisely led, could not in the nature of the case rule South Carolina well. Nevertheless his praiseworthy effort hastened the advent of order by revealing the nature of the evils which needed reforming.

FIGHTING IN ARKANSAS

Arkansas was another of the States where exotic government died extremely hard. Its persistence there was due to the strong Union sentiment which had always existed north of the Arkansas River. The State's colored vote was only a quarter of the whole, but was potent in combination with the large white vote which remained Republican till shamed into change. In this State, such were the traditions and training of its citizens, neither faction readily gave way. Many Arkansas people cared little for law. The story goes that a steamboat passenger on an Arkansas river was once approached by a native who told him that he had the night before "been on a frolic with the boys," and in witness thereof showed the passenger a pocketful of human ears.



Augustus H. Garland

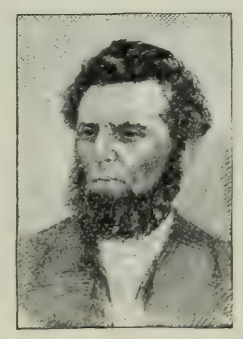
The conflict in Arkansas was between the Liberal-Republicans, called "Brindle-tails," led by James Brooks, and the Radical-Republicans, headed by Baxter. Chief-Justice McClure, nicknamed "Poker Jack," and the United States Senators, Clayton and Dorsey, sided with Baxter. The returns of the 1872 election seemed to make Baxter Governor, but Brooks alleged fraud and sought by every means to change the result. He appealed to the United States Court for a *quo warranto* against Baxter, but it declined to assume jurisdiction in the case; the State Supreme Court also declined. The Legislature could have authorized a contest, but refused to do so. Not disheartened, Brooks sued for and secured from the Circuit Court of Pulaski County, April 15, 1874, a judgment of "ouster" against Baxter, took forcible possession of the State House, and held it with cannon and some hundred and fifty men. Next day Baxter proclaimed martial law, marched two hundred partisans of his into Little Rock and surrounded the State-House. The Federal forces, while neutral, enjoined Brooks from precipitating an armed collision. Re-inforcements from both sides constantly



Chief-Justice John McClure.



Elisha Baxter.



Joseph Brooks.

came in, making Little Rock for the time a military camp.

A body of Baxter's colored supporters, applauding some utterance of his, were fired into—accidentally, as was said. Indiscriminate shooting ensued, with sanguinary results. Federal forces had to quell the disturbance. Excitement was undiminished until the end of April, breaches of the peace being frequent, though no general engagement occurred. On April 30th took place an action in which Brooks suffered the loss of twenty-five men killed and wounded, some accounts say seventy-one. A week later, and again two days later still, there were sharp skirmishes. The streets of Little Rock were barricaded, and communication with the outside world much impeded. Meantime the agents of the two parties in Washington were engaged in legal and diplomatic fencing, but effort after effort at compromise proved abortive.

Neither side had an inspiring cause. In that poverty-stricken State offices were more numerous and fat than in any other commonwealth of the Union. By the Constitution of 1868 the Governor appointed to five hundred and twenty-six of these posts, besides creating all the justices of the peace and constables. Public expenditures, which, in six years, had amounted to $17,000,000, might, if properly looked after, be made a rich source of revenue to many. A cartoon of the period figured Arkansas as a woman in the grip of two remorseless brigands with pistols levelled at each other. The Legislature, convened by Baxter on the 11th of May, telegraphed for Federal interposition. Grant at once recognized Baxter and his Legislature, and ordered "all turbulent and disorderly persons to disperse."

But the end was not yet. The Poland Committee on Arkansas Affairs, appointed by the National House of Representatives, elicited the fact that Baxter and the leaders of his party, notably Clayton and Dorsey, were no longer on good terms. His disappointing integrity had lost Baxter his "pull" with the Senators and with the Arkansas Supreme Court, presided over by McClure. The following is from the evidence laid before the committee during the summer of 1874:

"*Q.* State what you know as to the origin of the difficulties between Governor Baxter and the leaders of the party that elected him.

"*A.* As I understood it at that time, it originated with an effort on the part of the Republican party proper to carry through the railroad bill. It originated with his opposition to this bill, or with his declaring that he would defeat it.

"*Q.* What was the nature of the bill?

"*A.* There had been $5,200,000 State-aid bonds issued, and the object of the bill was to make the State assume that indebtedness and take in lieu of it railroad bonds.

"*Q.* Was that considered a fair equivalent?

"*A.* It was considered that it would be of no value at all.

"*Q.* What was the general opinion of these bonds, that the State had the benefit of them, or the roads, or the individuals?

"*A.* The impression on the public mind is that the bonds were divided up between the managers of the different railroads."

Baxter's new attitude surprisingly quickened the Supreme Court's sense of jurisdiction. Two of its judges were kidnapped, but escaped, and four days before the Legislature convened, four of the five, though "feeling some delicacy" in doing so, reversed their former denial of jurisdiction, and on May 7, 1874, affirmed the decision of the Circuit Court in Brooks's favor.

The Legislature provided for a constitutional Convention to convene on July 14, 1874, an action overwhelmingly indorsed by the people at the next election. The new Constitution ratified 78,000 to 24,000 in October, swept the Governor's enormous patronage away, as also his power to declare martial law and to suspend *habeas corpus*. The tax-levying and debt-contracting functions of the Legislature were strictly hedged about. The number of offices was to be diminished and all were to be elective. Disfranchisements were abolished. The most important of all the changes related to



The Brooks Forces Evacuating the State House at Little Rock.

the Returning Board. The old Constitution had vested in this body extraordinary authority, like that given it by statute in Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana. It designated three officers who were to receive all election returns, compile and count them, reject fraudulent and illegal votes, and in case of irregularities in the election, occasioned by fraud or fear in any county or precinct, to correct the result or to reject it and order a new election. The judicial part of this fearful sovereignty was now annulled.

The State Democracy, September 9, 1874, endorsed these changes as "just, liberal, and wise," and offered Baxter the nomination for Governor, which he refused. The opposition cried out that the State was betrayed into the hands of the Ku-klux and White Leagues, that Brooks was the true Governor, and that the new Constitution was revolutionary and void. They made no nominations under it, so that at the election of October 13, 1874, Garland, the Democratic nominee, was elected by a majority of 75,453 votes.

On February 6, 1875, the Poland Committee submitted to the House its report upon the Arkansas imbroglio. It stated that the new Arkansas Constitution was Republican in form and recommended non-interference, saying that while negro citizenship was not relished by the Southern people, few would do ought to disturb it, except certain lawless youths, who should be sternly dealt with. A minority report was signed by Jasper D. Ward, of Illinois, who had gone to Little Rock in company with Dorsey, and had during his entire stay remained at Dorsey's house, where he met few but Brooksites. The President took issue with the Poland Committee. In a special message, two days after its report, he expressed the opinion that Brooks was the legal Governor of Arkansas and the new Constitution revolutionary. Spite of this, however, the House adopted the Poland report, thus, in effect, ending the long broil and suspense. Governor Garland at once proclaimed Thursday, March 25, 1875, a day of thanksgiving.

A CONFLICT BETWEEN WHITES AND NEGROES

Before light, on December 7, 1874, the white citizens of Vicksburg, Miss., were roused by the news that armed negroes were approaching the city. They sprang to arms and organized. Just outside the city limits a detachment of whites met a body of two hundred negroes and soon put them to rout, killing six, wounding several, and taking some prisoners. Almost at the



The Scene of the Conflict at the Pemberton Monument, near Vicksburg, December 7, 1874.
The negroes were intrenched in the old Federal breastworks at the top of the hill.

same time a similar engagement was in progress near the monument where Pemberton surrendered to Grant in 1863. The man who headed the citizens says the conflict lasted only a few minutes. The negroes fled in wild disorder, leaving behind twenty killed and wounded. At still other points negro bands were charged upon and routed. By noon the war was over and on the following day business was resumed amid quiet and order. Three whites were killed and three wounded, while of the colored about seventy-five were killed and wounded and thirty or forty made prisoners.



Adalbert Ames.

The causes of this bloody affair were differently recited. An address published by the citizens of Vicksburg on December 12th alleged a series of frauds by certain colored county officials. Some of these had been indicted by a grand jury composed of ten colored and seven white men. Among the accused was George W. Davenport, clerk of the Court of Chancery and a member of the Board of Supervisors. The citizens further declared that the bonds of Sheriff and Tax Collector Crosby were worthless, and also that he had made away with incriminating records to save comrades of his who were under indictment. A mass-meeting was held, December 2d, and the accused officials asked to resign. Davenport fled the county; Crosby yielded. Soon, however, by an inflammatory handbill, over Crosby's name, in which the "Taxpayers" were named a mob of ruffians, barbarians, and political banditti, the colored people of the county were called upon to support him. It was rumored that a rising of blacks was imminent, though Crosby had disowned the pamphlet and promised to bid his adherents disperse. Governor Ames proclaimed a state of riot and disorder, and invoked the aid of all citizens in upholding the laws. Upon receipt of the Governor's proclamation the Mayor of Vicksburg issued a counter-manifesto asserting that the mass-meeting, which the Governor had denounced as riotous and as having driven the sheriff from his office, was a quiet and orderly gathering of taxpayers who, without arms or violence, had "requested the resignation of irresponsible officials." His Honor continued: "Whereas the Governor's proclamation has excited the citizens of the county, and I have this moment received information that armed bodies of colored men have organized and are now marching on the city," I command such "unlawful assemblages and armed bodies of men to disperse."

Spite of his Honor's denial, Governor Ames ascribed the trouble to violence and intimidation against blacks by whites, constituting a reign of terror, and convened the Legislature in extra session. This body called upon President Grant to awaken what Sumner called "the sleeping giant of the Constitution," and protect the State against domestic violence. Grant was reluctant to interpose. In his annual message hardly a fortnight before, he had said: "The whole subject of executive interference with the affairs of a State is repugnant to public opinion." "Unless most clearly on the side of law such interference becomes a crime." He therefore merely issued a proclamation commanding all disorderly bands in Mississippi to disperse. But breaches of the peace continued. At a public meeting in Yazoo City, September 1st, one man was killed and three or four wounded. The speaker of the evening, a Republican office-holder, left the county, professing to believe his life in danger. In Clinton, three days later, at a Republican barbecue, where there was a discussion between a Republican and a Democrat, a personal



Richard O'Leary, Mayor of Vicksburg in 1874.

quarrel sprang up, during which two negroes were shot. This was the signal for a general attack by blacks upon whites, in the course of which three white men were killed and several wounded. Later in the night seven or eight negroes were killed, when the armed men dispersed and quiet was restored. Another outbreak at Friar's Point, a month afterward, was clearly incited by a colored sheriff, who had called together a body of armed negroes to support him in the County Convention.

Ames now renewed his petition for United States troops, but met with a chilling response from the new Attorney-General, Edwards Pierrepont, a Democrat till Seymour's nomination, thereafter a Conservative Republican. He declared that the general government could aid Mississippi only when all the resources of the State Executive had been exhausted. He accompanied this utterance with words from Grant's despatches: "The whole public are tired out with these annual autumnal outbreaks in the South, and the great majority now are ready to condemn any interference on the part of the Government." Failing to secure assistance from Washington, Ames's party finally made an amicable arrangement with the Conservatives, which assured a fair and peaceable election.

This resulted in Republican defeat, whereupon Mr. Revels, the colored Senator from Mississippi, wrote to the President the following: "Since reconstruction the masses of people have been, as it were, enslaved in mind by unprincipled adventurers. A great portion of them have learned that they were being used as mere tools, and determined, by casting their ballots against these unprincipled adventurers, to overthrow them. The bitterness and hate created by the late civil strife have, in my opinion, been obliterated in this State, except, perhaps, in some localities, and would have long since been entirely effaced were it not for some unprincipled men who would keep alive the bitterness of the past and inculcate a hatred between the races in order that they may aggrandize themselves by office and its emoluments to control my people, the effect of which is to degrade them. If the State administration had advanced patriotic measures, appointed only honest and competent men to office, and sought to restore confidence between the races, bloodshed would have been unknown, peace would have prevailed, Federal interference been unthought of, and harmony, friendship, and mutual confidence would have taken the place of the bayonet." Testimony to the same effect was given by other prominent Republicans, white and black.

OVERTHROW OF THE KELLOGG GOVERNMENT

In Louisiana, because of the peculiarity of its social structure, the color-line was drawn even more sharply than in South Carolina. In South Carolina there were three distinct castes of whites—the aristocracy, the *bourgeoisie*, and the poor whites, or "sand-hillers," while the Louisiana white people were a perfect democracy, the only caste division in the State being founded on color. The best families used no coats-of-arms; their coachmen and servants wore no livery. The splendors usually attending vulgar wealth were entirely eschewed. "There was a nobility in the white skin more sacred and more respected than the one derived from the letters-patent of kings." Such solidarity among the whites rendered the feud precipitated by the negro's enfranchisement peculiarly bitter. White and black children no longer played together as of yore. To avoid seeming inferiority colored servants refused to sleep under the same roofs with their old masters.

It will be remembered that in November, 1872, Kellogg and McEnery each claimed to be elected Governor of Louisiana, that President Grant recognized Kellogg, but that McEnery and his supporters energetically protested. This contest had never been quieted. McEnery's government retained its organization though deprived of all power. Near the close of August, 1874, the troubles grew menacing. The two parties had met in convention, when the country was startled by the news of the arrest and deliberate shooting of six Republican officials. As in all such cases the reports



The Mississippi Legislature Passing a Resolution Asking for Federal Aid After the Attack on Vicksburg.
Scene in the Senate Chamber.

were conflicting, one side declaring it a merciless war of whites upon blacks, the other an uprising of the blacks themselves.

The wealth of Louisiana made the State a special temptation to carpet-baggers. Between 1866 and 1871 taxes had risen four hundred and fifty per cent. Before the war a session of the Legislature cost from $100,000 to $200,000; in 1871 the regular session cost $900,000. Judge Black considered it "safe to say that a general conflagration, sweeping over all the State from one end to the other and destroying every building and every article of personal property, would have been a visitation of mercy in comparison to the

curse of such a government." This statement is not extravagant if his other assertion is correct, that, during the ten years preceding 1876 New Orleans paid, in the form of direct taxes, more than the estimated value of all the property within her limits in the year named, and still had a debt of equal amount unpaid.

Kellogg had a body of Metropolitan Police, mostly colored, paid for by the city of New Orleans, but under his personal command, which formed a part of his militia. Over against this was the New Orleans White League, which again is to be distinguished from the White League of the State. On September 14th, a mass-meeting was called in New Orleans to protest against the governor's seizure of arms shipped to private parties. By 11 A.M. the broad sidewalks were filled for several squares, and there was a general suspension of business. A committee was appointed to wait upon the Governor and request him to abdicate. He had fled from the Executive Office to the Custom-house, a great citadel, garrisoned at that time by United States troops. From his retreat he sent word declining to entertain any communication. Their leaders advised the people to get arms and return to assist the White League in executing plans that would be arranged. A large number formed in procession and marched up Poydras Street. By 3 P.M. armed men were posted at street-crossings south of Canal Street. Soon a strong position was taken in Poydras Street, the streets between Poydras and Canal being barricaded with cars turned sideways. General Ogden commanded the citizens and superintended these arrangements. Five hundred Metropolitans, with cavalry and artillery, took their station at the head of Canal Street, while General Longstreet, their leader, rode up and down Canal Street calling upon the armed citizens to disperse. About 4 P.M. the Metropolitans assaulted the citizens' position. A sharp fight ensued. General Ogden's horse was shot under him, as was General Badger's on the Kellogg side. The colored Metropolitans broke at the first fire, deserting their white comrades. The citizens' victory was soon complete, General Longstreet and others seeking refuge in the Custom-house. Next morning, at seven, the State-house was in the citizens' hands; two hours later the whole Metropolitan force surrendered. The barricades were torn down and street-cars resumed their trips.

Lieutenant-Governor Penn hastened to assure the blacks that no harm was meant toward them, their property or their rights. "We war," said he, "only against the thieves, plunderers, and spoilers of the State." All the morning Penn's residence was filled with congratulatory crowds. In North Louisiana the *coup-d'état* roused delirious enthusiasm. At the same time leading citizens counselled moderation, especially urging that no violence toward colored people should be permitted. The Mayor's proclamation ran: "Let me advise extreme moderation; resume your vocations as soon as dismissed. Seek no revenge for past injuries, but leave your fallen enemies to the torture of their own consciences and to the lasting infamy which their acts have wrought for them." No acts of violence were reported, though McEnery's officials were installed all over the State. About 2 P.M., as three thousand of General Ogden's militia marched past the Custom-house, the United States troops gathered in the windows, took off their hats and gave the citizens three hearty cheers, which were returned. At 3 P.M. ten thousand unarmed citizens, preceded by a band of music, escorted Penn to the State-house.

The triumph was short-lived. The resort to arms displeased President Grant. He commanded the insurgents to disperse in five days—half the time he had allowed in Arkansas and one-fourth the time he had allowed in his Louisiana proclamation of 1873. Troops and men-of-war were ordered to New Orleans, and General Emory instructed under no circumstances to recognize the Penn government. A cabinet meeting on September 17th concluded that "it was important to adopt measures for maintaining, if not the *de jure*, at least the *de facto* government in Louisiana." Attorney-General Williams compared the case with that of Arkansas, where, he confessed, he always believed Brooks had a majority, but said: "The



The Mass-meeting of September 14, 1874, at the Clay Statue, New Orleans.



L. A. Wiltz Taking Possession of the Speaker's Chair in the Louisiana State-house, January 4, 1875.

question is not who ought to be Governor, but who is." On the 18th Emory received positive directions to recognize the Kellogg government, and on the next day Kellogg was induced to venture from his asylum and resume his office. Not all the McEnery officials were turned out, as several of the Kellogg placemen had fled upon the news of Penn's success and could not be found. The new city police, under Mr. Boylan, a well-known detective, were retained, owing to the demoralization of the Metropolitans. For a time United States soldiers were employed on police duty. On an election-day as much as six weeks later, to remove apprehension caused by the inefficiency of the Metropolitans, a detail of the McEnery militia was made to preserve the peace at each polling-place.

McEnery and Penn advised cheerful

submission, and while surrendering the State-house to Colonel Brooks showed him every courtesy. The only excess reported was an unsuccessful attack by negroes upon Bayou Sara on September 19th. In answer to Attorney-General Williams's pronunciamento, Penn asserted that the McEnery government had been organized ever since 1872; that McEnery's armed supporters were not insurgents but militia; that the sole reason why the McEnery government was not *de facto* in function all over the State was that it was overpowered by the United States forces, but for which it could assert its authority and would be universally obeyed. The Kellogg government, he said, could be placed and kept in power by the United States army, but in no other way whatever. "Is this," he asked, "the Republican form of government guaranteed to every State under the Constitution?"



John McEnery.



General de Trobriand.

Happily the army had no command to repress free speech, which was usefully employed in appeals to the country. These papers were of unusual clearness and force. Besides describing anew the corruptions already alluded to, they accused the Kellogg faction of altering the registration laws in its own interest. "Many white citizens clearly entitled to registry were refused arbitrarily, while the colored people were furnished registration papers on which, in many instances, they could vote in different wards; and colored crews of steamboats transiently visiting this port were permitted to swell the number of voters." The "White League," which, outside New Orleans, seems not to have been an armed body, was declared a necessary measure of defence against a formidable oath-bound order of blacks.

Governor Kellogg sought to explain the uprising. He said: "They first want the offices, and that is the meaning of this outburst. The Governor of Louisiana wields an enormous amount of patronage, for which McEnery and his friends hunger." However, at his instance, an Advisory Board, consisting of two men from each party and an umpire chosen by them, was arranged to supervise and carry on the registration for the next election. Though, perhaps, honestly conceived, this plan amounted to little. About the middle of October the umpire resigned, and the function of the Board virtually came to an end. Further, the Conservatives were to cause all violence to cease, and were permitted to fill two vacancies on the Returning Board created by resignation for this purpose.

The election of November 2, 1874, was quiet. Indications seemed to point to Democratic success. A break in the colored vote was foreshadowed, among other things, by an address of leading colored men in New Orleans, setting forth that the Republican party in the State had, since reconstruction, been managed and controlled by men in all respects as bad as "the most rampant White Leaguer," that they had shut out the colored wealth and intelligence and put in office "illiterate and unworthy colored men." The colored people, it said, "are ready to adopt any honorable adjustment tending to harmonize the races," to further law and order and a higher standard of administration in public offices.

Of course the Returning Board played an important part in this election. One example will illustrate its methods. The parish of Rapides chose three legislators. The United States Supervisor certified that the election was in all respects full, fair, and free. In the parish itself no one knew that any contest existed. At one of its last

sittings the Board, upon an affidavit of its President, Wells, alleging intimidation, counted in all three Republicans. This, like other acts of the kind, was done in secret or "executive" session. The Council of the Democratic Committee declared that they had no chance to answer. It came out that Wells was not present at Rapides, and he declined, though given the opportunity, to explain to the Congressional Committee his action. The Rapides change alone sufficed to determine the complexion of the lower house.



General Philip H. Sheridan.
From a photograph in the historical collection of H. W. Fay.

After recounting instances of illegal action and fraud on the part of the Returning Board, the Inspecting Committee appealed to the nation: "We, the down-trodden people of once free Louisiana, now call upon the people of the free States of America, if you would yourselves remain free and retain the right of self-government, to demand in tones that cannot be misunderstood or disregarded, that the shackles be stricken from Louisiana, and that the power of the United States army may no longer be used to keep a horde of adventurers in power."

On December 24, 1874, the Returning Board completed its labors. It gave the treasury to the Republicans, and allowed them a majority of two in the Legislature, five seats being left open. These changes from the face of the returns were made on the ground of alleged fraud, intimidation, or other irregularity at the polls, or in making the returns. The Board dismissed as preposterous all complaints of intimidation by United States soldiery, though at least one case is reported of a Federal officer making out affidavits against citizens, and arresting them upon these affidavits. He was stopped later by orders from his superior.

The Congressional Investigating Committee, composed of two Republicans and one Democrat, hence wholly likely to be impartial, after citing three or four instances of fraud on the part of the Returning Board, unanimously found itself "constrained to declare that the action of the Returning Board on the whole, was arbitrary, unjust, and illegal; and that this arbitrary, unjust, and illegal action alone prevented the return of a majority of the Conservative members to the lower house."

A few days before the assembling of the Legislature one of the Republican members was arrested and confined till



S. S. Marshall.



William P. Fry.



William A. Wheeler.



G. F. Hoar.

The Committee which Formulated the "Wheeler Adjustment."

after the opening. The Conservatives alleged that this was for embezzlement; the Republicans charged that it was for political purposes, and that their opponents were attempting to kidnap and even threatening to assassinate Republican legislators to wipe out the majority. So threatening an aspect of affairs induced Grant to give Sheridan command of the Military Department of the Gulf in addition to his own. Sheridan started on telegraphic notice.

The Legislature convened on January 4th. Suppressed excitement could be seen in every eye. Of the memorable and unprecedented events of this day there are four varying accounts—General Sheridan's statement, two reports to Congress by committees of the two political parties in the Louisiana House of Representatives, and a recital incorporated in the Congressional Committee's report above referred to. The last, of which we give a *résumé*, is the most trustworthy.

The State-House was filled and surrounded by Metropolitans and Federal soldiers, and no one permitted to enter save by Governor Kellogg's orders. At noon the clerk of the preceding House, Mr. Vigers, called the Assembly to order and proceeded to call the roll. Fifty Democrats and fifty-two Republicans answered to their names. Instantly a Conservative member, Mr. Billieu, nominated L. A. Wiltz as temporary chairman. The clerk interposed some objection, but Mr. Billieu, disregarding him, hurriedly put the motion and declared it carried upon a *viva voce* vote. Wiltz sprang to the platform, pushed the clerk aside, and seized the gavel. Justice Houston then swore in the members *en bloc*. In the same hurried fashion a new clerk was elected, also a sergeant-at-arms; then, from among gentlemen who had secured entrance under one pretext or another, a number of assistant sergeants-at-arms were appointed. These gentlemen at once opened their coats and discovered each his badge bearing the words "Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms." Protests, points of order, calls for the yeas and nays, were overridden. The five contesting Democrats were admitted and sworn in. The Republicans now adopted their opponents' tactics, someone nominating Mr. Lowell for temporary chairman, and amid great confusion declared him elected, but he declined to serve. The organization of the House was completed by the election of Wiltz as Speaker. Several Republican members attempting to leave were prevented by the assistant Sergeants-at-arms. Pistols were displayed, and the disorder grew so great that the House requested Colonel de Trobriand, commanding the forces at the State-house, to insist upon order in the lobby. This he did, and the House proceeded with the election of minor officers, uninterrupted for an hour. At length de Trobriand received word from Governor Kellogg, which his general orders bound him to obey, to remove the five members sworn in who had not been returned by the Board. Speaker Wiltz refusing to point them out, General Campbell did so, and in spite of protest they were removed by Federal soldiers. Wiltz then left the hall at the head of the Conservative members. The Republicans, remaining, organized to suit themselves.

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S ATTITUDE

General Sheridan reported the matter somewhat differently. He reached Louisiana in no judicial frame of mind. Conservative chagrin and humiliation often took form in foolish threats, which were at once seized upon by the carpet-baggers and scalawags to fan his wrath. The very air seemed to him impregnated with assassination. He suggested that Congress or the President should declare the "ringleaders of the armed White Leagues" banditti; he could then try them by military commission and put an end to such scenes as had occurred. The New Orleans Cotton Exchange, a meeting of Northern and Western residents of New Orleans, and other bodies passed resolutions denying the correctness of Sheridan's impressions. In an appeal to the American people a number of New Orleans clergymen condemned the charges lodged by Sheridan with the Secretary of War as "unmerited, unfounded, and erroneous." General Sheridan reiterated them, and ac-

cused Bishop Wilmer, one of the signers of the appeal, of having admitted before the Congressional Committee "that the condition of affairs was substantially as bad as reported." The Bishop admitted that Louisianians were more prone than others to acts of violence, saying "there is a feeling of insecurity here," an expression which he interpreted as meaning "no security in the courts against theft."

General Sherman commented on the case as follows: "I have all along tried to save our officers and soldiers from the dirty work imposed on them by the city authorities of the South; and may thereby have incurred the suspicion of the President that I did not cordially sustain his forces. . . . I have always thought it wrong to bolster up weak State governments by our troops. We should keep the peace always; but not act as bailiff constables and catch thieves; that should be beneath a soldier's vocation. I know that our soldiers hate that kind of duty terribly, and not one of those officers but would prefer to go to the plains against the Indians, rather than encounter a street mob or serve a civil process. But in our government it is too hard to stand up in the face of what is apparent, that the present government of Louisiana is not the choice of the people, though in strict technical law it is the State government."



William Pitt Kellogg.

PROTEST AGAINST FEDERAL INTERFERENCE

Public opinion at the North sided with the appellants. The press gave a cry of alarm at such military interference in civil affairs. A stanch Republican sheet uttered the sentiment of many when it said, "Unless the Republican party is content to be swept out of existence by the storm of indignant protest arising against the wrongs of Louisiana from all portions of the country, it will see that this most shameful outrage is redressed wholly and at once." Numerous indignation meetings were held in Northern cities. Republicans like William Cullen Bryant, William M. Evarts, Joseph R. Hawley, and Carl Schurz, openly condemned the use which had been made of the troops. Legislatures passed resolutions denouncing it, and it was understood that Fish, Bristow, and Jewell, of the Cabinet, disapproved. Yet patience was urged upon the people of Louisiana. "Whatever injustice," said Carl Schurz, "you may have to suffer, let not a hand of yours be lifted, let no provocation of insolent power, nor any tempting opportunity seduce you into the least demonstration of violence. As your cause is just, trust to its justice, for surely the time cannot be far when every American who truly loves his liberty will recognize the cause of his own rights and liberties in the cause of constitutional government in Louisiana."

Under a resolution introduced by Mr. Thurman, the Senate called upon President Grant for explanation. A special message was the response, defending the end which had been had in view but really leaving undefended the means employed. Early in 1875 a second committee, George F. Hoar chairman, was appointed to investigate Louisiana affairs. The result of their labors is known as the "Wheeler Adjustment," which embraced on the one hand submission to the Kellogg government, and on the other arbitration by the Committee of Contested Seats in the Legislature. This arbitration seated twelve of the contestants excluded by the Returning Board. Mr. Hahn vacated the Speaker's chair, Mr. Wiltz withdrew as a candidate therefor, and Mr. Estilette, a Conservative, was elected. This settlement marked the beginning of the end of carpet-baggery in Louisiana.

THE WIND

By R. K. Munkittrick

Oh, the wind is a mutable spirit—
  On whimsical wings he flies,
One moment at play in a leafy spray,
  Then he broods in the sullen skies
And roars o'er the darkling waters
  That roll in his angry frown,
While he lashes the ships with his furious whips
  Till the hulls in the sea go down—
Till the stout mast falls and the white sail dips,
  And the ships in the sea go down.

Oh, the centuried oak on the mountain
  He up-roots from its rock-bound base,
And the temple down hurls when his wing he unfurls
  In his whirling flight through space.
Oh, he tosses the flames into billows—
  Into surges that seethe and soar,
Till unbridled they leap o'er the prairie's sweep
  Like the waves on an endless shore—
Like the waves that crash with a moaning deep
  On the sands of an endless shore.

Then he toys with the wave-tossed lily
  In the throes of a madcap bliss,
And the flowers unfolds in their blues and golds
  For the wine of the dawn's pink kiss.
When he moans through the woods in winter,
  What a jolly old soul is he,
As he fashions the gay snow-wreath to lay
  On the bough of the gray rose-tree,
Where the white rose gladdened the milky May
  On the bough of the green rose-tree.

Oh, I know where the wind is dreaming
  When he's flown to his downy nest—
When the sails won't fill and the ocean's still,
  And the clouds in the blue skies rest—
Oh, he's flown on his gentlest pinions
  To a bower of sculptured grace—
He has sought the lair of her gold-red hair
  And the bloom of her dimpled face.
On the heart of the Flower of Flowers,
  He lingers with tender sighs
And kisses her mouth, like the wine-warm south
  And her half-closed violet eyes.
Oh, the green sea's calm, he has found the balm
  Of her half-closed violet eyes.
Oh, his joy's supreme in the seas of dream
  Of her-half closed violet eyes.

A SHORT STUDY IN EVOLUTION

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson

A COLLEGE for women is generally looked upon by the outside world and the visiting preachers as a haven of rest, a sort of oasis in the desert of life, a Paradise with a large and flourishing Tree of Knowledge of which one is commanded to eat, and where one is happily ignorant of the "struggle for life," and the woes and evils of the world.

Such views have been so often expressed and inculcated that it appears a little ungracious and stubborn to insist that the bishop who comes out and delivers a sermon once a year, or the brilliant young graduate from a neighboring seminary—who is sent because the dean has been suddenly called away and who is quaking with fear at the ordeal—cannot possibly know all about a girl's college life and its temptations and its trials and its vanities.

When the heterogeneous mass of humanity which makes up a big college is got together and in close relation for ten months at a time, there is bound to be action and reaction. When New York society girls and missionaries' daughters from India, and Boston Latin-school girls and native Japanese, and Westerners and Georgians and Australians and "Teacher Specials," and very young preparatory-school girls, are all mixed up together, it inevitably happens that there is some friction and many unexpected and interesting results. One of these is that it not infrequently happens that a young woman leaves college an entirely different person from the girl who took her entrance examinations, and sometimes the change is for the better and sometimes for the worse, or it may be unimportant and relate only to the way she has got to wearing her hair, or the amount of extra money she considers necessary. At any rate, a noticeable change of some sort always operates in a girl during her four or five years' stay at a college, and when she goes home "for good" her friends will criticise her from their different points of view, and will be sure to tell her whether she is improved or not.

When Miss Eva Hungerford returned for her senior year at college, having been greatly disappointed in one of her friends, she determined to make no new ones, but to work very hard and keep a great deal to herself. She succeeded so well in her efforts that, after she had been there three months, she became aware that she knew absolutely none of the new students. They were an indistinguishable mass to her, with the exception of two or three noticeably pretty, and about the same number of extremely homely young women whose physique rendered them conspicuous. To her uninterested gaze the large majority seemed to be distressingly like all previous freshman classes, and endowed with the same modest amount of good looks and intellectual foreheads.

But in college life it is a strange fact that while upper classes find it rather difficult to become acquainted among the lower ones, owing, of course, to the unwritten code which prevents a senior from appearing interested in any but those of her own class, yet the incoming students are allowed and take every opportunity of ingratiating themselves with upper-class girls, without injury to their dignity. But Miss Hungerford, who had surrounded herself with quite an impenetrable air of seniority, and

who was so extremely handsome and distant-looking, by her appearance and bearing had exercised a rather chilling influence on young aspirants for an introduction, and was secretly very much looked up to and feared.

She was not entirely unconscious of the effect she produced, and was therefore decidedly surprised one day to receive a call from a freshman who lived only a few doors from her, but of whose existence she had not been aware. She thought the child—she was very young, not more than sixteen—uninteresting, and that it was an evidence of extremely bad taste, and unconventionality on her part to call in that unprovoked way. But she was very polite to her uninvited guest, and asked her the usual questions, and the girl, who was very naïve, replied with a loquacity quite trying to her hostess.



A rather chilling influence.

Miss Hungerford was rather indignant after her visitor had gone, and wondered why she had had to be interrupted in an analytical study of "Prometheus Unbound," to listen to a child tell her that she had never been out of Iowa before, and that her mother had not wanted her to come to college, but that her father had always said she should have "a higher education," and so, after presumably much domestic wrangling, she was there. Miss Hungerford could not remember much else of what the young girl had told her, having listened rather absently to her replies, but she had a distinct impression that her visitor was not at all good-looking, with only a fine pair of eyes to redeem her pale face, and that her clothes were atrocious, and that she was *gauche* and decidedly of a social class that Miss Hungerford was not in the habit of mingling with away from college. For even in a very democratic college there are social grades, and although it is the thing to meet in a most friendly way at all class functions, still, a narrow line of distinction may be perceived on social occasions.

Altogether Miss Hungerford felt rather aggrieved and hoped she would not be bothered again. But she was. Miss Betty Harmon, of Sioux City, Ia., had had a fearful struggle with her timidity and retiring nature, when she called on Miss Hungerford, and having gained a victory over herself, she had no intention of resigning the benefits. So she would smile first when they met in the corridors, and was not above showing how much she appreciated a few words from Miss Hungerford in praise of her tennis serve, and that young woman was even uncomfortably conscious that her youthful admirer had more than once followed her to the library where, under pretence of reading, she had stolen furtive glances at her. Later there were notes, and roses, and requests to go boating.

Miss Hungerford strongly objected to such proceedings, not only because she did not wish to be rendered ridiculous by an insignificant freshman from Iowa, but also because she was a very sensible girl, and entirely disapproved of the "eclectic affinity" busi-

ness, and she had no intention of allowing the young girl's admiration for herself to develop into that abnormal sort of attraction that exists between girls in so many schools and colleges.

The temptation to exalt some upper-class girl into an ideal and lavish upon her an affection which in society would naturally fall to the lot of some very unideal boy, or man, is one of the greatest ordeals a college girl goes through, and one who successfully resists all inducements to become a "divinity student," or who gets out of the entanglement without damage to herself, is as successfully "proven" as was Lieutenant Ouless after his little affair with Private Ortheris. Even the least romantic girl is apt to find unexpected possibilities in her nature in the way of romantic devotion, so that it was not surprising that Miss Betty Harmon, unimaginative, and unsentimental as she was, should have admired so extravagantly as handsome and interesting a girl as Eva Hungerford. The crude Western girl found something extremely attractive in the senior —grace, a social ease and distinction, and that indefinable magnetism which a wealthy, consciously beautiful girl possesses.

But Miss Hungerford, who had no notion of getting herself talked about, and whose Eastern sensitiveness and prejudices were continually being shocked by the younger girl's crudities, so persistently frowned down upon and ignored her under-class admirer, that even Miss Harmon's devotion paled, and the roses and notes and boating excursions ceased. She began to perceive that the faint line of social distinction, so rarely perceptible in the college, had been drawn in her case.

During the last semester of the year Miss Hungerford, who was very tired and busy, seemed almost oblivious of the young girl's existence, and even forgot to smile at her when they met on the campus. And when on her Baccalaureate Sunday a box of white roses—the last mute expression of Miss Harmon's expiring affection—was handed her without any card, she wondered who had sent them and concluded they must have been ordered by a man she knew.

Three years after leaving College Miss Hungerford married, much to her friends' surprise, and a year after that she and her husband went abroad. Of course they went to Paris, where Mrs. Stanhope, who had spent much time there after leaving college, had a great many friends, and innumerable dinners were given to them and they enjoyed themselves very much until it got so cold that Mrs. Stanhope said she must go to Cannes. Of course it immediately struck Stanhope, who adored his wife, that it was entirely too cold to stay in Paris, and so they went south, though their friends made a great fuss over their departure.



She had stolen furtive glances at her.

They stayed away much longer than they had intended, having been enticed into going to Malta by some American acquaintances, and when they got back to Paris hundreds of interesting things seemed to have happened in their absence and a great many people and events were being talked about of which



"When the two women were within a few feet of each other."

they knew nothing. But the wife of the American minister, who was an old friend, went to see Mrs. Stanhope immediately to invite her to an informal dinner the next evening, and stayed the entire afternoon, telling her of everything that had happened and who all the new people were—the New American Beauty for instance. She could not believe that her friend had not heard of nor seen *the* New Beauty.

"Why, haven't you even seen her pictures—and the notices of her?"

Mrs. Stanhope was slightly aggrieved. She knew absolutely nothing about her.

"And I am completely astonished that they aren't talking of her at Cannes."

Mrs. Stanhope reminded her friend that she had been immured at Malta since leaving the Riviera.

"Oh, well, of course her fame has reached there by this time. Why, all Paris is talking about her—and you know yourself"—observed that astute lady, impressively—"how much it takes to make Paris stop and look at you." Mrs. Stanhope said "Yes," and wanted to know who The Beauty's people were, and where she had come from.

"Oh, I don't know," declared her friend. "No one seems to inquire. She is so beautiful and sufficient in herself that one does not care much for the rest. They are immensely rich—recently, I believe—though you would never know it from her manner. She is charming and thoroughly well-bred. Her father, I hear, is a typical American business man—not much *en évidence*, you know. He leaves that to his daughter, and she does it very well. He is a Senator—or something—from the West, and made such a name for himself at Washington that they thought he was too bright to stay there, so they sent him over here to help settle that international treaty affair—*you* know perhaps—*I* don't, I only pretend to."

"How did she do it?" demanded Mrs. Stanhope, in that simply comprehensive way women have when talking about another woman.

"Oh, she just started right in. Courtelais raved over her, and her father paid him twenty thousand dollars to have her painted. The Colony took her up, and the rest just followed naturally. The portrait is really charming, though she was dressed—well I *don't* think any French girl would have sat in that costume."

"Is she really so beautiful?"

"Well—not regularly beautiful, perhaps—but charming and fascinating, and awfully clever, they say—so clever that very few people suspect her of it, and—oh! well, you can judge for yourself to-morrow evening. By the way, everyone says she is engaged already—Comte de la Tour. You used to know him, I think." She rose to go. "He is very much in love with her, that is evident." She thought it best to let Mrs. Stanhope have that piece of news from herself. She did not wish her friend to be taken at a disadvantage, especially in her own house.

Mrs. Stanhope felt the least bit startled. She had known the Comte de la Tour very well indeed in Paris, several years before, and he had been very much in love with her, and had appeared quite genuinely broken-hearted when she refused him. She had not seen him—he had not been in Paris when she was there during the earlier part of the season—but with the comforting faith of people who have never been in love, she had always believed that he would get over his devotion to her, though she felt a rather curious sensation on hearing that her expectations had been so fully realized, and she felt a pardonable curiosity to see the girl who had made him forget her.

She dressed very carefully for the American Minister's the next evening, and looked a little more than her usual handsome self, when her carriage turned rapidly into the Avenue Hoche. She was somewhat late, and although the Minister and his wife were old friends, she felt worried with herself, for she had made it a rule to be punctual at all social functions, and when she entered the rooms she could see that the guests wore that rather expectant air which signifies that dinner is already slightly behind time. She hurried forward and denounced herself in polite fashion, but her hostess assured her that several others had not yet ar-

rived, and, much relieved, she turned to speak to a bright newspaper man, an old acquaintance, who had arrived in Paris during her absence.

"I am so glad to find you again," he murmured in his drawl; "they tell me you have been to Malta. How fortunate for you! I suppose now you have been happy in an idyllic, out-of-the-world way, and have not heard a word about Brice's accident, nor the newspaper duel, nor the New Beauty—"

"But I am not happy, and shall not be until I see your Beauty," protested Mrs. Stanhope. "I've heard about her until I have an all-devouring curiosity to behold her. I haven't even seen *the* portrait, nor a photograph!"

He fell away from her in mock surprise and despair, and was about to reply, when the portières were again drawn aside and Mrs. Stanhope saw coming into the room a very beautiful young girl, with a rather childish, mobile face, and magnificent eyes. She seemed to know everyone, and bowed and smiled right and left in an easy, bright sort of way. Mrs. Stanhope would have known this was The Beauty, even if her entrance had not been accompanied by that significant hush and rather ridiculous closing up of the men in her wake. There was a special charm about the soft contour of her face, and the heavy white satin of her gown, though rather old for such a young girl, set off her beauty admirably.

"Looks just like one of Goodrich's girls, doesn't she?" murmured the man at Mrs. Stanhope's elbow. But that lady was not paying any attention to his remarks. She was looking in a puzzled fashion at the girl's face, and wondering what there was about it so familiar.

"Isn't she deliciously beautiful?" he insisted, "and clever! I found it out quite by accident. She's very careful about letting people know how well informed she is. She's been to a college somewhere," he ran on. Mrs. Stanhope was not listening. She was still looking, in a rather abstracted way, at the young girl who was holding a little court on the other side of the room. Her hostess rustled up.

"I am going to send my husband to bring The Beauty to you," she said laughingly, and swept across the room. In a moment Mrs. Stanhope saw the girl take the Minister's arm, and, followed on the other side by the Comte de la Tour, start toward her. For some inexplicable reason she felt annoyed, and half wished to avoid the introduction. The newspaper man was interested. Mrs. Stanhope had never posed as a professional beauty, and she was too noble a woman to have her head turned by flattery, but that did not alter the fact that she had been considered the handsomest woman in the American colony at Paris, and, of course, she knew it. He thought it would be interesting to see how the acknowledged beauty received the younger one.

When the two women were within a few feet of each other, and before the American Minister could say "Mrs. Stanhope," they each gave a little cry of recognition, and it was the younger one who first regained her composure and extended her hand. She stood there, flushed and smiling, the lights falling on her dark hair and gleaming shoulders, making of her, as the newspaper man had said, one of "Goodrich's girls." The childish look had gone out of her eyes, and a little gleam of conscious triumph was in them. There was just a shade of coldness, almost of condescension, in her manner. While the Comte was looking from one to the other, in a rather mystified way, and the American Minister was saying, "Why, I didn't know—I thought—" Mrs. Stanhope's mind was running quickly back to her first meeting with the girl before her, and she could only remember, in a confused sort of way, what this girl had once been like. And so they stood for a moment—it seemed an interminably long time to the men—looking a little constrainedly at each other and smiling vaguely. But the older woman quickly recovered herself. She had no notion of being outdone by the girl before her, and spoke brightly.

"I did not recognize you! How stupid of me! But you see the 'Beatrice' confused me, and then the French way every one has of pronouncing

H-a-r-m-ö-n completely put me off the track!"

She tried to be very friendly, and the young girl smiled and looked easily—the newspaper man thought almost defiantly—at her, but it was plain to the three onlookers that in some inscrutable way the meeting had been unfortunate, and they each felt relieved, in an inexplicable fashion, when dinner was announced and the snowy, gleaming length of damask and silver and wax lights stretched between the two women!

. . . . . .

That night the Comte thought a good deal about the reception of his *fiancée* by the woman he had once loved, and decided that the American woman was a trifle *exigeante*, and wondered whether Mrs. Stanhope had really expected him never to marry.

The American Minister confided to his wife that he was disappointed in Eva Stanhope, and that she had always appeared so free from vanity and so superior to the little meannesses of women that he was very much surprised at the way she had acted.

The newspaper man, being exceedingly wise in his generation, smoked three cigars over it on the way to his hotel, and then—gave it up.

WILL THE ELECTRIC MOTOR SUPERSEDE THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE?

By Joseph Wetzler

THE good resolutions with which the new year is usually ushered in, proverbially are made to be broken, and hence, when announced are treated with the lack of seriousness which oft-repeated backslidings merit. This is quite as true of corporations as of individuals, and ordinarily the announcement of a proposed mending of its ways by a conservative railroad company, made at New Year's time, might well force a smile upon the lips of the cynical commuter. But there are exceptions to every rule, and when the good resolutions are dictated by necessity, they are pretty sure to be carried out. Of such a nature is the resolve, announced early this year, of the great Pennsylvania Railroad Company, to abandon steam locomotives and adopt the electric trolley on its Burlington & Mount Holly (N. J.) branch, and the action of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, to similarly equip its Nantasket, and Warren and Bristol branches. This announcement, at the time, perhaps made no particular impression on the mind of the casual reader, but to the close observer, who has followed the trend of opinion and watched the course of events in the railroad world, it was significant. Not that such a change had not been suggested and advocated, but that it should begin so soon, even the most sanguine of electric railroad enthusiasts would have believed impossible.

The rapid paralleling of existing systems of steam railroads by trolley lines has forced this issue. As an example of the manner in which this new move is regarded popularly in the localities immediately affected, I give the following extract from a recent newspaper article on the consolidation of street electric roads in Connecticut: "In fact, some of those who are pushing the trolley in Connecticut look forward to seeing through trolley transportation between Harlem Bridge and Springfield, Mass., before the dawn of 1897. Nor is this all. Within three years from now these energetic schemers expect to see the great monopolistic steam lines between New York and Boston paralleled by electric lines for every mile of the way." In Pennsyl-

vania the old Cumberland Valley Railroad is being paralleled by a trolley line from Harrisburg to Carlisle, and this has led to a report that the steam railway would equip its own line with a trolley, if necessary to break the competition. The Pennsylvania Railroad is also engaged in fighting the construction of the Lancaster & Lititz Electric Railway Company, which infringes on its territory. Indeed, at the present time there cannot be less than five hundred miles of electric roads actually running parallel to steam roads, and one thousand miles running or in course of construction.

It must be evident that no leading railroad lightly makes a change which practically amounts to putting the steam locomotive on the shelf, yet the new order of things means nothing less than that, and indeed carries with it other innovations of the most far-reaching consequences to the travelling public. With this momentous change before us, it may not be amiss to cast a glance about, to determine just where we stand at the present time, and also to inquire whither we are drifting.

It is now some five years ago that the writer presented to the readers of this Magazine a necessarily short exposé of the principles upon which the electric railway * was founded, and the methods of operation which had, up to that time, met with success in actual practice. Were he to attempt a similar task at the present time he would find it a less congenial one, oppressed as he would be by the thought that he was attempting to impart information on a subject which has now entered the realm of common knowledge, and with which every intelligent person is supposed to be familiar. These five years have indeed done wonders in the domain of street railroading in this country, and have even set our trans-Atlantic friends to work following our example. To give some idea of the extent to which electricity has displaced the horse, and, on the other hand, been instrumental in creating new roads, we need only cite the fact that at the present time there are over eight hundred and fifty electric railways in the United States, operating over 9,000 miles of track and 23,000 cars, and representing a capital investment of over four hundred million dollars. What stupendous figures, when we consider that in 1887 the number of such roads amounted to only thirteen, with scarcely one hundred cars!

But while these figures demonstrate a high appreciation of the advantages of the electric railway, and a ceaseless activity and enterprise, we must not lose sight of the fact that in the present instance electricity had an adversary scarcely worthy of its steel. Wherever mechanical power has been applied to work heretofore done by hand or by animal power, both have had to succumb, and the overworked car-horse proved no exception to the rule—indeed, surrendered with scarcely a struggle, and without a pang. But will the electric motor be able to cope with the steam locomotive—the most highly developed form of steam mechanism, intrenched by the prestige of sixty years of successful work? It is this question, now rapidly looming up on the horizon, that we propose to discuss, and the consideration of which has already been forced upon those most directly interested, who little dreamed ten years ago that they might so soon be called upon to consider a question involving nothing less than the abandonment of their steam locomotives!

Before proceeding farther in the consideration of our subject it would be well to take a survey of the field and to put before the reader the present status of electric railroading and the events in its career which have led up to the belief that electricity may in the near future supplant steam on railroads. Employed at first on comparatively short lines within the more densely populated sections of our cities, the high speed attainable by means of the electric car soon encouraged the extensions of lines to the suburbs, and many are the instances in which the facilities thus offered have caused the building up of sections which had for years lain dormant. With these lines well established, it was but a step to extend them in many instances to con-

* See "The Electric Railway of To-day," by Joseph Wetzler, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for April, 1890.

tiguous towns, and thus to form links a few miles in length. A continuation of this process of linking adjacent towns by iron bands must evidently lead ultimately to the forging of a chain connecting them all — and this has indeed been the case in more than one instance. As an example I need only mention the net-work of electric roads, now rapidly nearing completion, which will connect New York with Philadelphia, a distance of ninety miles, passing through most of the important towns now served by existing steam roads, and, what is more, including in its route many others not touched by the latter. Others of like nature are paralleling the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad in Connecticut, and indeed have in several instances necessitated the abandonment of local passenger trains on steam roads.

These instances are but a few of the many which indicate the growing influence exercised by electric roads on existing steam roads; but there is another aspect of the case which must here be considered, and that is, their influence on the railroads to be built in the future. Let us put the question broadly: Can a road several hundred miles in length, carrying passengers and freight at speeds now attained by steam locomotives, be operated more economically by electricity? It will be noted that in the above statement of the case a greater economy in operation is called for on the part of the electrical method, and in this lies the gist of the whole matter. For while, even if the electric-car had shown but little greater operating economy than the horse-car, its other advantages would have insured its adoption in *city* traffic, these advantages are, of necessity, crowded into the background when considering them in relation to the dividend-earning capacity of railroads, many of which are already groaning under burdens too great to bear.

It may be predicated at the outset that the electric arts have advanced so far that the *matériel* necessary to equip any existing road would be forthcoming at once, should an order to that effect be given to any of our manufacturers of standard electric railway apparatus.

Before presenting to the reader the means by which long-distance, high-speed railroading can be accomplished, let us inquire into the advantages which electricity offers over steam. Instead of hundreds of locomotives burning coal in hundreds of individual furnaces, working their steam in hundreds of cylinders—for the largest part of the time under very uneconomical conditions, and then exhausting it into the free air—we have in the case of the electric road power stations situated at intervals, say, of fifty miles, equipped with the most modern triple or quadruple expansion condensing engines, and utilizing to the utmost degree the heat contained in the coal. It is true that the conversion of the steam into electric current, and its transmission over wires and reconversion into power at the locomotive axle involve losses; but here, as in stationary motor practice, the same law holds true, that by working the steam economically in a few large cylinders, we can save coal as against a large number of small steam cylinders, the work of which is constantly changing as is that in locomotives.

But besides the direct economy there is another feature peculiar to electric power distribution, which is directly applicable to railroad work, and which makes it possible to build the central electric power stations of considerably smaller capacity than the aggregate maximum capacity of the locomotives on the road. Thus, if a division of a double-track railroad, one hundred miles in length, had, say, forty trains running at one time, each averaging 500 horse-power, there would thus be a total of 20,000 horse-power required in the steam equipment of the locomotives. But as part of the trains are at a standstill during a portion of the time, and some going down grade and hence consuming little or no power, it follows that the actual amount of power employed at any one instant is considerably less than the maximum 20,000 horse-power which the entire equipment can develop. Hence, if such a road were to be equipped electrically, this would be taken advantage of to the extent that the central power stations in the case assumed above, would probably be de-

signed for a maximum capacity of not more than 15,000 horse-power, or twenty-five per cent less than the total power of the present steam locomotives.

While the advantages just noted are important, and would enter into a calculation of this sort from the standpoint of economy, the electric method of operation presents certain advantages over that by steam, which, from the engineering standpoint, give it perhaps still greater claims to recognition. Comparing the electric with the steam locomotive as mechanisms, pure and simple, there is a wide difference between them as regards simplicity. On the one hand we have an aggregation consisting of boilers, pumps, cylinders, valves, piston and connecting-rods, with reciprocating motions, while on the other hand, the electric locomotive has but a single moving part, the armature, having a rotary motion. It follows that the cost of repairs for a simple mechanism like the electric locomotive would be far below that of the steam locomotive, in proof of which we need only cite the statement of Mr. Alexander Siemens, President of the English Institution of Electrical Engineers, that the electric locomotives operating in the London Underground Railroad ran 60,000 miles without costing a cent for repairs.

But aside from this, the fact that the single moving part of the electric locomotive has a rotary motion, makes it possible to apply the power directly to the axle. Thus, instead of having to concentrate all the weight required for traction on from two to four driving-axles, each car may be equipped with its own motive power; hence the power required may be divided up proportionately to the number of cars composing the train. This avoids the great wear on the track and road-bed which the heavy steam locomotives, with their "hammer effect," inflict on them, and also makes it possible to operate with a lighter road-bed generally, including lighter bridges and steeper grades. On the other hand, should it be deemed desirable to concentrate all the train-propelling power into a one-car unit, that could be readily accomplished, and the weight of the passenger utilized to give the necessary adhesion between rail and wheel. The weight of the boiler and water, etc., utilized in steam locomotives to give the necessary traction, together with that of the tender, constitute so much dead weight to be hauled, and would thus be almost entirely done away with and traction obtained by a *paying* load. When it is stated that the locomotive and tender of the average train constitute one-fifth of the total train-load, it will be seen that this consideration is by no means a secondary one.

Again, this method of propulsion, in which power is applied directly to the axle by rotary motion, has an important bearing on the speed at which it is possible to drive a train. As we have shown above, the steam locomotive embodies in its construction reciprocating parts, that is, they have a to-and-fro motion. The inertia of these parts is such that they cannot be worked above a certain number of strokes per second without danger of rupture. To this must be added the hammering of the track, which would be greatly increased at high speeds, and what is perhaps still more objectionable, the horizontal vibration which would be imparted to the train, and which would make such trains almost unbearable for passengers, since it would be practically impossible to balance the moving parts completely.

It might be argued that we can increase the speed of steam locomotives without increasing the number of strokes of the moving parts, such as the piston, by merely increasing the size of the wheels. This is quite true, but to get the increase in speed, even in this manner, would require a more than corresponding increase in the size of the boiler, the steam pressure would have to be greater, the locomotive tender larger and heavier to carry the necessary coal-supply, and, in fact, nearly all the conditions previously existing which militate against high speed would be still further aggravated. Besides this, it must be borne in mind that the larger the driving-wheels the higher the centre of gravity of the locomotive, and the greater the tendency to derailment at high speeds.

There are no such hinderances to high speeds with the electric locomotive; the perfectly balanced armature with its rotary motion can be run at any speed short of that which would make it fly apart due to centrifugal force, and the speed at which this would occur is far beyond that at which the public would care to travel, even in these times of cannon-ball expresses.

If to the advantages we have just enumerated we add the greater comfort which passengers on an electric train will enjoy, with cars lighted and heated by electricity, the absence of dust and smoke and cinders, it would seem as if the high-speed electric railroad were destined to occupy a commanding position in the near future.

Passing from the theoretical consideration of the subject, let us examine the actual means which the electrical engineer has to offer to carry out in practice the ideas above touched on.

No art is so flexible in the means that it affords to attain a given end as the electric, and the present instance exemplifies this in a striking way. Two general methods of propelling a train by electricity are open to the engineer. Following the old practice, he can couple a locomotive to the head of a train and pull it in the usual way; or, he can equip each car with its own motors, like the present trolley-cars, and couple the cars so equipped into a train. If the former method be chosen, it can be carried out in several ways. Thus, instead of a locomotive with a tender carrying coal and water, the tender can carry storage batteries which supply current to the electric motors of the locomotive. Such a plan is proposed for the operation of the new underground railway in Paris, the battery being composed of eighty elements weighing eighteen tons. This method may be found fairly well adapted for light powers, the maximum required on the Paris road being calculated at 100 horse-power; but, with the present weight of storage batteries, it would hardly be considered practicable for a locomotive, required to develop 800 to 1,000 horse-power and more, such as our standard high-speed passenger locomotives develop at full speed. We may therefore leave the storage battery locomotive out of consideration for our present purposes.

Going a step farther, we may employ an equipment consisting of a complete steam and electric generating plant on wheels—that is, a boiler, steam-engine, and dynamo—and lead the current so generated to the motors of the electric locomotive. It might at first sight appear to be a roundabout way of accomplishing the object sought, and the question would be natural, Why not use the steam-power direct, as in the ordinary steam locomotive, instead of converting it into current and then applying the power, which process must of necessity involve additional losses in transformation? The answer of the advocates of this plan is that the steam locomotive is wasteful of coal, and that by generating the power in the most improved type of stationary compound engine carried on the tender, fuel can be saved, notwithstanding the losses due to conversion into electricity. It is not our purpose to follow out these and other arguments, but it is interesting to note that such a locomotive as we have just described has been recently tried by the Northern Railway of France.

Under this head also come locomotives equipped with electric motors and taking current from some outside source such as a trolley wire or auxiliary rail alongside or between the tracks. The latest examples of this type are the locomotives which will haul the trains through the Baltimore tunnel and which will develop 800 horse-power. And finally we have the choice of equipping each car with individual motors, like the street-cars, which permits of their being made up into trains or run, at will, over the road individually.

Thus, it will be seen, there are presented various methods which may be grouped under two heads, namely, those in which the train carries its own power with it, and those in which it obtains it from an extraneous source through electric conductors parallel with the track. It may be taken as fairly certain that the latter method

will prove the one best adapted to existing conditions, and that the overhead trolley will be the method of current conveyance *par excellence* for high-speed electric railroading.

Coupled with the question of conductors is that of the potential, or, to put it plainly, the number of volts, which would be employed in a system such as the one under consideration. If advantage were taken of the fact that the weight of copper required to convey the current decreases as the square of the number of volts, or the pressure, the outlay for this purpose might be made almost vanishingly small. But it is safe to assume that for the present such potentials would have to be employed as would make the handling of the apparatus tolerably safe and its operation not subject to electrical mishaps. We may therefore look for the application of a potential not much over one thousand volts, which is about twice that now used on the ordinary trolley-car system.

Naturally the potential will also have a marked influence on the number of central power stations which it will be necessary to employ, for, as was shown above, the weight of copper required, and consequently the number of power stations, would increase directly as the square of the relative decrease in the number of volts. This important point is well brought out in a table calculated by Mr. Frank J. Sprague, the pioneer electric railway engineer, who assumes the case of an electric road ninety miles long, just equal to the distance by rail between New York and Philadelphia, with trains running at an average speed of ninety miles an hour, but handling through traffic only; the trains to consist of two-car units, leaving every ten minutes, and the weight of copper conductors only two-thirds of that of the telephone conductors between New York and Boston. With these conditions the stations and potentials required for such a line figure out as follows:

Number of Stations.	Miles apart.	Potential.	
		Two-wire.	Three-wire.
1	—	3,600 volts.	1,800 volts.
2	45	1,800 "	900 "
3	30	1,200 "	600 "
4	22½	900 "	450 "

It will be seen from the above that if what is termed "the three-wire system" be used, that is, the rails as an auxiliary between two trolley wires, then with only two stations, forty-five miles apart, the potential is nine hundred volts, and this potential can be handled with ease by the electrical engineer.

With all the engineering advantages claimed for the electric method of operation, the question might be asked, Why do not our railroad managers take up electricity forthwith, and relegate their steam locomotives to the scrap heap? Leaving aside the proverbial inertia of railroad managers, or any others, toward improvements which entail the abandonment of existing costly apparatus, there enters an important consideration governing the successful, that is, the economical operation of an electric railroad. It will have been noted that in the calculation of Mr. Sprague he assumed a continuous movement over the line, of trains only ten minutes apart. If such conditions could always be realized in actual practice, that is, a large number of train units moved at short intervals apart, whatever be the speeds or nature of the service, there is no question that electricity would prove the more economical in every case. But the operation of but a single or a few trains simultaneously over a long line would be uneconomical and would afford no adequate returns on the capital invested. It will be seen, therefore, that there is a point midway between the present steam and the ideal electric system where the two meet on a basis of equality. To put it generally, the smaller the number of trains the greater the economy by steam; and *vice versa*, the greater the number of trains the greater the economy by electricity. The extent and nature of the traffic will therefore always be a governing factor in the application of the electric high speed railroad, and those who blindly advocate the immediate conversion of all steam roads into electric are to be counted among those enthusiasts who, though well meaning, frequently do more harm than good to the cause they advocate.

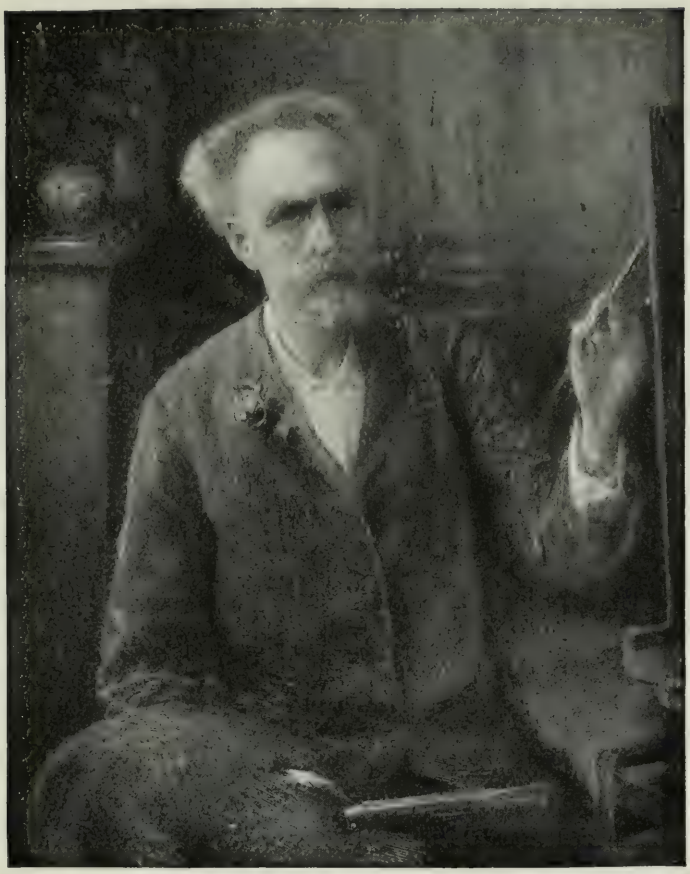
From what has preceded, the con-

clusions to be derived may be stated as follows: 1. That the electric arts to-day are sufficiently advanced to supply the apparatus to operate successfully trains or single cars at speeds greater than have yet been attained by the steam locomotives. 2. That the operation of trains at such speeds is subject only to the considerations of economy, or, in other words, that people can travel at a speed perhaps up to one hundred miles an hour and over, if they are willing to pay for it. 3. That the successful introduction of electricity on existing steam roads will probably require a change in the methods of handling passengers and freight, the single car or small train unit, operated at frequent intervals, taking the place of the present long train.

In conclusion, the author desires to state his firm belief that all railroads will be eventually operated electrically. The first changes from steam will probably be made, and have in fact already begun, on short suburban roads where the traffic is heavy and the trains are run at frequent intervals, and thus approximate more closely to the ideal conditions of the economical electric railway. These electric spurs will then be gradually extended until in the course of time the entire line will be adapted to the new order of affairs, and a new generation of railroad officers, less wedded to the older methods, will have come into existence. So far as new, light railways are concerned, such as those contemplated in England at the present time, and which are rapidly increasing in the United States, electricity presents advantages which cannot be disputed. It has even been suggested that such agricultural roads might largely increase their income by supplying electric power for farming operations in the districts through which they pass. Some trolley roads do this now.

One fact must always be steadily borne in mind, and that is, that *cheap* transportation lies at the basis of modern civilization, and that speed is a secondary element in the large majority of cases, both as regards passenger and freight transportation. As Colonel Prout, in his admirable articles on "English Railroad Methods," recently appearing in this Magazine, puts it, "A man earning $1 a day can wait half a day to start and add half a day to the length of his journey to save $1.10 in fares, and still make 10 cents by the delay." According to the same authority the passenger traffic on the steam roads of the United States pays 2.14 cents per mile. Trolley roads carry passengers from five to twenty miles for 5 cents and make it pay, so that we need not be at all astonished that under such circumstances some steam roads have succumbed to the competition. We believe that to-day a steady stream of electric cars at short intervals, sent over one of the several roads between New York and Philadelphia, with a speed even considerably less than that attained by the present express trains, but at a reduced rate of fare, would stimulate a traffic that would pay well on the capital invested. We will be able to test this in a practical way, perhaps, within a few months, when the links of the chain of electric roads now constructing between New York and Philadelphia will be complete.

The limits of space make it impossible to enter into many details; but enough, we believe, has been said to show that the outlook for the high speed electric railway, replacing or reinforcing steam systems, is bright, and that no unsurmountable technical difficulties stand in the way of its accomplishment. There are various possibilities, not here even hinted at. No proposition has been advanced which is without solid basis in the familiar and successful operation of electric motors at the present moment.



Stéphane Pannemaker.

From a portrait painted by himself.

WOOD ENGRAVERS—STÉPHANE PANNEMAKER

IN the first ranks of the men who have contributed to the contemporary development of wood-engraving, Stéphane Pannemaker [Pannemaker fils] occupies a prominent position. The robustness, the rich brilliancy, the grandeur of his style, thoroughly appreciated by the craft, have found favor with the great public also. Perhaps no other living engraver has interested such a large audience in and out of his own country, for his large blocks from the paintings of the masters have had the unusual distinction of being published simultaneously in France, England, and America. To the new departure in his art, which he represents and which the many have followed, others have certainly contributed, but he was their standard-bearer. It is well that when art reaches into new directions, special recognition should go to the pioneers—the men who have cleared up the virgin lands.

Although young Stéphane received his professional education from his father, a typical representative of the old school of engraving, who had left Belgium to start one of the most successful ateliers of Paris, he turned out and became the elder's antithesis, the fierce upholder of all his father thought bad and heretical in wood-engraving.

When a mere lad he attended a good school, La Petite École, where a rare teacher, Lecoq de Boisbaudran, taught drawing. Among some of the best-known of Boisbaudran's pupils were Cazin, Lhermitte, Bellenger, and Regamey the elder; but the school being primarily a school of industrial art, it is in the productions of French industrial art in all its branches that the influence of this ideal teacher has been most strongly ex-

erted. Stéphane left school when fourteen, to serve a rigid apprenticeship in his father's atelier. Fresh from Boisbaudran's teachings, which might be summed up by the favorite maxim: "Do not do as I do, but do as you feel," the tyranny of the atelier's routine was odious to him. In these old studios one learned to engrave as one learns to write, paying no attention to the sense of the words or of the phrases. The one object was to copy exactly, to facsimile, a number of characters which composed the language of engraving. Pannemaker the father was only preoccupied in rendering a good account of himself as an engraver of the good honorable tradition, and so, while he was a very clever cutter in wood there was nothing in him of the artist interpreter. In his studio, a painting underwent the tyranny of two translators—the man who made the drawing of the original on the wood and the engraver—who, unmindful of the painting, tried solely to render the draughtsman's work. In such a way the original painting, subjected to the ordeal of two different but purely technical interpretations, lost entirely its character, its identity.

In the École du Livre, where Stéphane, having ceased to engrave, is now a teacher of engraving, the résumé of his artistic attitude may be found in his preoccupation to let his pupils express and develop themselves in their own way. They are told that they must render the drawing in whichever way seems to them best, and that so long as form, values, character are given all means are good. Leaving them with their own horizons, free, he never begins anything for them, or influences them as to how to start, but letting them go on in their own way until there is enough of it done so that the work speaks for itself. Then the pupil is made to compare copy and original; his attention is called to the vital mistakes he has made, so that he will realize them of himself, and not because he is told of it by his teacher.

The work of Stéphane Pannemaker which marks an epoch in the art of wood engraving, is his interpretation of the paintings of the old masters. With Pisan he had done many fine blocks after Doré, to whom he became strongly attached, and whose originality he rendered in a most faithful manner, but the use of photography in lieu of drawing on wood gave him his great opportunity. Strangely enough, he hates photography, which he says is inartistic, which gives too much of the insignificant detail, and seldom renders the impression of the original. Perhaps because of the realization of its shortcomings, he has used it in so thoroughly discriminating a manner. Never servile, he has put his interpretation at the service of the creator. He has seen through the photograph, entering into the subject brilliantly, going deeply, farther than observance of details or mechanical rendering. Conscience, he says, does not lie in copying stroke for stroke, it consists in entering into the character, in giving the sensation of the work; in saying intensely in another language what the master has said in his own language. Hence that series each page of which is alive, vibrating with the spirit of the painters.

It is our privilege to have succeeded in alluring him once more to his old work. The frontispiece of this number, this Pope's head of Velasquez, so simple and forcible in its treatment, has above all the fluid charm, the masterly *desinvoltura* of the great Spaniard's style. The engraver's technique is very fine, but it would require an effort to notice it. Another thing dominates which is expressed so powerfully that all else disappears. It is Velasquez's conception and rendering of that terrible Red Pope. We see Velasquez; we see him as vividly in black and white as in the original of the Doria Gallery. We don't realize that Pannemaker has something to do with the result. The interpreter is not seen, not felt—the creator alone is before us.



Book-cover. (Front and back.)
J. Chéret, del. Paul Ollendorf, publisher.

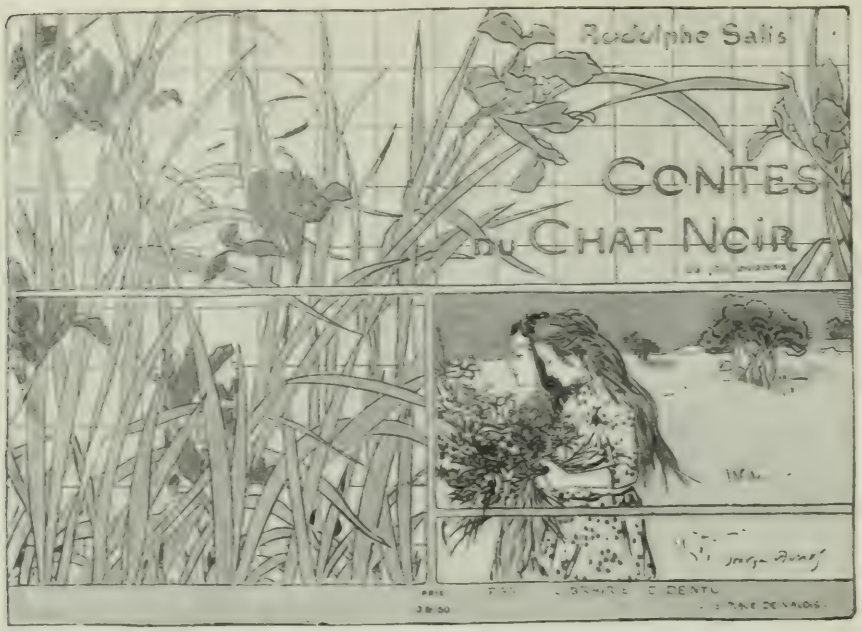
FRENCH POSTERS AND BOOK-COVERS

By Arsène Alexandre

IT must be confessed that, until within the last ten or twelve years, the book, now become so frankly coquettish in its costume, was rather carelessly dressed. On its frock of gray, yellow, blue, or pink paper — with even these tints neutral and subdued — were to be read the names of the author of the work and of the publisher, and that was all. Even this was an improvement on the primitive periods where the unbound book was simply re-covered with a sheet of plain or marbled paper, with a mean little label pasted on the back. I am only speaking, of course, of the current book, the popular book, the book which is bought to be read. It was only rarely that a modest vignette was printed on its cover; a thin, black vignette, doomed to disappear before the binder's shears.

But it is not for nothing that we live in the age of advertising, and under the reign of the *ad captandum*. There came to be publishers—crafty publishers—who said to themselves that a book might be so made as to be its own advertiser. It sported the most brilliant colors like a mountebank on parade; it made its bid from the window of the bookshop and threw dust in the eyes of the credulous passer-by. Enclosed back and front between two designs, harmonious where it was possible, violently contrasted where harmony was not sufficient, the book became its own sandwich-man. The substance was inside, and the advertisement wrapped it as the silver coating wraps the pill. Thus the lie was given to an old French proverb which has been made to suffer countless persecutions, "À bon vin pas d'enseigne."

But Heaven forbid that I should say anything derogatory of advertising,



Book-cover. (Front and back.)
Georges Auriol, del. G. Dentu, publisher.

which is a necessity of our day and the very soul of business, especially in bookselling. I am only affirming that, though the cover of the book may have become an adornment, it was at all events at first an *affiche*. This is proved by the fact that book-lovers were not at once persuaded that such covers ought to be preserved. It was only some little time after the fashion became general among the publishers that it became a custom to keep the cover under the binding, and that it thus became a permanent evidence of the taste of our epoch—good or bad, as the future may decide.

Another proof that it was rather a desire for advertising than an artistic intention which controlled the illustration of book-covers is that often the more insignificant and commonplace the book, the "louder" was the cover. There have been books which have been seized and persecuted by law on the evidence of too loud a cover; but generally, if the cover was very risky it was safe to conclude that the inside was extremely prosy, not to say drowsy. It was like a circus booth, where the posters promise you the most exciting spectacles, and where the deluded spectators, once having entered, find nothing to look at for their two sous but a melancholy old monkey, or a seal uncomfortably confined in a tank which very imperfectly recalls the boundless ocean.

Whatever its cause, the vogue of the illustrated cover was started, somewhere about ten years ago, by a true artist — one of the most original and subtile of his time, indeed—Jules Chéret. And this was the way of it: Chéret was already known for his superb posters, which were sought by all collectors, and which were to be seen as wall ornaments in almost every painter's and sculptor's



Book-cover.
T. A. Steinlen, del.

studio. There was extant at this same time an energetic, amusing, and odd personage — very well known to the youngsters among the artists and *littéra-*



Book-cover.
Dagnan-Bouveret, del.

teurs—named Jules Lévy, whose name makes it unnecessary to say that he had considerable business faculty. He had a fairly important position in the celebrated publishing house of Hachette, but he was ambitious to set up a business on his own account. You can imagine that the house of Hachette, with its character and its class of publications, has commonly had rather a serious staff of employees, like the staff of a ministry or at least the membership of the Institute. All the same, there have been at least two exceptions to the rule, who turned out badly, one M. Émile Zola, and the other this M. Jules Lévy.

It was Jules Lévy who virtually invented the artistic-literary sect of the Incohérents; and in their exhibitions and balls he stirred up his associates to work out the most reckless notions their brains devised. In the exhibitions of the Incohérents were to be seen the most extraordinary *charges d'atelier*, and at their balls the most astounding costumes and performances. This remarkable Jules Lévy, with his long legs, his long arms, his big ears, his broad mouth, and his long nose, as soon as he found himself in possession of a sufficient celebrity, carried out his dream and established himself as a publisher. It was then that he noticed the analogy between the colored poster and the possible cover of the book of the future. He knew Chéret and his work, and he it was who first appealed to the designer of posters to cover and ornament the books he published. At first this was a little too much of a novelty, and Jules Lévy came to grief over it. His idea, which had been as simple as Christopher Columbus's egg, made him no money; and when he had to shut up his shop other publishers did not at once begin to decorate their publications. They came to it a little later, and timidly at first, but after awhile with an actual craze, and there was for a time and still is, as I have said, a large quantity of books whose sole reason for being was in their cover, and whose cover itself was a "fake."

On the other hand, it must be admitted that if the flag of illustration did not always cover a good cargo, and if to some extent it favored the launching of very commonplace performances, it
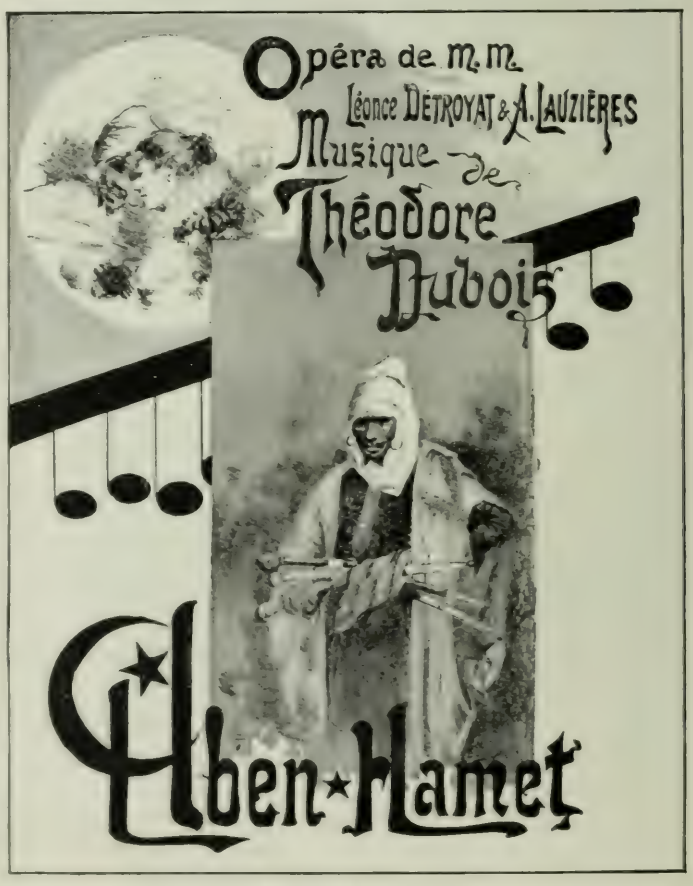
made perhaps an additional opportunity of refinement for a truly beautiful book. Besides it has given us some very pretty prints, the work of our best artists, which, when struck off by themselves, are a pleasure to collectors.



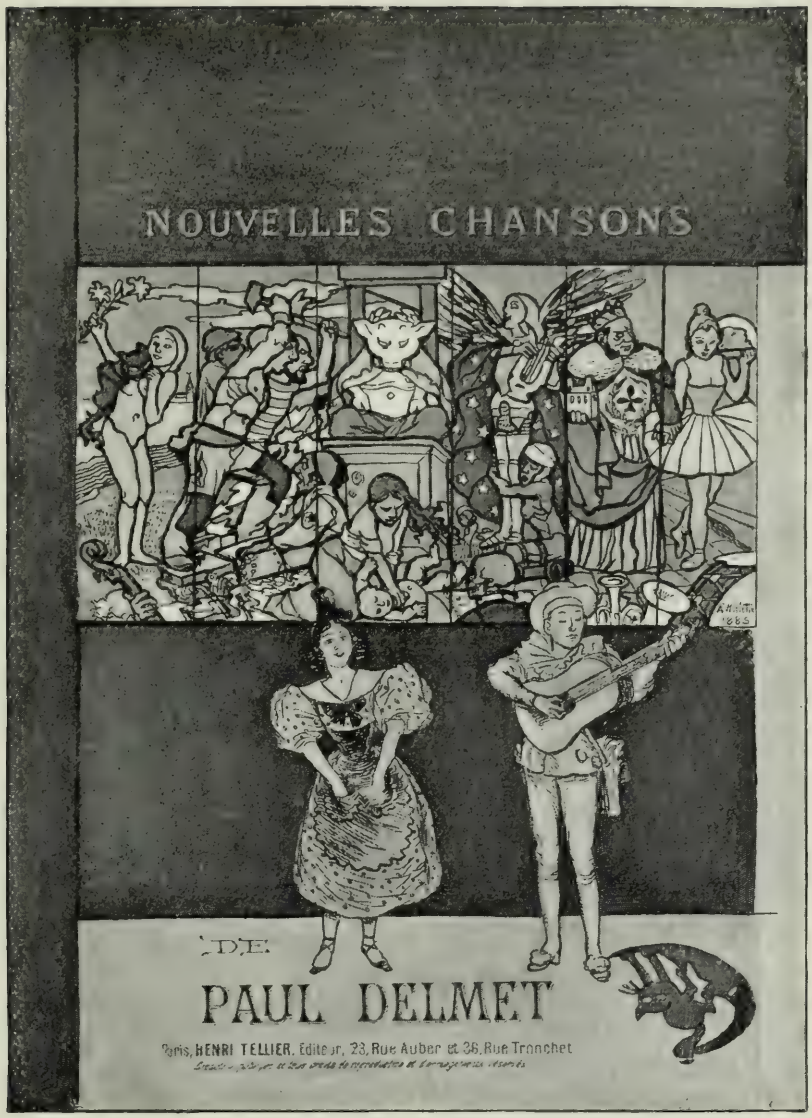
Magazine Poster.—Bonnard, del.

Nearly all the celebrated painters have been approached by publishers, so that it would be invidious to cite the names of the Salon medallists and others who have adorned with a fleurette, a portrait, or a scene the front cover of a book. Among the illustrations of this article there is, for example, a graceful female head signed Dagnan-Bouveret. This enigmatical and elegant person is the author herself of "Le Voyage de la Princesse Louli," Mme Charles Laurent, the wife of a very well known journalist. In the same way, the Sar Joseph Péladan sometimes has his books modestly adorned with a drawing by Séon, depicting his own magian's face, with eyes the Greeks would have called "Boöpis," and his jovian hair, like the beard of the colossus of Korsabad.

But if I must mention the real masters of cover-design in colors up to the present time, let us pause especially at the names of Grasset, Chéret, Willette, and Georges Auriol. Grasset has signed some covers for stories and important publications, in which his forceful and somewhat severe manner appears distinctly. As to Chéret, the case is somewhat peculiar. Since the time when he worked for Jules Lévy, he has furnished covers more particularly for the works of his friends among men of letters, or of occasional unfortunate writers who have justly thought that one of his sparkling chromo-lithographs would be an attraction, and consequently a cause of increased sale. He has tired of his posters and that sort of work generally, and is devoting himself more and more to pastel and decorative painting, which he loves enthusiastically. Nowadays,



Theatrical Poster.
Orazi, del. Delanchy, Ancourt & Co., publishers.



Music-book Cover.

A. Willette, del. Henri Tellier, publisher.

therefore, he almost always begins by finding some pretext to refuse a request. He has urgent work on hand for three months; he hasn't a minute to himself; in three or four months he will see, etc.; but his friend returns to the charge: "Poor so-and-so has a sick wife and children. One of your covers would make his book sell;" and Chéret surrenders on the spot, bites his mustache, makes an effort to conceal his emotion, and finally says: "Oh, well, let so-and-so come in again in a fortnight, and his cover will be done."

But with Willette, who has published some of the most brilliant and elegant book decorations, it is quite another tune! If you can wait a year or two, perhaps you shall have your cover. But don't try to get it for any offer of money, if the book and its author do not please this capricious Pierrot. If your idea has attracted him, as did Jules Jouy's "Chansons de Bataille," or the present author's "L'Art du Rire," it need not be two years, nor one year, nor even a fortnight that you must wait. Some fine day, or rather fine night, he will set himself to work, and in the morning he will bring you the drawing for the same price that Chéret charges—that is to say for 0 francs, 00 centimes. Thus the poor chiefly enjoy Chéret's favors, and the independent those of Willette; or rather the poor and the independent secure from both of them things which millionaires or academicians would beg in vain.

Georges Auriol, the third of those I named, has made a special place for



Exhibition Poster.
J. Chéret, del.

himself by covers in which flowers, which he understands thoroughly, play the principal part in the decoration. There are very pretty covers, too, by Steinlen, Caran d'Ache, Toulouse-Lautrec, and others. And finally the Décadents and the Symbolists have made a specialty of singular covers with apparitions, cabalistic signs, symbols of mourning, or treatment in pure white, which are a mixture of subtlety and puerility—but very amusing all the same as a sign of the times.

I hardly know what to say (to finish this part of my essay) is likely to be the future of cover illustration. But one thing is notable, and that is, that already certain publishers have found an opportunity to distinguish themselves by a novelty—by returning to covers that are entirely plain! Such are the caprices of fashion! Books and women are going back to the simple *batiste* of our grandmothers—and with the same motive—coquetry!

If we turn to the covers of songs, pieces of music, and scores, and to the posters of the music publishers, we shall find a slightly different state of things. In the first place the cover-illustration of musical compositions is of much older date than that of books, and of a certain luxury and breadth. The *romanze* of the good old times—say of Louis Philippe—and the quadrilles our grandfathers danced, were almost always ornamented with lithographs (in black and white only, it is true). Some were of an audacious *naïveté*, and provoke a smile nowadays by the fidelity with which they preserve the costumes, tastes, and elegances of the period—especially their absurdities. What crinolines and alpine shepherdesses, what heart-conquering lancers, what superb gentlemen with long side-whiskers and watch-charms, what lovely sentimental beings with bands and ringlets! But there were masterpieces of romantic art,



Exhibition Poster.
T. A. Steinlen, del. Kleinmann, publisher.

too, decorating simple *contredanses;* I need only recall the admirable lithographs by Célestin Nanteuil, which bring very high prices to-day. Many well-known artists signed (or drew without to make the covers and posters for the works of Wagner, or for scores filled with the languors of the Orient. So, too, M. Besnard began the illustration of Beaudelaire's "Fleurs du Mal," set to music



Exhibition Poster.
Forain, del.

their signature) covers for songs: Daumier, Gavarni, Millet, Daubigny, Français, Ribot, and others. This decoration, therefore, is in no sense a novelty, and I should not dwell on it further, if there were not two rather important points to be noticed in connection with it.

One is, that of late years the attempt has been made to make true symphonies of music and painting, by securing a certain fitness in the choice of composer and illustrator relatively to one another. Thus Grasset, who is especially learned in old legend and archaic art, was asked by M. G. Charpentier. One publisher, M. Biardot, went farther than his fellows, and had Willette illustrate, incident by incident, and almost phrase by phrase, the score of "L'Enfant prodigue." It was a *tour de force* and a bold venture, but in spite of its success the example has not been followed, perhaps from fear of being thought merely imitative. Still it is not unusual to find short musical *fantasie* diversified by scenes and sketches; and it will always be possible to make dainty little things of this sort when a bright composer and a *spirituel* draughtsman can be brought into



Exhibition Posters.

The upper one is drawn by Gaston Noury; the lower is drawn by E. Grasset.

collaboration. Some of the best experiments of the kind have been made by the firms of Hengel and Hartmann. Indeed, musical compositions, and especially the dramatic situations of the great operas, seem made to suggest pictures to a painter, like those with which "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" have inspired Georges Rochegrosse (published by Durand & Schoenewerk), or the "Valkyrie" Grasset. As for songs, we shall easily find among these the names of our customary illustrators, *i.e.*, Willette, Auriol, Chéret, Steinlen, etc.

The second point is that art—and real art—has for a short time past been made to do duty in setting off the repertory of songs of the most vulgar order—the repertory of the *cafés-concerts*, to call it by its right name. Is this a sign of the times, and a proof that art is growing democratic, or democracy artistic, or neither? At all events, a sign of the times. The vulgar song of the *beuglant*, the absurdity made fashionable by some variety actor with a momentary vogue, the ridiculous nuisance in which rhyme and reason are both conspicuous by their absence, or even the suggestive song, all these have nowadays the most artistic dresses, attractive masks covering deceptive faces. But there is, after all, no reason to fear too greatly this vulgarization of pictorial art; if refined painting has taken a few steps toward a meeting with the poetry of the gutter, the poetry of the *café-concert* is itself tending toward a greater refinement and a true literary note, or what promises to become so.

It would need a considerable digression to show how certain little conclaves of poets and fantastics, like the *Chat noir*, the best known of all, have played the part of intermediaries between poetry worthy of the name—the poetry of those who are at least capable of originality, rhythm, and orthography—and poetry unworthy of the name, the more or less metrical platitude which has prevailed in the Parisian music-halls. It is enough to refer to this tendency, which perhaps deserves a more detailed study. Certainly, at the rate we are going on, if Alfred de Musset and Eugène Delacroix were still alive, they would be working for the *café-concert* in a few years.

Alfred de Musset would write songs for Yvette Guilbert, and Eugène Delacroix would make a beautiful cover for them. Lamartine himself would perhaps write a sentimental piece to be spoken and "represented" by Mme Judic, and the publisher would go fearlessly to ask M. Ingres for a cover-design. We are clearly not far from such a state of things when writers and artists—some of the most highly esteemed among them—are little by little finding their way to the music-halls, where there is success and money.

Real artistic originality in the covers of music-hall songs began through the efforts of a publisher named G. Ondet, one of whose publications was, for instance, *Les Montmartroises*, words by M. Gondezki, one of the most audacious of the *Chat noir* song-writers, and with a lithograph in color by G. de Feure, a young Montmartre painter of Dutch birth—a man of vigorous if rather morbid talent. Ondet took a large risk in making this innovation (at first in connection with covers by M. H. G. Ibels), and for awhile his songs found no sale; but he persevered (luckier than Jules Lévy, whose story I told above), and thanks to Ibels, Steinlen, and Toulouse-Lautrec, his usual illustrators, he succeeded in setting this fashion for the publication of cheap music. To be quite exact, I ought to say that even before him Bruant, the song-writer of the Outer Boulevards, had had his songs illustrated by Steinlen; but this was quite an isolated experiment.

There remains to be considered one final form of the poster, in its relations to artistic undertakings—that is, the poster designed for exhibitions, and especially for art exhibitions, general and individual.



Exhibition Poster.
G. de Feure, del. Bourgerie & Co., publishers.

The poster-mania is a comparatively new disease—an excellent disease, by the way, for it furnishes material for some rich and curious collections; and one which has brought into being a whole branch of commerce and industry far from unimportant. In former days a few posters by E. Delacroix, Nanteuil, Daumier, Gavarni, Henri Monnier, and later Manet, made up the whole of this branch of art, and these few could be kept by a print-collector in a small portfolio. Then Chéret appeared. He produced hundreds of posters that were eagerly collected, especially as they were not very easily secured. Then everybody began, not only to collect posters, but to make them; every painter was ambitious to be a Chéret—but *non licet omnibus*.

The successive stages of this commerce in posters are interesting to note. When the first works of this kind appeared upon the walls, the novelty-lovers began their campaign. How could these mural frescos be secured?



Opera Poster for the "Valkyrie."
E. Grasset, del.

To peel them off the walls one's self, at night, seemed the simplest plan, but it was also the most dangerous. It involved the risk of being caught in the act, taken to the police station and soundly fined, to say nothing of the risk of "peeling" them badly and getting off the wall only a thing of tatters. It became necessary, then, to secure the complicity of an all-powerful personage—the bill-poster. How many great collectors, honorable and honored men, rich and well placed in life, have bowed down before His Majesty the Bill-

poster! The paster of posters, realizing a sum which varied with the importance or the vogue of the matter in hand, came to deserve the name of the *un*-paster of posters. That was the primitive period, the stone age, of poster-collectors. The bronze age began when one or two print-sellers in the neighborhood of the quais arranged with the bill-posters for a few copies which they sold to their customers. But there were suits brought by the printers and artists, and sentences pronounced; for the courts would not admit that the interest of art gave the right to dispose in this way of merchandise which did not belong to the sellers. And thus, by severe lessons, was ushered in the golden age in which we live.

The print-sellers, driven by the growing flood of demand, finally decided that it was worth while to arrange with the proprietors of the posters themselves, that a part of each printing should be reserved for amateurs; and so the commerce in posters became a real profession, which dealers like Messrs. Kleinmann & Gagot practise on a large scale. There is in fact—and this is the captivating side of all real collecting—an actual bourse, an exchange, for posters. The philosopher may smile, but the collector will let him smile. Not only posters as such, but even (as in the case of the most valuable prints) different "states" of the poster are collected. Posters before letter, posters on common paper and paper *de luxe*, signed by the artist, or numbered in accordance with a rigidly limited numbering of copies. And why not, after all, since these lithographs have become true artistic prints? There have been, and will be again, exhibitions of posters where the names of Chéret, Grasset, Willette, Toulouse-Lautrec, Pierre Bonnard, Louis Anguetin, G. de Feure, H. G. Ibels, and others are most highly valued. These posters are sought by amateurs and individual buyers for decorating apartments, halls, etc. There is even a small trade generated by the large trade—that of the *mounter* of posters; a workman (sometimes a binder, sometimes a framer) who pastes posters on a fine cloth back with a roller at each end, like the Japanese *kakimonos*.

Perhaps it was a little beyond the reader's expectation to see this little matter of the Parisian kakimono touched upon. But it is the most curious and the least known part of the history of the artistic poster. It might be supposed that art exhibitions had furnished a pretext for the most remarkable posters of this sort, but this is not quite true. Some very commonplace posters have been made for very beautiful exhibitions. Besides, actual *posters* for art exhibitions have been comparatively rare; some painters have painted *signs* rather than posters, to be put at the door of the place where they exhibited their works. But as these were compositions of which only a single example was painted, the souvenir disappeared as soon as the exhibition itself was finished. M. Bodinier, manager of the Théâtre d'Application, otherwise called the Bodinière, where the most heterogeneous experiments in art and literature are gathered together—mixtures of talent and pretension, the whole résumé, in



Book-cover. (Front and back.)
E. Flammarion, publisher.

fact, of that art-madness which is just now carrying away the world of fashion—M. Bodinier has a most curious collection of these improvised posters. In his place several of the most remarkable exhibitions have occurred, notably those of Chéret, Ibels, Steinlen, and others, and each of these has furnished the subject of an interesting poster, especially that of Steinlen reproduced on page 608.

Another centre of exhibition of a kind more vital and purely artistic is the gallery of the periodical *La Plume*. The Salon des Cent, as the Exhibition of *La Plume* is called, has each time called forth a very different genre of poster, from an elegant bit of *parisiennerie* like that of M. Gaston Noury, to an austere piece of work like that of Grasset, or a subtle study like that of M. G. de Feure.

Finally, it should be mentioned that some exhibitions organized at the École des Beaux-Arts have been advertised by Chéret's posters. It is rather amusing to note this, Chéret's talent being not precisely academic.

If we glance back at this little essay, we shall notice that the artists who themselves make the posters have generally served their own interests less efficiently than they have those of the manufacturers, musicians, and novelists. Painters have not the reputation of being especially modest, and yet they have had least recourse of all to the advertising quality of the poster. They are like famous cooks, who only very rarely taste their own cooking.

PLAYTHINGS

By Louise Betts Edwards

"Back to your playthings, child," my Father says;
"I cannot tell you now."
This when I come to him on long dull days,
To ask him "Why?" and "How?"
And other things that surely I should know—
"What brought me here?" and "Must I some day go?
Whither, and why?" They all perplex me so!

Ah, precious playthings, who shall hold you light?
You keep my eyes from tears,
My empty hands from trembling; this my kite,
That windward wheels and veers—
Fortune I call it, and this merry ball
Is Pleasure, and, the dearest of them all,
This Idol—broken; once I let it fall.

Then comes some careless hand and sweeps away
My toys, and while I weep,
An ache is in my heart that such as they
Had never stilled to sleep.—
Its clamorous questionings, that will not bow
To His denial, nor my silence-vow;
"I have no toys. Ah, tell me, tell me now!"

THE ART OF LIVING

OCCUPATION

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

I

THE American young man, in the selection of a vocation, is practically cut off from two callings which are dear to his contemporaries in other civilized countries — the Army and the Navy. The possibility of war, with all its horrors and its opportunities for personal renown, is always looming up before the English, French, German, or Russian youth, who is well content to live a life of gilded martial inactivity in the hope of sooner or later winning the cross for conspicuous service, if he escapes a soldier's grave. We have endured one war, and we profoundly hope never to undergo another. Those of us who are ethically opposed to the slaughter of thousands of human beings in a single day by cannon, feel that we have geography on our side. Even the bloodthirsty are forced to acknowledge that the prospects here for a genuine contest of any kind are not favorable. Consequently, the ardor of the son and heir, who would like to be a great soldier or a sea captain, is very apt to be cooled by the representation that his days would be spent in watching Indians or cattle thieves on the Western plains, or in cruising uneventfully in the Mediterranean or the Gulf of Mexico. At all events our standing, or, more accurately speaking, sitting Army, and our Navy are so small, that the demand for generals and captains is very limited. Therefore, though we commend to our sons the prowess of Cæsar, Napoleon, Nelson, Von Moltke, and Grant, we are able to demonstrate to them, even without recourse to modern ethical arguments, that the opportunities for distinction on this side of the water are likely to be very meagre.

Also, we Americans, unlike English parents, hesitate to hold out as offerings to the Church a younger son in every large family. We have no national Church; moreover, the calling of a clergyman in this country lacks the social picturesqueness which goes far, or did go far, to reconcile the British younger son to accept the living which fell to his lot through family influence. Then again, would the American mother, like the conventional mother of the older civilizations, as represented in biography and fiction, if asked which of all vocations she would prefer to have her son adopt, reply promptly and fervidly, "the ministry?"

I put this question to my wife by way of obtaining an answer. She reflected a moment, then she said, "If one of my boys really felt called to be a clergyman, I should be a very happy woman; but I wouldn't on any account have one of them enter the ministry unless he did." This reply seems to me to express not merely the attitude of the American mother, but also the point of view from which the American young man of to-day is apt to look at the question. He no longer regards the ministry as a profession which he is free to prefer, merely because he needs to earn his daily bread; and he understands, when he becomes a clergyman, that lukewarm or merely conventional service will be utterly worthless in a community which is thirsty for inspirational suggestion, but which is soul-sick of cant and the perfervid reiteration of out-worn delusions. The consciousness that he has no closer insight into the mysteries of the universe than his fellow-men, and the fear that he may be able to solace their doubts only by skilful concealment of his own, is tending, here and all over the civilized world, to deter

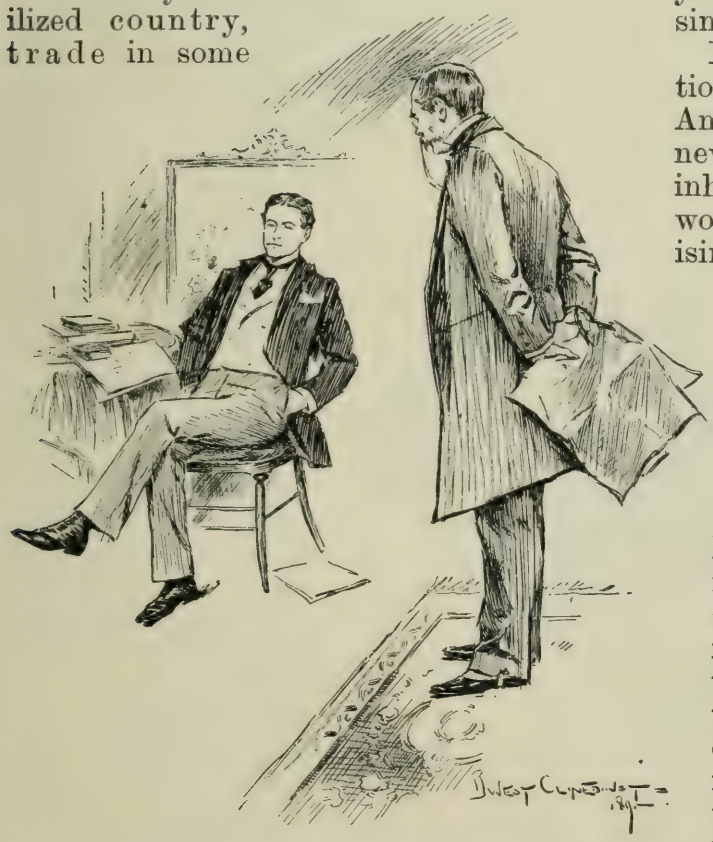
many a young man from embracing that profession, which once seemed to offer a safe and legitimate niche for any pious youth who was uncertain what he wished to do for a living. Happy he who feels so closely in touch with the infinite that he is certain of his mission to his brother-man! But is anyone more out of place than the priest who seems to know no more than we do of what we desire to know most? We demand that a poet should be heaven-born; why should we not require equivalent evidence of fitness from our spiritual advisers? And yet, on the other hand, when the conviction of fitness or mission exists, what calling is there which offers to-day more opportunities for usefulness than the ministry? The growing tendency of the Church is toward wider issues and a broader scope. Clergymen are now encouraged and expected to aid in the solution of problems of living no less than those of dying, and to lead in the discussion of matters regarding which they could not have ventured to express opinions fifty years ago without exposing themselves to the charge of being meddlesome or unclerical. The whole field of practical charity, economics, hygiene, and the relations of human beings to each other on this earth, are fast becoming the legitimate domain of the Church, and the general interest in this new phase of usefulness is serving to convince many of the clergy themselves that the existence of so many creeds, differing but slightly and unimportantly from one another, is a waste of vital force and machinery. In this age of trusts, a trust of all religious denominations for the common good of humanity would be a monopoly which could pay large dividends without fear of hostile legislation.

In this matter of the choice of a vocation, the case of the ambitious, promising young man is the one which commends itself most to our sympathies; and next to it stands that of the general utility man—the youth who has no definite tastes or talents, and who selects his life occupation from considerations other than a consciousness of fitness or of natural inclination. There are here, as elsewhere, born merchants, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, architects, engineers, inventors, and poets, who promptly follow their natural bents without suggestion and in the teeth of difficulties. But the promising young man in search of a brilliant career, and the general utility man, are perhaps the best exponents of a nation's temper and inclination.

In every civilization many promising youths and the general run of utility men are apt to turn to business, for trade seems to offer the largest return in the way of money with the least amount of special knowledge. In this new country of ours the number of young men who have selected a business career during the last fifty years, from personal inclination, has been very much greater than elsewhere, and the tone and temper of the community has swept the general utility man into mere money making almost as a matter of course. The reasons for this up to this time have been obvious: The resources and industries of a vast and comparatively sparsely settled continent have been developed in the last fifty years, and the great prizes in the shape of large fortunes resulting from the process have naturally captivated the imagination of ambitious youth. We have unjustly been styled a nation of shopkeepers; but it may in all fairness be alleged that, until the last fifteen years, we have been under the spell of the commercial and industrial spirit, and that the intellectual faculties of the nation have been mainly absorbed in the introduction and maintenance of railroads and factories, in the raising and marketing of grain, in the development of real estate enterprises, and in trading in the commodities or securities which these various undertakings have produced. The resources of the country are by no means exhausted; there are doubtless more mines to open which will make their owners superbly rich; new discoveries in the mechanical or electrical field will afford fresh opportunities to discerning men of means; and individual or combined capital will continue to reap the reward of both legitimate and over-reaching commercial acumen. But it would seem as though the day of enormous fortunes,

for men of average brains and luck, in this country were nearly over, and that the great pecuniary prizes of the business world would henceforth be gleaned only by extraordinary or exceptional individuals. The country is no longer sparsely settled; fierce competition speedily cuts the abnormal profit out of new enterprises which are not protected by a patent; and in order to be conspicuously successful in any branch of trade, one will have more and more need of unusual ability and untiring application.

In other words, though ours is still a new country, it will not be very long before the opportunities and conditions of a business life resemble closely those which confront young men elsewhere. As in every civilized country, trade in some form will necessarily engage the attention of a large portion of the population. From physical causes, a vast majority of the citizens of the United States must continue to derive their support from agriculture and the callings which large crops of cereals, cotton, and sugar make occasion for. Consequently business will always furnish occupation for a vast army of young men in every generation, and few successes will seem more enviable than those of the powerful and scrupulous banker, or the broad-minded and capable railroad president. But, on the other hand, will the well-to-do American father and mother, eager to see their promising sons make the most of themselves, continue to advise them to go into business in preference to other callings? And will the general utility man still be encouraged to regard some form of trade as the most promising outlook, for one who does not know what he wishes to do, to adopt? He who hopes to become a great banker or illustrious railway man, must remember that the streets of all our large cities teem with young men whose breasts harbor similar ambitions.



"The question of choosing an occupation."

Doubtless, it was the expectation of our forefathers that our American civilization would add new occupations to the callings inherited from the old world, which would be alluring both to the promising young man and the youth without predilections, and no less valuable to society and elevating to the individual than the best of those by which men have earned their daily bread since civilization first was. As a matter of fact, we Americans have added just one, that of the modern stock-broker. To be sure, I am not including the ranchman. It did seem at one time as though we were going to add another in him—a sort of gentleman shepherd. But be it that the cattle have become too scarce or too numerous, be it that the demon of competition has planted his hoofs on the farthest prairie, one by one the brave youths who went West in search of fortune, have returned East for the last time, and abandoned the field to the cowboys and the native settler. The pioneers in this form of occupation made snug fortunes, but after them came a deluge of promising or unpromising youths who branded every animal within a radius of hun-

dreds of miles with a letter of the alphabet. Their only living monument is the polo pony.

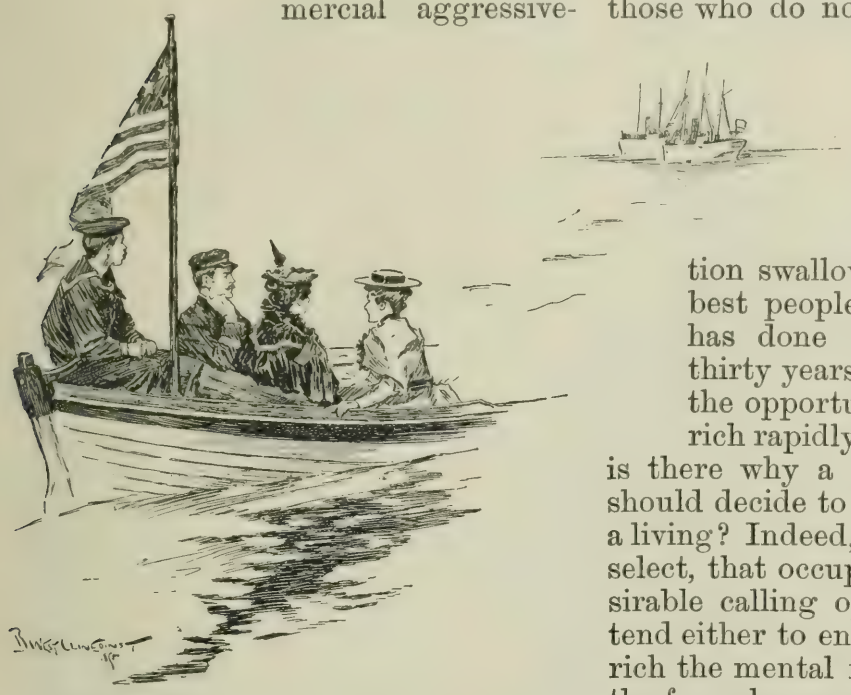
Our single and signal contribution to the callings of the world has been the apotheosis of the stock-broker. For the last twenty-five years, the well-to-do father and mother and their sons, in our large cities, have been under the spell of a craze for the brokerage business. The consciousness that the refinements of modern living cannot adequately be supplied in a large city to a family whose income does not approximate ten thousand dollars a year, is a cogent argument in favor of trying to grow rich rapidly, and both the promising young man and the general utility man welcomed the new calling with open arms. Impelled by the notion that here was a vocation which required no special knowledge or attainments, and very little capital, which was pleasant, gentlemanly, and not unduly confining, and which promised large returns almost in the twinkling of an eye, hundreds and thousands of young men became brokers —chiefly stock-brokers, but also cotton-brokers, note-brokers, real estate-brokers, insurance-brokers, and brokers in nearly everything. The field was undoubtedly a rich one for those who first entered it. There was a need for the broker, and he was speedily recognized as a valuable addition to the machinery of trade. Many huge fortunes were made, and we have learned to associate the word broker with the possession of large means, an imposing house on a fashionable street, and diverse docked and stylish horses. Of course, the king of all brokers has been the stock-broker, for to him was given the opportunity to buy and sell securities on his own account, though he held himself out to his customers as merely a poor thing who worked for a commission. No wonder that the young man, just out of college, listened open-mouthed to the tales of how many thousands of dollars a year so and so, who had been graduated only five years before, was making, and resolved to try his luck with the same Aladdin's lamp. Nor was it strange that the sight of men scarcely out of their teens, driving down town in fur coats, in their own equipages, with the benison of successful capitalists in their salutations, settled the question of choice for the youth who was wavering or did not know what he wished to do.



"The prospects here for a genuine contest of any kind are not favorable."

It is scarcely an extreme statement that the so-called

aristocracy of our principal cities to-day is largely made up of men who are, or once were, stock-brokers, or who have made their millions by some of the forms of gambling which our easy-going euphemism styles modern commercial aggressive-



"Cruising uneventfully in the Mediterranean or the Gulf of Mexico."

ness. Certainly, a very considerable number of our most splendid private residences have been built out of the proceeds of successful ventures in the stock market, or the wheat pit, or by some other purely speculative operations. Many stars have shone brilliantly for a season, and then plunged precipitately from the zenith to the horizon; and much has been wisely said as to the dangers of speculation; but the fact remains that a great many vast fortunes owe their existence to the broker's office; fortunes which have been salted down, as the phrase is, and now furnish support and titillation for a leisurely, green old age, or enable the sons and daughters of the original maker to live in luxury.

Whatever the American mother may feel as to her son becoming a clergyman, there is no doubt that many a mother to-day would say "God grant that no son of mine become a stock-broker." I know stock-brokers—many indeed—who are whole-souled, noble-natured men, free from undue worldliness, and with refined instincts. But the stock-broker, as he exists in the every-day life of our community, typifies signally the gambler's yearning to gain wealth by short cuts, and the monomania which regards as pitiable those who do not possess and display the gewgaws of feverish, fashionable materialism. There are stock-brokers in all the great capitals of the world, but nowhere has the vocation swallowed up the sons of the best people to the extent that it has done here during the last thirty years. And yet, apart from the opportunity it affords to grow rich rapidly, what one good reason is there why a promising young man should decide to buy and sell stocks for a living? Indeed, not merely decide, but select, that occupation as the most desirable calling open to him? Does it tend either to ennoble the nature or enrich the mental faculties? It is one of the formal occupations made necessary by the exigencies of the business world, and as such is legitimate and may be highly respectable; but surely it does not, from the nature of the services required, deserve to rank high; and really there would seem to be almost as much occasion for conferring the accolade of social distinction on a dealer in excellent fish as on a successful stock-broker.

However, alas! it is easy enough to assign the reason why the business has been so popular. It appears that, even under the flag of our aspiring nationality, human nature is still so weak that the opportunity to grow rich quickly, when presented, is apt to over-ride all noble considerations. Foreign censors have ventured not infrequently to declare that there was never yet a race so hungry for money as we free-born Americans; and not even the pious ejaculation of one of our United States Senators, "What have we to do with abroad?" is conclusive proof that the accusation is not well founded. In fact there seems to be ample proof that we, who sneered so austerely at the

Faubourg St. Germain and the aristocracies of the Old World, and made Fourth of July protestations of poverty and chastity, have fallen down and worshipped the golden calf merely because it was made of gold. Because it seemed to be easier to make money as stock-brokers than in any other way, men have hastened to become stock-brokers. To be sure, it may be answered that this is only human nature and the way of the world. True, perhaps; except that we started on the assumption that we were going to improve on the rest of the world, and that its human nature was not to be our human nature. Would not the Faubourg St. Germain be preferable to an aristocracy of stock-brokers?



"The whole field of practical charity."

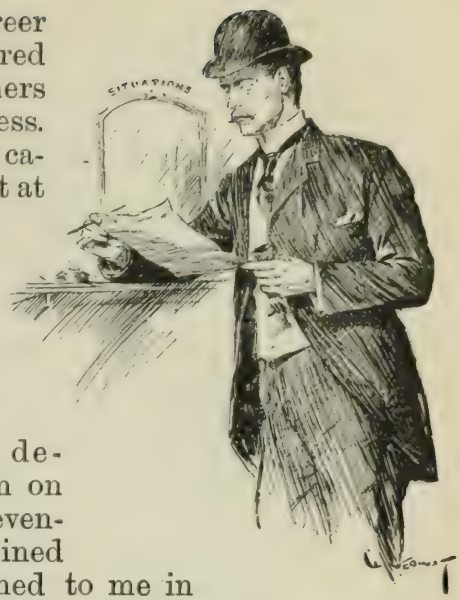
At all events, the law of supply and demand is beginning to redeem the situation, and, if not to restore our moral credit, at least to save the rising generation from falling into the same slough. The stock-broker industry has been overstocked, and the late young capitalists in fur overcoats, with benedictory manners, wear anxious countenances under the stress of that Old World demon, excessive competition. Youth can no longer wake up in the morning and find itself the proprietor of a rattling business justifying a steam-yacht and a four-in-hand. The good old days have gone forever, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth where of late there was joy and much accumulation. There is not business enough for all the promising young men who are stock-brokers already, and the youth of promise must turn elsewhere.

II

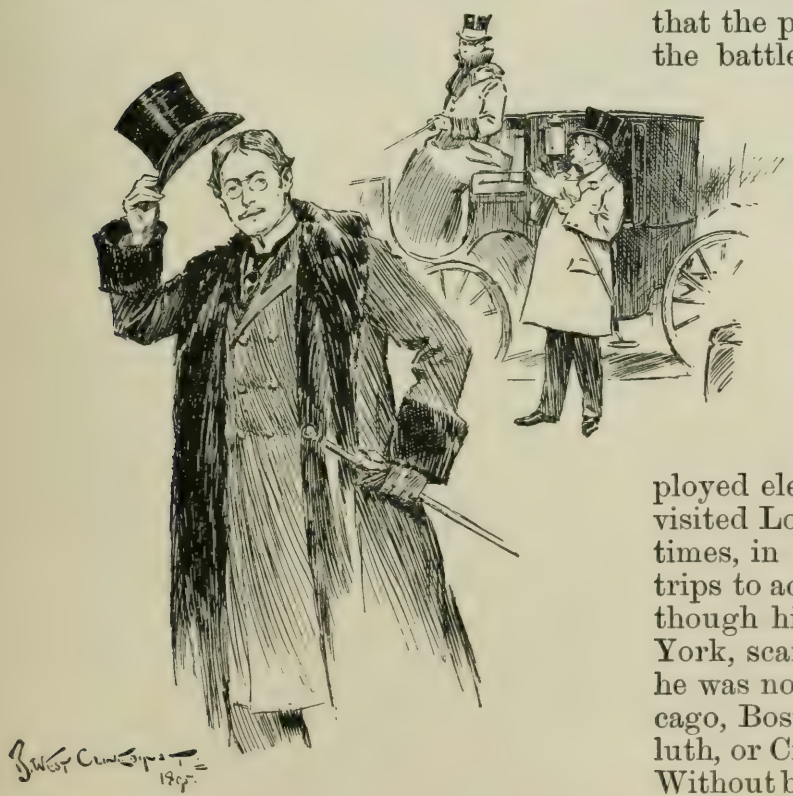
But though the occupation of broker has become less tempting, the promising youth has not ceased to look askance at any calling which does not seem to foreshadow a fortune in a short time. He is only just beginning to appreciate that we are getting down to hard pan, so to speak, and are nearly on a level, as regards the hardships of individual progress, with our old friends the effete civilizations. He finds it difficult to rid himself of the "Arabian Nights'" notion that he has merely to clap his hands to change ten dollars into a thousand in a single year, and to transform his bachelor apartments into a palace beautiful, with a wife, yacht, and horses, before he is thirty-five. He shrinks from the idea of being obliged to take seriously into account anything less than a hundred-dollar bill, and of earning a livelihood by slow yet persistent acceptance of tens and fives. His present ruling ambition is to be a promoter; that is, to be an organizer of schemes, and to let others do the real work and attend to the disgusting details. There are a great many gentry of this kind in the field just at present. Among them is, or rather was, Lewis Pell, as I will call him for the occasion. I don't know exactly what he is doing now. But he was, until lately, a promoter.

A handsome fellow was Lewis Pell. Tall, gentlemanly, and athletic-looking, with a gracious, imposing presence and

manner, which made his rather commonplace conversation seem almost wisdom. He went into a broker's office after leaving college, like many other promising young men of his time, but he was clever enough either to realize that he was a little late, or that the promoter business offered a more promising scope for his genius, for he soon disappeared from the purlieus of the Stock Exchange, and the next thing we heard of him was as the tenant of an exceedingly elaborate set of offices on the third floor of a most expensive modern monster building. Shortly after I read in the financial columns of the daily press that Mr. Lewis Pell had sold to a syndicate of bankers the first mortgage and the debenture bonds of the Light and Power Traction Company, an electrical corporation organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey. Thirty days later I saw again that he had sailed for Europe in order to interest London capital in a large enterprise, the nature of which was still withheld from the public. During the next two or three years I ran across Pell on several occasions. He seemed always to be living at the highest pressure, but the brilliancy of his career had not impaired his good manners or attractiveness. I refer to his career as brilliant at this time because both his operations and the consequent style of living which he pursued, as described by him on two different evenings when I dined with him, seemed to me in my capacity of ordinary citizen to savor of the marvellous, if not the supernatural. He frankly gave me to understand that it seemed to him a waste of time for an ambitious man to pay attention to details, and that his business was to originate vast undertakings, made possible only by large combinations of corporate or private capital. The word combination, which was frequently on his lips, seemed to be the corner-stone of his system. I gathered that the part which he sought to play in the battle of life was to breathe the breath, or the apparent breath, of existence into huge schemes, and after having given them a quick but comprehensive squeeze or two for his own pecuniary benefit, to hand them over to syndicates, or other aggregations of capitalists, for the benefit of whom they might concern. He confided to me that he employed eleven typewriters; that he had visited London seven, and Paris three times, in the last three years, on flying trips to accomplish brilliant deals; that though his head-quarters were in New York, scarcely a week passed in which he was not obliged to run over to Chicago, Boston, Washington, Denver, Duluth, or Cincinnati, as the case might be. Without being boastful as to his profits, he did not hesitate to acknowledge to me that if he should do as well in the

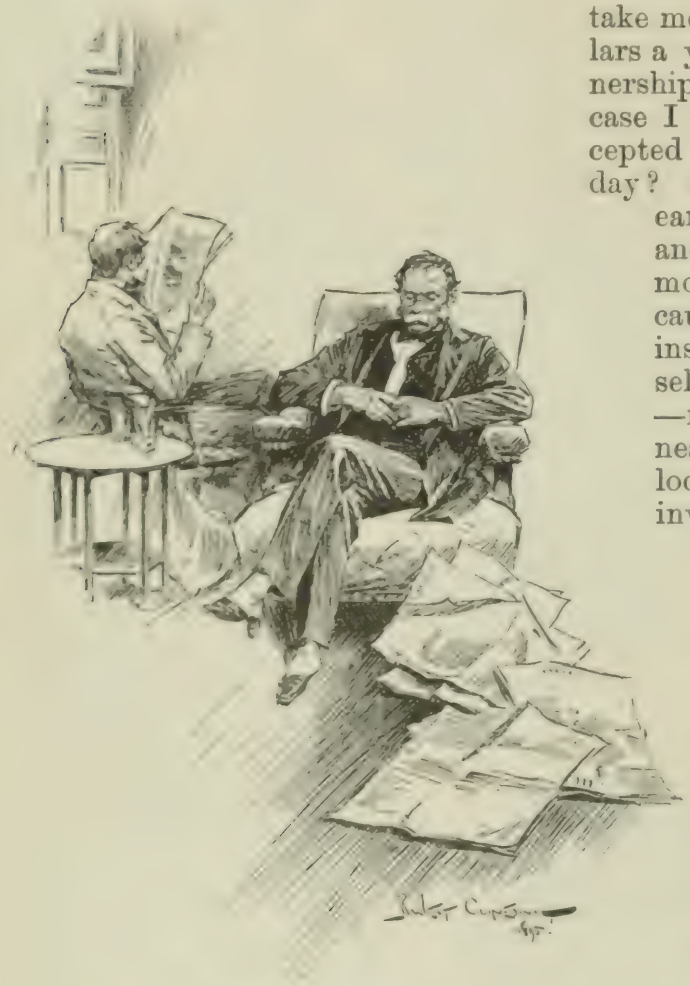


"The general utility man."



"With the benison of successful capitalists in their salutations."

next three years as in the last, he would be able to retire from business with a million or so. Apart from this confession, his personal extravagance left no room for doubt that he must be very rich. Champagne flowed for him as Croton or Cochituate for most of us, and it was evident from his language that the hiring of special trains from



"A leisurely, green old age."

time to time was a rather less serious matter than it would be for the ordinary citizen to take a cab. The account that he gave of three separate entertainments he had tendered to syndicates—of ten, twelve, and seventeen covers respectively, at twenty dollars a cover—fairly made my mouth water and my eyes stick out, so that I felt constrained to murmur, "Your profits must certainly be very large, if you can afford that sort of thing."

Pell smiled complacently and a little condescendingly. "I could tell you of things which I have done which would make that seem a bagatelle," he answered, with engaging mystery. Then after a moment's pause he said, "Do you know, my dear fellow, that when I was graduated I came very near going into the office of a pious old uncle of mine who has been a commission merchant all his life, and is as poor as Job's turkey in spite of it all—that is, poor as men are rated nowadays. He offered to take me as a clerk at one thousand dollars a year, with the promise of a partnership before I was bald-headed in case I did well. Supposing I had accepted his offer, where should I be to-day? Grubbing at an office-desk and earning barely enough for board and lodging. I remember my dear mother took it terribly to heart because I went into a broker's office instead. By the way, between ourselves, I'm building a steam-yacht—nothing very wonderful, but a neat, comfortable craft—and I'm looking forward next summer to inviting my pious old uncle to cruise on her just to see him open his eyes."

That was three years ago, and to-day I have every reason to believe that Lewis Pell is without a dollar in the world, or rather, that every dollar which he has belongs to his creditors. I had heard before his failure was announced that he was short of money, for the reason that several enterprises with which his name was connected had been left on his hands—neither the syndicates nor the public would touch them—so his suspension was scarcely a surprise. He at present, poor fellow, is only one of an army of young men wandering dejectedly through the streets of New York or Chicago in these days of financial depression, vainly seeking for something to promote.

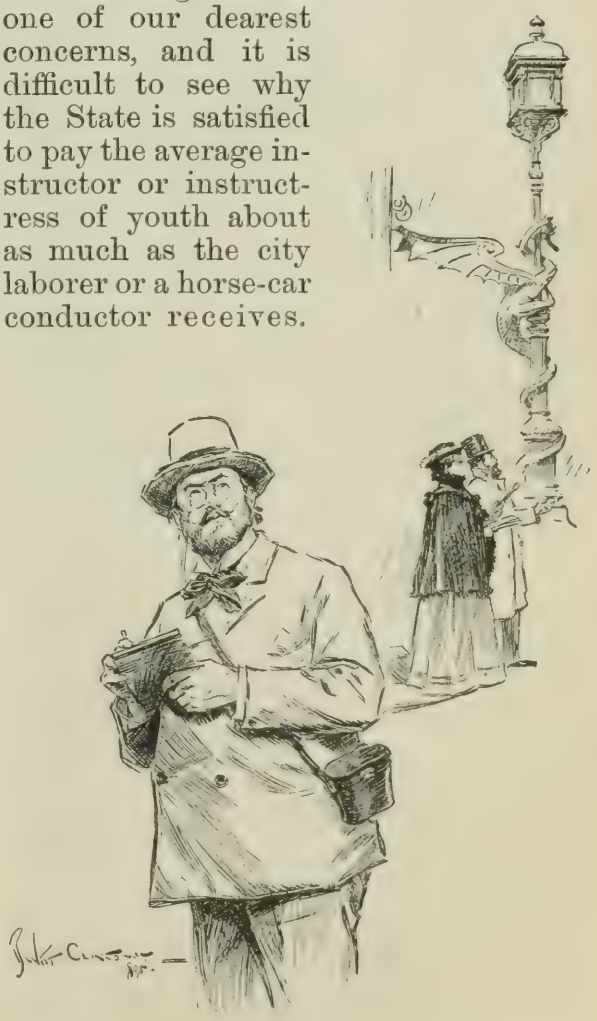
When the promising youth and the general utility man do get rid of the "Arabian Nights'" notion, and recognize that signal success here, in any form, is likely to become more and more difficult to attain, and will be the legitimate reward only of men of real might, of unusual abilities, originality, or daunt-



"What have we to do with abroad?"

less industry, some of the callings which have fallen, as it were, into disrepute through their lack of gambling facilities, are likely to loom up again socially. It may be, however, that modern business methods and devices have had the effect of killing for all time that highly respectable pillar of society of fifty years ago, the old-fashioned merchant, who bought and sold on his own behalf, or on commission, real cargoes of merchandise, and real consignments of cotton, wheat, and corn. The telegraph and the warehouse certificate have worked such havoc that almost everything now is bought and sold over and over again before it is grown or manufactured, and by the time it is on the market there is not a shred of profit in it for anybody but the retail dealer. It remains to be seen whether, as the speculative spirit subsides, the merchant is going to reinstate himself and regain his former prestige. It may already be said that the promising youth does not regard him with quite so much contempt as he did.

We have always professed in this country great theoretical respect for the schoolmaster, but we have been careful, as the nation waxed in material prosperity, to keep his pay down and to shove him into the social background more and more. The promising youth could not afford to spend his manhood in this wise, and we have all really been too busy making money to think very much about those who are doing the teaching. Have we not always heard it stated that our schools and colleges are second to none in the world? And if our schools, of course our schoolmasters. Therefore why bother our heads about them? It is indeed wonderful, considering the little popular interest in the subject until lately, that our schoolmasters and our college professors are so competent as they are, and that the profession has flourished on the whole in spite of indifference and superiority. How can men of the highest class be expected to devote their lives to a profession which yields little more than a pittance when one is thoroughly successful? And yet the education of our children ought to be one of our dearest concerns, and it is difficult to see why the State is satisfied to pay the average instructor or instructress of youth about as much as the city laborer or a horse-car conductor receives.



"Foreign censors have ventured not infrequently to declare that there was never yet a race so hungry for money as we free-born Americans!"

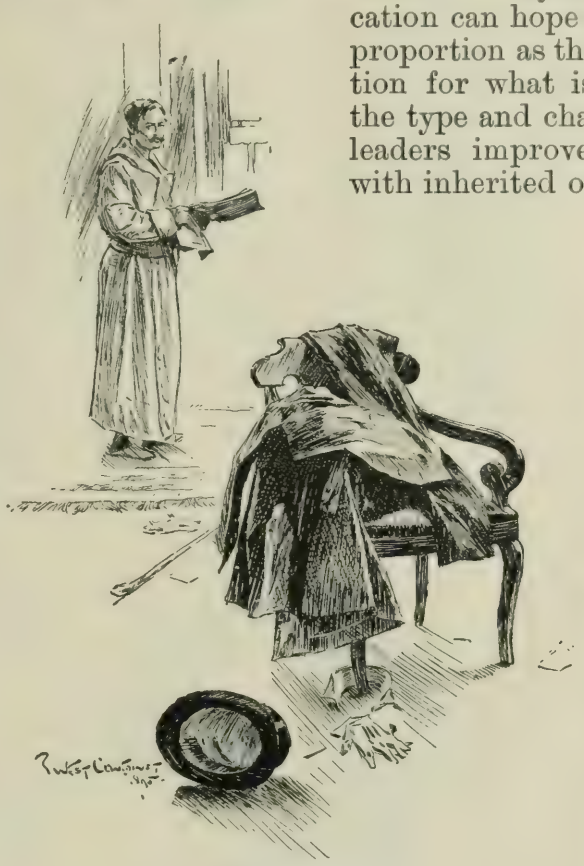
There are signs that those in charge of our large educational institutions all over the country are beginning to recognize that ripe scholarship and rare abilities as a teacher are entitled to be well recompensed pecuniarily, and that the breed of such men is likely to increase somewhat in proportion to the size and number of the prizes offered. Our college presidents and professors, those at the head of our large schools and seminaries, should receive such salaries as will enable them to live adequately. By this policy not only would our promising young men be encouraged to pursue learning, but those in the highest places would not be forced by poverty to live in comparative retirement, but could become active social figures and leaders. In any profession or calling under present social conditions only those in the foremost rank can hope to earn more than a living, varying in quality according to the degree of success and the rank of the occupation; but it is to be hoped, —and there seems some reason to believe—that the great rewards which come to those more able and industrious than their fellows will henceforth, in the process of our national evolution, be more evenly distributed, and not confined so conspicuously to gambling, speculative, or commercial successes. The leaders in the great professions of law and medicine have for some time past declined to serve the free-born community without liberal compensation, and the same community, which for half a century secretly believed that only a business man has the right to grow rich, has begun to recognize that there are even other things besides litigation and health which ought to come high. For instance, although the trained architect still meets serious and depressing competition from those ready-made experimenters in design who pronounce the first *c* in the word architect as though it were an *s*, the public is rapidly discovering that a man cannot build an attractive house without special knowledge. In the same class with the law, medicine, and architecture, and seemingly offering at present a greater scope for an ambitious young man, is engineering in all its branches. The furnaces, mines, manufactories, and the hydraulic, electrical, or other plants connected with the numerous vast mechanical business enterprises of the country are furnishing immediate occupation for hundreds of graduates of the scientific or polytechnic schools at highly respectable salaries. This field of usefulness is certain for a long time to come to offer employment and a fair livelihood to many, and large returns to those who outstrip their contemporaries. More and more is the business man, the manufacturer, and the capitalist likely to be dependent for the economical or successful development and management of undertakings on the judgment of scientific experts in his own employment or called in to advise, and it is only meet that the counsel given should be paid for handsomely.



"Fourth of July protestations of poverty and chastity."

Those who pursue literature or art in their various branches in this country, and have talents in some degree commensurate with their ambition, are now generally able to make a comfortable livelihood. Indeed the men and women in the very front rank are beginning to receive incomes which would be highly satisfactory to a leading law-

yer or physician. Of course original work in literature or art demands special ability and fitness, but the general utility man is beginning to have many opportunities presented to him in connection with what may be called the clerical work of these professions. The great magazines and publishing houses have an increasing need for trained, scholarly men, for capable critics, and discerning advisers in the field both of letter-press and illustration. Another calling which seems to promise great possibilities both of usefulness and income to those who devote themselves to it earnestly is the comparatively new profession of journalism. The reporter, with all his present horrors, is in the process of evolution; but the journalist is sure to remain the high-priest of democracy. His influence is almost certain to increase materially, but it will not increase unless he seeks to lead public thought instead of bowing to it. The newspaper, in order to flourish, must be a moulder of opinion, and to accomplish this those who control its columns must more and more be men of education, force, and high ideals. Competition will winnow here as elsewhere, but those who by ability and industry win the chief places will stand high in the community and command large pay for their services.



"His bachelor apartments."

An aristocracy of brains—that is to say, an aristocracy composed of individuals successful and prominent in their several callings—seems to be the logical sequence of our institutions under present social and industrial conditions. The only aristocracy which can exist in a democracy is one of honorable success evidenced by wealth or a handsome income, but the character of such an aristocracy will depend on the ambitions and tastes of the nation. The inevitable economic law of supply and demand governs here as elsewhere, and will govern until such a time as society may be reconstructed on an entirely new basis. Only the leaders in any vocation can hope to grow rich, but in proportion as the demands of the nation for what is best increase will the type and characteristics of these leaders improve. The doing away with inherited orders of nobility and deliberate, patented class distinctions, gives the entire field to wealth. We boast proudly that no artificial barriers confine individual social promotion; but we must remember at the same time that those old barriers meant more than the perpetuation of perfumed ladies and idle gentlemen from century to century. We are too apt to forget that the aristocracies of the old world signified in the first place a process of selection. The kings and the nobles, the lords and the barons, the knights who fought and the ladies for whom they died, were the master-spirits of their days and generations, the strong arms and the strong brains of civilized communities. They stood for force, the force of the individual who was more intelligent, more capable, and mightier in soul and body than his neighbors, and who claimed the prerogatives of superiority on that account. These master-spirits, it is true, used these prerogatives in such a manner as to crystallize society into the classes and the masses, so hopelessly for the latter that the gulf between them still is wide as an ocean, notwithstanding that present nobilities have been shorn of their power so that

they may be said to exist chiefly by sufferance. And yet the world is still the same in that there are men more intelligent, more capable, and mightier in soul and body than their fellows. The leaders of the past won their spurs by prowess with the battle-axe and spear, by wise counsel in affairs of state, by the sheer force of their superior manhood. The gentleman and lady stood for the best blood of the world, though they so often belied it by their actions.

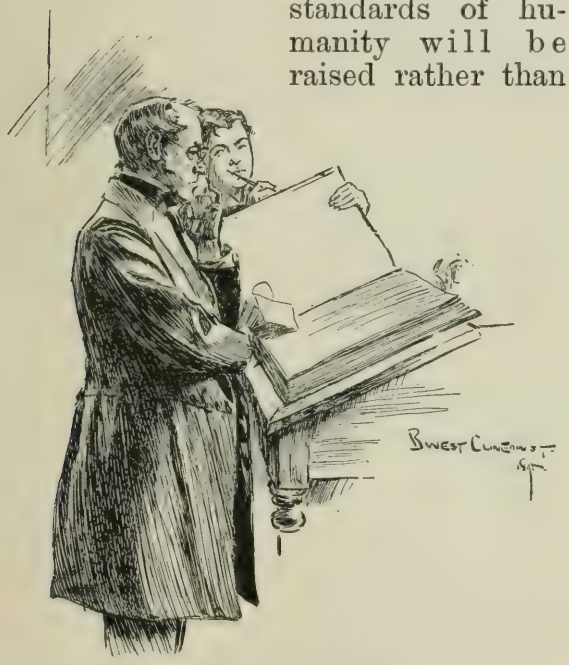
We, who are accustomed to applaud our civilization as the hope of the world, may well look across the water and take suggestions from the institutions of Great Britain, not with the idea of imitation, but with a view to consider the forces at work there. For nearly a century now the government, though in form a monarchy, has been substantially a constitutional republic, imbued with inherited traditions and somewhat galvanized by class distinctions, but nevertheless a constitutional republic. The nobility still exists as a sort of French roof or Eastern pagoda to give a pleasing appearance to the social edifice. The hereditary meaning of titles has been so largely negatived by the introduction of new blood—the blood of the strongest men of the period—that they have become, what they originally were, badges to distinguish the men most valuable to the State. Their abolition is merely a question of time, and many of the leaders to whom they are proffered reject them as they would a cockade or a yellow satin waistcoat. On the other hand, and here is the point of argument, the real aristocracy of England for the last hundred years has been an aristocracy of the foremost, ablest, and worthiest men of the nation, and with few exceptions the social and pecuniary rewards have been bestowed both by the State and by public appreciation on the master-spirits of the time in the best sense. Brilliant statesmanship, wisdom on the bench, the surgeon's skill, the banker's sound discernment, genius in literature and art, when signally contributed by the individual, have won him fame and fortune. It may be said, perhaps, that the pecuniary rewards of science and literature have been less conspicuous than those accorded to other successes, but that has been due to the inherent practical temperament and artistic limitations of the Englishman, and can scarcely be an argument against the contention that English society in the nineteenth century, with all its social idiosyncrasies, has really been graded on the order of merit.



"He was until lately a promoter."

The tide of democracy has set in across the water and is running strongly, and there can be no doubt that the next century is likely to work great and strange changes in the conditions of society in England as well as here. The same questions practically are presented to each nation, except that there a carefully constructed and in many respects admirable system of society is to be disintegrated. We are a new country, and we have a right to be hopeful that we are sooner or later to outstrip all civilizations. Nor is it a blemish that the astonishing development of our material resources has absorbed the energies of our best blood. But it now remains to be seen whether the standards of pure democracy, without traditions or barriers to point the way, are to justify the experiment and improve the race. The character of our aristocracy will depend on the virtues and tastes of the people, and the struggle is to be between aspiration and contentment with low ambitions. Our

original undertaking has been made far more difficult by the infusion of the worst blood in Christendom, the lees of foreign nations; but the result of the experiment will be much more convincing because of this change in conditions. Who are to be the men of might and heroes of democracy? That will depend on the demands and aspirations of the enfranchised people. With all its imperfections, the civilization of the past has fostered the noble arts and stirred genius to immortalize itself in bronze and marble, in cathedral spires, in masterpieces of painting and literature, in untiring scholarship, in fervent labors in law, medicine, and science. Democracy must care for these things, and encourage the individual to choose worthy occupations, or society will suffer. We hope and believe that, in the long run, the standards of humanity will be raised rather than



"A pious old Uncle Jimmie."

lowered by the lifting of the flood-gates which divide the privileged classes from the mass; but it behooves us all to remember that while demand and supply must be the leading arbiters in the choice of a vocation, the responsibility of selection is left to each individual. Only by the example of individuals will society be saved from accepting the



"The Schoolmaster."

low, vulgar aims and ambitions of the mass as a desirable weal, and this is the strongest argument against the doctrines of those who would repress individuality for the alleged benefit of mankind as a whole. The past has given us many examples of the legislator who cannot be bribed, of the statesman faithful to principle, of the student who disdains to be superficial, of the gentleman who is noble in thought, and speech and action, and they stand on the roll of the world's great men. Democracy cannot afford not to continue to add to this list, and either she must steel her countenance against the cheap man and his works, or sooner or later be confounded. Was Marie Antoinette a more dangerous enemy of the people than the newspaper proprietor who acquires fortune by catering to the lowest tastes and prejudices of the public, or the self-made capitalist who argues that every man has his price, and seeks to accomplish legislation by bribery?

INTO THE DARK

By William Winter

Out in the dark it throbs and glows—
The wide, wild sea, that no man knows!
The wind is chill, the surge is white,
And I must sail that sea to-night.

You shall not sail! the breakers roar
On many a mile of iron shore,
The waves are livid in their wrath,
And no man knows the ocean path!

I must not bide for wind or wave;
I must not heed, though tempests rave;
My course is set, my hour is known,
And I must front the dark, alone.

Your eyes are wild, your face is pale—
This is no night for ships to sail!
The hungry wind is moaning low,
The storm is up—you shall not go!

'Tis not the moaning wind you hear—
It is a sound more dread and drear,
A voice that calls across the tide,
A voice that will not be denied.

Your words are faint, your brow is cold,
Your looks grow sudden gray and old,
The lights burn dim, the casements shake—
Ah, stay a little, for my sake!

Too late! Too late! The vow you said
This many a year is cold and dead,
And through that darkness, grim and black,
I shall but follow on its track.

Remember all fair things and good,
That e'er were dreamed or understood,
For they shall all the past requite,
So you but shun the sea to-night!

No more of dreams! Nor let there be
One tender thought of them or me—
For on the way that I must wend
I dread no harm and need no friend!

The golden shafts of sunset fall
Athwart the gray cathedral wall,
While o'er its tombs of old renown
The rose-leaves softly flutter down.

No thought of holy things can save
One relic now from Mem'ry's grave,
And be it sun, or moon, or star,
The light that falls must follow far!

I mind the ruined turrets bold,
The ivy, flushed with sunset gold,
The dew-drenched roses, in their sleep,
That seemed to smile, and yet to weep.

There'll be nor smile nor tear again;
There'll be the end of ev'ry pain;
There'll be no parting to deplore,
Nor love nor sorrow any more.

I see the sacred river's flow,
The barge in twilight drifting slow,
While o'er the daisied meadow swells
The music of the vesper bells.

It is my knell—so far away!
The night wears on—I must not stay!
My canvas strains before the gale—
My cables part, and I must sail!
. . . . . .

Loud roars the sea! The dark has come;
He does not move—his lips are dumb.
Ah! God receive, on shores of light,
The shattered ship that sails to-night!

IMPRESSIONISTS

By Jean François Raffaëlli

IT was on a happy morning, twenty-five years ago, that I made the acquaintance of my old friend, Marcellin Desboutins, that excellent artist, whose pictures have found a welcome place in some of your private collections. I was then living on the sixth floor of a house in the rue Nôtre-Dame de Lorette, a street in the neighborhood of that famous Montmartre where so many young men, ardent in their love for all that belongs to the world of intelligence, live obscure, waiting for their day of reputation and glory. My lodging consisted of a studio the size of my hand, and two small chambers in which I could neither stand upright, nor lie down with my legs stretched out. It was a hard case, and the more so, because, up to my fourteenth year, I had received a good education, and had led the life of a child of rich parents ; but fortune failed us, our affairs were completely ruined ; it was necessary to go to work, and do what could be done to restore the fortunes of the family.

Meanwhile, from the height of my sixth story, through my small window, I looked down upon all Paris, the grand city, stretched below me, and as Zola has so well described it in one of his fine books, I, too, dreamed of conquering it in my turn, and of becoming, even I, young and poor and unknown, one of the intelligences of that proud city which I took in with one sweep of my eyes.

At that time, a few young men who have since then come to be not unfavorably spoken of used to meet in a small café of the Batignolles. There came Émile Zola—he then wore his hair cut close, and his beard long ; Manet, whose fine ironic smile masked a charming ingenuousness and goodness of heart ; Duranty, the æsthetician of the group ; Fantin-Latour, Degas, Claude Monet, Desboutins, and I.

I was twenty years old at that time, but I could not go every day to the little conclave, for it was not every day that I could scrape together, without putting myself to inconvenience, the sum necessary to pay for a bock ! Nevertheless, every Tuesday, the day particularly set apart for meeting, I made a point of being present—and such discussions as we had ! Discussions without end ; acute, ardent, passionate, ironical, violent—on every subject conceivable relating to things artistic and intellectual ! Ah, what delightful evenings were those ! Evenings of happiest youth, when the soul and mind are inflamed with hopes of the coming strife and the glory of the victory ! Many of those young men, chosen spirits of the time, succumbed to death ; others attained the wished-for goal ; but, alas, the promised land grows less enchanting day by day, as the years bring it nearer !

Zola was sure of his triumph. Burning with zeal in the daily battle of life, never allowing a day to pass without accomplishing his written task, he piled up that stupendous literary monument the world knows so well.

On the other hand, our poor Manet never found in his lifetime that Glory, of which he was always dreaming behind his mask of the mocking Parisian. He loved reputation ; he longed to be famous. I remember his saying to me, one day, "Listen, my dear friend ; one can never feel that he is really famous, until the chance cabby says as you take your seat, 'I know ! rue Blanche, No. 22. I will take you there, Monsieur Manet !'"

Manet had an exquisite nature. His noble talent had the most important influence in France. His masterpieces are shining landmarks that point out the way to a whole generation of youthful talents wandering from the true path.

I need not say that at this time the Institute was all powerful in our country, and it was made up of men who

only looked behind them. They thought of Greece, and forgot that they were Frenchmen.

The art of Greece demands, and will forever demand, the unreserved admiration of the world. No art of any other people will ever reach a greater height. But does it follow from this that we should forever slavishly follow that art, when nothing in our life, nor in the things about us, has any resemblance to the Greeks ; when our laws, our way of life, our social customs, our modes of thought and feeling are totally different from those of that great people ?

We can never be truly inspired but by that which moves ourselves ; we can never be sincerely moved but by the passions and feelings that stir our own souls. For a Frenchman to hesitate in his choice between Greece and France is to hesitate between Life and Death. And we, for ourselves, have chosen Life.

Manet was troubled because he did not live to see his pictures sell for what they were worth. " Would you believe," he once said to me, " that this year I, Manet, have earned no more than twelve thousand francs ? "

The poor man, great artist that he was, was not willing to believe that, in our time, a true artist could not hope for a fortune until the end of his life. His large canvases, moreover, could only find a place in our museums, and our museums, as a rule, are not open to us until we are dead. In order that an artist may reasonably hope to earn some money while he is yet alive, he must produce a great number of small pictures. He may then be able to conjugate profitably the verb " To have." Thus for twenty years we have been hearing everywhere :

" I have a Corot. Thou hast a Corot. He has a Corot. We have a Corot. They all have a Corot ! "

And the Corots circulate like bank-notes, because they are small, abundant, and excellent !

Life was short for Manet. While yet in full vigor he was struck by paralysis, and soon his limbs refused to support him. I seem still to see him, stretched on the bed from which he was never to rise. Yet he kept to the end that fine Parisian face of his—at once inspired, ingenuous, and subtle.

As for this word " Impressionist," I remember well the rage with which we greeted it. It was while one of our exhibitions was going on that a facetious critic wrote : " Their pictures are nothing but impressions. All these painters are nothing more than Impressionists." This pleasantry was successful, and everybody laughed at it. The first jokes at our expense are still fresh in my mind. There was a play at one of the theatres called " La Cigale ; " it was the joint work of Messrs. Meilhac and Halévy. An Impressionist painter appeared on the scene with a gray canvas which he showed the public, and, down in one corner, he had painted a knife. He said the title of his picture was " A Fog that you could Cut with a Knife !—An Impressionist Picture."

Another canvas, with daubs of purple and yellow, was called " Recollections of Etretat." Then he turned it round, and said it represented a " Sunset in Egypt." He then turned the back of the canvas to the audience and told them it was a " Slave-market in Morocco," and when his fellow-actor informed him he could see nothing at all, he assured him that he had come too late ; the sale was over, and the slaves had all been carried away !

Finally he took a white canvas and showed it to the people. They cried out that the canvas was empty. He replied that nothing was needed but a line. Then, drawing a straight line across the canvas from left to right, " There," he said, " you have an admirable impression of the sea in an absolute calm ! "

On leaving the theatre Manet was in a great rage, and declared that we should all be crushed by this ridicule. " Yes," he cried, " we are settled for ten years to come ! " Degas, on the other hand, rubbed his hands, and laughed in his beard, and assured us that " it was nothing but the same old story ; every new movement began like that." And then, taking heart, we recalled how the critics had said to Delacroix, in the beginning of his career, that " he painted with a drunken

broom!" and how Corot and Courbet and Millet had, for long years, been pelted with cruel ridicule.

At that time none of us would acknowledge the name "Impressionist." This I wish to state here, positively. It was with the design of replacing this name with another that I wrote—it is now about fifteen years ago—a book on the philosophy of art, and which I intended as an exposition of æsthetic philosophy, pointing out the true road to follow. In this essay I launched the word "characterism" as being the fit expression of what we were striving for as individuals. For, in fact, it ought also to be said that "there never was an Impressionist school." All that can be said is that there were a dozen artists or so who came together by natural affinity, who formed a little group by themselves, and whose only watchword was this: "One ought only to paint what he sees about him. He ought to have only one ideal, the ideal of the time he lives in. A man can rightly interpret only the passions, the ideals, the aspirations of his own epoch, of the world that surrounds him."

Claude Monet painted in pure color with a superb freedom. Degas was at that time all subtlety in his magnificent art, in love with the early Venetians and Florentines, and with the Japanese. Manet had an incomparable largeness of execution, Renoir a delicious color and tenderness of sentiment, Pissarro a beautiful sense of the picturesque. Mary Cassatt drew beautiful dry-points, permeated with feminine feeling. Berthe Morizot was artistic to the tips of her fingers, and Forain already had the simplicity of method of a master.

As for the moving spirit, the animating principle of each one of these young men, no comparison could be instituted. There was therefore no material for a school, properly so-called. There was nothing but the accidental union of individualities differing completely one from the other. They called us the Impressionist School just as they called our predecessors the School of 1830, although there was as much difference between Delacroix, Corot, and Millet as there was between the members of our group.

As for myself, I have abandoned my word "Characterism;" it is enough for me that the thing exists. It is enough for me that the whole artistic movement of our time is going the same road, pursuing the same end — the search for what is characteristic. Let them call us Impressionists if they wish —a name that never meant anything for anybody, and certainly never meant anything for us—but let us be Characterists; that is to say, artists who employ their intelligence and their talent in lifting up to beauty all men and all nature and thus aid in establishing upon our planet a noble equality among men, that altruism, in fact, which will be, for the highest among us as for the lowest, the source of that more perfect happiness toward which all that is noble in us forever aspires.

Impressionism has been a return to nature, a movement which has allowed to each artist the complete development of his temperament and of his individuality. And in our essentially individualistic epoch, individuality is a dominating force in art.

Impressionism is, if one may say so, a school open to all, which everyone can enter without the least lowering of his flag. It is a school where each is his own master. Impressionism represents the complete development of each artistic temperament, the study of all the aspects of nature, and an absolute liberty in the choice of the means of expression, which are for us simply means for saying what we have to say, and never an end in themselves.

THE MARTYRDOM OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

By Wolcott Le Cléar Beard

A PRAIRIE of yellow sand, glaring and tremulous in the scorching Arizona sun, reached the horizon on three of the cardinal points ; on the other, the south, extending to the foot of the Sierra Tucson, which showed, outlining its rugged shapes in dusky blue, many miles away.

From north to south a trail, showing from a little distance only by the absence of the sage-brush and maguey along its length, or by the clouds of dust which the little whirlwinds, wandering aimlessly about, would pick up from it, began in dim perspective, culminating in a little oasis, where, set in its vivid green, the gray adobe and glaring, unpainted frame of a settlement appeared ; then running with a diminuendo movement toward the mountains, against which an occasional faint wreath of smoke would announce the coming of one of the four daily trains—a passenger and a freight in each direction — of the then newly built Southern Pacific road, where the little box of a station with its still smaller section-house stood, almost pathetic in their complete loneliness, on the arid plain.

Frog Tanks was young, scarcely a year old, its youth replete with the folly and wildness of its habitat and immaturity. It was an important place, and one which must continue to thrive ; for the springs from which its name was taken flowed, clear and cool, from their four, big, sandy basins, watering the juicy grass which extended for many acres around ; and so the great freight-teams, plodding along the burning road in endless procession, horses and men parching and faint from the choking clouds of alkali dust which overhung them, would halt here for a rest, sometimes of a week's duration, waiting for their return loads, while the horses revelled and waxed fat on the strong grass and abundant water, and their masters enjoyed, after a month's enforced abstinence, the dubious whiskey and seductive faro. The great treasure-wagons, too, with their numerous guards protecting the loads of bullion pigs, would pass through on their way to the station, five miles beyond, to rest awhile on their return trip. Emigrant outfits, with their lean horses, prairie schooners, and pale, jaded-looking women ; ragged, weather-beaten prospectors, their entire worldly possessions loaded on one or two tiny burros, silent gamblers, swarthy Mexicans, wandering bands of Indians, and all the flotsam and jetsam of frontier humanity, attracted by the abundant supply of what is in that region the rarest luxury, water, and, incidentally, by that most desired, whiskey, helped to diversify the life of the town and leave much money there.

The trail became gravelly as it crossed the oasis, which it divided into two nearly equal parts, a broad yellow stripe across the green, and along both sides of this the bulk of the town was ranged. Two adobe stores stood nearly opposite each other near the centre of the village, and each way from them ran a row of the more popular resorts, overflowing the limits of the green island, on to the desert beyond. Of these all had a bar in front and an extension behind, generally of canvas stretched over a frame, from which, in some cases, came the click and rattle of chips and the droning voices of the dealers ; in others the sound of guitars and fiddles, or, in one instance, the jangle of a much-abused piano, told where the dance-halls, with their painted sirens, held forth. Back from the street, placed in the order that best suited their owners, stood the tents or arrow-weed thatch "wickeyups" of the residence portion, interspersed here and there with drinking-shacks of the humbler sort, where fiery mescal was dispensed at a price within reach of the "greasers" who patronized them ; then strong stock-

corrals of cottonwood poles, pasture-land, and, beyond, the open desert.

It was siesta-time, and so Frog Tanks was quiet, for the daily trains were about due, and those who had not gone to meet them were, for the most part, reposing each in his own dwelling, or what answered for one, when a group of the residents were gathered under the thatched veranda of the principal saloon—the Monte Carlo—which united within itself the triple attraction of "boozing-ken," gambling-house, and dance-hall. With one exception they were all men who worked hard at their respective callings of bar-keeper, gambler, or the like, and were now, through the heat of the day, enjoying that companionable silence which comes with the cessation of continued labor. The exception was a swarthy and rather handsome man, aged some two or three and forty, of huge frame, lean and powerful, who seemed a leader among them, as, indeed, he was. This was Faro Carlo, King of Frog Tanks. Few monarchs deserved their titles as did he, for he ruled his dominions not only by his strong arm and ever-ready pistol, but by right of ownership as well. Two years before he had come, a gambler fresh from a streak of hard luck and a record of many lives, his whole fortune consisting in his weapons and the blooded mare he rode, from the cattle towns of the West, and stopped here for the night, as many had done before. The engineer's camp he had passed on his way and the row of numbered stakes which showed where the new railway was to run had revealed to him the possibilities of this green spot, and so, the necessary formalities having been gone through with, he had become the proprietor of six hundred and forty acres of what our Government is pleased to consider as desert land. It was hard living at first, but game was plenty around the springs, and when the railway was finished, as he steadily refused to sell any land, the ground-rents, together with the revenue from his store and saloon, brought a greater income than he had ever dared hope for, and now, as he sat, his chair tilted back against one of the few cottonwood-trees of which Frog Tanks could boast, his ornate dress, heavy silver-mounted pistols and spurs, and whole bearing indicated the prosperous man.

The sound of footsteps coming down the gravelly road made some of the men lazily turn their heads from where they lounged or lay on the grass. But it was only a cowboy, known to them all, returning from seeing that the bunch of cattle he had brought in that day were safe in their corrals, so they returned to their former occupation of silently fighting the flies which buzzed in swarms around them. The new-comer, with a grunt of salutation, seated himself, and extracting from the pocket of his leather chapparejos a bag of tobacco and a bundle of slips of brown paper, proceeded to roll a cigarette, bending it almost double and holding it at arm's-length, Mexican fashion, as he lighted it, saying, "I see John the Baptist's outfit is over beyond thar; has he held forth yet?" "John—who? eh? What did you say his other name was? Who's he?" said a little man, nervous and wiry, Billy Perrin by name, the town marshal and Carlo's right-hand man, roused into a momentary show of interest. "Hasn't got no other name that I ever heard. Just calls himself what I said—John the Baptist of the Second Comin'. Surely you've heard tell of him." "I have. Sunday-school. Back East. Must be an old man by now," came from under the hat which covered the face of a gambler—a faro-dealer of the Monte Carlo—who lay at full length hard by, until now apparently asleep. "That ain't no kin to this one," responded the cowboy. "I saw him when I was herding for the Crossbow outfit up Palomas way. Comes from Lord knows where—nobody else does, anyhow—an' he preached. Preached every chance he got, an' he's no slouch at it, you bet, but his prophesyin' is what licks me." "What did he prophesy about, Sammy?" asked the gambler, sitting up. "Oh, everythin', pretty near. Day o' judgment, world burnin' up, and general damnation, mostly. But that didn't cut no figger, though he could do it up slick. It was the particular ones. There was somethin' out of the run in them. You mind that carrot-topped chaw what used to fire the stamp-engine up to the

Nigger Ben, don't you? Andy McGuirk his name was." A nod of assent and he went on. "Well, about a week ago, the Baptist had a meetin,' an' fired off his texts an' prophecies an' things to beat the cars. McGuirk was there, an' I s'pose he got tired of bein' told how dead sure he was to go to hell, for up he jumps, onto the bar'l he'd been sittin' on, an' pulls a flask out of the back-stairs pocket of his jeans an' sings out, 'Here's lookin' at ye, Johnny, an' may yez never go to a worser place than meself.' Some of them laughed—I was there—I seen it all—but the Baptist pulled his sermon up short, an' stretched out one hand toward McGuirk an' just stood there. His face was white an' pulled itself about at first, an' then got quiet and looked like he was a drowned man. There wasn't no noise for awhile, an' Mac he got down off the bar'l an' kinder sneaked the flask back into his pocket. Then John the Baptist turned loose, an' talked like someone had wound him up. I couldn't get on to all he said, but it meant that it wouldn't be long before McGuirk would cash his chips. 'The Death Angel had branded him, an' soon the leaden messenger would, at his say so, round up the blackened soul worthily placed in the vile body before him.' That's what he said. Something like that, anyhow, an' a lot more about how high the thermometer would climb where Andy would fetch up. It wasn't complimentary, no way you could fix it, but McGuirk went out like somebody'd licked him. Well, sir, all he said come true. Mac was dead leary of himself for awhile, an' then began to booze up, an' bimeby got fightin' drunk. He had it in for Hughes, who runs the faro-bank down to the Cactus Cottage, on some old grudge, an' went in there to settle it. He had the drop all right enough—had his gun drawed before he went in—but before he could shoot, Hughes nailed him with a derringer, fired through his pants. Yes, sir, laid him out cold an' stiff. First man shot there in three months. Next mornin' John's outfit had gone, nobody knew where, but I tell you he's a corker on the prophesy. I'd rather any man in the territory had it in for me than him." The speaker stopped. His cigarette was done, and he rolled another. "That was queer," said the gambler, "but I don't see what the Angel of Death had to do with it. Angels aren't much in Jack Hughes's line unless he's changed a good deal since I saw him last. Where is this John the Baptist, as you call him, Sammy?" "I seen 'm," said Perrin, in his nervous manner. "Thin as a knife, eh? Ghosts of mules an' played-out wagon, no? Old A tent. Just enough canvas to keep holes together, ain't that it? Let's go have a look at 'em. What say, King?" Carlo nodded as he slowly arose and, stretching himself, put on his hat. "Ain't goin' to have no such foolishness as prophesyin' men to death around here," he said. "Pull on, Sam." "John the Baptist of Second Comin', eh? 'Bout time for second goin', no?" put in Perrin, cheerfully, as, led by the cowboy, they filed away from the one street along a well-worn footpath which led toward the western boundary of the oasis. Along through the groups of tents and shacks it ran, passing in its course the court-house, standing on the one little eminence of the town. Consisting, as it did, only of a board floor sheltered by a pillar-supported roof of redwood 'shakes,' the criticism of a pert young lieutenant of cavalry who had once seen it, that it "looked like a split between a Coney Island dance-hall and the Parthenon," was more or less justified, but it was the only building of its kind in many miles, and Frog Tanks pointed to it with pride. Past the corrals, now filled with wiry-looking cattle, they went, to a spot in the pasture-land, where, away from the frequented parts, a little camp was placed. At one side, crouching over a small fire, on which something was simmering in a battered tin pail, were two women, clad in scanty gowns and sun-bonnets of calico. They bore a close resemblance, one to the other, and were probably mother and daughter, but both had that gaunt and indescribably aged appearance brought by hardship and poor food. The elder wore two rings, looking strangely in contrast to her faded gown, one of plain gold; the other, guarding it, flashed, when she moved her left hand, with a brilliant stone of some kind. With its

back to the desert stood the little tent, much as Perrin described it, and close beside it was the family wagon.

It had been a light, spring "democrat," but the springs were gone now, and the frail body rested directly on the rickety axle-trees. It was a very skeleton of a wagon, but looked all too heavy a load for the two emaciated mules, whose rope-patched harness hung over its tongue, and who were now greedily filling their lank hides with the rich grass. In front of the tent a man was pacing rapidly to and fro. He was enormously tall; his hair, long and grizzled, hung in matted locks around his lean face, mingling with the untrimmed beard which rested on his hollow chest.

Dressed only in a shirt and a pair of faded overalls, his head and feet bare, he was walking with rapid, nervous steps, muttering in an undertone, and now and then throwing out his arms in frenzied gesture. The gambler took in everything at a glance, his eye resting for a second on the two women, then turned on his heel and returned in the direction from which he had come. The rest stood, gazing for some minutes, apparently unseen by those before them; then King Carlo strode forward, followed by his henchmen.

The restless figure saw them then, and stepping quickly up to the great man, bowed, and said in a deep and not unmusical voice: "I believe I am speaking to the chief officer of this town?" It was a question, and he paused for a reply, but receiving none, went on: "I am an unworthy disciple of the Most High; the John the Baptist of the Second Coming, whose mission it is to declare unto all men the sacred message intrusted to his charge. The building I see yonder is apparently adapted for public assemblage, and I have to request the privilege of using it, during the next few evenings, for my holy work. Have I your permission?" The monarch looked at the weird form for an instant, then nodded shortly, and walked rapidly away, his satellites following.

"How's that, King; how's that? eh? Thought he'd have to git, no? Prophesyin'—gettin' men shot, eh? How's that?" Perrin trotted along beside his big patron until his ceaseless buzz broke through even the great man's habitual taciturnity, as that of a mosquito might. "Thought they looked like they needed a collection," he growled. "Now shut up."

The meeting, that evening, was largely attended. A religious affair of any kind was a novelty at Frog Tanks, and there, as elsewhere, novelties were in demand. Also there had been features of this one that differed widely from the preconceived notions of such things, and on the following morning it was a subject of discussion to the exclusion of all else. Not always favorable discussion, by any means, for those who furnished the ordinary amusements of the people, and made their living thereby, were not at all pleased by the almost total cessation of their business on account of this new evangelist and his preaching.

The congregation in front of the Monte Carlo was much larger than had been the one of the day before, and more interested. Perrin was speaking, his tone of malicious delight at the weakness of his neighbors shriller than ever.

"Scared. All you fellows, eh? Dead leary, no? Back the cards, devil got his claw on your collar. How's that? Take a drink, go to hell—don't that go?"

"If it does go, you're booked to frizzle, William, my son, if your breath don't lie," snarled a teamster, sober now for the first time in several days.

"Didn't I tell you he was a bird on the prophesy?" said Sam, the cowboy, who apparently felt something of a showman's pride in the sensation he had introduced. "He shoots off them long words as easy as takin' a drink. That collection business queered me, though. Never heard of a preacher before who kicked and wouldn't have one taken up because it would be too big."

"That's right," chirped Perrin, "what's that he said? Superfluities. That's it. Superfluities he didn't want, but grub had to go—eh? How's the rest?"

"'The contribution of a nickel, our smallest coin, from each man, would serve to relieve his necessities; more he did not want,' and then a lot more I forget. Have all you boys got a nickel

apiece? I'll go clean up all there are in the bank, and if you want one, come to me," said the gambler.

"Yes, it's only a square deal to play his game, since he only wants a five-cent ante," said Sam; then, as the gambler went into the saloon, "Say, King, John the Baptist hit the tin horns [gamblers, more especially unfair ones] pretty hard yesterday, and some of 'em are sore about it, and say he's doin' up their business, and they're goin' to clean him out to-night. Did you hear it?"

"No," replied the monarch, thus appealed to, looking impressively at the men of that calling who stood near him, "but you can tell the galoot who said that, that if there's any cleanin' out to be done, I'll do it myself, and the man who tries any foolishness will have to carry his neck in a sling." Then with a nod to each in turn he relapsed into his former silence.

There is little twilight in those latitudes, so, though it was summer, the moonless night, its sky of dark-blue velvet studded with stars, sparkling as they never can in our more northern parallels, had already fallen, as the inhabitants of Frog Tanks, great and small, began to gather in front of the Monte Carlo. The faro-rooms were deserted and dark, and no music came from the dance-halls, many of their women having already joined those who, of a prudent turn of mind, were straggling in knots of twos and threes toward the temple of justice on the hill, in order to secure seats. Some of the bars were lighted, but few men hung over their rough boards, and little business was done. Of the crowd gathered in front, many of those who had attended the affair of the previous night were describing the scene, some with sheepish confession of having been impressed by it, others with profane bravado, to those of their neighbors who had been absent. A group of faro-dealers were growling together at one side in a low tone as to the turn affairs had taken; everywhere the meeting and its remarkable projector absorbed all attention.

"Time to get a move on," someone said, and they filed in a black string down the path; their voices, at first raised in joke and snatches of song, became more subdued as they approached the court-house, and finally, as it was reached, were silent.

A lantern hung on the door-post, burning dimly, and under it, holding a little basket in her hand, stood the elder of the two women. Into this, as he passed, each man dropped his nickel, while on the other side the younger of the pair kept silent count of each coin as it fell. Only nickels were received; if a larger piece were offered the giver would be taken aside until it could be returned or change made, and always without words, until at last some amount agreed upon seemed to have been reached, for the counter nodded to her mate and both turned and joined the entering crowd, going with them into the building. The benches, for the most part hastily made of boards laid over boxes, which occupied most of the barn-like interior, were already filled, and the crowd was lining the sides of the room. In the end farthest from the door a narrow stage had been built, and save for two chairs which stood, one on either end, was without furniture. Near its front edge, directly in the middle, stood John the Baptist, upright, though with bowed head, his long arms hanging by his sides. Two huge tin torches, their staffs nailed against the front of the platform, rose a yard above it, their light falling strongly over the nearer rows of seats, on the foremost of which sat King Carlo, with his marshal, Sam, the cowboy, and the gambler beside him. All were uncovered save the latter, who wore his broad sombrero pulled over his eyes, as if to shield the face beneath from observation, or possibly from the yellow glare, which, as the only light in the hall, showed the notables in the forward part less and less distinctly, as though in the order of their standing, until, toward the rear, all merged into one indistinguishable mass of motionless humanity. The two women now approached, and placing the basket on the stage at the feet of their leader, seated themselves in the chairs at its corners; then the shuffle of feet gradually ceased, and the congregation was silent: there were no more to come. A minute

passed ; then two ; but the form before them gave no sign in its impassive stillness. The silence became oppressive, and an uneasy motion stirred the crowd, then subsided, leaving them still, as before. Another minute, and suddenly the long, thin arms were raised in a gesture of inspiration, or madness, and the disciple began his message. With a certain incoherent eloquence, but in clean-cut sentences and incisive periods, the rich voice echoed through the bare room in passionate warning and appeal. Whatever the fact may have been, the gaunt figure, his thin body trembling with the pressure of his own earnestness, lacked no faith in the divine origin of his mission, and his truth backed his eloquence well in its influence on the men to whom he spoke.

For some time—how long they neither knew nor thought—this went on ; then his tone changed to one of savage denunciation. Denunciation of the community, of its customs and thoughts, of its pleasures and lawlessness, of—"You, and all of you, who wear weapons by your sides, whose daily life is one of drunkenness and blasphemy and unholy thought, you who, through your filthy passions, have sunk to a level even below that of the wretched women who minister to them. You, lower than the lowest, who hold those cesspools of corruption where, by godless lust of play or drink or dance, you drag still further down souls already steeped in mire. You, to whom the most fearful human conceptions of the punishments of the world now so near at hand would not, were they multiplied ten thousand fold, serve to purge from your blackened souls the stains of the sins which you daily commit."

The speaker paused and stood erect ; his face, which had before been twitching with excitement, grew calm. The silence, save for the cry of a coyote on the desert without, and the muffled sobs of a woman in the audience, was unbroken for some minutes ; then the preacher began once more :

"My mission is nearly ended. He by whom I was sent hath promised that soon, my labor done, I shall be relieved. When, I cannot tell. But I am ready. If the perdition to which, unchanged, you have condemned yourselves——"

Crack ! from the back of the room, the flash of a pistol-shot lighted, for an instant, the darkness there. The prophet stood with arms outstretched, as he had spoken his last word, then swayed slightly and fell headlong from the platform to the floor below, and lay motionless.

Hardly had the echo of the report died away, when the four men on the nearest bench had sprung to their feet, and stood facing the crowd with drawn weapons. The benches furthest back seemed in confusion, and through the congregation there was a movement as if to rise. Then the King spoke. "Set down !" he roared. The crowd hesitated for a moment, but the quartette standing there with ready pistols was an ill one to face, and it obeyed, its harsh voices rising in curses and remonstrance. "Shut up !" Silence ensued, and the gambler spoke in a low tone, rapidly, to his chief. "You'll want to find whose six-shooter has been fired. He'll try to get out, probably. I'll hold the outside. Lend me another gun." Carlo nodded toward his left-hand holster, which still held its pistol, and drawing this the gambler passed quickly down the aisle and disappeared in the darkness outside, while Perrin, wrenching from its fastenings one of the torches, ran to the other end of the room and fixed it there, so that no one should take at a disavantage the men who stood in front.

It was all in a few seconds. One of the women, rolling her shawl into a pillow, had laid on it the preacher's head, and now knelt silently by, while the other fumbled at the throat of his shirt, on the breast of which a red spot broadened and grew deeper ; but nothing could help him now, for John the Baptist's work was ended.

The search for the murderer was a rigid one and was carried far into the night, but to no avail ; each weapon examined showed no signs of recent use, and those who had knowledge of the guilty one kept their secret well. Long before it was finished, the two women, silently refusing all offers of assistance, had placed their dead in the old wagon

and driven away, eastward, over the trackless desert, carrying with them, in the old tin pail which formed their table-service, a canvas shot-bag, containing the results of a goodly collection, taken and concealed there by the gambler ; a collection of which nickels formed no part.

At last the fruitless search was over for the night, and Frog Tanks slept. It had nothing else to do, in fact, except to talk, but dry conversation did not flourish there, and the bars, by royal edict, had been closed. For some hours had their slumber lasted, for there was an unaccustomed coolness in the air, and it was nearly morning when a faint rumble of thunder sounded from time to time, and then ceased, as a damp breeze sung over the oasis. Thick clouds gathered rapidly, obscuring the stars, and making the darkness still blacker, until a fierce flash of lightning lit up the scene in unearthly blue, followed by a crackling roll directly overhead. Frog Tanks sat up in its blankets and listened, while the lightning played almost without intermission, and the roar was as though the last trump was indeed sounding. The gambler in his cot across the doorless portal of the Monte Carlo was awakened, and joined by Perrin from his bunk behind the bar, they pushed the bed aside, and stood looking into the alternate blackness and brilliance outside.

"Hark!" said Perrin, suddenly, "what's that, eh? Wait till the row stops. There—hear it?"

Between the peals came a sound as of a horse galloping madly. At each intermission it was louder, and at length seemed abreast of them, when a flash showed, as if in an instantaneous photograph, Nita, Carlo's favorite mare, with head held low and flattened ears, running for the open prairie as if for her life, while on her back, hatless, half-clothed, and without his boots, the reins flying loose as his hands were trying to buckle the cartridge-belt and holsters around his waist, sat the King, his face distorted in an agony of fear. The picture disappeared, and the hoof-beats were growing fainter, when the rain crashed down, its liquid sheets blotting everything else from sight and hearing. The gambler chuckled, but Perrin's language was unequal to the expression of the emotions raised in his breast, and he returned to his bed without speaking.

The next morning broke brightly, as three hundred and sixty mornings of the year do in Arizona.

There was a crispness in the air, for the sun had not yet risen high enough to turn the moisture into the parboiling steam which it would do, later, when the marshal and the gambler wended their way toward the adobe cottage which served as a royal residence.

Under the thatched veranda their sovereign was seated as they arrived, his damp belt and holsters stretched in the sun before him, and busily engaged in cleaning one of his silver-mounted pistols.

A group of men stood or lounged about, who, as Perrin drew near, exchanged glances. There had been other witnesses of the previous night's royal progress.

"Mornin', King," was the little man's greeting. "Saw ye last night. Skippin' the Day of Judgment, eh? Thought she'd arriv' on schedule time, no? How's that?"

Carlo's face was not pleasant. "I warn't takin' no chances," he growled.

This was delightful. Such a chance did not often occur, and the remarks took a sarcastic turn. For some time the baited monarch made no reply, but wiping carefully the weapon he held, he inserted the great forty-five cartridges into their chambers, carefully, one by one. Then snapping the gate shut, he balanced the "gun" carelessly in his hand, as, looking around at his tormentors, he observed, "I guess we'll drap the subject"—and the subject was "drapped."

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XVII

RECORDS A SHADOW-CONTEST CLOSE ON THE FOREGOING

KIT INES cocked an eye at Madge, in the midst of the congratulations and pæans pumping his arms. And he had been little mauled, he could present a face to her, expecting a wreath of smiles for the victor.

What are we to think of the constrained young woman, who, when he lay beaten, drove him off the field and was all tenderness and devotion? She bobbed her head, hardly more than a trifle pleased, one might say. Just like females. They're riddles, not worth spelling. "Then, drunk I'll get to-night, my pretty dear!" the man muttered, soured by her inopportune staidness, as an opponent's bruising could never have rendered him.

She smiled a lively beam in answer to the Earl: "Oh, yes, I'm glad. It's your doing, my lord." Him it was that she thanked, and for the moment prized most. The female riddle is hard to read, because it is compounded of sensations, and they rouse and appeal to the similar cockatrices in us, which either hiss back or coil upon themselves. She admired Kit Ines for his valor: she hated that ruinous and besotting drink. It flung skeletons of a married couple on the wall of the future. Nevertheless her love had been all maternal to him when he lay chastised and disgraced on account of his vice. Pity had done it. Pity not being stirred, her admiration of the hero declared victorious, whose fortunes in uncertainty had stopped the beating of her heart, was eclipsed by gratitude toward his preserver, and a sentiment eclipsed becomes temporarily coldish, against our wish and our efforts, in a way to astonish: making her think that she cannot hold two sentiments at a time; when it is but the fact that she is unable to keep the two equally warm.

Carinthia said to her: "He is brave."

"Oh, yes, he's brave," Madge assented.

Lord Brailstone, flourishing his whip, cried out: "At Canleys to-night?"

The Earl nodded: "I shall be there."

"You too, Chummy?" came from Abrane.

"To see you dance," Potts rejoined, and mumbled: "But will he dance? Old Braney's down on his luck; he's a specimen of a fellow emptier and not lighter. And won't be till supper-time. But, I say, Fleet, how the deuce?—funny sort of proceeding!—You haven't introduced me."

"The lady bears my name, Mr. Chumley Potts."

With a bow to the lady's profile and a mention of a glimpse at Baden, Potts ejaculated: "It happened this morning?"

"You allude to the marriage? It happened this morning."

"How do I get to Canleys?"

"I drive you. Another team from the Esslemont stables is waiting at the Royal."

"You stay at Canleys?"

"No."

"No? Oh! Funny, upon my word. Though I don't know why not—except that people . . ."

"Count your winnings, Chummy."

Fleetwood remarked to his bride: "Our friend has the habit of soliloquizing in company. I forgot to tell you of an appointment of mine at a place called Canleys, about twenty miles or more from here. I gave my word, so I keep it. The landlady at the inn, Mrs. Rundles, motherly kind of woman; she will be attentive. They don't cook badly, for an English inn, I have heard. Madge here will act as your lady's-maid for the time. You will find her serviceable; she's a bruiser's lass and something above it. Ines informed me, Madge,

you were going to friends of yours at the Wells. You will stay at the Royal and wait on this lady, who bears my name. You understand? A girl I can trust for courage if the article is in request," he resumed to his bride; and talked generally of the inn and the management of it, and its favored position outside the village and contiguous to the river, upon which it subsisted.

Carinthia had heard. She was more than ever the stunned young woman she had been since her mounting of the coach, between the village church and Lekkatts.

She said not a word. Why would she? her object was won. Give her that, and a woman's tongue will consent to rest. The dreaded weapon rests also when she is kept spinning by the whip. She gives out a pleasant hum, too. Her complexion must be pronounced dull in repose. A bride on her travels with an aspect of wet chalk rather helps to scare mankind from marriage: which may be good or bad; but she reflects a sicklier hue on the captured Chessman calling her his own. Let her shine in privacy.

Fleetwood drew up at the Royal Sovereign, whereof the reigning monarch, in blue uniform on the signboard, curtseyed to his equally windy subjects; and a small congregation of the aged, and some cripples and infants, greeted the patron of old England's manfullest display, cheering at news of the fight, brought them by many little runners.

"Your box has been conveyed to your room," he said to his bride.

She bowed. This time she descended the coach by the aid of a ladder.

Ines, victorious in battle, had scant notice from his love. "Yes, I'm glad," and she passed him to follow her newly constituted mistress. His pride was dashed, all the foam of the first draw on the top of him blown off, as he figuratively explained the cause of his gloom to the Earl. "I drink and I gets a licking—that girl nurses and cossets me. I don't drink and I whops my man —she shows me her back. Ain't it encouragement, my Lord?"

"You ought to know them by this time, you dolt," returned his patron, and complimented him on his bearing in the fight. "You shall have your two hundred, and something will be added. Hold handy here till I mount. I start in ten minutes."

Whether to speak a polite adieu to the bride, whose absurd position she had brought on her own head, was debated for half a minute. He considered that the wet chalk-quarry of a beauty had at all events the merit of not being a creature to make scenes. He went up to the sitting-room. If she was not there, he would leave his excuses.

She was there, and seated; neither crying, nor smiling; nor pointedly serious in any way, not conventionally at her ease either. And so clearly was he impressed by her transparency in simplicity of expression, that he took without a spurn at it the picture of a woman half drained of her blood, veiling the wound. And a young woman, a stranger to suffering: perhaps—as the creatures do — looking for the usual flummery tenderness, what they call happiness; wondering at the absence of it and the shifty ghost of a husband she has got by floundering into the bog known as Marriage. She would have it, and here she was.

He entered the situation and was possessed by the shivering delicacy of it. Surface emotions were not seen on her. She might be a creature with a soul. Here and there the thing has been found in women. It is priceless when found, and she could not be acting. One might swear the creature had no power to act.

She spoke without offence, the simplest of words, affected no solicitudes, put on no gilt smiles, wore no reproaches: spoke to him as if so it happened—he had necessarily a journey to perform. One could see all the while big drops falling from the wound within. One could hear it in her voice. Imagine a crack of the string at the bow's deep stress. Or imagine the bow paralyzed at the moment of the deepest sounding. And yet the voice did not waver. She had now the richness of tone carrying on a music through silence.

Well, then, at least, he had not been the utterly duped fool he thought him-

self since the consent was pledged to wed her.

More, she had beauty—of its kind. Or splendor or grandeur, was the term for it. But it bore no name. None of her qualities—if they were qualities—had a name. She stood with a dignity that the word did not express. She endured meekly, when there was no meekness. Pain breathed out of her, and not a sign of pain was visible. She had, under his present observation of her, beauty, with the lines of her face breaking in revolt from beauty—or requiring a superterrestrial illumination to show the harmony. He, as he now saw, had erred grossly in supposing her insensitive, and therefore slow of a woman's understanding. She drew the breath of pain through the lips: red lips and well cut. Her brown eyes were tearless, not alluring, or beseeching or repelling; they did not look much like the skies opening high aloof on a wreck of storm. Her reddish hair—chestnut, if you will—let fall a skein over one of the rugged brows, and softened the ruggedness by making it wilder, as if a great bird winging across a shoulder of the mountain ridges. Conceived of the mountains, built in their image, the face partook alternately of mountain terror or splendor; wholly, he remembered, of the splendor when her blood ran warm. No longer the chalk-quarry face, its paleness now was that of night Alps beneath a moon chasing the shadows.

She might be casting her spells again.

"You remember I told you," he said, "I have given my word—I don't break it—to be at a ball. Your uncle was urgent to have the ceremony over. These clashes occur. The people here—I have spoken of that: people of good repute for attention to guests. I am uncertain of the time. . . . We have all to learn to wait. So then, good-by till we meet."

He was experiencing a novel nip of torment, of just the degree which takes a partial appeasement from the inflicting of it, and calls up a loathed compassion. She might have been in his arms for a step, though she would not have been the better loved.

He was allowed his escape, bearing with him enough of husband to execrate another enslaving pledge of his word, that begat a frenzy to wreak some caresses on the creature's intolerably haunting image. Of course, he could not return to her. How would she receive him? There was no salt in the thought of it. She was too submissive.

However, there would be fun with Chummy Potts on the drive to Canleys; fun with Rufus Abrane and Mrs. Cowper Quillett; and with the Countess Livia, smothered, smuggling, fighting for life with the title of Dowager. A desire for unbridled fun had hold of him: any amount of it, to excess in any direction. And through this cloud, as a dry tongue after much wine craves water, glimpses of his tramp's walk with a fellow-tramp on a different road, enjoying strangely healthy vagabond sensations and vast ideas, brought the vagrant philosopher refreshfully to his mind: chiefly for the reason that while in Woodseer's company he had hardly suffered a stroke of pain from the thought of Henrietta. She was now a married woman, he was a married man—by the register. Stronger proof of the maddest of worlds could not be furnished.

Sane in so mad a world, a man is your flabby citizen among outlaws, good for plucking. Fun, at any cost, is the one object worth a shot in such a world. And the fun is not to stop. If it does, we are likely to be got hold of, and lugged away to the altar—the terminus. That foul disaster has happened, through our having temporarily yielded to a fit of the dumps and treated a mad world's lunatic issue with some seriousness. But fun shall be had with the aid of His Highness below. The madder the world, the madder the fun. And the mixing in it of another element, which it has to beguile us, romance, is not at all bad cookery. Poetic romance is delusion—a tale of a corsair—a poet's brain, a bottle of gin, and a theatrical wardrobe. Comic romance is about us everywhere, alive for the tapping.

A daughter of the Old Buccaneer should participate in it by right of birth; she would expect it in order to feel herself perfectly at home. Then, be sure she finds an English tongue and prattles away as merrily as she does when her old scapegrace of a father is the theme.

Son-in-law to him! But the path of wisdom runs to the line of facts, and to have wild fun and romance on this pantomime path, instead of kicking to break away from it, we follow things conceived by the genius of the occasion, for the delectation of the fair Countess of Fleetwood and the Earl, her delighted husband, quite in the spirit of the Old Buccaneer, father of the bride.

Carinthia sat beside the fire, seeing nothing in the room or on the road. Up in her bed-chamber, the girl Madge was at her window. She saw Lord Fleetwood standing alone, laughing, it seemed, at some thought; he threw up his head. Was it a newly married man leaving his bride and laughing? The bride was a dear lady, fit for better than to be driven to look on at a prize-fight —a terrible scene to a lady. She was left solitary; and this her wedding-day! The Earl had said it, he had said she bore his name, spoke of coming from the altar, and the lady had blushed to hear herself called Miss. The pressure of her hand warm with Madge: her situation roused the fervid latent sisterhood in the breast of women.

Before he mounted the coach, Lord Fleetwood talked to Kit Ines. The girl ran downstairs to bid her lover good-by and show him she really rejoiced in his victory. Kit came to her saying: "Given my word of honor I won't make a beast of myself to-night. Got to watch over you and your lady."

Lord Fleetwood started his fresh team, casting no glance at the windows of the room where his bride was. He and the gentleman on the coach were laughing.

His leaving of his young bride to herself this day was classed among the murky flashes which distinguished the deeds of noblemen. But his laughter on leaving her stamped it a cruelty; of the kind that plain mortals, who can be monsters, commit. Madge conceived a pretext for going into the presence of her mistress, whose attitude was the same as when she first sat in the chair. The lady smiled and said: "He is not hurt much?" She thought for them about her.

The girl's heart of sympathy thumped, and her hero became a very minute object. He had spoken previously of the making or not making of a beast of himself, without inflicting a picture of the beast. His words took shape now; and in consequence a little self-pity began to move. It stirred to swell the great wave of pity for the lady, that was in her bosom. "Oh, he!" she said, and extinguished the thought of him; and at once her underlip was shivering, her eyes filled and poured.

Carinthia rose anxiously. The girl dropped at her feet. "You have been so good to me to-day, my lady! so good to me to-day! I can't help it—I don't often; just for this moment; I've been excited. Oh, he's well, he will do; he's nothing. You say, 'Poor child!' But I'm not; it's only excitement. I do long to serve you the best I can."

She stood up in obedience and had the arms of her young mistress pressing her. Tears also were streaming from Carinthia's eyes. Heartily she thanked the girl for the excuse to cry.

They were two women. On the road to Canleys, the coach conveying men spouted with the lusty anecdote, relieved of the interdict of a tyrannical sex.

CHAPTER XVIII

DOWN WHITECHAPEL WAY

CONTENTION begets contention in a land of the pirate races. Gigs were at high rival speed along the road from the battle-field to London. They were the electrical wires of the time for an expectant population bursting to have report of so thundering an event as the encounter of two champion Light Weights, nursed and backed by a pair of gallant young noblemen, pick of the whole row of coronets above. London panted gaping, and the gigs flew with the meat to fill it.

Chumley Potts offered Ambrose Mallard fair odds that the neat little trap of the chief sporting journal, which had a reputation to maintain, would be over one or other of the bridges crossing Thames the first. Mallard had been struck by the neat little trap of an impudent new and lower-priced journal,

which had a reputation to gain. He took the proffered odds, on the cry as of a cracker splitting. Enormous difficulties, in regard to the testimony and the verifications were discussed; they were overcome. Potts was ready for any amount of trouble; Mallard the same. There was clearly a race. There would consequently be a record. Visits to the offices of those papers, perhaps half a day at the south end of London or Westminster bridge, examining witnesses, corner shopmen, watermen, and the like, would or should satisfactorily establish the disputed point.

Fleetwood had his fun; insomuch that he laughed himself into a sentiment of humaneness toward the couple of donkeys, and forgot his contempt of them. Their gamblings and their bets increased his number of dependents; and imbeciles were preferable to dolts or the dry gilt figures of the circle he had to move in. Matter for some astonishment had been furnished to the latter this day; and would cause an icy Signor stare and rather an angry Signora flutter. A characteristic of that upper circle, as he knew it, is, that the good are dull, the vicious very bad. They had nothing to please him but manners. Elsewhere this land is a land of no manners. Take it and make the most of it, then, for its quality of brute honesty; which is found to flourish best in the British prize-ring.

His irony landed him there. It struck the country a ringing blow. But it struck an almost effacing one at the life of the young nobleman of boundless wealth, whose highest renown was the being a patron of prize-fighters. Husband of the daughter of the Old Buccaneer as well—perchance as a result. That philosopher tramp named her "beautiful Gorgon." She has no beauty; and as for Gorgon, the creature has a look of timid softness in waiting behind her rocky eyes. A barbaric damsel beginning to nibble at civilization, is nearer the mark; and ought she to be discouraged?

Fleetwood's wrath with his position warned him against the dupery of any such alcove thoughts. For his wrath revenged him, and he feared the being stripped of it, lest a certain fund of his own softness, that he knew of, though few did, should pull him to the creature's feet. She belonged to him indeed, so he might put her to the trial of whether she had a heart and personal charm, without the ceremony of wooing—which, in his case, tempted to the feeling desperately earnest and becoming enslaved. He speculated upon her eyelids and lips, and her voice, when melting, as women do in their different ways; here and there with an execrable, perhaps pardonable art; one or two divinely. The vision drew him to a headlong plunge and swim of the amorous mind occupying a minute, filling an era. He corrected the feebleness and at the same time threw a practical coachman's glance on peculiarities of the road requiring some knowledge of it, if traversed backward at a whipping pace on a moonless night.

He did not phrase it, that a talk with the fellow Woodseer of his mountains and his forests, and nature, philosophy, poetry, would have been particularly healthy for him, almost as good as the good counsel he needed and solicited none to give him. It swept among his ruminations while he pricked Potts and Mallard to supply his craving for satanical fare.

Gower Woodseer, the mention of whom is a dejection to the venerable source of our story, was then in the act of emerging from the eastward into the southward of the line of Canterbury's pilgrims when they set forth to worship, on his homeward course, after a walk of two days out of Dover. He descended London's Borough, having exactly twopence halfpenny for refreshment, following a term of prudent starvation, at the end of the walk. It is not a district seductive to the wayfarer's appetite; as, for example, one may find the Jew's fry of fish in oil, inspiriting the Shoreditch region, to be. Nourishment is afforded, according to the laws of England's genius in the arts of refection, at uninviting shops, to the necessitated stomach. A penn'orth of crum of bread, assisted on its laborious passage by a penn'orth of the rinsings of beer, left the natural philosopher a ha'penny for dessert at the stall of an apple-woman, where he withstood an inclination to-

ward the juicy fruit and chose nuts. They extend a meal, as a grimace broadens the countenance, illusorily; but they help to cheat an emptiness in time, where it is nearly as offensive to our sensations as within us; and that prolonged occupation of the jaws goes a length to persuade us we are filling. All the better if the substance is indigestible. Tramps of the philosophical order, who are the practically sagacious, prefer tough grain for the teeth. Woodseer's munching of his nuts awakened to fond imagination the picture of his father's dinner, seen one day and little envied; a small slice of cold boiled mutton-flesh in a crescent of white fat, with a lump of dry bread beside the plate.

Thus he returned to the only home he had, not disheartened, and bearing scenes that outvied London's print-shops for polychrome splendor, an exultation to recall. His condition, moreover, threw his father's life and work into color; the lean Whitechapel house of the minister among the poor; the joy in the saving of souls, if he could persuade himself that such good labor advanced; and at the fall of light, the pastime task of bootmaking—a desirable occupation for a thinker. Thought flies best when the hands are easily busy. Cobblers have excursive minds. Their occasional rap at the pegs diversifies the stitchings, and is often happily timed to settle an internal argument. Seek in a village for information concerning the village or the state of mankind, you will be less disappointed at the cobbler's than elsewhere, it has been said.

As Gower had anticipated, with lively feelings of pleasure, Mr. Woodseer was at the wonted corner of his back-room, on the stool between two tallow candle-flames, leather-scented strongly, when the wanderer stood before him, in the image of a ball that has done with circling about a stable point.

"Back?" the minister sang out at once, and his wrinkles gleamed.

Their hands grasped.

"Hungry, sir, rather."

"To be sure you are. One can read it on your boots. Mrs. Jones will spread you a table. How many miles to-day? Show the soles. They tell a tale of wear."

They had worn to resemble the half-dozen thin-edged layers of still upper cloud round the peep of coming sky.

"About forty odd to-day, sir. They've done their hundreds of miles and have now come to dock. I'll ask Mrs. Jones to bring me a plate here."

Gower went to the housekeeper in the kitchen. His father's front-door was unfastened by day; she had not set eyes on him yet, and Mr. Woodseer murmured: "Now she's got the boy. There's clasping and kissing. He's all wild Wales to her."

The plate of meat was brought by Mary Jones with Gower beside her, and a sniffle of her happiness audible. She would not, although invited to stay and burning to hear Gower, wait in the room where father and son had to talk together after a separation, long to love's counting. She was a Welshwoman of the pure blood, therefore delicately mannered by nature.

"Yes, dear lad, tobacco helps you on to the marrow of your story, and I too will blow the cloud," said Mr. Woodseer, when the plate was pushed aside and the pipe appeared.

So Gower's recital of his wanderings began, more puffs than speech at the commencement. He was alternately picturesque and sententious, until he reached Baden; there he became involved, from thinking of a revelation of beauty in woman.

Mr. Woodseer rapped the leather on his block.

"A place where they have started public gambling, I am told."

"We must look into all the corners of the world to know it, sir, and the world has to be riddled, or it riddles us."

"Ah! Did you ever tell a lie, Gower Woodseer?"

"I played."

"You played. The Lord be thanked you have kept your straight tongue! The Lord can always enter a heart of truth. Sin cannot dwell with it. But you played for gain, and that was a licensed thieving; and that was a backsliding; and there will have to be a climbing up. And what that means,

your hold on truth will learn. Touch sin and you accommodate yourself to its vileness. Ay, you love nature. Nature is not anchorage for vessels like men. If you loved the Book, you would float in harbor. You played. I do trust you lost."

"You have your wish, sir."

"To have won their money, Gower: rather starve."

"I did."

"Your reason for playing, poor lad?"

"The reason eludes reason."

"Not in you."

"Sight of the tables; an itch to try them—one's self as well; a notion that the losers were playing wrong. In fine, a bit of a whirl of a medley of atoms; I can't explain it further."

"Ah! The tippler's fumes in his head! Spotty business, Gower Woodseer. 'Lead us not into temptation' is worldly wisdom in addition to heavenly."

After listening to an extended homily, with a general assent and tobacco's phlegm, Gower replied to his father's, "You starved manfully?" nodding, "From Baden to Nancy. An Alsatian cottager at times helped me along, milk and bread."

"Wholesome for body and for soul."

"Entering Nancy, I subscribed to the dictum of our first fathers, which dogs would deliver, if they could speak: that there is no driver like stomach; and I went head-on to the College, saw the principal: plea of urgency. No engagement possible, to teach either French or English. But he was inquisitive touching the urgency. That was my chance. The French are humane when they are not suspicious of you. They are generous, if you put a light to their minds. As I was dealing with a scholarly one, I made use of such ornamental literary skill as I possessed, to prove urgency. He supplied me with bread, fruit, and wine. In the end he procured me pupils. I lodged over a baker's shop. I had good walks; I learnt something of forestry there—a taking study. When I had saved enough to tramp it home, I said my adieux to that good friend and tramped away, entering London with about the same amount in small coin as when I entered Nancy. A manner of exactly hitting the mark, that some would not find so satisfactory as it is to me."

The minister sighed. "There comes in the 'philosophy,' I suppose. When will you understand that this 'philosophy' is only the passive of a religious faith? It seems to suit you gentlemen of the road while you are young. Work among the Whitechapel poor. It would be a way for discovering the shallows of your 'philosophy' earlier."

Gower asked him: "Going badly here, sir?"

"Murders, robberies, misusage of women, and misconduct of women—Drink, in short: about the same amount. Drink is their Death's river, rolling them on helpless as corpses, on to—may they find mercy. I and a few stand—it's in the tide we stand here—to stop them, pluck them out, make life a bit sweet to them before the poor bodies go beneath. But come: all's not dark, we have our gleams. I speak distressed by one of our girls: a good girl, I believe, and the wilfullest that ever had command of her legs. A well-favored girl! You'll laugh, she has given her heart to a prize-fighter. Well, you can say she might have chosen worse. He drinks, she hates it: she loves the man and hates his vice. He swears amendment; is hiccuping at night; fights a match on the morrow, and gets beaten out of formation. No matter: whenever, wherever, that man goes to his fight, that girl follows to nurse him after it. He's her hero. Women will have one, and it's their lottery. You read of such things; here we have it alive and walking. I am led to think they're an honest couple. They come of established families. Her mother was out of Caermarthen; died under my ministration, saintly, forgiving the drunkard. You may remember the greengrocer, Tobias Winch? He passed away in shrieks for one drop. I had to pitch my voice to the top notes to get hearing for the hymn. He was a reverent man, with the craving, by fits. That should have been a lesson to Madge."

"A little girl at the greengrocer's hard by? She sold me apples; rather pretty," said Gower.

"A fine grown girl now—Madge

Winch; a comely wench she is. It breaks her sister Sarah's heart. They both manage the little shop; they make it prosper in a small way; enough, and what need they more? Then Christopher Ines has on one of his matches. Madge drives her cart out, if it's near town. She's off down into Kent to-day by coach, Sarah tells me. A great nobleman patronizes Christopher; a Lord Fleetwood, a lord of wealth. And he must be thoughtful for these people; he sent Sarah word that Christopher should not touch drink. You may remember a butcher Ines in the street next to us. Christopher was a wild lad, always at 'best man' with every boy he met; went to sea—ran away. He returned a pugilist. The girl will be nursing him now. I have spoken to her of him; and I trust to her; but I mourn her attachment to the man who drinks."

"The lord's name?" said Gower.

"Lord Fleetword, Sarah named him. And so it pleases him to spend his money."

"He has other tastes. I know something of him, sir. He promises to be a patron of literature as well. His mother was a South Wales woman."

"Could he be persuaded to publish a grand edition of the Triads?" Mr. Woodseer said at once.

"No man more likely."

"If you see him, suggest it."

"Very little chance of my meeting him again. But those Triads! They're in our blood. They spring to tie knots in the head. They push me to condense my thoughts to a tight ball. They were good for primitive times; but they—or the trick of the mind engendered by them—trip my steps along the lines of composition. I produce pellets instead of flowing sheets. It'll come right. At present I'm so bent to pick and perfect, polish my phrase, that I lose my survey. As a consequence, my vocabulary falters."

"Ah," Mr. Woodseer breathed and smote. "This literature is to be your profession for the means of living?"

"Nothing else. And I'm so low down in the market way of it, that I could not count on twenty pounds per annum. Fifty would give me standing, an independent fifty."

"To whom are you crying, Gower?"

"Not to gamble, you may be sure."

"You have a home."

"Good work of the head wants an easy conscience. I've too much of you in me for a comfortable pensioner."

"Or is it not, that you have been living the gentleman out there, with just a holiday title to it?"

Gower was hit by his father's thrust. "I shall feel myself a pieman's chuckpenny as long as I'm unproductive, now I've come back and have to own to a home," he said.

Tea brought in by Mrs. Mary Jones rather brightened him, until he considered that the enlivenment was due to a purchase by money, of which he was incapable, and he rejected it, like an honorable man. Simultaneously, the state of depression threw critic shades on a prized sentence or two among his recent confections. It was rejected for the best of reasons and the most discomforting: because it racked our English; signifying, that he had not yet learned the right use of his weapons.

He was in this wrestle, under a placid demeanor, for several days, hearing the shouts of Whitechapel Kit's victory, and hearing of Sarah Winch's anxiety on account of her sister Madge; unaffected by sounds of joy or grief, in his effort to produce a supple English, with Baden's Madonna for sole illumination of his darkness. To her, to the illimitable gold mist of perspective, and the innumerable images the thought of her painted for him, he owed the life which withdrew him from contemplation of himself in a very disturbing stagnant pool of the wastes; wherein often will strenuous youth grown faint, behold a face beneath a scroll inscribed *Impostor*. All whose aim was high have spied into that pool, and have seen the face. His glorious lady would not let it haunt him.

The spell she cast had likewise power to raise him clean out of a neighborhood hinting Erebus to the young man with thirst for air, solitudes, and color. Scarce imaginable as she was, she reigned here, in the idea of her, more fixedly than where she had been visible; as it were, by right of her being celestially removed from the dismal

place. He was at the same time not sensible to his father's contented ministrations among these homes of squalor; they pricked the curiosity, which was in the youthful philosopher a form of admiration. For his father, like all Welshmen, loved the mountains. Yet here he lived, exhorting, ministering, aiding, supported up to high good cheer by some, it seemed, superhuman backbone of uprightness—his religious faith? Well, if so, the thing might be studied. But things of the frozen senses, lean and hueless things, were as repellent to Gower's imagination as his father's dishes to an epicure. What he envied was the worthy old man's heart of feeling for others; his feeling at present for the girl Sarah Winch and her sister Madge, who had not been heard of since she started for the fight. Mr. Woodseer had written to her relatives at the Wells, receiving no consolatory answer.

He was relieved at last; and still a little perplexed. Madge had returned, he informed Gower. She was well, she was well in health; he had her assurances that she was not excited about herself.

"She has brought a lady with her, a great lady to lodge with her. She has brought the Countess of Fleetwood to lodge with her."

Gower heard those words from his father; and his father repeated them. To the prostrate worshipper of the Countess of Fleetwood, they were a blow on the head; madness had set in here, was his first recovering thought, or else a miracle has come to pass. Or was it a sham Countess of Fleetwood imposing upon the girl? His father was to go and see the great lady, at the greengrocer's shop; at her request, according to Madge. Conjectures shot their perishing tracks across a darkness that deepened and made shipwreck of philosophy. Was it the very Countess of Fleetwood penitent for her dalliance with the gambling passion, in feminine need of pastor's aid, having had report from Madge of this good shepherd? His father expressed a certain surprise; his countenance was mild. He considered it a merely strange occurrence.

Perhaps, in a crisis, a minister of religion is better armed than a philosopher. Gower would not own that, but he acknowledged the evidences, and owned to envy; especially when he accompanied his father to the greengrocer's shop and Mr. Woodseer undisturbedly said:

"Here is the place." The small stuffed shop appeared to Gower portentously cavernous and waveringly illumined.

CHAPTER XIX

THE GIRL MADGE

CUSTOMERS were at the counter of the shop, and these rational figures, together with the piles of cabbages, the sacks of potatoes, the pale small oranges here and there, the dominant smell of red herrings, denied the lurking of an angelical presence behind them.

Sarah Winch and a boy served at the counter. Sarah led the Mr. Woodseers into a corner knocked off the shop and called a room. Below the top bars of a wizened grate was a chilly fire. London's light came piecemeal through a smut-streaked window. If the wonderful was to occur, this was the place to heighten it.

"My son may be an intruder," Mr. Woodseer said. "He is acquainted with a Lord Fleetwood. . . ."

"Madge will know, sir," replied Sarah, and she sent up a shrill cry for Madge from the foot of the stairs.

The girl ran down swiftly. She entered listening to Sarah, looking at Gower; to whom, after a bob and pained smile where reverence was owing, she said, "Can you tell me, sir, please, where we can find Lord Fleetwood now?"

Gower was unable to tell. Madge turned to Mr. Woodseer, saying, soon after: "Oh, she won't mind; she'll be glad, if he knows Lord Fleetwood. I'll fetch her."

The moments were of the palpitating order for Gower, although his common-sense lectured the wildest of hearts for expecting such a possibility as the presence of his lofty lady here.

And, of course, common-sense proved to be right: the lady was quite another. But she struck on a sleeping day of his

travels. Her face was not one to be forgotten, and to judge by her tremble of a smile, she remembered him instantly.

They were soon conversing, each helping to paint the scene of the place where they had met.

"Lord Fleetwood has married me," she said.

Gower bent his head; all stood silent.

"May I?" said Madge to her. "It is Lord Fleetwood's wedded wife, sir. He drove her from her uncle's, on her wedding-day, the day of a prize-fight, where I was; he told me to wait on his lady at an inn there, as I've done and will. He drove away that evening, and he hasn't" — the girl's black eyebrows worked: "I've not seen him since. He's a great nobleman, yes. He left his lady at the inn, expenses paid. He left her with no money. She stayed on till her heart was breaking. She has come to London to find him. She had to walk part of the way. She has only a change of linen we brought in a parcel. She's a stranger to England; she knows nobody in London. She had no place to come to but this poor hole of ours she's so good as let welcome her. We can't do better, and it's no use to be ashamed. She's not a lady to scorn poor people."

The girl's voice hummed through Gower.

He said: "Lord Fleetwood may not be in London," and chafed at himself for such a quaver.

"It's his house we want, sir. He has not been at his house in Kent. We want his London house."

"My dear lady," said Mr. Woodseer; "it might be as well to communicate the state of things to your family without delay. My son will call at any address you name; or if it is a country address, I can write the items, with my assurances of your safety under my charge, in my house, which I beg you to make your home. My housekeeper is known to Sarah and Madge for an excellent Christian woman."

Carinthia replied: "You are kind to me, sir. I am grateful. I have an uncle; I would not disturb my uncle; he is inventing guns and he wishes peace. It is my husband I have come to find. He did not leave me in anger."

She colored. With a dimple of tenderness at one cheek, looking from Sarah to Madge, she said: "I would not leave my friends, they are sisters to me."

Sarah, at these words, caught up her apron. Madge did no more than breathe deep and fast.

An unoccupied, cold parlor in Mr. Woodseer's house, that would be heated for a guest, urged him to repeat his invitation, but he took the check from Gower, who suggested the doubt of Mary Jones being so good an attendant upon Lady Fleetwood as Madge. "And Madge has to help in the shop at times."

Madge nodded, and looked into the eyes of her mistress, which sanctioned her saying: "She will like it best here, she is my lady and I understand her best. My lady gives no trouble; she is hardy, she's not like other ladies. I and Sarah sleep together in the room next. I can hear anything she wants. She takes us as if she was used to it."

Sarah had to go to serve a customer. Madge made pretence of pricking her ears and followed into the shop.

"Your first visit to London is in ugly weather, Lady Fleetwood," said Gower.

"It is my first," she answered.

How the marriage came about, how the separation, could not be asked and was not related.

"Our district is not all London, my dear lady," said Mr. Woodseer. "Good hearts are here, as elsewhere, and as many, if one looks behind the dirt. I have found it since I labored among them, now twenty years. Unwashed human nature, though it is natural to us to wash, is the most human, we find."

Gower questioned the naturalness of human nature's desire to wash; and they wrangled good-humoredly; Carinthia's eyes dwelling on them each in turn; until Mr. Woodseer, pursuing the theme started by him, interested her, spoke of consolations derived from his labors here, in exchange for the loss of his mountains. Her face lightened.

"You love the mountains?"

"I am a son of the mountains."

"Ah, I love them! Father called me a daughter of the mountains. I was born in the mountains. I was leaving the mountains on the day, I think it

was yesterday, when I met this gentleman who is your son."

"A glorious day it was!" Gower exclaimed.

"It was a day of great glory for me," said Carinthia. "Your foot did not pain you for long?"

"The length of two pipes. You were with your brother."

"With my brother. My brother has married a most beautiful lady. He is now travelling his happy time — my Chillon!"

There came a radiance on her undereyelids. There was no weeping.

Struck by the contrast between the two simultaneous honeymoons, and a vision of the high-spirited mountain-girl, seen in this place a young bride seeking her husband, Gower Woodseer could have performed that unphilosophical part. He had to shake himself. She seemed really a soaring bird brought down by the fowler.

Lord Fleetwood's manner of abandoning her was the mystery.

Gower stood waiting for her initiative when the minister interposed: "There are books, books of our titled people—the peers, books of the Peerage. They would supply address. My son will discover where to examine them. He will find the address. Most of the great noblemen have a London house."

"My husband has a house in London," Carinthia said.

"I know him, to some degree," said Gower.

She remarked: "I have heard that you do."

Her lips were shut as to any hint at his treatment of her.

Gower went into the shop to speak with Madge. The girl was talking in the business tone to customers; she finished her commission hurriedly and joined him on the pavement by the doorstep. Her voice was like the change of the swing of a door from street to temple.

"You've seen how brave she is, sir. She has things to bear. Never cries, never frets. Her marriage-day—leastways. . . . I can't, no girl can tell. A great nobleman, yes. She waited, believing in him; she does. She has not spoken to me of what she's had to bear. I don't know, I guess; I'm sure I'm right — and him a man! Girls learn to know men, call them gentlemen or sweeps. She thinks she has only to meet him to persuade him she's fit to be loved by him. She thinks of love. Would he—our tongues are tied except among ourselves, to a sister. Leaves her by herself, with only me, after—it knocks me dumb! Many a man commits a murder wouldn't do that. She could force him to—no, it isn't a house she wants, she wants him. He's her husband, Mr. Woodseer. You will do what you can to help; I judge by your father. I and Sarah 'll slave for her to be comfortable as we can make her; we can't give her what she's used to. I shall count the hours."

"You sold me apples when your head was just above the counter," said Gower.

"Did I?—you won't lose time, sir?" she rejoined. "Her box is down at the beastly inn in Kent. Kind people, I dare say; their bill was paid any extent, they said. She walked to his big house Esslemont, for news of him. And I'm not a snivelling wench either; but she speaks of him a way to make a girl drink her tears, if they ain't to be let fall."

"But you had a victory down there," Gower hinted congratulations.

"Ah," said she.

"Christopher Ines is all right now?"

"I've as good as lost my good name for Kit Ines, Mr. Woodseer."

"Not with my dad, Madge."

"The minister reads us at the heart. Shall we hear the street of his house in London before night?"

"I may be late."

"I'll be up, any hour, for a rap at the shutters. I want to take her to the house early next morning. She won't mind the distance. She lies in bed, her eyes shut or open, never sleeping, hears any mouse. It should not go on, if we can do a thing to help."

"I'm off," said Gower, unwontedly vexed at his empty pocket, that could not offer the means for conveyance to a couple of young women.

The dark-browed girl sent her straight eyes at him. They pushed him to hasten. On second thoughts, he

stopped and hailed her; he moved to confirm an impression of this girl's features.

His mind was directed to the business burning behind them, honestly enough, as soon as he had them in sight again.

"I ought to have the address of some of her people, in case," he said.

"She won't go to her uncle, I'm sure of that," said Madge. "He's a lord and can't be worried. It's her husband to find first."

"If he's to be found! He's a lord, too. Has she no other relatives or friends?"

"She loves her brother. He's an officer. He's away on honeymoon. There's an admiral down Hampshire way, a place I've been near and seen. I'd not have you go to any of them, sir, without trying all we can do to find Lord Fleetwood. It's Admiral Fakenham she speaks of; she's fond of him. She's not minded to bother any of her friends about herself."

"I shall see you to-night," said Gower, and set his face westward, remembering that his father had named Caermarthen as her mother's birthplace. Only a Welsh girl would be so quick and all in it, with a voice intimating a heated cauldron under her mouth. None but a Welsh-blooded girl, risking her good name to follow and nurse the man she considered a hero, would carry her head to look virgin eyes as she did. One could swear to them, Gower thought. Contact with her spirited him out of his mooniness.

At the second of the aristocratic clubs of London's West, into which he stepped like an easy member, the hall-porter did not examine his clothing from German hat to boots, and gave him Lord Fleetwood's town address. He could tell Madge at night by the door of the shuttered shop, that Lord Fleetwood had gone down to Wales.

"It means her having to wait," she said. "The minister has been to the coach office, to order up her box from that inn. He did it in his name; they can't refuse; no money's owing. She must have a change. Sally has fifteen pounds locked up in case of need."

Sally's capacity and economy fetched penniless philosopher a slap.

"You've taken to this lady," he said.

"She held my hand while Kit Ines was at his work; and I was new to her, and a prize-fighter's lass, they call me: upon the top of that nobleman's coach, where he made me sit, behind her, to see the fight; and she his wedded lady that morning. A queer groom. He may keep Kit Ines from drink, he's one of you men, and rides over anything in his way. I can't speak about it; I could swear it before a judge, from what I know. Those Rundles at that inn don't hear anything it suits him to do. All the people down in those parts are slaves to him. And I thought he was a real St. George before—yes, ready I was to kiss the ground his feet crossed. If you could, it's Chinningfold near where Admiral Fakenham lives, down Hampshire way. Her friends ought to hear what's happened to her. They'll find her in a queer place. She might go to the minister's. I believe she's happier with us girls."

Gower pledged his word to start for Chinningfold early as the light next day. He liked the girl the better, in an amicable fashion, now that his nerves had got free of the transient spell of her kettle tone, the hardly varied one note of a heart boiling with sisterly devotion to a misused stranger of her sex; and, after the way of his race, imagination sprang up in him at the heels of the quieted senses, releasing him from the personal and physical to grasp the general situation and place the protagonist foremost.

He thought of Carinthia, with full vision of her. Some wrong had been done, or some violation of the right, to guess from the girl Madge's molten words in avoidance of the very words. It implied—though it might be but one of Love's shrewder discords—such suspected traitorous dealing of a man with their sister woman as makes the world of women all woman toward her. They can be that, and their being so illuminated their hidden sentiments in relation to the mastering male whom they uphold.

But our uninformed philosopher was merely picking up scraps of sheddings outside the dark wood of the mystery they were to him, and playing imagination upon them. This primary element

of his nature soon enthroned his chosen lady above their tangled obscurities. Beneath her tranquil beams, with the rapture of the knowledge that her name on earth was Livia, he threaded East London's thoroughfares, on a morning when day and night were made one by fog, to journey down to Chillingfold by coach, in the service of the younger Countess of Fleetwood, whose right to the title he did not doubt, though it directed surprise movements at his understanding from time to time.

CHAPTER XX

STUDIES IN FOG—GOUT—AN OLD SEAMAN—A LOVELY SERPENT—AND THE MORAL EFFECTS THAT MAY COME OF A BORROWED SHIRT.

MONEY of his father's enabled Gower to take the coach; and studies in fog, from the specked brown to the woolly white and the dripping torn, were proposed to the traveller, whose preference of Nature's face did not arrest his observation of her domino and petticoats; across which blank sheets he curiously read backward, that he journeyed by the aid of his father's hard-earned, ungrudged piece of gold. Without it he would have been useless in this case of need. The philosopher could starve with equanimity, and be the stronger. But one had, it seemed here clearly, to put on harness and trudge along a line, if the unhappy were to have one's help. Gradual experiences of his business among his fellows were teaching an exercised mind to learn in regions where minds unexercised were doctorial giants beside it.

The study of gout was offered at Chinningfold. Admiral Fakenham's butler refused at first to take a name to his master. Gower persisted, stating the business of his mission; and in spite of the very suspicious, glib, good English spoken by a man wearing such a hat and suit, the butler was induced to consult Mrs. Carthew.

She sprang up alarmed. After having seen the young lady happily married and off with the lordly young husband, the arrival of a messenger from the bride gave a stir the wrong way to her flowing recollections; the scenes and incidents she had smothered under her love of the comfortable stood forth appallingly. The messenger, the butler said, was no gentleman. She inspected Gower and heard him speak. An anomaly had come to the house; for he had the language of a gentleman, the appearance of a nondescript; he looked indifferent, he spoke sympathetically; and he was frank as soon as the butler was out of hearing. In return for the compliment she invited him to her sitting-room. The story of the young Countess, whom she had seen driven away by her husband from the church on a coach and four, as being now destitute, praying to see her friends, in the Whitechapel of London — the noted haunt of thieves and outcasts, bankrupts and the abandoned—set her asking, for the first time, who was the man with dreadful countenance inside the coach? A previously disregarded horror of a man. She went trembling to the Admiral, though his health was delicate, his temper excitable. It was, she considered, an occasion for braving the doctor's interdict.

Gower was presently summoned to the chamber where Admiral Fakenham reclined on cushions in an edifice of an arm-chair. He told a plain tale. Its effect was to straighten the Admiral's back and enlarge in gray glass a pair of sea-blue eyes. And, "What's that? Whitechapel?" the Admiral exclaimed, at high pitch far above his understanding. The particulars were repeated; whereupon the sick-room shook with, "Greengrocer?" He stunned himself with another of the monstrous points in his pet girl's honeymoon: "A prize-fight?"

To refresh a saving incredulity he took a closer view of the messenger. Gower's habiliments were those of the "queer fish," the Admiral saw. But the meeting at Carlsruhe was recalled to him, and there was a worthy effort to remember it. "Prize-fight! Greengrocer! Whitechapel!" he rang the changes rather more moderately till, swelling and purpling, he cried: "Where's the husband?"

There was the emissary's question likewise.

"If I could have found him, sir, I should not have troubled you."

"Disappeared? Plays the man of his word, then plays the madman! Prize-fight the first day of her honeymoon? Good Lord! Leaves her at the inn?"

"She was left."

"When was she left?"

"As soon as the fight was over—as far as I understand."

The Admiral showered briny masculine comments on that bridegroom.

"Her brother's travelling somewhere in the Pyrenees—married my daughter. She has an uncle, a hermit." He became pale. "I must do it. The rascal insults us all. Flings her off the day he married her. It's a slap in the face to all of us. You are acquainted with the lady, sir. Would you call her a red-haired girl?"

"Red-gold of the ballads; chestnut-brown, with threads of fire."

"She has the eyes for a man to swear by. I feel the loss of her, I can tell you. She was wine and no penalty to me. Is she much broken under it?—if I'm to credit . . . I suppose I must. It floors me."

Admiral Baldwin's frosty stare returned on him. Gower caught an image of it, as comparable, without much straining, to an Arctic region smitten by the beams.

"Nothing breaks her courage," he said.

"To be sure, my poor dear. Who could have guessed, when she left my house, she was on her way to a prize-fight, and a greengrocer's in Whitechapel. But the dog's not mad, though his bite's bad; he's an eccentric mongrel. He wants the whip; ought to have had it regularly from his first breeching. He shall whistle for her when he repents; and he will, mark me. This gout here will be having a snap at the vitals if I don't start to-night. Oblige me, half a minute."

The Admiral stretched his hand for an arm to give support, stood, and dropped into the chair, signifying a fit of giddiness in the word "Head."

Before the stupor had passed Mrs. Carthew entered, anxious lest the admittance of a messenger of evil to her invalid should have been an error of judgment. The butler had argued it with her. She belonged to the list of persons appointed to cut life's thread when it strains, their general kindness being so liable to misdirection.

Gower left the room and went into the garden. He had never seen a death; and the Admiral's peculiar pallor intimated events proper to days of cold mist and a dripping stillness. How we go, was the question among his problems:—if we are to go, his youthful frame insistingly added.

The fog down a wet laurel walk contracted his mind with the chilling of his blood, and he felt that he would have to see the thing if he was to believe in it. Of course he believed, but life throbbed rebelliously, and a picture of a desk near a lively fire-grate, books and pen and paper, and a piece of writing to be approved of by the Hesper of ladies, held ground with a pathetic heroism against the inevitable. He got his wits to the front by walking faster; and then thought of the young Countess and the friend she might be about to lose. She could number her friends on her fingers. Admiral Fakenham's exclamations of the name of the place where she now was conveyed an inky idea of the fall she had undergone. Counting her absent brother, with himself, his father, and the two Whitechapel girls, it certainly was an unexampled fall, to say of her, that they and those two girls had become by the twist of circumstances the most serviceable of her friends.

Her husband was the unriddled riddle we have in the wealthy young lord: burning to possess, and making tatters of all he grasped, the moment it was his own. Glints of the devilish had shot from him at the gaming-tables: fine haunts for the study of our lower man. He could be magnificent in generosity; he had little humaneness. He coveted beauty in woman hungrily, and seemed to be born hostile to them; or so Gower judged by the light of the later evidence on unconsidered antecedent observations of him. Why marry her, to cast her off instantly? The crude phi-

losopher asked it as helplessly as the Admiral. And further, what did the girl Madge mean by the drop of her voice to a hum of enforced endurance under injury, like the furnace behind an iron door? Older men would have understood, as he was unaware; he might have guessed, only he had the habit of scattering meditation upon the game of hawk and fowl.

Dame Gossip boils. Her one idea of animation is to have her *dramatis personæ* in violent motion, always the biggest foremost; and indeed that is the way to make them credible, for the wind they raise and the succession of collisions. Their fault is that they do not instruct; so the breath is out of them before they are put aside; for the uninstructive are the humanly deficient: they remain with us like the tolerated old aristocracy, which may neither vote nor govern, and is but socially seductive. Her heroes and heroines prove her an estimable soul. But if their joints are stiffened by our short probings, for the common nature of them, they are a pensioner puppetry. Moreover, the deuteragonist may at times tell us more of them than circumstances at furious heat will help them to reveal. The Dame will have him only as an index-post. Hence her endless ejaculations anent the mystery of Life, the inscrutability of character: in a plain world, in the midst of such readable people. That is the heavy sighing which follows gulps of brandy; the sighing mouth, the shaking pate. A succession of collisions has that effect on her and us. Moreover, the Romance which entreats the full-grown mature to listen with the gape of early youth again will teach an advancing young *nous* to despise its bloody attitude and tinsel buttons. Young *nous* is not cynical without the very good reason for it which it derives from the prolonged exhibition of the nursery dollies knocking their noses upon one another and queaking ventrically by contrivance. To preserve Romance (we exchange a sky for a ceiling if we let it go) we must be inside the heads of our people as well as the heart, more than shaking the kaleidoscope of spectacles, in days of a growing activity of the head.

Gower Woodseer could not know that he was drawn on to fortune and the sight of his Hesper by Admiral Fakenham's order that the visitor was to stay at his house until he should be able to quit his bed and journey with him to London, doctor or no doctor. The doctor would not hear of it. The Admiral threatened it every night for the morning, every morning for the night; and Gower had to submit to postponements balefully affecting his linen. Remonstrance was not to be thought of, for at a mere show of reluctance the courtly Admiral flushed, frowned, and beat the bed where he lay, a gouty volcano. Gower's one shirt was passing through the various complexions, and had approached the Nubian on its way to negro. His natural candor checked the downward course. He mentioned to Mrs. Carthew with incidental gravity, on a morning at breakfast, that this article of his attire was "beginning to resemble London snow." She was amused: she promised him a change more resembling country snow.

"It will save me from buttoning so high up," he said, as he thanked her.

She then remembered the daily increase of stiffness in his figure; and a reflection upon his patient waiting, and simpleness, and lexicographer speech to expose his minor needs, touched her unused sense of honor on the side where it is tender in women, from being motherly.

In consequence, she spoke of him with a pleading warmth to the Countess Livia, who had come down hurriedly to see the Admiral "concerning an absurd but annoying rumor running over London." Gower was out for a walk. He knew of the affair, Mrs. Carthew said, for an introduction to her excuses of his clothing.

"But I know the man," said Livia. "Lord Fleetwood picked him up somewhere, and brought him to us. Clever. Why is he here?"

"He is here, sent to the Admiral, as I understand, my lady."

"Sent by whom?"

Having but a weak vocabulary to defend a delicate position, Mrs. Carthew stuttered into evasions, after the way of ill-armed persons; and naming her-

self a stranger to the circumstances, she feebly suggested that the Admiral ought not to be disturbed before the doctor's next visit; Mr. Woodseer had been allowed to sit by his bed yesterday only for ten minutes, to divert him with his talk. She protected in this wretched manner the poor gentleman she sacrificed, and emitted such a smell of secrecy that Livia wrote three words on her card, for it to be taken to Admiral Baldwin at once. Mrs. Carthew supplicated faintly; she was unheeded.

The Countess of Fleetwood mounted the stairs—to descend them with the knowledge of her being the Dowager Countess of Fleetwood! Henrietta had spoken of the Countess of Fleetwood's hatred of the title of Dowager. But when Lady Fleetwood had the fact from the Admiral, would she forbear to excite him? If she repudiated it, she would provoke him to fire "one of his broadsides," as they said in the family, to assert it; and that might exhaust him; and there was peril in that. And who was guilty? Mrs. Carthew confessed her guilt, asking how it could have been avoided. She made appeal to Gower on his return, transfixing him.

Not only is he no philosopher who has an idol, he has to learn that he cannot think rationally; his due sense of weight and measure is lost, the choice of his thoughts as well. He was in the house with his devoutly simple, worshipped, pearl of women, and his whole mind fell to work without ado upon the extravagant height of the Admiral's shirt-collar cutting his ears. The very beating of his heart was perplexed to know whether it was for rapture or annoyance. As a result he was but histrionically master of himself when the Countess Livia or the nimbus of the lady appeared in the room.

She received his bow; she directed Mrs. Carthew to have the doctor summoned immediately. The remorseful woman flew.

"Admiral Fakenham is very ill, Mr. Woodseer. He has had distracting news. Oh, no, the messenger is not blamed. You are Lord Fleetwood's friend and will not allow him to be prejudged. He will be in town shortly. I know him well, you know him; and could you hear him accused of cruelty—and to a woman? He is the soul of chivalry. So, in his way, is the Admiral. If he were only more patient. Let us wait for Lord Fleetwood's version. I am certain it will satisfy me. The Admiral wishes you to step up to him. Be very quiet; you will be; consent to everything. I was unaware of his condition: the things I heard were incredible. I hope the doctor will not delay. Now go. Beg to retire soon."

Livia spoke under her breath; she had fears.

Admiral Baldwin lay in his bed, submitting to a nurse-woman; sign of extreme exhaustion. He plucked strength from the sight of Gower, and bundled the woman out of the room, muttering: "Kill myself? Not half so quick as they'd do it. I can't rest for that Whitechapel of yours. Please, fetch pen and paper: it's a letter."

The letter began "Dear Lady Arpington."

The dictation of it came in starts. At one moment it seemed as if life's ending shook the curtains on our stage and were about to lift. An old friend in the reader of the letter would need no excuse for its jerky brevity. It said that his pet girl, Miss Kirby, was married to the Earl of Fleetwood in the first week of last month, and was now to be found at a shop, No. 45 Longways, Whitechapel; that the writer was ill, unable to stir; that he would be in London within eight-and-forty hours at farthest. He begged Lady Arpington to send down to the place, and have the young Countess fetched to her, and keep her until he came.

Admiral Baldwin sat up to sign the letter.

"Yes, and write, 'miracles happen when the devil's abroad'—done it!" he said, sinking back. "Now seal, you'll find wax—the ring at my watch-chain."

He sighed, as it were the sound of his very last; he lay like a sleeper twitched by a dream. There had been a scene with Livia. The dictating of the letter took his remainder of strength out of him.

Gower called in the nurse, and went downstairs. He wanted the address of Lady Arpington's town-house.

"You have a letter for her?" said Livia, and held her hand for it in a way not to be withstood.

"There's no superscription," he remarked.

"I will see to that, Mr. Woodseer."

"I fancy I am bound, Lady Fleetwood."

"By no means." She touched his arm. "You are Lord Fleetwood's friend."

A slight convulsion of the frame struck the Admiral's shirt-collar at his ears; it virtually prostrated him under the foot of a lady so benign in overlooking the spectacle he presented. Still, he considered; he had wits alive enough just to perceive a duty.

"The letter was entrusted to me, Lady Fleetwood."

"You are afraid to entrust it to the post?"

"I was thinking of delivering it myself in town."

"You will entrust it to me?"

"Anything on earth of my own."

"The treasure would be valued. This you confide to my care."

"It is important."

"No."

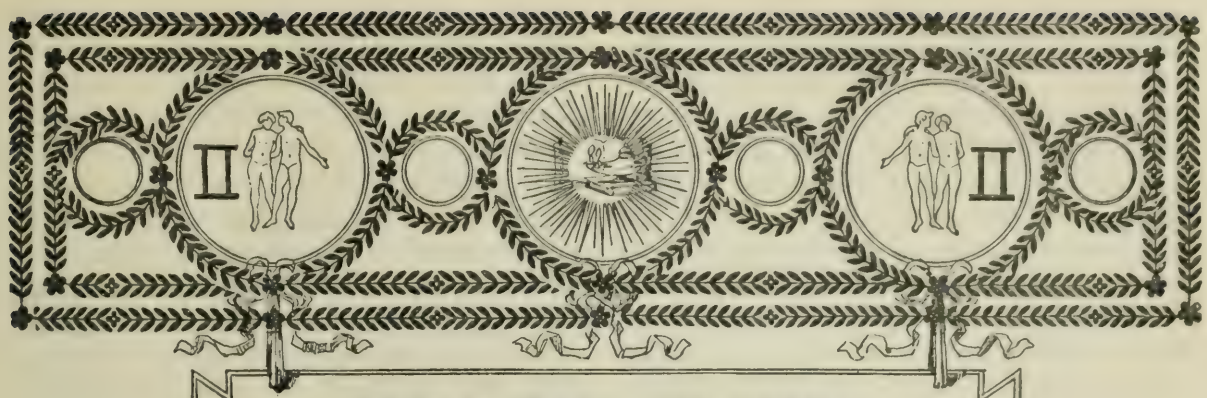
"Indeed it is."

"Say that it is, then. It is quite safe with me. It may be important that it should not be delivered. Are you not Lord Fleetwood's friend? Lady Arpington is not so very, very prominent in the list with you and me. Besides I don't think she has come to town yet. She generally sees out the end of the hunting season. Leave the letter to me; it shall go. You, with your keen observation, missing nothing, have seen that my uncle has not his whole judgment at present. There are two sides to a case. Lord Fleetwood's friend will know that it would be unfair to offer him up to his enemies while he is absent. Things going favorably here, I drive back to town to-morrow, and I hope you will accept a seat in my carriage."

He delivered his courtliest; he was riding on a cloud. They talked of Baden. His honorable surrender of her defeated purse was a subject for gentle humor with her, venturesome compliment with him. He spoke well; and though his hands were clean of Sir Meeson Corby's reproach of them, the caricature of presentable men blushed absurdly and seemed uneasy in his monstrous collar. The touching of him again would not be required to set him pacing to her steps. His hang of the head testified to the unerring stamp of a likeness Captain Abrane could affix with a stroke; he looked the fiddler over his bow, playing wonderfully to conceal the crack of a string. The merit of being one of her army of admirers was accorded to him. The letter to Lady Arpington was retained.

Gower deferred the further mention of the letter until a visit to the Admiral's chamber should furnish an excuse; and he had to wait for it. Admiral Baldwin's condition was becoming ominous. He sent messages downstairs by the doctor, forbidding his guests' departure until they two could make the journey together next day. The tortured and blissful young man, stripped of his borrowed philosopher's cloak, hung conscience-ridden in this delicious bower, which was perceptibly an ante-chamber of the vaults, offering him the study he thirsted for, shrank from, and mixed with his cup of amorous worship.

(To be continued.)



THE POINT OF VIEW

THE decay of letter-writing, properly so called, is a fact that is noted sometimes with a vague, half-sentimental regret, more generally with indifference. We all have the reasons for it at our tongues' end. Telephone and telegraph, the high pressure of the strained modern life, so effectually divorced from leisure, have made natural, inevitable, the practical cessation of the personal, painstaking, heart-to-heart mode of communication. The newspaper press has borne its share —a vast share—in the result. In the days when people were more cut off from information of neighboring communities than now they are from news of the petty insurrections of savage tribes at the world's end, to write long, gossipy letters was to discharge a social function of the highest importance. There are at present methods more expeditious of maintaining an organic circulation throughout the different parts of the body social, and letters have, from that point of view, lost all value, almost all reason for being.

But there is another point of view from which the writing of letters may be regarded, and were it taken into account, which it appears not to be, we might reasonably look upon the decline of the habit less indifferently; we should see that this decline involves consequences, or tends to, that might be considered serious enough to arrest attention. Everyone knows, of course, that the actual number of letters passing through the mails of every civilized country is greater rather than less, year by year. But everyone also feels that these letters are no longer letters, in the true sense, at all. They are amplified telegrams, bald and bare statements of fact; and they have the loose and disjointed and careless phraseology of the telegraphic message. That sense of the fit expression, the graceful concept; that feeling for the lucid and connected exposition of the ideas, for the balance of the parts, of a letter, for its composition, in short—the very term is pre-Adamite to the end-of-the-century ear —that used to preoccupy the best letter-writers of another generation, have gone from our present-day scribblers of hasty notes, as though such musty things had never been. The only people who "compose" their letters now are cultivated old ladies. Their college-bred granddaughters, intellectually armed and professionally equipped, exhibit productions in that line, of which, for the most part, it might be said, as Henry James remarked of the notes of invitation of the London society woman, that they have nothing in common with the epistolary art but the postage-stamp.

It is the care for the expression, then, for good writing, that makes the letter a letter really. Educated people are neglecting that means which the letter offers of keeping themselves in touch with these matters more and more, but what are they putting in the letter's place? Let us take the case of women, in whose hands this epistolary art has heretofore reached its highest perfection. The up-to-date woman has her debating societies, in which she learns to express her thoughts orally in an orderly way; and she has club-meetings, at which she reads papers of her own writing. But the number of women who

partake of these exercises is at best restricted, while the writing of friendly letters comes naturally into the life of the most home-keeping body ; and, furthermore, debating societies and club-meetings train women to accuracy and facility of expression in what may be called technical departments, in certain specialized branches of thought, but have less effect in disciplining the mind to exactitude, grace, and refinement in the rendering of those simple, every-day ideas and sentiments that make up the atmosphere in which civilized men and women breathe. It is not easy to put the thing into words, but every educated person feels that the manner in which these ideas and sentiments are handled, the point of view from which they are approached, are the tests of the cultivation of the individual. No amount of intellectuality and brilliancy in special lines compensates for a lack of the right tone there.

It is well worth observing that the peoples among whom the social instincts are ripest prove by their practice that they hold much writing, and scrupulous writing, to be the surest means of securing for the mind this particular attitude. Any person whose education has been had in the continental countries of Europe, knows how much greater is the importance there given, from the earliest age, to all the details of writing. More care is bestowed on composition in foreign schools than in American ; and the care begins with the beginning, its foundations are laid in primary instruction. The custom of making the pupil write all lessons, and study them from the copy-book instead of the text-book, which prevails in so many quarters, aims also to turn the pen into as spontaneous an instrument for the translation of thought as the spoken word. As a result, there is rarely to be found a Frenchman, an Italian, even though his education in the "higher branches" be quite rudimentary, who does not write his language with correctness and finish, and with an ingrained notion of how fittingly to treat a simple theme.

It may be held that such an accomplishment is not, after all, of the greatest value. But behind it there is an instinct, deep-seated in the race, that a widespread habit of careless writing affects very directly the thinking of a people. And this one cannot but believe to be the case. It takes no intellect to put plain facts into honest, self-respecting phrases. But it takes self-restraint and attentiveness, and these lead in time to a disciplined and coherent way of looking at life. And, therefore, it comes to one sometimes that the disuse of the old code, which made it a part of a polite education to write a "good letter," which made it a grace and an attraction in an individual that he or she should be able to indite long and clever and epigrammatic and even—save the mark !—descriptive epistles to friends and acquaintances, is a happening to be deplored. To have a correspondence, and to do one's duty by it, was a current education for everyone in the old days. Let us drop the old fashion quite, and cultivate style upon the unexacting surface of the telegram-blank alone, and we shall be the losers, perhaps, in ways that are grave, though they may not meet the eye.

Colonel Ned Maltby has a half interest in a new son, and finds himself much embarrassed. When the calm blue eyes of the new infant are upon him he has the uncomfortable sensation of being found out. He does not know what he has done, but he is sure that whatever it is, the baby knows it. When he gets out of range of the baby's eye, it turns its head to follow him. He has gone over his past silently in the night to think what it is that the baby has found out about him. Suppose that the doctrine of reincarnation is true, and the baby has been one of his own cronies in some previous state of existence. Who knows but that together they have done Thebes in company, and browsed around Baalbec by night ? In that case, he thinks, what right has the baby to look at him in that manner ? Just wait until he gets him in trousers and see.

Colonel Ned is fond of speculating on such puzzling subjects as reincarnation, and the curious things the scientific men are always turning up. Being a man of

leisure, the effort to harness the latest theory and make it useful is to him what banking and pile-driving are to other men —a serious occupation. At present he is busy with the experiments some scientific men are carrying on with the fire-fly. These, if they are successful, Colonel Ned is confident will reduce the cost of living, of public expenditures, and make notable changes in domestic life. Everyone knows that food taken into the body after supplying nourishment is converted into heat. In the electrical eel this process is so varied that instead of heat electricity is produced. In the fire-fly, on the contrary, the result, again varied, is light. Thus it appears that these various energies—heat, light, electricity—are but different manifestations of the one cause, and consequently ought to be readily transformed the one into the other.

Now how this is to be done is what the scientific gentlemen are trying to find out. The fire-fly has, of course, a special organ for his electric light, as the eel has for his electric action. But chemists have discovered that certain fats containing sulphur and phosphorus, burned at a low temperature, will produce light. This necessary slow combustion the human body furnishes. The inference seems clear that the only thing remaining is to furnish the human with the phosphoric and sulphuretted fat in some form that can be utilized.

When this is done, says Colonel Ned, every man may be his own lantern. It is not probable, he continues, that the formula of this light-making food will be given to the public when it is discovered, but he foresees that it will be put into some easily portable form. Lozenges or pills he thinks most probable, which if they are distasteful, can be sugar-coated. Most probably the formula will be secured by a company of scientific men and capitalists. However, the cost of the lozenges or pills will be slight, as the gentlemen admit that "nature produces this cheapest light at one-four-hundredth part of the cost of the energy expended in a candle-flame, at but an insignificant fraction of the cost of the electric light, or the most economical light that has been devised."

It can readily be imagined, says Colonel Ned, warming with the subject, what a revolution will take place in our habits and manner of living when these lozenges or pills are once on the market. There will be need of neither gas nor electric light in the streets, for a man need only swallow a lozenge and light himself along. In the darkest night he can find his own keyhole, and light his way upstairs. A woman going into a closet or dark storeroom will first take a pill and illuminate herself; she may then freely venture among her clothes without danger of fire.

The spectacle of a family seated about reading or playing games, each by his own light; the beauty of a dance of human fire-flies; the splendor of an illuminated assemblage, and the picturesqueness of lighted pedestrians, and doubtless of horses shining by night, will appeal to everyone's imagination. In political campaigns, Colonel Ned foresees that every man will be his own torch-light, and night pageants will be well worth standing on the street corners to see. For such occasions the great Human Dynamo Illuminating Company will of course furnish special rates.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is such a benefactor of mankind as tradition affirms, what shall we say of the man who contrives that three blades of grass shall be used to do the work that might be done by one? A very proper fraction of a benefactor must such a person appear in the consideration of any righteous economist, notwithstanding any service he may do to any special class of traders or producers by increasing the market for hay.

It is hard to see how the fame of that clever and successful artist, the late Charles Frederic Worth, can be relieved of whatever detriment is involved in the admission that in the activities which gained him his reputation he was a fractional benefactor of this sort. He was pre-eminent among all his contemporaries as a designer of fashions in women's clothes. In so far as he devised beautiful gowns which adorned and

beautified the women who wore them he did well. But the beautification of women is only a small part of the business of the inventor of fashions. What he relies upon for his pecuniary success is the artful cultivation of the human, and especially the feminine, passion for change. If women were allowed to wear their clothes as long as they were wearable, as men and snakes do, thrift would have a much better chance to develop and do its work, than is consistent with the pecuniary interests of trade. The condition of servitude to which the arbiters of fashion have reduced womankind throughout nearly all of Christendom is a thing that it mortifies the spirit to remark. My cousin Anthony was speaking of it not long ago. He said he was riding in a street-car one cold night in March with Mrs. Anthony, when he observed that her outside garment seemed inadequately warm. "For the first time it occurred to me," he said, "that I did not remember to have seen my wife in a fur coat since the winter began. But I knew that she had such coats in some variety, so I questioned her about it. Do you believe that she told me that none of her fur coats had either sleeve-room enough to admit the sleeves of her present dresses or skirts of sufficient length to meet the requirements of the reigning mode? So she had been compelled to put away all of her furs in camphor, to lie until the fashions should come around, and meanwhile she went clad in such an inexpensive and insufficient top-garment as hard times permitted her to provide."

Mrs. Anthony is a very sensible woman who would not discard a warm and handsome jacket because of any mere whim. The force that constrains her to leave her furs in the attic and go out on a cold day in a cloth coat must be a force of compelling quality, and effectual to regulate the behavior of a lamentably large percentage of the Christian women of the time.

If only fashion had died with Worth we might mourn for him with a better-spared-a-better-man resignation; but his accomplices have survived him. Fashion will tyrannize over sorrowing households as absolutely as ever; shivering matrons will continue to leave their last year's fur coats at home, the march of the modes will go triumphantly forward, and penury and disease will straggle in its wake.

One of the saddest thoughts that connects itself with the westernizing of the Japanese is that the ladies of the Flowery Empire seem fated to follow their sisters under Fashion's yoke. For centuries the form of their dress has been practically the same, and not even the poorest and most neglected Japanese woman has known the anguish that comes of being out of style. Poor things; the Parisian serpent has already slipped into their paradise, and they quiver and glow at his fascinating suggestions just as our mother Eve did in the year one.



THE LITTLE BEGGAR GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

From painting by Deschamps—(through the courtesy of Charles Reynolds, Esq.).

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CHICAGO

BEFORE THE FIRE, AFTER THE FIRE, AND TO-DAY

By Melville E. Stone

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

THE history of Chicago is the most romantic and dramatic of modern times. A city that is barely sixty years old stands in importance in the United States to-day as second only to a city that is more than two hundred years old; and, what is most surprising, even to the people who have been familiar with Chicago almost from the beginning, is the way in which its greatest calamity has proved to be its greatest blessing. That a city should be founded within the memory of men now living; that it should grow for nearly forty years rapidly but naturally, until it had achieved a distinct individuality; that it should be swept out of existence in a single night, and then, instead of suffering an irretrievable set-back in its natural growth, should spring up on lines of cosmopolitan largeness entirely impossible to the old Chicago—these are the elements for admiration and wonder. One needs only to look at the striking contrasts presented by the illustrations accompanying this article to see the difference between the new Chicago and the old.

Look at the pictures of the Post-office before the fire and now, or the Chamber of Commerce before and after the fire and to-day, and you have an epitome of the material progress of Chicago in three stage settings. But in a larger way look at the illustrations showing Clark and Washington Streets after the fire and now; or the general view looking south from the Court-house in 1858 and now. The one shows a crude pioneer city with no architectural pretensions worthy the name, and no dominant characteristic except transitory fitness and ugliness. The view of to-day is that of a great metropolis, a wonderful commercial centre, with industries of such huge proportions that they have evolved a new style of architecture and a new mode of construction. Whatever may be thought of the beauty of these buildings there can be but one opinion as to their great commercial utility. If one had judged the future of Chicago by the lessons of history one would have said that a whole generation would have been a short time in which to repair the terrible disaster of 1871, and start Chicago even in the race for supremacy in the West; but the only rule of history that has applied in this case is the rule that no circumstances can bar the progress of indomitable, persistent, and energetic men.

On certain of the maps drawn by the early French explorers, the lower Mississippi River is called the Chekaugou; upon others it is the Ohio River which bears the name. The low land upon which the present metropolis stands was the "Portage de Chicago," because at this point the waters which flowed east through the great lakes to the At-

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lantic, and those which flowed south through the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf of Mexico were separated by a watershed not more than half a dozen miles in width, and in seasons of freshet they even intermingled. And here the savages and pioneers *en route* from north to south carried their canoes from lake to river, and went their way.

Small wonder, when you look at the conditions, that a great city should have leaped into existence on this spot. The place was pregnant with certainty. There was a vast and fertile continent. Penetrating to its very heart were the great waterways from the east and south, and at the point of juncture was Chicago. Hitherward came people, easily and cheaply carried by boat, and hitherward and henceward came and went their chattels by like conveyance.

At first it was an Indian trading-post, established by a cunning French negro. He thrived, and soon there were four Frenchmen and four trading-stores. Then, in 1804, the Government built a log fort and named it after the incumbent Secretary of War, Henry Dearborn. It was garrisoned by a company under command of Captain John Whistler, progenitor of a distinguished line which includes George Whistler, famous civil engineer in Russia; Mrs. General Sheridan, wife of the hero of the Civil War; and James McNeill Whistler, the artist. During the War of 1812 the post was evacuated, the garrison massacred while on retreat, and the fort and adjacent cabins burned by the Indians. In 1816 a new and stronger fort was built and re-garrisoned. It was not until 1833, however, that the real work of founding a city began. And then it began in earnest.

The Federal Congress made an appropriation for a harbor; a ship canal to connect Chicago with the navigable waters of the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers was projected, and an era of mad speculation set in throughout the whole American nation. There was a rush to Chicago. Its population in 1832 was less than one hundred souls; in 1835 it was 2,000; in 1837 there was a city with a mayor and over four thousand inhabitants. Harriet Martineau visited the place in the summer of 1836, and wrote her impressions. "I never saw a busier place," she says, "than Chicago was at the time of our arrival. The streets were crowded with land speculators, hurrying from one sale to another. A negro, dressed up in scarlet, bearing a



The Chamber of Commerce Before and After the Fire.



The Chamber of Commerce Building, La Salle and Washington Streets, as it Appears To-day.

scarlet flag, and riding a white horse with housings of scarlet, announced the times of sale. At every street corner where he stopped, the crowd flocked round him, and it seemed as if some prevalent mania infected the whole people. The rage for speculation might be so regarded. As the gentlemen of our party walked the streets, store-keepers hailed them from their doors, with offers of farms, and all manner of land-lots, advising them to speculate before the price of land rose higher. A young lawyer of my ac-

quaintance there had realized five hundred dollars per day the five preceding days by merely making out titles to land."

This young lawyer was Joseph N. Balestier, grandfather of Mrs. Rudyard Kipling, and he, also, has left us a graphic story of Chicago's first "boom" and the inevitable collapse. He says: "The cities of the East were visited with an epidemic madness which found its way into every hamlet in the Atlantic States. It was suddenly discovered that the American people had labored under serious misapprehension with regard to the value of land, especially that which lay in cities and villages. . . . Sagacious men, looking far into the future, now perceived that cities and villages, covering only a few acres of land, were soon to extend over an illimitable domain. . . . Paper cities flourished in a manner unparalleled, and the public mind became utterly diseased. . . . The price of labor was exorbitant; the simplest service was purchased at a dear rate. . . . The year 1837 will ever be remembered as the era of protested notes; it was the harvest to the notary and the lawyer—the year of wrath to the mercantile, producing, and laboring interests."

In this time of insane speculation, when even Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln "lost their heads," and, as members of the Illinois Legislature, supported measures of the wildest character, a very wise young man arrived in Chicago, and before he had been a resident a full year was elected the city's first mayor. He was only thirty-one years old, and had already won fame as a member of the New York Legislature. He was a giant in stature, an athlete, a shrewd manager, a born leader and ruler of men. Withal he possessed scholarly traits. He was an omnivorous reader, a remarkable conversationalist, an eloquent and convincing orator, and a knowing amateur in art, political economy, and natural history. The child of a family distinguished in the revolutionary annals of the republic, hardened by a boyhood life on the slopes of the Catskill Mountains, schooled in politics by the masters of the famous "Albany Regency," this man, William B. Ogden, brought to Chicago an invaluable personal equipment, and for the succeeding thirty years was the recognized chief of the city. He rescued the canal from failure and saved the State from repudiation; he laid out the streets and projected the parks of the city, established the sewerage system, created the first railway, fostered and endowed hospitals, colleges, and literary and scientific associations, and contributed in an amazing degree to every phase of the progress of the infant metropolis. His faith in the ultimate supremacy of Chicago was boundless. He foresaw the development of the Great West, and shaped all of his innumerable enterprises in consonance with his large conception.



The Post-office Before the Fire.

He had early prophesied, in a remarkable speech in the New York General Assembly, a system of railways



Adams Street, Looking East from Clark Street, and showing the North Entrance of Post-office and the Owings Building, as it Appears Now.



Clark Street, Looking North from the Court-house, After the Fire.



Clark Street, Looking North from the Court-house, 1895.

stretching from New York through the Mississippi Valley, and radiating to the Northwest and the far South. He lived to see his dreams fulfilled, and to his activity and skilful management was this achievement mainly due. Finally, his restless mind took up the scheme for a transcontinental road, and as the first president of the Union Pacific line he set in motion the vast work which has resulted in bringing the extremes of the continent into close relations.

But Ogden, after all, was only first among equals. Cyrus McCormick, the reaper man; George Pullman, the sleeping-car man; Judge Caton, the promoter of telegraphs; Potter Palmer, the merchant prince; "Long John" Wentworth, editor and statesman; J. Young Scammon, financier; Allan Pinkerton, the

detective—these were some of the men who lent a hand in the building of the earlier Chicago. There came from the Eastern States a hardy company of pioneers, attracted by the budding opportunities of the frontier; a band of sturdy Germans driven from their fatherland by the revolutions of 1848; delegations of enterprising Norwegians, cunning Irishmen, and stolid Slavs and Czechs. It was a veritable Babel.

And how the city grew! Mark the increase in population: 12,000 in 1845; 23,000 in 1849; 59,000 in 1853; 84,000 in 1856; 109,000 in 1860; 200,000 in 1866 and 334,000 in 1871. There were ups and downs, trials and triumphs—flood, cholera, and panic—but all the time a steady advance. "In 1844," said Mr. Ogden, "I purchased for $8,000 property which, eight years thereafter, sold for $3,000,000, and these cases could be extended almost indefinitely." And the "back country" was keeping pace with the city. Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were forging ahead in an astonishing way. Milwaukee, St. Paul, and Omaha were growing from villages to cities of size and consequence. And all this meant added wealth and population to the metropolis—Chicago.



Washington Street, Looking East from Fifth Avenue, After the Fire.

It was inevitable that these influences should be felt in the moral and social, as well as in the commercial and political phases of life. All eyes were fixed upon the census tables and the balance-sheets. Intense local pride was developed. Men vied with each other in extravagant prophecy respecting the city's future. Amusing enmities were engendered by the boastful claims of rival municipalities. The varied character of the population bred a spirit of tolerance, which frequently reached a dangerous extreme. Little heed was paid to art, to literature, or to music. Corrupt politicians plundered the public funds with impunity. The average citizen was making money and was burdened with the care of his business; he had no time to devote to culture. *Au fond*, he was honest, and now and again he would stop long enough to discover that someone had been stealing, and then the punishment was swift and certain. A dozen murders would go unpunished; then the people being aroused and startled by the prevalence of crime, "hanging time" would come, and the next culprit would suffer the death penalty without the slightest regard to the enormity of his offence.

Speculation in real estate became very hurtful to the physical character of the city. The buildings were hastily and cheaply built, often by swindling contractors. It was quite enough that they looked well and would sell—and almost anything would sell. Building "to sell" became a most lucrative occupation. Building for permanent occupancy was well-nigh unknown.

So the city which went down before the great fire of October 9, 1871, was an ill-contrived thing. There was little



Washington Street, Looking East from the Times Building, Corner of Fifth Avenue, 1895.



Chicago Looking South from the Court-house 1853

pretence to architectural beauty, and scarce a semblance of intelligent and substantial construction. Even in the business centre there were a vast number of wooden buildings, while those which were of brick or stone were, as a rule, very defective. From time to time the street grade had been raised, and as only the new buildings were required to adopt the new level, it frequently happened that there was no uniformity in the sidewalk levels, and the visitor found himself constantly ascending and descending stairways. These uneven sidewalks were usually of plank, supported by a staging of slender timber, and the claims against the city for the broken limbs of pedestrians proved to be a considerable item of municipal expense. The street pavements were as bad as they well could be. They were made of pine or cedar blocks laid



Chicago, Looking South from Court-house, 1895.



Michigan Avenue, Looking South from Jackson Street, Before the Fire.

upon a thin layer of boards, and without substantial concrete foundation. The sewerage pipes drained into the river, and that polluted stream swept sluggishly through the heart of the city, exhaling noxious odors at every foot. The abattoirs were in close proximity to the residential district and directly in the path of the prevailing southwest winds, so that the stench was at times intolerable.

A picture of the leading thoroughfare of this old Chicago would hardly be recognized by anyone to-day. The Court-house stood in the centre of the public square. It was of the conventional Western type; a huge box of a thing, approached by long flights of steps on either side; the jail in the basement, the court-rooms above, and a belfry and flag-pole topping it out. Fringing the iron fence on the four sides of the grounds, a double line of hitched and unhitched horses and buggies. Not carriages, or cabs, or phaëtons, but that peculiarly unhandsome and inconvenient vehicle, with high, square box, calash top, and the frailest of running gear, which once was the pride and glory of every villager. Flanking the rutted and muddy roadway and the tip-tilted and rickety sidewalk were the buildings — strange higgledy-piggledy structures. Here a five-story block, faced with disintegrating limestone from the neighboring quarries, with the regulation Mansard and flat roof. Next a cottage, of wood, perched high on posts, balloon frame, with clapboard sides and shingle roof, its gable end in front, and gorgeously decorated with pine-spindles and scrolls, fantastically wrought by lathe and saw. Then a vacant lot half-filled with rubbish. Now a church, built in lame imitation of English Gothic, and top-heavy with a huge, pointed spire. Then, under the very eaves of the church, a saloon or cheap variety theatre. The people, rising early, working late, and always in a hurry.

There was little or no social life. Everyone bought his entertainment and paid for it in true commercial fashion. Theatres, concerts, and lectures were well patronized, and people went in droves to see horse-races and ball games. There was no select "Four Hundred." A spirit of true democracy pervaded the entire city. Since all men worked, industry was dignified, even apotheosized. Private institu-



Michigan Avenue, Looking South from Jackson Street, as it Appears To-day.

tions of learning were almost unknown; the children of rich and poor sat side by side in the public schools. Few of them went to college; they graduated from the high school and made haste to begin a business career. In their hustling, happy-go-lucky way these people of old Chicago fared well and were content.

It was over this city that the flames swept with unparalleled fury. The loss of life and property was appalling. Yet at this moment no one doubts that it was a great blessing. It was the death of old Chicago and the birth of a new and better Chicago, better fitted in a thousand ways to fulfil destiny. The parent city had left a legacy of priceless value. When everything was gone and every man a beggar the old-time faith in the city's supremacy was the inspiration to a rebuilding. That cheerful self-sufficiency which had been often amusing, and at times grotesque, dispelled all doubt, all hesitation, and set men to removing *débris* and laying bricks. There were tears, to be sure, but there was no despair. By common consent the oath of loyalty was taken afresh and work went on, as it had always gone on, save that it was a little harder, perhaps, and that it was in a new direction. There was no flinching, there were no drones. The habit of industry was still the controlling force. There was no sense of fear. These people had been taking risks all their lives. As to chancing it, incurring debt, mortgaging the future, and toiling like slaves to pay the obligation—all of these things had been done before and could be done again.

The fire had some lessons which were to be studied and understood. There must be more care taken in the building of buildings; there must be no more wooden structures in the heart of the city; and there must be a better Fire Department. These things were obvious. And so fire-proof buildings, great palaces of steel and stone, of "Chicago construction," came, and so, too, came the most efficient fire-extinguishing equipment in the world. But there were other lessons not so obvious. One of these was that the men who had made Old Chicago were to have little part in the business of making the real metropolis of which they had dreamed and made prophecy, and for which they had so earnestly toiled. Their places were to be taken

by younger and stronger men, a new and better generation. It is true that here and there some stout old citizen survived to win fresh laurels in the "Greater Chicago," but such instances were not common. The "boys" were well fitted for the responsibilities they were called upon to assume. They were burning with enthusiasm, accustomed to hard work, intelligent beyond their years, and singularly sober-minded. The baleful influence of great wealth was as yet unfelt. The heirs of well-to-do parents no less than the lowly born made of life a serious business. There were no yachting cruises, no golf or tennis parties, no hunts afield, no coaching excursions, to relieve the weariness of an idle life. There were few persons living in ease upon fixed incomes. There were no petted darlings of fortune.

Within two years the city was substantially rebuilt. Not precisely as one could have wished, for, under the circumstances, that was impossible. But everybody and everything was housed and trade was flowing again in the natural channels. Even during this period the population continued to grow. Thousands flocked to the city to find employment in the work of reconstruction, and by 1873 the census roll was swollen to 375,000.



The Chicago River, Looking North from Randolph Street Bridge, Before the Fire.

Then there was a national panic. The banks failed. Values fell grievously. Trade almost ceased. There was a prolonged period of enforced idleness and great consequent distress. Then there was another great fire—that of 1874—now well-nigh forgotten, but of big moment in its day; and bloody riot, with plundering and destroying mobs and musket-shooting and men-killing militia. More failing banks, this time the saving institutions, one of them with empty vaults and twenty-five thousand needy depositors. All of these calamities, each following the other in rapid succession, within ten years of the supreme disaster of 1871. It required clear heads and stout hearts indeed for such an emergency.

The mere restoration of the buildings

and streets was not, after all, the most difficult task. The moral and political problems were complex and puzzling. The population was unlike any other. There was a small minority of native Americans (say one-fifth of the entire community), the rest were Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Poles, Bohemians, and other foreigners. Many were fresh arrivals, with customs and prejudices at marked variance with the normal life of Chicago. They formed great colonies, each having its leaders clamorous for recognition, and sometimes bent on mischief. One class (chiefly native) demanded with urgency the passage and enforcement of sumptuary laws, and a strict observance of the Sabbath; another class (chiefly foreign born) insisted with equal vehemence upon a "liberal" government. Neither extreme wholly prevailed. Out of it all, notwithstanding the counter-claim of some good people who set very high standards for public conduct, there came a fairly well-managed metropolis. A little more tolerant of Sunday amusement than other American cities, and a little more mindful of the interests of the publican than the European cities, it is true, and yet, doubtless, abreast of most of them in public morals and private virtue, and quite as zealous for the protection of personal or property rights.



The Chicago River, Looking North from Randolph Street Bridge, 1895.

Moreover, with the increase of material prosperity there always has been a strong under-current of intellectual life, and a persistent effort to place intellectual and æsthetic opportunities within the reach of the large body of the population who are denied these things through lack of personal means, and leisure for travel and education. This spirit has shown itself in a number of splendid gifts by men whose fortunes have been made in Chicago. Notable among these, as expressing the generous impulses of individual givers, are the Newberry and Crerar Libraries, the Field Museum, the McCormick Theological Seminary, and the Armour Institute. Among other benefactions, which are not the result of the generosity of a single man, are the Chicago



The Lake Shore Drive, Below Lincoln Park, and Looking South, 1895.

University (founded by a New Yorker but contributed to by many citizens of Chicago); the Art Institute, with its unique gift of modern French paintings from the estate of Henry Field; and the Historical Society, which has but recently completed the finest building devoted to such purposes that this country possesses.

The conspicuous figures in this New Chicago are all busy men—merchants, manufacturers, financiers—burdened with heavy responsibilities, yet freely giving of their time for great public movements, and of their money for public uses.

The census of 1880 definitely settled the place of Chicago as the leading city of the West. Even St. Louis and Cincinnati, which had long been rival claimants, were forced to accept the returns of the Federal Government. This announcement gave a fresh impetus. The stride from 503,000 souls in 1880 to 1,200,000 in 1890, and 1,500,000 in 1894, caused no surprise. It was now second only to New York among American cities.

Not the least among the benefits derived from the great fire was the advertisement it gave Chicago. The burning and the wonderful rebuilding were known everywhere. The story evoked admiration and caused inquiry into the causes of the amazing vitality displayed by this hitherto unheard-of city. Fresh immigration and investment resulted.

Year by year the plans for the future, fanciful and magnificent as they had always been, broadened until they were apparently limitless. Old-time phrases of extravagant praise and prophecy seemed inept and tame. Superlatives were no longer adequate. It had long been the chief grain, lumber, and provision market of the world. It was now to take on a new complexion, and to become the great manufacturing centre of the continent, perhaps of the globe. The admirable transportation facilities, by water and rail, the proximity to the raw material, the fuel within easy reach, the favorable situation respecting labor, and the market just without the factory-door—these condi-

tions gave assurance of success. Pipe lines for oil and gas were laid from the Ohio and Indiana fields, and manufacturing suburbs sprang up in every direction. Banking capital, so indispensable to such undertakings, was provided, and then came a Stock Exchange, and Chicago began to look with confidence to the day when it should dictate the financial policy of the nation.

A thousand railway trains coming and going every day. More vessels arriving and clearing in a year than from any other American port. A business district covered with mammoth buildings, twelve, sixteen, and even twenty stories high, each employing a dozen hydraulic passenger-lifts, each accommodating thousands of occupants, and each a city of itself. The largest book, millinery, hardware, and drygoods shops in the world. Department stores eclipsing the grand *magasins* of Paris and London. Hogs, cattle, and sheep in countless numbers slaughtered daily. These are some of the facts concerning the new Chicago, the creation of the last quarter of the century.

When there was an attempt to establish anarchy and to repeat the experiences of Paris under the Commune, the calm and dignified, yet inflexible administration of the law by this wild Western city amazed the world.

When the city appeared as a claimant for the World's Fair, its audacity challenged attention, if not admiration. Not a few of the more intelligent and responsible citizens looked upon the undertaking with alarm. A leading merchant wrote: "I am *paying* to secure it, but am *praying* that it will go elsewhere." Yet when Congress selected Chicago, the responsibility was accepted. That it did not yield a profit caused no regret. It was an artistic success. Chicago had proved itself worthy of the nation's confidence, and the citizens were content.

And such is the Chicago of to-day. Rather half-baked, one may say. Somewhat too careless of appearances, with dirty streets and smoke-filled atmosphere; a trifle bumptious, vaunting itself in an unseemly way; paying less heed to culture than to profits, unmindful, at times, of good form, too much occupied with the selling of needles and pins and short ribs and spring wheat to be able to give proper attention to elections and the conduct of aldermen —yet big-hearted, open-handed, self-reliant, and moving forward with the strides of a giant to a great destiny.



The First Merchants in the Burned District.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL*

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

SCENE IV.

JUST before dark on the following day, a man descended from a down train at the Clinton Magna station. The porters knew him and greeted him; so did one or two laborers outside, as he set off to walk to the village, which was about a mile distant.

"Well, John, so yer coom back," said one of them, an old man, grasping the new-comer by the hand. "An' I can't say as yer looks is any credit to Frampton—no, that aa can't."

John, indeed, wore a sallow and pinched air, and walked lamely, with a stick.

"Noa," he said, peevishly; "it's a beastly place is Frampton; a damp, nassty hole as iver I saw—gives yer the rheumaticks to look at it. I've 'ad a doose of a time, I 'ave, I can tell yer—iver sense I went. But I'll pull up now."

"Aye, this air 'll do yer," said the other. "Where are yer stoppin'? Costrells'?"

John nodded.

"They don't know nothin' about my comin', but I dessay they'll find me somethin' to sleep on. I'll 'ave my own place soon, and someone to look arter it."

He drew himself up involuntarily, with the dignity that waits on property. A laugh, rather jeering than cordial, ran through the group of laborers.

"Aye, yer'll be livin' at your ease," said the man who had spoken first. "When will yo' give us a drink, yer lardship?"

The others grinned.

"Where's your money, John?" said a younger man suddenly, staring hard at the returned wanderer.

John started.

"Don't you talk your nonsense!" he said, fretfully; "an' I must be getting on afore dark."

He went his way, but as he turned a corner of the road, he saw them still standing where he had left them. They seemed to be watching his progress, which astonished him.

A light of windy sunset lay spread over the white valley, and the freshening gusts drove the powdery snow before them, and sent little stabs of pain through John's shrinking body. Yet how glad he was to find himself again between those familiar hedges, to see the church-tower in front of him, the long hill to his right! His heart swelled at once with longing and satisfaction. During his Frampton job, and in the infirmary, he had suffered much, physically and mentally. He had missed Eliza and the tendance of years more than he had ever imagined he could; and he had found himself too old for new faces and a new society. When he fell ill he had been sorely tempted to send for some of his money, and get himself nursed and cared for at the respectable lodging where he had put up. But no; in the end he set his teeth and went into the infirmary. He had planned not to touch his hoard till he had done with the Frampton job, and returned to Clinton for good. His peasant obstinacy could not endure to be beaten; nor, indeed, could he bring himself to part with his keys, to trust the opening of the hoard even to Isaac.

Since then he had passed through many weary weeks, sometimes of acute pain, sometimes of sinking weakness, during which he had been haunted by many secret torments, springing mainly from the fear of death. He had almost been driven to make his will. But in the end superstitious reluctance prevailed. He had not made the will; and to dwell on the fact gave him the sensation of having escaped a bond, if not a danger. He did not want to leave his money behind him; he wanted to spend it, as he had told Eliza and Mary Anne and Bessie scores of times. To have

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assigned it to anyone else, even after his death, would have made it less his own.

Ah, well! those bad weeks were done, and here he was, at home again. Suddenly, as he tramped on, he caught sight against the hill of Bessie's cottage, the blue smoke from it blown across the rime-laden trees behind it. He drew in his breath with a deep, tremulous delight. That buoyant self-congratulation indeed which had stood between him and the pain of Eliza's death was gone. Rather there was in him a profound yearning for rest, for long dreaming by the fire or in the sun, with his pipe to smoke, and Jim's Louisa to look after him, and nothing to do but to draw a half-crown from his box when he wanted it. No more hard work in rain and cold; and no cringing, either, to the young and prosperous for the mere fault of age. The snowy valley with its circling woods opened to him like a mother's breast; the sight of it filled him with a hundred simple hopes and consolations; he hurried to bury himself in it, and be at peace.

He was within a hundred yards of the first house in the village, when he saw a tall figure in uniform approaching, and recognized Watson.

At sight of him the policeman stopped short, and John was conscious of a moment's vague impression of something strange in Watson's looks.

However, Watson shook hands with great friendliness.

"Well, I'm glad to see yer, John, I'm sure. An' now, I s'pose, you're back for good?"

"Aye. I'm not going away no more. I've done my share—I wants a bit o' rest."

"Of coorse yer do. You've been ill, 'aven't yer? You look like it. An' yer puttin' up at Costrells'?"

"Yes, till I can turn round a bit. 'Ave yer seen anythin' ov 'em? 'Ow's Bessie?"

Watson faced back toward the village.

"I'll walk with yer a bit—I'm in no 'urry. Oh, she's all right. You 'eard of her bit o' money?"

John opened his eyes.

"Noa, I don' know as I did."

"It wor an aunt o' hers, soa I understan'—quite a good bit o' money."

"Did yer iver hear the name?" said John, eagerly.

"Someone livin' at Bedford, I did 'ear say."

John laughed, not without good-humored relief. It would have touched his vanity had his niece been discovered to be richer than himself.

"Oh, that's old Sophy Clarke," he said. "Her 'usband bought the lease o' two little 'ouses in Church Street, and they braat 'er in six shillin's a week for years, an' she allus said she'd leave it to Bessie if she wor took afore the lease wor up. But the lease ull be up end o' next year I know, for I saw the old lady myself last Michaelmas twelvemonth, an' she told me all about it, though I worn't to tell nobody meself. An' I didn't know Sophy wor gone. Ah, well! it's not much, but it's 'andy—it's 'andy."

"Six shillin's a week!" said Watson, raising his eyebrows. "It's a nice bit o' money while it lassts, but I'd ha' thought Mrs. Costrell 'ad come into a deal more nor that."

"Oh, but she's sich a one to spend, is Bessie," said John, anxiously. "It's surprisin' 'ow the money runs. It's sixpence 'ere, an' sixpence there, allus dribblin', an' dribblin', out ov 'er. I've allus tole 'er as she'll end 'er days on the parish."

"Sixpences!" said Watson, with a laugh. "It's not sixpences as Mrs. Costrell's 'ad the spendin' of this last month or two—it's *suverins*—an' plenty ov 'em. You may be sure you've got the wrong tale about the money, John; it wor a deal more nor you say."

John stood stock still at the word "sovereigns," his jaw dropping.

"*Suverins*," he said, trembling; "suverins? Bessie ain't got no suverins Isaac 'arns sixteen shillin' a week."

The color was ebbing fast from his cheek and lips. Watson threw him a quick professional glance, then rapidly consulted with himself. No; he decided to hold his tongue.

"Yo' *are* reg'lar used up," he said, taking hold of the old fellow kindly by the arm. "Shall I walk yer up the hill?"

John withdrew himself.

"*Suverins!*" he repeated, in a low, hoarse voice. "She ain't got 'em, I tell yer—she ain't got 'em!"

The last words rose to a sort of cry, and without another word to Watson the old man started at a feeble run, his head hanging.

Watson followed him, afraid lest he should drop in the road. Instead, John seemed to gather strength. He made straight for the hill, taking no heed whatever of two or three startled acquaintances who stopped and shouted to him. When the ground began to rise, he stumbled again and again, but by a marvel did not fall, and his pace hardly slackened. Watson had difficulty in keeping up with him.

But when the policeman reached his own cottage on the side of the road, he stopped, panting, and contented himself with looking after the mounting figure. As soon as it turned the corner of the Costrells' lane, he went into his own house, said a word to his wife, and sat himself down at his own back door to await events—to ponder, also, a few conversations he had held that morning, with Mrs. Moulsey at "the shop," with Dawson, with Hall the butcher. Poor old John—poor old fellow!

When Bolderfield reached the paling in front of the Costrells' cottage, he paused a moment, holding for support to the half-open gate and struggling for breath. "I must keep my 'edd, I must," he was saying to himself piteously; "don' yer be a fool, John Borroful, don't yer be a fool!"

As he stood there, a child's face pushed the window-blind of the cottage aside, and the lame boy's large eyes looked Bolderfield up and down. Immediately after the door opened, and all four children stood huddling behind each other on the threshold. They all looked shyly at the new-comer. They knew him, but in six months they had grown strange to him.

"Arthur, where's your mother?" said John, at last able to walk firmly up to the door.

"Don' know."

"When did yer see her lasst?"

"She wor 'ere gettin' us our tea," said another child; "but she didn't eat nothin'."

John impatiently pushed the children before him back into the kitchen.

"You 'old your tongues," he said, "an' stay 'ere."

And he made for the door in the kitchen wall. But Arthur caught hold of his coat-tails and clung to them.

"Yer oughtn't to go up there—mother don't let anyone go there."

John wrenched himself violently away.

"Oh, don't she! yo' take your 'ands away, yer little varmint, or I'll brain yer."

He raised his stick, threatening. The child, terrified, fell back, and John, opening the door, rushed up the stairs.

He was so terribly excited that his fumbling fingers could hardly find the ribbon round his neck. At last he drew it over his head, and made stupendous efforts to steady his hand sufficiently to put the key in the lock.

The children below heard a sharp cry directly the cupboard door was opened; then the frantic dragging of a box on to the stairs, the creak of hinges—a groan, long and lingering—and then silence.

They clung together in terror, and the little girls began to cry. At last Arthur took courage and opened the door.

The old man was sitting on the top stair, supported sideways by the wall, his head hanging forward, and his hands dropping over his knees, in a dead faint.

At the sight all four children ran helter-skelter into the lane, shouting "Mammy! mammy!" in an anguish of fright. Their clamor was caught by the fierce north wind, which had begun to sweep the hill, and was borne along till it reached the ears of a woman who was sitting sewing in a cottage some fifty yards farther up the lane. She stepped to her door, opened it and listened.

"It's at Bessie's," she said; "whativer's wrong wi' the childer?"

By this time Arthur had begun to run toward her. Darkness was falling rapidly, but she could distinguish his small figure against the snow, and his halting gait.

"What is it, Arthur?—what is it, lammie?"

"O cousin Mary Anne! cousin Mary Anne! It's uncle John, and ee's dead!"

She ran like the wind at the words, catching at the child's hand in the dark, and dragging him along with her.

"Where is he, Arthur?—don't take on, honey!"

The child hurried on with her, sobbing, and she was soon on the stairs beside the unconscious John.

Mary Anne looked with amazement at the cupboard and the open box. Then she laid the old man on the floor, her gentle face working with the effort to remember what the doctor had once told her of the best way of dealing with persons in a faint. She got water, and she sent Arthur to a neighbor for brandy.

"Where's your mother, child?" she asked, as she despatched him.

"Don' know," repeated the boy, stupidly.

"Oh, for goodness' sake, she's never at Dawson's again!" groaned Mary Anne to herself; "she wor there last night, an' the night afore that. And her mother's brother lyin' like this in 'er house."

He was so long in coming round that her ignorance began to fear the worst. But just as she was telling the eldest girl to put on her hat and jacket and run for the doctor, poor John revived.

He struggled to a sitting posture, looked wildly at her and at the box. As his eye caught the two sovereigns still lying at the bottom, he gave a cry of rage, and got upon his feet with a mighty effort.

"Where's Bessie, I tell yer? Where's the huzzy gone? I'll have the law on 'er! I'll make 'er give it up—by the Lord I will!"

"John, what is it?—John, my dear!" cried Mary Anne, supporting him, and terrified lest he should pitch headlong down the stairs.

"Yo' 'elp me down," he said, violently. "We'll find 'er—we'll wring it out ov 'er—the mean thievin' vagabond! Changin' suverins, 'as she? we'll soon know about that—yo' 'elp me down, I tell yer."

And with her assistance he hobbled down the stairs, hardly able to stand. Mary Anne's eyes were starting out of her head with fear and agitation, and the children were staring at the old man as he came tottering into the kitchen when a sound at the outer door made them all turn.

The door opened, and Bessie appeared on the threshold.

At sight of her John seemed to lose his senses. He rushed at her, threatening, imploring, reviling — while Mary Anne could only cling to his arms and coat, lest he should attempt some bodily mischief.

Bessie closed the door, leant against it, and folded her arms. She was white and haggard, but perfectly cool. In this moment of excitement it struck neither John nor Mary Anne—nor, indeed, herself—that her manner, with its brutality, and its poorly feigned surprise, was the most revealing element in the situation.

"What's all this about yer money?" she said, staring John in the face. "What do I know about yer money? 'Ow dare yer say such things? I 'aven't anythin' to do with it, an' never 'ad."

He raved at her, in reply, about the position in which he had found the box—on the top of its fellow instead of underneath, where he had placed it—about the broken lock, the sovereigns she had been changing, and the things Watson had said of her—winding up with a peremptory demand for his money.

"Yo' gi' me my money back," he said, holding out a shaking hand. "Yer can't 'ave spent it all—'tain't possible—an' yer ain't chucked it out o' winder. Yer've got it somewhere 'idden, an' I'll get it out o' you if I die for 't!"

Bessie surveyed him steadily. She had not even flinched at the mention of the sovereigns.

"What yer 'aven't got, yer can't give," she said. "I don' know nothin' about it, an' I've tole yer. There's plenty o' bad people in the world—beside me. Somebody came in o' nights, I suppose, an' picked the lock—there's many as 'ud think nothin' of it. And it 'ud be easy done—we all sleeps 'ard."

"Bessie!" cried Mary Anne, out-

raged by something in her tone, "aren't yer sorry for 'im?"

She pointed to the haggard and trembling man.

Bessie turned to her reluctantly. "Aye, I'm sorry," she said, sullenly. "But he shouldn't fly out at yer without 'earin' a word. 'Ow should I know anythin' about his money? Ee locked it up hisself, an' tuk the keys."

"An' them suverins," roared John, rattling his stick on the floor; "where did yer get them suverins?"

"I got 'em from old Sophy Clarke—leastways from Sophy Clarke's lawyer. And it ain't no business o' yourn."

At this John fell into a frenzy, shouting at her in inarticulate passion, calling her liar and thief.

She fronted it with perfect composure. Her fine eyes blazed, but otherwise her face might have been a waxen mask. With her, in this scene, was all the tragic dignity; with him, the weakness and vulgarity.

At last the little widow caught her by the arm, and drew her from the door.

"Let me take 'im to my place," she pleaded; "it's no good talkin' while ee's like ee is—not a bit o' good. John—John dear! you come along wi' me. Shall I get Saunders to come an' speak to yer?"

A gleam of sudden hope shot into the old man's face. He had not thought of Saunder's; but Saunders had a head; he might unravel this accursed thing.

"Aye!" he said, lurching forward, "let's find Saunders—coom along—let's find Saunders."

Mary Anne guided him through the door, Bessie standing aside. As the widow passed, she touched Bessie piteously.

"O Bessie, yer *didn't* do it—say yer didn't!"

Bessie looked at her, dry-eyed and contemptuous. Something in the speaker's emotion seemed to madden her.

"Don't yer be a fool, Mary Anne—that's all!" she said, scornfully, and Mary Anne fled from her.

When the door had closed upon them, Bessie came up to the fire, her teeth chattering. She sank down in front of it, spreading out her hands to the warmth. The children silently crowded up to her; first she pushed them away, then she caught at the child nearest to her, pressed its fair head against her, then again roughly put it aside. She was accustomed to chatter with them, scold them and slap them; but to-night they were uneasily dumb. They looked at her with round eyes; and at last their looks annoyed her. She told them to go to bed, and they slunk away, gaping at the open box on the stairs, and huddling together overhead, all on one bed, in the bitter cold, to whisper to each other. Isaac was a stern parent; Bessie a capricious one; and the children, though they could be riotous enough by themselves, were nervous and easily cowed at home.

Bessie, left alone, sat silently over the fire, her thin lips tight-set. She would deny everything—*everything*. Let them find out what they could. Who could prove what was in John's box when he left it? Who could prove she hadn't got those half-crowns in change somewhere?

The reflection of the day had only filled her with a passionate and fierce regret. *Why* had she not followed her first impulse, and thrown it all on Timothy?—told the story to Isaac, while she was still bleeding from his son's violence? It had been her only chance, and out of pure stupidness she had lost it. To have grasped it might at least have made him take *her* part, if it had forced him to give up Timothy. And who would have listened to Timothy's tales?

She sickened at the thought of her own folly, beating her knee with her clenched fist. For to tell the tale now would only be to make her doubly vile in Isaac's eyes. He would not believe her—no one would believe her. What motive could she plead for her twenty-four hours of silence, she knowing that John was coming back immediately? Isaac would only hate her for throwing it on Timothy.

Then again the memory of the half-crowns, and the village talk—and Watson—would close upon her, putting her

in a cold sweat. When would Isaac come? Who would tell him? As she looked forward to the effect upon him, all her muscles stiffened. If he drove her to it, aye, she *would* tell him—she didn't care a haporth, she vowed. If he must have it, let him. But as the name of Isaac, the thought of Isaac, hovered in her brain, she must needs brush away wild tears. That morning, for the first time for months, he had been so kind to her and the children, so chatty and cheerful.

Distant steps along the lane! She sprang to her feet, ran into the back kitchen, tied on her apron, hastily filled an earthenware bowl with water from the pump, and carrying it back to the front kitchen began to wash up the tea-things, making a busy household clatter as she slid them into the bowl.

A confused sound of feet approached the house, and there was a knock.

"Come in," said Bessie.

Three figures appeared, the huge form of Saunders the smith in front, John and Mary Anne Waller behind.

Saunders took off his cap politely. The sight of his bald head, his double chin, his mouth with its queer twitch, which made him seem as though perpetually about to laugh, if he had not perpetually thought better of it, filled Bessie with angry excitement. She barely nodded to him, in reply to his greeting.

"May we come in, Mrs. Costrell?" Saunders inquired, in his most deliberate voice.

"If yer want to," said Bessie, shortly, taking out a cup and drying it.

Saunders drew in the other two and shut the door.

"Sit down, John. Sit down, Mrs. Waller."

John did as he was told. Dishevelled and hopeless misery spoke in his stained face, his straggling hair, his shirt burst open at the neck and showing his wrinkled throat. But he fixed his eyes passionately on Saunders, thirsting for every word.

"Well, Mrs. Costrell," said Saunders, settling himself comfortably, "you'll be free to confess, won't yer, this is an oogly business—a very oogly business? Now, will yer let us ask yer a question or two?"

"I dessay," said Bessie, polishing her cup.

"Well, then—to begin reg'lar, Mrs. Costrell—yo' agree, don't yer, as Muster Bolderfield put his money in your upstairs cupboard?"

"I agree as he put his box there," said Bessie, sharply.

John broke into inarticulate and abusive clamor. Bessie turned upon him.

"'Ow did any of us know what yer'd got in your box? Did yer ever show it to me, or Mary Anne there, or any livin' soul in Clinton? Did yer?"

She waited, hawk-like, for the answer.

"Did yer, John?" repeated Saunders, judicially.

John groaned, rocking himself to and fro.

"Noa. I niver did—I niver did," he said. "Nobbut to Eliza—an' she's gone—she's gone!"

"Keep your 'ead, John," said Saunders, putting out a calming hand. "Let's get to the bottom o' this, quiet an' *reg'lar*. An' yer didn't tell anyone 'ow much yer 'ad?"

"Nobbut Eliza—nobbut Eliza!" said the old man again.

"Yer didn't tell *me*, I know," said Saunders, blandly.

John seemed to shrink together under the smith's glance. If only he had not been a jealous fool, and had left it with Saunders!

Saunders, however, refrained for the present from drawing this self-evident moral. He sat twirling his cap between his knees, and his shrewd eye travelled round the kitchen, coming back finally to Bessie, who was washing and drying diligently. As he watched her cool movements Saunders felt the presence of an enemy worthy of his steel, and his emulation rose.

"I understan', Mrs. Costrell," he said, speaking with great civility, "as the cupboard where John put his money is a cupboard *hon* the stairs? Not in hany room, but *hon* the stairs? Yer'll kindly correck me if I say anythin' wrong."

Bessie nodded.

"Aye—top o' the stairs—right-'and side," groaned John.

"An' John locked it hisself, an' tuk the key?" Saunders proceeded.

John plucked at his neck again, and, dumbly, held out the key.

"An' there worn't nothin' wrong wi' the lock when yo' opened it, John?"

"Nothin', Muster Saunders—I'll take my davy."

Saunders ruminated.

"Theer's a cupboard there," he said suddenly, raising his hand and pointing to the cupboard beside the fireplace. "Is't anythin' like the cupboard on th' stairs, John?"

"Aye, 'tis!" said John, startled and staring. "Aye, 'tis, Muster Saunders?"

Saunders rose.

"Per'aps," he said, slowly, "Mrs. Costrell will do us the favor ov lettin' us hexamine that 'ere cupboard?"

He walked across to it. Bessie's hand dropped; she turned sharply, supporting herself against the table, and watched him, her chest heaving.

"There's no key 'ere," said Saunders, stooping to look at the lock. "Try yours, John."

John rushed forward, but Bessie put herself in the way.

"What are yer meddlin' with my 'ouse for?" she said, fiercely. "Just mek yourselves scarce, all the lot o' yer! I don't know nothin' about his money, an' I'll not have yer *insultin'* me in me own place! Get out o' my kitchen, if *yo'* please!"

Saunders buttoned his coat.

"Sartinly, Mrs. Costrell, sartinly," he said with emphasis. "Come along, John. Yer must get Watson and put it in 'is hands. Ee's the law is Watson. Maybe as Mrs. Costrell ull listen to *'im*."

Mary Anne ran to Bessie in despair.

"O Bessie, Bessie, my dear—don't let 'em get Watson; let 'em look into 't theirselves—it'll be better for yer, my dear, it *will*."

Bessie looked from one to the other, panting. Then she turned back to the table.

"*I* don' care what they do," she said, with sullen passion. "I'm not stannin' in anyone's way, I tell yer. The more they finds out the better I'm pleased."

The look of incipient laughter on Saunders's countenance became more pronounced—that is to say, the left-hand corner of his mouth twitched a little higher. But it was rare for him to complete the act, and he was not in the least minded to do so now. He beckoned to John, and John, trembling took off his keys and gave them to him, pointing to that which belonged to the treasure cupboard.

Saunders slipped it into the lock before him. It moved with ease, backward and forward.

"H'm, that's strange," he said, taking out the key and turning it over thoughtfully in his hand. "Yer didn't think as there were *another* key in this 'ouse that would open your cupboard, did yer, Bolderfield?"

The old man sank weeping on a chair. He was too broken, too exhausted, to revile Bessie any more.

"Yo' tell her, Muster Saunders," he said, "to gi'e it me back! I'll not ast for all on it, but some on it, Muster Saunders—some on it. She *can't* a spent it. She must a got it somewhere. Yo 'speak to her, Muster Saunders. It's a crule thing to rob an old man like me—an' her own mother's brother. Yo' speak to 'er—an' yo', too, Mary Ann."

He looked piteously from one to the other. But his misery only seemed to goad Bessie to fresh fury. She turned upon him, arms akimbo.

"Oh! an' of course it must be *me* as robs yer! It couldn't be nobody else, could it? There isn't tramps, an' thieves, an' rogues—'undreds of 'em—going about o' nights? Nary one, I believe yer! There isn't another thief in Clinton Magna, nobbut Bessie Costrell, is ther? But yer'll not blackguard me for nothin', I can tell yer. Now will yer jest oblige me by takin' yourselves off? I shall 'ave to clean up after yer"—she pointed, scornfully, to the marks of their muddy boots on the floor—"an' it's gettin' late."

"One moment, Mrs. Costrell," said Saunders, gently rubbing his hands. "With your leave, John and I ull just inspeck the cupboard *hup*stairs before leavin', an' then we'll clear out double quick. But we'll 'ave one try if we can't 'it on somethin' as ull show 'ow the thief got in—with your leave, of *coorse*."

Bessie hesitated; then she threw

some spoons she held into the water beside her with a violent gesture.

"Go where yer wants," she said, and returned to her washing.

Saunders began to climb the narrow stairs, with John behind him. But the smith's small eyes had a puzzled look.

"There *somethin'* rum," he said, to himself. "'Ow *did* she spend it all? As she been carryin' on with someone be'ind Isaac's back, or is Isaac in it, too? It's one or t'other."

Meanwhile Bessie, left behind, was consumed by a passionate effort of memory. *What* had she done with the key, the night before, after she had locked the cupboard? Her brain was blurred. The blow—the fall—seemed to have confused even the remembrance of the scene with Timothy. How was it, for instance, that she had put the box back in the wrong place? She put her hand to her head, trying in an anguish to recollect the exact details.

The little widow sat meanwhile a few yards away, her thin hands clasped on her lap in her usual attitude of humble entreaty; her soft gray eyes, brimmed with tears, were fixed on Bessie. Bessie did not know that she was there—that she existed.

The door had closed after the two men. Bessie could hear vague movements, but nothing more. Presently she could bear it no longer. She went to the door and opened it.

She was just in time. By the light of the bit of candle that John held, she saw Saunders sitting on the stair, the shadow of his huge frame thrown black on the white wall; she saw him stoop suddenly, as a bird pounces; she heard an exclamation, then a sound of metal.

Her involuntary cry startled the men above.

"All right, Mrs. Costrell," said Saunders, briskly, "all right. We'll be down directly."

She came back into the kitchen, a mist before her eyes, and fell heavily on a chair by the fire. Mary Anne approached her, only to be pushed back. The widow stood listening, in an agony.

It took Saunders a minute or two to complete his case. Then he slowly descended the stairs, carrying the box, his great weight making the house shake. He entered the kitchen first, John behind him. But at the same moment that they appeared the outer door opened, and Isaac Costrell, preceded by a gust of snow, stood on the threshold.

"Why, John!" he cried, in amazement—"an' *Saunders!*"

He looked at them, then at Mary Anne, then at his wife.

There was an instant's dead silence. Then the tottering John came forward.

"An' I'm glad yer come, Isaac, that I am—thankful! Now yer can tell me what yer wife's done with my money. D'yer mind that box? It wor you an' I carried it across that night as Watson come out on us. An' yo'll bear me witness as we locked it up, an' yo' saw me tie the two keys roun' my neck—yo' *did*, Isaac. An' now, Isaac"—the hoarse voice began to tremble—"now there's two—suverins—left, and one arf-crown—out o' seventy-one pound fower an' sixpence—seventy-one pound, Isaac! Yo'll get it out on 'er, Isaac, yer will, won't yer?"

He looked up, imploringly.

Isaac, after the first violent start, stood absolutely motionless, Saunders observing him. As one of the main props of Church Establishment in the village, Saunders had no great opinion of Isaac Costrell, who stood for the dissidence of dissent. The two men had never been friends, and Saunders in this affair had perhaps exercised the quasi-judicial functions the village had long by common consent allowed him, with more readiness than usual.

As soon as John ceased speaking, Isaac walked up to Saunders.

"Let me see that box," he said, peremptorily, "put it down."

Saunders, who had rested the box on the back of a chair, placed it gently on the table, assisted by Isaac. A few feet away stood Bessie, saying nothing, her hand holding the duster on her hip, her eyes following her husband.

He looked carefully at the two sovereigns lying on the bit of old cloth which covered the bottom of the box, and the one half-crown that Timothy had forgotten; he took up the bit of

cloth and shook it, he felt along the edge of the box, he examined the wrenched lock.

Then he stood for an instant, his hand on the box, his eyes staring straight before him in a kind of dream.

Saunders grew impatient. He pushed John aside, and came to the table, leaning his hands upon it, so as to command Isaac's face.

"Now look 'ere, Isaac," he said, in a different voice from any that he had yet employed, "let's come to business. These 'ere are the facks o' this case, an' 'ow we're agoin' to get over 'em, I don' see. John leaves his money in your cupboard. Yo' an' he lock it up, an' John goes away with 'is keys 'ung roun' 'is neck. Yo' agree to that? Well an' good. But there's *another* key in your 'ouse, Isaac, as opens John's cupboard. Ah——"

He waved his hand in deprecation of Isaac's movement.

"I dessay yo' didn't know nowt about it—that's noather 'ere nor there. Yo' try John's key in that there door"—he pointed to the cupboard by the fire—"an' yo'll find it fits *ex*—act. Then, thinks I, where's the key as belongs to that 'ere cupboard? An' John an' I goes upstairs to look about us, an' in noa time at aw, I sees a 'ole in the skirtin'. I whips in my finger—lor' bless yer! I knew it wor there the moment I sets eyes on the hole."

He held up the key triumphantly. By this time no Old Bailey lawyer making a hanging speech could have had more command of his task.

"'Ere then we 'ave"—he checked the items off on his fingers—"box locked up—key in the 'ouse as fits it, unbeknown to John—money tuk out—key 'idden away. But that's not all—not by long chalks—there's another side to the affair *hal*together."

Saunders drew himself up, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and cleared his throat.

"Per'aps yer don' know—I'm sartin sure yer don' know—leastways I'm hinclined that way—as Mrs. Costrell"—he made a polite inclination toward Bessie—"'ave been makin' free with money—fower—five—night a week at the 'Spotted Deer'—fower—five—night a week. She'd used to treat every young feller, an' plenty old uns too, as turned up; an' there was a many as only went to Dawson's becos they knew as she'd treat 'em. Now she didn't go on tick at Dawson's; she'd *pay*—an' she allus payed in arf-crowns. An' those arf-crowns were curous arf-crowns; an' it came into Dawson's 'ead as he'd colleck them arf-crowns. Ee wanted to see summat, ee said—an' I dessay ee did. An' people began to taak. Last night theer wor a bit of a roompus, it seems, while Mrs. Costrell was a payin another o' them things, an' summat as was said come to my ears—an' come to Watson's. An' me and Watson 'ave been makin' inquiries—an' Mr. Dawson wor obligin' enough to make me a small loan, ee wor. Now I've got just one question to ask o' John Borroful."

He put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a silver coin.

"Is that yourn, John?"

John fell upon it with a cry.

"Aye, Saunders, it's mine. Look ye 'ere, Isaac, it's a king's 'ead. It's Willum—not Victory. I saved that un up when I wor a lad at Mason's, an' look yer, there's my mark in the corner—every arf-crown I ever 'ad I marked like that."

He held it under Isaac's staring eyes, pointing to the little scratched cross in the corner.

"'Ere's another, John—two on 'em," said Saunders, pulling out a second and a third.

John, in a passion of hope, identified them both.

"Then," said Saunders, slapping the table solemnly, "theer's nobbut one more thing to say—an' sorry I am to say it. Them coins, Isaac"—he pointed a slow finger at Bessie, whose white, fierce face moved involuntarily—"them arf-crowns wor paid across the bar lasst night, or the night afore, at Dawson's, by *yor wife*, as is now stannin' there, an' she'll deny it if she can!"

For an instant the whole group preserved their positions—the breath suspended on their lips.

Then Isaac strode up to his wife, and gripped her by the arms.

"Did yer do it?" he asked her.

He held her, looking into her eyes. Slowly she sank away from him; she would have fallen, but for a chair that stood beside her.

"Oh, yer brute!" she said, turning her head to Saunders an instant, and speaking under her breath, with a kind of sob. "Yer *brute!*"

Isaac walked to the door, and threw it open.

"Per'aps yer'll go," he said, grimly.

And the three went, without a word.

(To be concluded.)



AMERICAN WOOD-ENGRAVERS—FRANK FRENCH

IN saying anything about Frank French and his work, it seems hardly necessary to state that he was born in New England. For a number of years he has shown in his work a fondness for, and appreciation of, New England types of character and scenes, plainly proving his title "to the manner born." In the first article contributed by him to the pages of a magazine, in August, 1889, "Wood-Engravers in Camp," he described a delightful and unique outing near Hadley, Mass., spent in his friend Kingsley's famous sketching-car on wheels. He said then, referring to the subjects of his drawings: "For my part I have tried to introduce, to such as may care to know them, some of the fast disappearing types of a sturdy race who have lived untrammelled by the mandates of fashion, and who have preserved their independent and original character, both in the inward being and its outward expression. I have done this work without one moment of careless or flippant thoughtlessness, and while I am deeply conscious of the faults of technique, I hope I have atoned for them by the earnest purpose which has actuated me. Not one wrinkle upon the faces of these time-worn veterans has been traced by me without increasing my respect for my rude New England forefathers, for I see in them that which reminds me of my boyhood days."

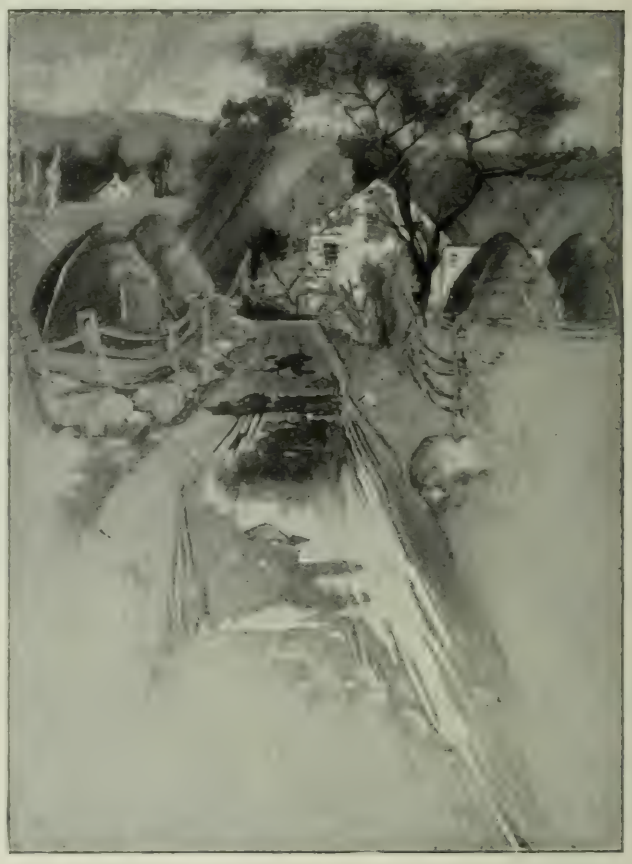
French's boyhood was spent on a farm at Loudon, N. H. His early expressed wish to become an artist was

*** The illustrations in this article are from original drawings by French.

encouraged by the appreciative help of a sister, who gave him instruction in drawing. Wishing to make his drawings available as illustrations, he bought a set of wood-engraver's tools, and at the end of two weeks he had made such progress as to attract the attention of the owner of the *Weekly Mirror and Farmer*, who offered him a position on the paper to draw and engrave illustrations of fine stock and prize poultry for its pages. To his old friend, Henry W. Herrick, however, he owed his first practical and experienced training in the principles of his art. Mr. Herrick, an artist and engraver of the old school, won much distinction by his admirable reproductions of drawings by F. O. C. Darley and Sir John Gilbert. French says, speaking of the great value to him of the friendship and instruction of his old teacher, "his criticism, patient help, and encouragement kept the grass from growing between his studio and mine."

When *Scribner's Monthly* was started in 1870, French was one of those attracted by its excellent illustrations, and realizing the new field it presented for the work of the wood-engraver he decided to take up that art as a profession. In 1872 he came to New York under engagement to the American Tract Society, for whom he worked for two years. Five years later he became associated with J. G. Smithwick, with whom he continued in partnership in a general business of engraving for several years. During this time the firm had a number of pupils, and some of the best known of the younger engravers of to-day are numbered among them.

Regarding his principles of teaching, French says that the test of fitness for a pupil in engraving was a positive talent for drawing; mere manual dexterity with the graver was never a substitute for an innate art sense. To develop individuality and native ability was always a prime consideration. He does not believe in any school or particular style or method. The object to be attained is, above all, a conscientious interpretation of the picture before him. Choice of line and treatment throughout should carefully follow the original; there is no excuse for introducing the personal feelings or preferences of the engraver, his first duty is to his subject as put before him. This sense of obligation, freed from any restrictions of theory as to what wood-engraving should or should not attempt, French says, gave life to and underlies the so-called new school, the school that brought forth so many sharp words of criticism from W. J. Linton and his followers. It was a dropping of the conventions of the past, an assertion of the right to attain results by any method that would reproduce originals without loss.



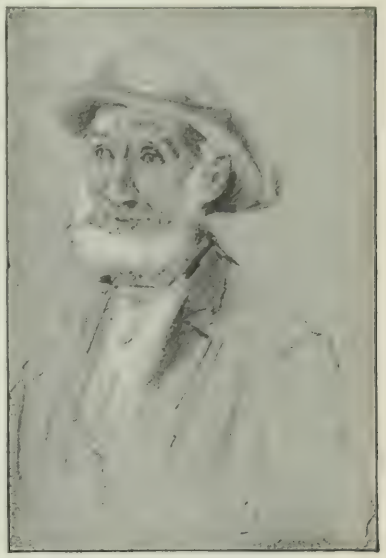
French is known as a painter as well as an engraver, and his pictures are often seen at the exhibitions. Readers of Scribner's Magazine will remember two delightful articles that have appeared in its pages, "A Day with a Country Doctor," in November, 1890, and "A New England Farm," in April, 1893, "written, drawn, and engraved" by French.

French has never favored the eccen-



tricities of wood-engraving, such as the imitation of brush-marks or the textures of charcoal, and other mediums. He is, above all, a careful and conscientious workman, and makes it a point before undertaking an engraving to carefully and earnestly study the special characteristics of the picture he is to reproduce, and to try to put himself in complete harmony with the artist's purposes. To this care he points with satisfaction, for he has never yet had a block refused, or engraved one the second time.

Versatility, resourcefulness, painstaking, justly qualify all of French's work. He is a member of the Society of American Wood-Engravers, and was one of the committee of three chosen by them to select and superintend the making of the beautiful "Portfolio of Proofs," published by the Society some years ago.



An Old Hypocrite.
Pencil study by French.

SORRENTO

By John Hay

The mirthful gods who ruled o'er Greater Greece
Created this fair land in some high mood
Of frolic joy; the smiling heavens brood
Over a scene soft-whelmed in jocund peace.
Gay clamors, odorous breathings never cease
From basking crag, lime-grove and olive wood;
Swart fishers sing from out the sparkling flood
Where once the sirens sang in luring ease.
The curved beach swarms with brown-skinned boys and girls
Dancing the tarantella on the sands,
Their limbs alive with music's jollity;
And ever, where the warm wave leaps and swirls
With glad embrace clasping the bowery lands—
Breaks the tumultuous laughter of the sea.



THE BICYCLE

THE WHEEL OF TO-DAY

By Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

FROM the time of my early childhood I have had the notion that flying must be the height of bliss, and not even the example of Darius Green and his mishaps deterred me from an attempt at a flying-machine. When I was nine years old I constructed a pair of wings. Nevertheless, like the small boy who defined faith as "believin' a thing that you knew wasn't true," I had faith in my flying-machine, but an innate conviction that it might not work. So I fastened it to the arms of a younger brother before pushing him off the roof of our wood-shed. I had assured him that with those wings he could fly in a way that would surprise him. It did surprise him. He came to the ground in a condition that resulted in a sound thrashing for me.

Some years later, when in Paris, I paid a franc to see a flying-machine—it looked like the combination of a washing-machine and a windmill—which the venerable proprietor and exhibitor assured me would soar into the air like a bird could he but raise the money for two or three cogwheels and other trifles still needed to perfect the apparatus. That was a good many years ago, so that I presume he never raised the money.

Having always had this mild mania for flying, I was much impressed a few years ago when some one said to me: "If you want to come as near flying as we are likely to get in this generation, learn to ride a pneumatic bicycle." Then I began for the first time to take a serious interest in the bicycle upon which my eldest boy was so fond of scurrying around the country; and to-day I am only too willing to say all that I can in its favor. When one begins to tell why the bicycle is one of the great inventions of the century, it is hard to begin, because there is so much to say. A bicycle is better than a horse to ninety-nine men and women out of a hundred, because it costs almost nothing to keep, and it is never tired. It will



The Start from the Westchester Country Club.

take one three times as far as a horse in the same number of days or weeks. In touring with a bicycle I can make fifty miles a day as comfortably as twenty miles on foot, and I can carry all the clothing I need, besides a camera and other traps. The exercise is as invigorating as walking, or more so, with the great advantage that you can get over uninteresting tracts of country twice as fast as on foot. In fact, as any bicyclist knows, walking seems intolerably slow after the wheel; even easy-going tourists, with women in the party, can make forty miles a day and find it play. Perhaps even greater and more important than its use as a touring machine is the bicycle as an every-day help to mechanics, factory hands, clerks, and all people who live in or near small towns. Thanks to this modern wonder, they can live several miles away from their work, thus getting cheaper rents and better surroundings for their children; they can save car-fares and get healthful exercise. For the unfortunate dwellers in cities it offers recreation after working-hours and induces thousands who would never walk to get out into the air and find out for themselves that life without out-door exercise is not living.

How tremendous has been the change in the fortunes of the nickel-plated steed within the last five or six years can only be realized by those who remember the first bicycle exhibitions of a few years ago, and can compare them

with the wonderful show held last January in the Madison Square Garden, in New York. The early shows were held in dingy little halls, and attended by a few thousand persons, who were looked upon by the majority of other people as grown-up children. The bicycle was still a toy five or six years ago. Half a dozen manufacturers exhibited their wares, and the pneumatic tire, then a curiosity imported from England, was viewed with interest, but much doubt as to its practical usefulness. The wheel was still something of a curiosity as a machine for grown men, while women who braved public opinion far enough to ride one in public were looked upon with suspicion.

The high 52-inch wheel, upon which the rider perched himself at the risk of his neck, was still the only one in common use, and had the "Safety" pattern not appeared, it is pretty certain that we should see but little more of the bicycle now than we did then. When I look at the high wheel to-day I rather wonder that any one was ever reckless enough or skilful enough to ride it. It was a matter of weeks to learn to get on it at all, and of months to ride it well; many persons who tried gave it up after a few bad falls. At best the big wheels of a few years ago were fit only for athletic young men; they were out of the question for all other persons and of course for women. The pneumatic tire has been credited with the rapid growth of the bicycle craze, but the introduction of the "Safety" pattern has had much more to do with it. The pneumatic tire adapted to a high wheel only made it higher and heavier. When a wheel was offered that anyone—man, woman, or child—could learn to ride well inside of a fortnight; that exposed the rider to no dangerous falls while learning, and that possessed all the speed of the high wheel with none of its dangers, then, seemingly, every one began to talk bicycles. Now no one is too old or too young to ride a "Safety," and the woman who objects to bicycling is soon likely to be looked upon as more eccentric than her sister who skims along the road in bloomers.

While the "Safety" pattern made the bicycle possible to everyone, of course the pneumatic tire is a great invention. Persons who have never studied the action of this tire may not realize that its purpose is not merely to act as a spring or cushion, but much more. Some pretty experiments made this last winter make this clear. It was shown that upon a perfectly smooth board floor less power was required to propel a steel-rimmed wheel than one with a pneumatic tire. But let a few fine pebbles be sprinkled upon the track and then the power required for the steel tire had to be doubled and even tripled, while that for the pneumatic tire required only a slight increase. The reason is simple enough. Whenever the steel rim encounters an obstruction the whole wheel and the weight it supports has to be lifted in order to go over



Test at the Meadow Cycle Club, New York.



DRAWN BY CHILDE HASSAM.

Claremont Hill—Riverside Drive, New York.



Entrance to Central Park at Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, New York—the Grand Circle.

it; with the pneumatic tire the pebble simply makes a dent in the soft tire, which passes over it without rising. A country road, or almost any road except a smooth floor, offers to the wheel a succession of minute obstacles. The power required to haul a rubber-tire vehicle loaded with 300 pounds over a fairly good gravel road averages 20 pounds, with a maximum of 26 pounds; with a steel-tired vehicle on the same road the average was 41 pounds and the maximum 79 pounds, or three times the resistance of the rubber tire. Hence the remarkable gain in power as well as in comfort effected by the air tire.*

At the show of last January every inch of space in the vast building seemed to be utilized for the display of bicycles, and more was needed; one or two prominent manufacturers felt so aggrieved at the small quarters offered them that they refused to exhibit in the Garden and organized shows of their own outside. Experts at figures estimated that at least thirty million dollars of capital were represented. There were nearly one hundred different makes of bicycles shown by eighty firms, while a score of manufacturers exhibited nothing but bicycle accessories, such as tires, saddles, lanterns, cyclometers, etc. For a whole week the place was crowded.

Various estimates have been made of the output of bicycles for 1895, the figures running as high as four hundred thousand. The sales of wheels last year are said to have been two hundred and fifty thousand. It is generally reported that the business has taken a sudden jump within the last six months, and almost all the manufacturers have been running their factories night and day. An important feature of the business, from the manufacturer's stand, is the growing export trade to Mexico and South America, and even to Europe and Australia. At a bicycle tournament held in the city of Mexico last January, our American riders carried off most of the prizes; the whole population seemed to be bitten with the bicycle craze. English and French manufacturers have endeavored to keep our machines out,

* For a full report of these experiments, see *Good Roads* for January, 1895.

but without success. The Mexicans found, as we have already found here, that the English standard bicycles are heavier by ten pounds than our own, without any compensating advantages.

In one respect the bicycle show was peculiar; all classes seemed to be represented. At the horse show, for instance, or the dog show, the mechanic is never seen; at the bicycle show I noticed hundreds of men, evidently prosperous mechanics, who had come to see more of a machine that offered them at once economy and recreation, a healthful exercise and a saving of car-fares in getting to and from their daily work. One manufacturer to whom I mentioned this feature of the show said that bicycle-makers were particularly interested in the hundreds of bicycle agents from all over the country who came there every morning and who wanted machines to sell to working-men. There was not, he said, a village of five hundred inhabitants within a thousand miles of New York that would not have its regular bicycle agent this summer. "I really believe," said he, a shrewd Yankee, "that between electric cars in cities and the bicycle in the country, the value of horse-flesh will drop almost to nothing within the next twenty years. The time is fast coming when a good, serviceable machine will be sold for $50, or less. Already in every village and town the mechanic and factory hand goes to his work on his wheel, the postman takes his letters around on one; even the doctor and the clergyman make their rounds on wheels. It is far more than a recreation. And these hundreds of agents all talk of the wheel they are going to offer in their towns, not as a sporting machine but as an every-day necessity; they want to know about the durability and the practical work to be got out of a wheel, and its value to the mechanic and shop-clerk."

I was glad to find a manufacturer who would admit that we should some day get good machines for less than $50. Personally I am satisfied that a poor bicycle is a most costly affair. At the same time, the price asked for the best machines, although it has dropped this year from $150 to $125 for specials, and from $125 to $100 for standards, still seems out of proportion to the actual cost. It is said that a good sewing-machine costs less than $10 to make; and it is hard to see why a good bicycle cannot be sold at a fair profit for $50 or less. Probably when the supply catches up with the demand it will be. This year's cut in prices is a promise of better things to come.

Among the novelties of last winter's show the greatest interest seemed to be aroused by the motor bicycle, the hill-climbing attachments, the bamboo and aluminum frames, and the tandems. The motor bicycle, as its name implies, is one to which a hot-air motor, worked by naphtha or kerosene, is attached. It had been used a little in the western part of this State, but until this last show we had seen nothing of it here. In appearance the motor bicycle is longer than the ordinary "Safety" and its whole build is stronger and more clumsy; its frame is solid and its tires are of what is known as the Jumbo type—enormous affairs, three inches in diameter. The motor, or rather motors, for there are two, one on each side of the rear wheel, are small enough to be contained in brass cylinders about a foot long and four inches in diameter. The supply of oil or naphtha is carried in a cylinder placed near the handle-bar, from which the oil trickles down to the motor through one of the frame tubes. The pair of motors weigh but twelve pounds and are said to furnish two-horse power at an expense of one gallon of oil for one hundred miles. The oil is ignited at every stroke of the piston by an electric spark. There are foot-cranks for use in case the motor should give out. The danger of explosion is said to be nothing. On the day of my visit the motor bicycle was not working as usual in the basement, owing to some accident. Some of the *habitués* of the show who had seen the thing run, told me that it seemed to work well enough, but made a good deal of hissing noise. Admitting that it will do all that its manufacturers say, the present cost will prove an obstacle to its wide introduction, the cheapest form being sold at $275, and another—a four-wheeled affair—at $500.

Within the last two years several forms of hill-climbers have come into use, all of them, however, constructed upon virtually the same principle—the introduction of a gearing which shall cause the pedal to make fewer revolutions in proportion to that of the driving or rear wheel; in other words, such devices increase the leverage of the pedal. An old and experienced bicyclist, fond of "century runs," or one hundred miles at a stretch—which I am not—remarks, that so far as he has been able to find out, these hill-climbing devices work well enough, but he doubts their value. If the hill is too hard to ride up, it is steep enough to walk up. Any device to change the gearing at will adds just so much to the cost and intricacy of the machine. I may add, however, that such advice may apply to strong and seasoned riders, who can "pedal" over hills up which the ordinary bicyclist has to foot it.

The much-talked-of bamboo and aluminum bicycles may come under the head of attempts to get rid of weight. In the bamboo bicycle rods of polished bamboo, let into aluminum castings, are used for the frame instead of steel; a steel wire tightened by nuts runs through each rod. The gain in lightness is not great, but the makers claim that the machine runs with more elasticity. Speaking of lightness, aluminum seems likely to achieve wonders for the bicycle in the near future, provided its tendency to corrode under salt air and water can be corrected. Some of the light-weight machines were wonderful, especially one weighing less than nine pounds, which was ridden at the show by a man weighing more than two hundred pounds. Five years ago the average weight of the road bicycle was from forty to fifty pounds. Now, anything weighing more than twenty-five pounds is looked upon with disfavor.

The tandems, upon which, as the name implies, two riders sit, one behind the other, and the duplex bicycles, in which the riders sit side by side on a sort of tricycle, were much in evidence at the show, but do not seem to be gaining favor so fast as the single bicycle. The power used to propel the best form of tricycle is nearly three times that required for a bicycle, so that, even divided between two riders, there is a loss as compared to the bicycle. It is also to be said that there are thousands of miles of country road upon which a bicyclist can find a suitable path, a foot or two wide, where a tricyclist would have a hard time of it. Also, that where the road is broad and level enough for a tricycle, two bicyclists can run along side by side, near enough for conversation, while when it narrows they can take up single file again.

Of bicycling accessories at the show there was no end. Good lamps and cyclometers may now be had for half what they used to cost. Saddles are wonderfully improved, the newest saddle being made of wire springs, looking like piano wires, which, if durable, ought to be perfection, as it is light, cool, and yielding.

With regard to a number of points concerning the bicycle and its use, more can be learned in five minutes' talk with any intelligent agent or amateur than can be told here in many pages. The height of the saddle, the safe distances for a beginner to attempt, the best ways of learning to ride, depend almost wholly upon the rider. Some riders like a high-geared wheel, for instance, sixty-six or more inches, that is to say, one in which every full turn of the pedal is equivalent to the revolution of a wheel sixty-six or more inches in diameter. The higher the gear, of course, the more power required at the pedal, for which reason the low gears, not exceeding sixty-three inches, are best for all day work in touring. With a very high gear hill-climbing is out of the question. Concerning the details of equipment—whether with a brake or without, single or double tires, mud-guards or no guards, metal or wood rims, rubber or rat-trap pedals, each rider must decide. The present tendency is to do away with every superfluous ounce of weight, and brakes, guards, rubber pedals, all mean weight and are not essentials. The battle between the tire makers as to the comparative value of single or double tires is not over. Both have advantages. The double tire—one thin rubber tube containing the air, protected by a stout outer tubing—is not so easy to repair

as the single tire, but neither is it so easily punctured. Wooden rims seem to be having the preference over metal, but some of the aluminum rims are equal to wood in every way and even lighter.

So delicate a piece of machinery as a bicycle, of course, needs care. Every agent will explain how it must be oiled —one oiling to a hundred miles is the usual rule—and the chain rubbed with the mixture of plumbago and tallow sold for that purpose. After use the machine should be cared for as conscientiously as a good gun, if it is to do its best work.

To the beginner in bicycling I should like to say, beware of the cheap bicycle. I know of nothing more disheartening than to have a trip, upon which one may have counted for weeks, cut short by the break-down of a machine. Of course accidents will happen to the best of bicycles, but as a rule they are not serious enough to necessitate long delays. You may run over a piece of broken glass thrown upon the highway by some fiend in human shape, and thus puncture your tire; or a spoke may break, or a nut work loose. But in such cases, if you cannot make the repair yourself—which usually you can—there is a bicycle shop in almost every village nowadays where such things may be made right. But when the mishap is due to radical weakness or bad workmanship in the tire, the frame, or the castings, the best thing to do is either to sell the machine for what it will bring, or never venture more than ten miles away from home. I once made the blunder of getting a cheap bicycle for my boy. No one would imagine that a bicycle could have so many failings as that one developed. Its maker's motto might have been, "For Repairs Only." It was a fortune to the man who repaired it. As fast as one break was patched up another appeared. Several most promising expeditions were broken up by the failure of that rotten machine. One day we started off, my boy and I, to ride from Stamford, Conn., to New London, by way of Long Island, crossing the Sound at Bridgeport. It was a week's trip that we had planned for months, and we got lots of pleasure out of the planning and anticipation. In fact all the pleasure we got out of the trip was of this kind. Our start was a delightful one, early on a lovely June morning when it was a pleasure to breathe, to say nothing of riding a bicycle. Through Darien and Norwalk we pushed gayly on, counting upon reaching Bridgeport, a distance of twenty-five miles, before the noonday sun got a chance at us. For perhaps the tenth time I exclaimed that a bicycle tour was one of the joys of life, when, Bang!—like the explosion of a pistol, the rear tire of my boy's wheel burst. He had run over no glass or nails; the tire had simply exploded in a long slit with which we could do nothing. That was the end of our expedition. We got the wheel to the next town, where an expert told us that he could mend the break, but that the same thing would happen again in an hour. The tire was simply too cheap or rotten for the work.

There are people who declare that there is a certain maliciousness about a bicycle's behavior nothing short of the miraculous. Doubtless we riders all remember the delight every bicycle takes in guiding the beginner straight toward any big bowlder that may be in sight; the road may be fifty feet wide and that the only bowlder within half a mile, but do what we may, the bicycle makes unerringly for that stone, even if it takes us twenty feet out of our way to do it. And if there is anything the bicycle likes better than a big, sharp bowlder, it is a deep puddle. A muddy hole of any kind is a perfect magnet to the bicycle when ridden by a beginner. Experts insist that the beginner's own nervous fear is at the bottom of such mishaps, but the beginner knows better.

A strong confirmation of the theory that credits bicycles with innate viciousness is to be found in the fact that when bicycles do break down it is always just where the accident will give the rider the utmost trouble. In my time I have had a good many annoying accidents happen to my bicycles, but never within a mile or two of home. I could ride my wheel over broken glass and tin cans all summer if only I kept near home. But let me decide upon a

touring trip and start off — unless I have a really first-class machine, something is sure to happen. In the course of one short tour last summer I was unlucky enough to break one of the frame-bars the second day out, and the pedal-crank the third day. The frame I patched up with the aid of some wire and a friendly blacksmith. The pedal-crank, a piece of steel, could not be fixed. And of course that crank broke when I was fifteen miles from a railway station, in a forsaken district near Salem, back of New London. There was a flaw in the casting. It was the hottest day of a hot summer—July 20th —and the accident happened about noon, the hottest part of the day. It is bad enough to know that you will have to give up your trip, for a new crank-bar takes time to get. It is worse to have to trundle a wrecked machine for miles, stopping at every farm-house, like Mr. Pickwick with his balky horse, to ask for help. Finally, after risking sunstroke for an hour or two, I found a boy who drove me to New London, reaching there after six o'clock. I never swear; if I did, it would be upon such an occasion, when a rascally manufacturer sells something that will not do the work it is bought to do. That one or two such experiences do not disgust one forever with bicycling shows the charm of the thing. A poor bicycle is a most costly investment.

In the manufacturing town where I live in winter, I know scores of men who get pleasure and profit out of their bicycles by riding to and from their work, and I know also that there are thousands of city men and women who delight in spinning along the asphalt pavement of the Boulevards after the day's office work is done. Such use of the bicycle is well enough so far as it goes, but for those who can make the opportunity the greatest boon the machine offers is the possibility of roaming over much interesting country at small expense. Take, for instance, the usual fortnight's vacation of most city men, and see what may be accomplished with the aid of a good bicycle. In a fortnight, if the rider has kept himself in good condition by practice after business hours, he can make a distance of six hundred miles with ease, more than twice what he could do on foot or even with a horse, and at no more expense than on a walking tour. If he is a member of the League of American Wheelmen, a privilege costing but a dollar a year, he will be able to get lower hotel rates than the rest of the world. This League, by the way, publishes the best maps for touring that we have, giving an account of the condition of the various roads a bicyclist may take in travelling from one place to another, with a list of the hotels where he may expect a welcome at reduced rates.

Six hundred miles in a fortnight is about as much as most people will want to make for pleasure. It is possible to ride one hundred miles in a day, and experts will keep this rate up for a week at a time. My own practice when touring is to get off as early in the morning as possible, and yet not too early to get a good breakfast. I ride at about six miles an hour, seldom more than that unless I am in a hurry, getting off to walk up all hills that deserve the name, and stopping to pick a flower or admire a view whenever the spirit prompts.

By starting at seven o'clock, which is not an early hour in summer—six o'clock is better—I have made my thirty miles at noon. During the morning I am pretty sure to pass a baker's shop where good things are on view, and I buy some rolls or crackers, carrying the bag with me until I come to some quiet nook, the bank of a stream by preference, where I can wash, eat my luncheon, take a look at the morning paper bought in the last village, and smoke a pipe. The noon stop does not last more than an hour. By one o'clock I am a-wheel again and ready for the three hours' run that will finish my fifty miles at four o'clock, when, if my route is rightly planned, I ought to reach some town or village where I find a suitable hotel. Once there, I put on fresh underclothes, the soiled clothes of the ride going to the laundress to be washed out at once, and I am ready for an inspection of the town at the pleasantest hour of the day —when the sun gets low, and everyone turns out for a breath of air. And no matter what the heat, I am ready for

the best dinner that mine host can offer, and a good night's sleep. Such touring need not cost more than two dollars a day for each person.

I know that some men, fond of touring, adopt a wholly different plan—they ride early in the morning and late in the afternoon, taking a long rest in some shady nook during the heat of the day. For several reasons, and after trying both ways, I prefer to make my day's journey in practically one stretch. In the first place, on account of clothing. Except in really cold weather the bicyclist is pretty sure to find himself covered with dust and bathed in perspiration at the end of his morning's ride. Therefore, if a stop of several hours is to be made, he must change clothing by the roadside, and either wash it out himself in some stream or carry it with him till night. He must take it off, or he will catch cold, sitting and sleeping in the shade. In the next place, unless he knows the road exactly and the distance he has to make, he will feel more or less hurried; the chances are two to one that he will arrive at his stopping-place covered with dust, his second suit of underclothes soaked in perspiration, late for dinner, and too tired to enjoy it. By the time he has washed and dressed, dined or supped, he is too tired to look about the town, which may be well worth the attention; and he thus loses, what to me is one of the pleasures of my trips—the stroll along streets that are new to me, and the sight of hundreds of strange, and sometimes pretty faces. To wander around a quaint New England town wholly new to me, to watch the shopkeepers light up their wares for the evening, to see the life and brightness of the place as the electric lights burst forth, and the streets fill with people—all the people in these small towns seem to do their shopping in the evening—and perhaps to end by a visit to the local theatre, all this constitutes a feature of a tour that I prize. Or I may go to church. In either theatre or church you may see the people of the town face to face, and learn more about them than by days of loitering in their streets.

A friend with whom I once made a bicycle tour believes that the expense of such trips could be much reduced by eliminating the hotel, and camping out. His plan necessitates the carriage of some sort of tent, cooking utensils, and food to last for a meal or two. I have never tried it, but may do so this summer. We propose to use a light drill for tent material, the two bicycles forming the ridge pole, and the tent being thus not more than three feet high, a mere covered hole to crawl into when bedtime comes. Aluminum cooking utensils might be used. Firewood may be found anywhere. If cooking is out of the question owing to the weight of the apparatus, it would be easy to buy one's meals in the villages. The objections to this scheme are apparent, and except to show upon how few cents a day one may enjoy the pleasures of travel, I have my doubts about it. To make a comfortable bed on the ground will require much clothing, which again means weight. There is also the danger of catching cold, the difficulty of getting washing done, etc.

While talking of weight, it may be worth while to say something of the touring outfit that I have found most convenient. The best clothes-carrier is the flat, triangular bag built to fit between the frame-bars; it is better than a knapsack strapped to the handle-bar, because the weight is carried lower down, making the machine less top-heavy, and it leaves the handle-bar free for any light parcel. My outfit consists of three light outing-shirts, three suits of gauze underclothing, a dark flannel bicycle suit, laced tanned gaiters, light-weight rubber coat, comb, clothes-, hair-, and tooth brushes, soap and towel, cup, writing pad and pencil, map and matches; and, of course, the regular kit of tools and materials for road repairs. Another suit of clothes suitable for calls and Sundays would be pleasant to have, and other shirts and shoes, but this means weight. Now that the bicyclist's knickerbockers are seen everywhere in summer, even at the theatre and in church, it is hardly necessary to carry more than essentials. An umbrella is not needed; if one has a rubber coat for stormy weather, he can ride, rain or no rain, while it is next to impossible to ride and carry an umbrella,

whether for sun or rain. Gaiters are better than low shoes, which are apt to fill with sand when the road is too soft to ride.

To come back to my point of beginning: When a good and safe flying-machine is introduced at a price that I can afford, I shall perhaps abandon my bicycle. Until that time—and I am very much afraid that it will not be in my time—I shall hold fast to it. I see nothing to compare with it, not even the pneumatic skate-roller, upon which experts in England are said to have made as high as twelve miles an hour upon a fair road. How about hills? The slightest rise in the road must compel the foot bicyclist to take off his skates and carry them over his shoulder.

I shall hold fast to my pneumatic "Safety," thanks to which I have enjoyed scores of days that live in the memory. The bicycle tempts one outdoors. There is something about bicycling and tennis-playing that enables one to enjoy either, when the mercury rises to a point where all other exercise seems forbidden. Upon days when I should hesitate to take out a horse I have enjoyed a quiet turn upon my wheel. There is an independence about it that one doesn't feel in driving. Keep a note-book, and when your summer's tour is over, count up how many glorious days, how many bits of scenery and of adventure are well worth remembering. It is only from the top of a hill that one gets all there is of beauty in a fine sunset. Sometimes, when belated, I have enjoyed from my wheel pictures of the dying day so glorious, bursts of color so resplendent, as to make one regret the shortness of life if for no other reason than that such superb triumphs of color have filled the skies before we were here to see them, and will continue to glow for generations after we are gone. To paraphrase Mr. Gilbert's Pooh Bah, there will be sunsets without end; we may not see them, but they will be there.

To wheel quietly up and down hill and across the valley, miles away from so-called civilization, and yet knowing that with a good bicycle miles mean but little; to wheel along drinking in the perfumes of the morning with the songs of the birds, and at even, thankful for the matchless glow in the west and the music of the cow-bells; to wheel silently at sunset into some peaceful village where your guide-book bids you expect a welcome—and at reduced rates—all this is worth celebrating. The use of travel, says Dr. Johnson, is to regulate the imagination by reality. Thanks to the bicycle we have the joys and benefits of this discipline almost without cost, and without the fatigue incident to prolonged tramps on foot.

WOMAN AND THE BICYCLE

By Marguerite Merington

The collocation of woman and the bicycle has not wholly outgrown controversy, but if the woman's taste be for the royal pleasure of glowing exercise in sunlit air, she will do well quietly but firmly to override argument with the best model of a wheel to which she may lay hand.

Never did an athletic pleasure from which the other half is not debarred come into popularity at a more fitting time than cycling has to-day, when a heavy burden of work is laid on all the sisterhood, whether to do good, earn bread, or squander leisure; no outdoor pastime can be more independently pursued, and few are as practicable as many days in a year. The one who fain would ride, and to whom a horse is a wistful dream, at least may hope to realize a wheel. Once purchased, it needs only to be stabled in a passageway, and fed on oil and air.

The first women cyclists of New York City seemed to rise in a heroic handful from the earth near Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive. That was years ago. To-day, on the broad western highway

of the city a dotted line of riders, men and women, forms a fourth parallel to the dark band which the Palisades stretch across the sky, the Hudson's silver width, and the white thread of flying smoke from the trains beside the river. They ride from the first day of spring to the last privileged days of frosty winter. They ride from morning to high noon, and their lanterned wheels purr by with the gleam of a cat's eye through the dark. A moon sends hordes of their queer cobwebby shadows scurrying over the ground. In the revolving years, to the eyes of those whose windows overlook the wheelways, the woman cyclist has ceased to be a white blackbird. The clear-eyed, vivified faces that speed by give no clue to the circumstances of the riders, but inquiry shows that many callings and conditions love the wheel. The woman of affairs has learned that an hour, or even half an hour, may be stolen from the working day, with profit to both woman and affairs. Now and again a complaint arises of the narrowness of woman's sphere. For such disorder of the soul the sufferer can do no better than to flatten her sphere to a circle, mount it, and take to the road. An hour of the wheel means sixty minutes of fresh air and wholesome exercise, and at least eight miles of change of scene; it may well be put down to the credit side of the day's reckoning with flesh and spirit.

The eye of the spectator has long since become accustomed to costumes once conspicuous. Bloomer and tailor-made alike ride on unchallenged; tunicked and gaitered Rosalinds excite no more remark than every-day people in every-day clothes. No one costume may yet claim to represent the pastime, for experiment is still busy with the problem, but the results are in the direction of simplicity and first principles. Short rides on level roads can be accomplished with but slight modification of ordinary attire, and the sailor hat, shirt waist, serge skirt uniform is as much at home on the bicycle as it is anywhere else the world over. The armies of women clerks in Chicago and Washington who go by wheel to business, show that the exercise within bounds need not impair the spick-and-spandy neatness that marks the bread-winning American girl. On the excursion a special adaptation of dress is absolutely necessary, for skirts, while they have not hindered women from climbing to the topmost branches of the higher education, may prove fatal in down-hill coasting; and skirts, unless frankly shortened or discarded, must be fashioned so as to minimize the danger of entanglement with the flying wheel. Knickerbockers, bloomers, and the skirt made of twin philabegs, all have their advocates; Pinero's youngest Amazon has set a pretty fashion for the cyclist, and many of the best riders make their records in a conventional cloth walking-dress with cone-shaped skirt worn over the silk trousers of an odalisque, or the satin breeks of an operatic page. This sounds costly, but it need not be. Here and there a costume strikes the spectator as an experiment, but the sincerity of all is unquestioned, for absence of self-consciousness has characterized the woman cyclist from the outset. The pastime does not lend itself to personal display, and in criticism the costume must be referred, not to the standards of the domestic hearthrug, but to the exigencies of the wheel, the rider's positions to the mechanical demands of the motion; accordingly, the cyclist is to be thought of only as mounted and in flight, belonging not to a picture, but to a moving panorama. If she ride well, the chances are she looks well, for she will have reconciled grace, comfort, and the temporary fitness of things.

Regarding bicycling purely as exercise, there is an advantage in the symmetry of development it brings about, and a danger in riding too fast and far. The occasional denunciation of the pastime as unwomanly, is fortunately lost in the general approval that a new and wholesome recreation has been found, whose pursuit adds joy and vigor to the dowry of the race.

Having reached these conclusions, the onlooker is drawn by the irresistible force of the stream. She borrows, hires, or buys a wheel and follows tentatively. Her point of view is forever after changed; long before practice has made her an expert she is an enthusiast, ever ready to proselyte, defend—or ride!

There is full opportunity in and about New York City for the daily hour with the wheel. From Christmas to Christmas Central Park is a favorite haunt of the cyclist when the weather is kind, and indeed a fine frenzy once set rolling the eye of a poet, who told of a wintry flight among snow-laden pine-trees over sheets of frozen snow. It sounded like a Norse Saga, but the scene was Central Park, the steed a wheel, and the story true. Riverside Drive and the Boulevard offer fair roads and a breeze coming fresh from the sources of the Hudson, untainted as it sweeps by Albany; the historic ground of Washington Heights is practicable as well as picturesque, for the Father of his country outlined a clear march for the city's gigantic stride; Washington Bridge is a fine objective point where the rider will surely dismount to rest in the embrasure of the parapets, and admire the view up and down stream where the little Harlem wriggles along between its high green banks. For the longer ride, by crossing Madison Avenue Bridge a wheel-worthy road leads to Westchester and Mount Vernon. There is a ferry at Fort Lee, and a good road even in New Jersey, skirting the trap-rock battlements at whose base the Hudson lies like a broad moat. People who return from Tarrytown speak rather boastfully of the hills.

Far-reaching dreams of summer may bear the traveller of the wheel through clean stretches in the Berkshires, on sunny lanes of Normandy, among Welsh mountains, or down Roman roads between English hedge-rows, but all the workaday year there are highways radiating from the heart of the city to the borderland of the country, where one may breathe new inspiration for the world—the world that we persist in having too much with us in the getting and spending efforts that lay waste the powers.

SPINNLIED

FOR GRETCHEN ON THE WHEEL

Good health to all, good pleasure, good speed,
A favoring breeze—but not too high—
For the outbound spin! Who rides may read
The open secret of earth and sky.

For life is quickened and pulses bound,
Morbid questionings sink and die
As the wheel slips over the gliddery ground
And the young day wakes in a crimson sky.

Oh, the merry comradeship of the road
With trees that nod as we pass them by,
With hurrying bird and lurking toad,
Or vagabond cloud in the noonday sky!

Oh, the wholesome smell of the good brown earth
When showers have fallen for suns to dry!
Oh, the westward run to the mystic birth
Of a silver moon in a golden sky!

Good health to all, good pleasure, good speed,
A favoring breeze—but not too high—
For the homeward spin! Who rides may read
The open secret of earth and sky.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF BICYCLING

By James B. Townsend

The rapid development of the present interest in bicycling among people of wealth and leisure in America, is perhaps its most striking feature. Scarcely a year has elapsed since the first woman, known at all in and to the fashionable world of New York, rode her wheel along the Boulevard and through Central Park, and this she did amid all manner of adverse comment from and by her associates. A few society men—so called—of an adventurous and athletic turn of mind, rode the well-remembered "high wheel" spasmodically for some years, and some few again essayed the safety bicycle when it was first invented. These, too, were jeered at by their fellows and, with few exceptions, soon abandoned a sport in which they did not find congenial companionship. The society world, which in this generation had taken up croquet, roller-skating, and lawn tennis in turn with avidity, and tired of them in succession, watched with languid glances the bicyclists seen in the streets and met

cided influence on the sport in society everywhere. Cycling has afforded endless satisfaction to the members of this club not only by the rapid and inspiriting motion of the wheel, but in the substantial, or perhaps one might say etherealizing, benefit that it has conferred, in lengthened waists and diminishing bulk. Burgundy, terrapin, and other rich but unwholesome delights of the gourmand are robbed of their retributive terrors while the bicycle exists to neutralize them, and men as well as women smile defiantly at the inroads of age as they glide on their noiseless steeds.



Correct Position—Woman.

During the early winter and spring, when the weather has permitted, the Michaux Club and its fellow, the Brooklyn Cycle Club, have had weekly "road runs"—in other words, rides, participated in by those members so desiring from the club-houses, along some favorite boulevard or road, to some inn or suburban club before decided on, where lunch is enjoyed, with a return by the same or a different route to the starting-point. These road parties are always an attractive sight. Twenty, thirty, perhaps even fifty men and women, all picturesquely attired — for the society cyclist pays the strictest attention to his or her costume—bowling along a boulevard or park drive, on the handsomest, lightest, and most carefully burnished of wheels, their cheeks flushed with the healthful exertion and the rapid movement, the air resounding with laughter and the slight clicking of their many pedals, present a rare picture of life, and movement, and color. There is generally a leader who "sets the pace," as it is called, with due regard to the varying proficiency of his followers, and an attendant usually rides in the rear to aid the laggards and be at hand in the rare case of any accident. Arrived at their destination, all dismount, and then follows a breakfast, lunch, or even dinner, informal, and eaten with a zest which only healthful appetite can give. The most popular objective points for these "road runs," near New York and Brooklyn, are Claremont, the West End Hotel, the Suburban Club at Inwood, the Country Club at Westchester, and Coney Island, and scarcely a fine day in the outdoor season passes without scores of bicyclists visiting these places.

The early morning in Central Park and on Riverside Drive is much favored, particularly by New York women riders, and astride their wheels, and in the most fetching and nattiest of costumes, they flash up and down the wooded drives of the Park or along the Hudson's bank, sometimes in parties of three or four, sometimes alone, often with an attendant cavalier, and form a still novel picture to onlookers. Then, too, there are excursions to delightful suburban retreats—to Englewood and Hackensack, to Yonkers, and even Nyack, to Summit and all through Staten and Long Islands—for the society cyclist is quick to discover good roads and runs, and to enjoy their facilities.

So has cycling added to the pleasure of the life of society men and women in our American cities, particularly in New York. It has brought to them a new and fascinating form of exercise and enjoyment, and has, for a time at least, superseded the horse to a really surprising extent, as is evidenced by the low prices of saddle-horses alone. For this "silent steed" rarely goes lame—except through an easily mended punctured tire—is always ready, always will-



Correct Position—Man.

ing, runs up no expense account for oats and hay, travels over many a foot-path a horse could not follow, and leaves the animal far behind in distance, and even in continuous speed. To the man or woman who rides the wheel for pleasure and exercise, there is no sport comparable to cycling. He or she does not feel it necessary to acquire, or give the impression of having acquired, curvature of the spine, and is oblivious to the charms of racing, or "scorching," as fast riding on the road is called. To sit erect, and glide gracefully and swiftly along, with almost a minimum of exertion, is to this class of cyclists keen enjoyment. They know little and care less for "Class A" or "B," for the constant wrangles of professional bicyclists, and the jealousies of manufacturers. They enjoy the sport for the health which it brings, and for the opportunity which it affords for seeing the land alone or in congenial company, and in an easy way.

It is as yet too early to predict the future of cycling from the social standpoint. Every indication thus far points to its growing popularity, and that we have not as yet reached the crest of the wave in the sport's development. There are those who argue that society women, with their many other distractions, will soon tire of the wheel and even the slight exertion it requires, and that at least they will not keep at riding sufficiently long to acquire that hardness of muscle and endurance necessary to enjoy outdoor riding to its full extent. The justice of this argument remains to be proved, but certainly present sales of wheels to society women, and the crowded state of the riding-schools, would disprove it. The average man's need of exercise—and especially when possible, outdoor exercise—leaves little room to doubt of the lasting popularity of the wheel with the sterner sex.

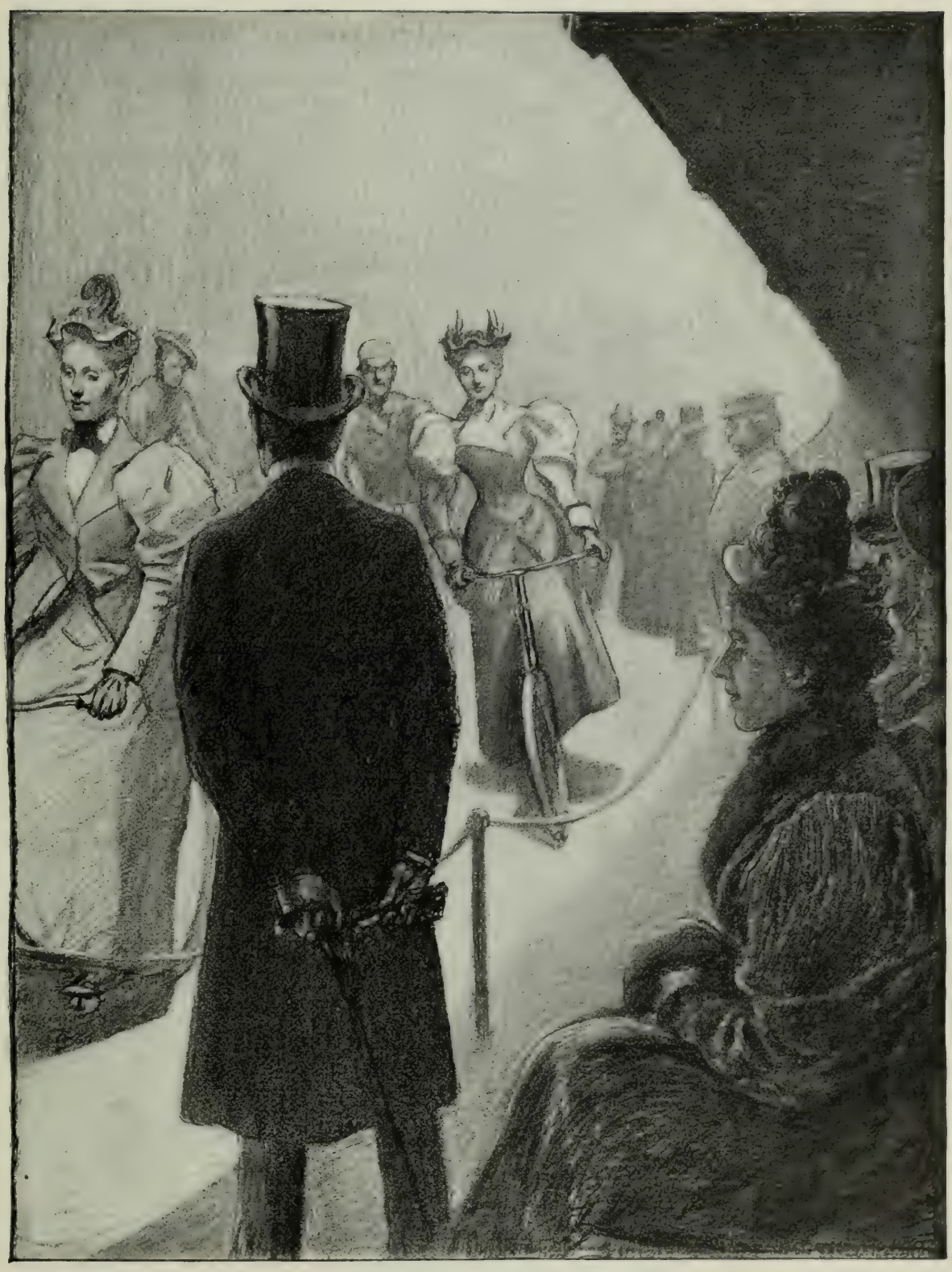
A DOCTOR'S VIEW OF BICYCLING

By J. West Roosevelt, M.D.

When a person whose muscular system is not already well developed by other exercise begins riding the bicycle, he will probably be surprised to find (unless the various bruises incidental to his first attempts are painful enough to mask all other aches) that the stiffness and soreness due to the unaccustomed work are not confined to the legs, or even the region of the hips. Probably he has more discomfort in the thighs than anywhere else; but he soon learns that it is well to avoid too sudden movements of the whole body, for they cause not a little pain in various unexpected parts of the trunk, and especially in the loins and between the shoulder-blades. He discovers also that a number of muscles in his arms and shoulders and

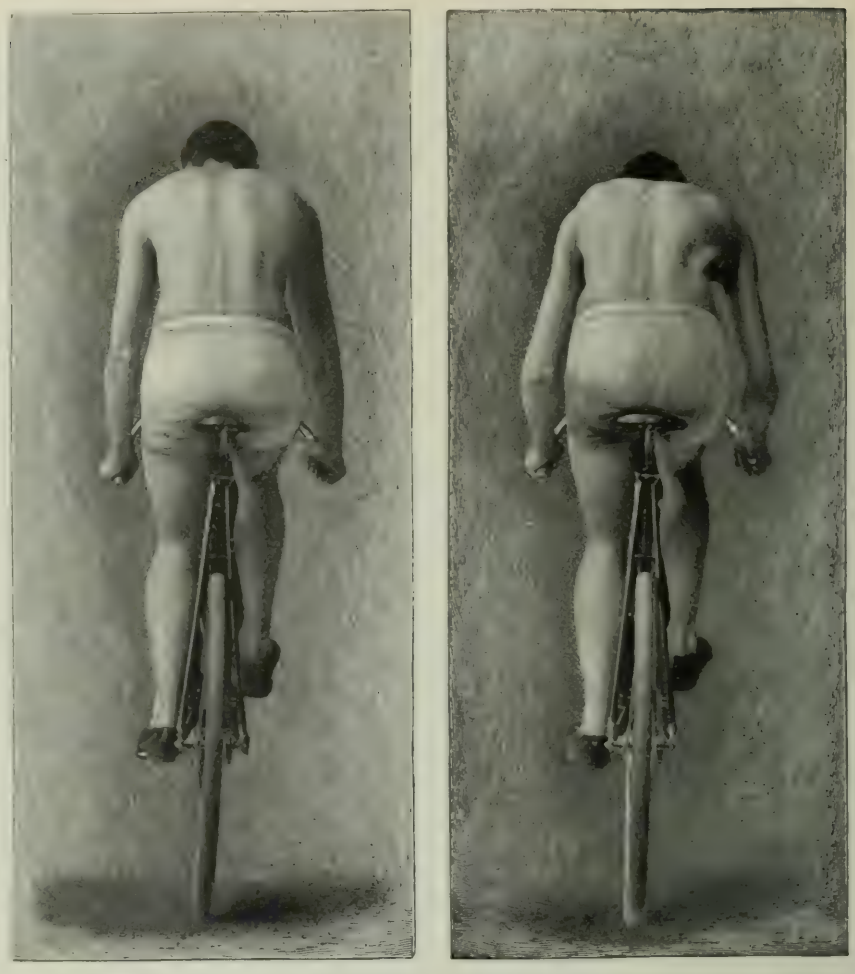


A "Scorcher"—Wrong Position.



At the Michaux Club, New York.

chest are more or less stiff and sore. In this painful way is it demonstrated to him that cycling should not be regarded as an exercise of the legs alone. Observations by experts show that it is not only the legs which are developed by wheeling. In previously sedentary persons a considerable increase in the circumference of the chest takes place, the increase often amounting to one or two, and sometimes even three, inches. The arms and forearms also grow firmer, and it is said that in them also quite a marked increase in size has been seen. The muscular system everywhere in the body also improves in tone.



Back Views of Zimmerman.

At rest. In action.*

It is easy to see why cycling increases the strength of the legs. It is also easy to see why the chest measurement should be increased as a result of the deeper and more rapid breathing. Not only do the respiratory muscles become stronger and larger, but also the joints and cartilages of the ribs move more easily and more freely, because they have been made more limber by use. I do not know of any investigations which may have been made to determine whether or not there is any increased mobility of chest (*i.e.*, extent of expansion and contraction), as a result of bicycle exercise; but it is almost certain that such studies would demonstrate its existence.

The muscles which we have been considering are all directly "exercised," as the word is usually understood, since they all contract and relax more frequently and more forcibly than when a person is either at rest or doing very little work. I have said that the power of muscles not directly (or rather not visibly) employed is also increased. There are two reasons for this. One is that exercise, if not excessive (and especially exercise which is pleasurable and which is taken in the open air), almost always makes the appetite greater, the digestion completer, the heart stronger, and the circulation better; there is a generally improved tone in every organ of the body, simply because all are better and more abundantly fed, including the muscles, both those which are actively used and those which are not. The second reason for the increase of power and size of many muscles which are not connected with the lower extremity, and which the superficial observer would think were not called into play in bicycling, is that they really are in active use, although they appear to be at rest. For example, a large number are concerned in maintaining the equilibrium, so that the wheel does not fall sideways. This requires at times only a perfect balance of the forces of opposing muscles, and at others enough contraction of some of them to shift the weight by inclining the body to one side or the other. Others fix the lower portion of the spine and hip-bones so as to enable the great thigh-muscles to work effectively. In the arms and forearms very delicate adjustment is required in steering, and when hill-climbing or increased speed demand it, a great deal of force is expended by the arms in the firm grip

* The pressure upon the right pedal, accompanied by strong contraction of the muscles of the right side, is especially well marked near the shoulder.

and strong upward pull on the handles which counteracts the strong downward push on the pedals.

There is one muscular structure which bicycling, like every form of physical exertion, compels to do extra work—the heart—and upon its integrity depend not only health and physical vigor, but also life itself. It has often been asserted that wheeling is apt to injure the heart. Is this so? I can only say that, theoretically, it is impossible for such harm to result in sound people, save from attempts to attain a high rate of speed, or from prolonged and fatiguing rides, or from climbing hills which are either very steep or very long; and practically I have been unable to find authentic records of any case in which heart disease has been caused by the use of the wheel in a sensible and moderate way. It may be added that the existence of organic heart disease does not, in the opinion of a number of physicians of great ability, always debar cycling. Indeed, the wheel is actually recommended by some as a valuable aid in the treatment of certain affections of this organ. There is a striking resemblance between bicycling and walking, so far as their effects on the heart are concerned: either may be healthful or harmful. Excessive exertion in either is dangerous, and moderate exertion is beneficial. That cycling is *more apt* to do harm than walking, can hardly be denied: there is much more temptation to ride than to walk too fast on the level; and the hill climbing on the machine, even at a moderate speed, is far more of a strain than walking up the same hill at a speed proportionately moderate, and very few people seem to have sense enough to get off and walk when going up hills. It is safe to assert that for a person capable of acting with common sense no harm will come from either, and certainly no more from one than from the other. If either in wheeling or walking shortness of breath is felt, one knows that an unwonted strain has been thrown upon the heart and lungs—and the intensity and duration of the breathlessness fairly measure the degree of strain. It is safe to assume that if neither shortness of breath nor palpitation of the heart be felt, the strain is not excessive. A physician who has given much thought to the subject says that, so long as the cyclist can *breathe with the mouth shut*, he is certainly perfectly safe so far as heart-strain is concerned.



At Rest—Muscles of Arm, Body, and Neck Relaxed.



In Action — Muscles of Neck, Shoulder, Arm, and Upper Parts of the Body Contracted.

It has often been asserted that cycling is injurious to women. There is a little truth in the assertion. Paraphrasing one of Lincoln's sentences, I would modify it and say that cycling is harmful to *some* women *all* of the time; to *all* women *some* of the time; but not to *all* women *all* of the time. There is no reason to think that a healthy woman can be injured by using the wheel,



A Side View of A. A. Zimmerman in Racing Position on a Wheel of His Own Design.

provided she does not over-exert herself by riding too long a time, or too fast, or up too steep hills; and provided she does not ride when common sense and physiology alike forbid any needless exertion; and provided also she does not get the bad habit of stooping over the handle bar; and there *is* reason, not merely to *think*, but to *know*, that many women are greatly benefited by the exercise. There are certain anatomical and physiological peculiarities which make it far more dangerous for a woman than for a man to undergo excessive physical strain; but if she be careful to avoid strain, cycling is both beneficial and safe for any woman who is free from organic disease.

The same may be said of men and children and adolescents of either sex. If no organic disease exists, bicycling in moderation tends to increase strength and improve health, except in persons who find by practical trial that every ride, no matter how short and easy, is followed by a feeling of exhaustion. I do not mean merely a rather comfortable sense of fatigue; I mean a weariness which is painful. Human beings are not all built alike, and there are some people who, although they seem to be in good health and to possess not a little physical strength, ought not to ride the wheel, simply because, for some unknown reason, they are not able to ride without injuring themselves. There

is some peculiarity about their body machinery which forbids its use in this particular way.

There is one bad habit into which many wheelmen have fallen (or perhaps one ought to say "slouched"), which calls for sharp condemnation, for reasons partly medical and partly æsthetic. There is absolutely no reason for stooping over the handles in either of the two ways so commonly seen—and there is no excuse for so doing—in ordinary road riding. It may be necessary for the "scorcher," when engaged in "scorching," to assume the one or the other of these attitudes—to sprawl with the body straight but almost horizontal, and the head close to the handle bar, or to bend the upper part of the back as if trying to break it in its middle, and throw the shoulders forward as if desiring to make them meet across his breast. Even so—one who is not "scorching" does not need to make himself a hideous object to look at, and also to reduce the benefits of wheeling to a minimum, so far as its effect on the chest capacity is concerned.

When high speed is attempted the body must be bent forward and the handles must be low. The stooping posture reduces the surface exposed to the resisting air, and also makes possible the effective use of many more muscles than can be used when the cyclist sits erect, as do those on pages 707 and 708. The picture on page 712 is from a photograph of A. A. Zimmerman. It shows that wonderful rider in the position assumed by him when making his record-breaking speed. There is something singularly graceful about the curve of the spinal column, and the position of the arms and shoulders. It is the grace which comes from evident power. On page 708 is depicted a "scorcher" of the ordinary type. He is simply a hideous caricature of the real athlete — a man who does not know how to use his muscles, engaged in a futile effort to look as if he does.

STORIES OF GIRLS' COLLEGE LIFE

THE GENIUS OF BOWLDER BLUFF

By Abbe Carter Goodloe

MISS ARNOLD found him wandering aimlessly, though with a pleased, interested look, around the dimly lit College Library. She had gone there herself to escape for a few moments from the heat and lights and the crowd around the Scotch celebrity to whom the reception was being tendered, and was looking rather desultorily at an article in the latest *Revue des Deux Mondes*, when he emerged from one of the alcoves and stood hesitatingly before her. She saw that he was not a guest. He was not in evening dress—it occurred to her even then how entirely out of his element he would have looked in a conventional dress-suit — but wore new clothes of some rough material which fitted him badly. He was so evidently lost and so painfully aware of it that she hastened to ask him if she could do anything for him.

"I'm lookin' fur my daughter, Ellen Oldham," he said, gratefully. "Do you know her?"

He seemed much surprised and a little hurt when Miss Arnold shook her head, smilingly.

"You see, there are so many——" she began, noting his disappointed look.

"Then I s'pose you can't find her fur me. You see," he explained, gently, "I wrote her I wuz comin' ter-morrer, an' I came ter-night fur a surprise—a surprise," he repeated, delightedly. "But I'm mighty disappointed not ter find her. This is the first time I ever wuz so fur east. But I hed to see Ellen—couldn't stan' it no longer. You see," he con-

tinued, nervously, "I thought mebbe I could stay here three or four days, but last night I got a telegram from my pardner on the mountain sayin' there wuz trouble among the boys an' fur me ter come back. But I—I jest couldn't go back without seein' Ellen, so I came on ter-night fur a surprise, but I must start back right off, an' I'm mighty disappointed not ter be seein' her all this time. Hed no idea yer college wuz such a big place—thought I could walk right in an' spot her," he ran on meditatively—"I thought it wuz something like Miss Bellairs's an' Miss Tompkins's an' Miss Rand's all rolled inter one. But Lord! it's a sight bigger'n that! Well, I'm glad of it. I've thought fur years about Ellen's havin' a college eddication, an' I'm glad to see it's a real big college. Never hed no schoolin' myself, but I jest set my heart on Ellen's havin' it. Why shouldn't she? I've got ther money. Hed to work mighty hard fur it, but I've got it, an' she wanted ter come to college, an' I wanted her ter come, so of course she came. I met another young woman," he continued, smiling frankly at the girl before him; "she wasn't so fine-lookin' as you, but she was a very nice young woman, an' she promised to send Ellen ter me, but she hasn't done it!"

Miss Arnold felt a sudden interest in the old man.

"Perhaps," she began, doubtfully, "if you could tell me what her class is, or in what building she has her rooms, I might find her."

He looked at the young girl incredulously.

"Ain't you never heard of her?" he demanded. "Why, everybody knew her at Miss Bellairs's. But p'r'aps"—in a relieved sort of way—"p'rhaps you ain't been here long. This is Ellen's second year."

Miss Arnold felt slightly aggrieved. "I am a Senior," she replied, and then added, courteously, "but I am sure the loss has been mine."

She could not make this man out, quite — he was so evidently uncultivated, so rough and even uncouth, and yet there was a look of quiet power in his honest eyes, and he was so unaffectedly simple and kindly that she instinctively recognized the innate nobility of his character. She felt interested in him, but somewhat puzzled as to how to continue the conversation, and so she turned rather helplessly to her magazine.

But he came over and stood beside her, looking down wonderingly at the unfamiliar words and accents.

"Can you read all that?" he asked, doubtfully.

Miss Arnold said "Yes."

"Jest like English?" he persisted.

She explained that she had had a French nurse when she was little, and afterward a French governess, and that she had always spoken French as she had English. He seemed to be immensely impressed by that and looked at her very intently and admiringly, and then he suddenly looked away, and said, in a changed tone:

"I never hed no French nurse fur Ellen. Lord! it wuz hard enough to get any kind in them days," he said, regretfully. "But she's been studyin' French fur two years now—p'rhaps she speaks almost as good as you do by this time—she's mighty smart."

Miss Arnold looked up quickly at the honest, kindly face above her with the hopeful expression in the eyes, and some sudden impulse made her say, quite cheerfully and assuringly, "Oh, yes—of course."

She was just going to add that she would go to the office and send someone to look for Miss Oldham, when a slender, rather pretty girl passed the library door, hesitated, peering through the half-light, and then came swiftly toward them.

With a cry of inexpressible tenderness and delight the old man sprang toward her.

"Ellen!" he said, "Ellen!"

She clung to him for a few moments and then drew off rather shyly and awkwardly, with a sort of *mauvaise honte* which struck disagreeably on Miss Arnold, and looked inquiringly and almost defiantly from her father to the girl watching them.

"This young woman," he said, understanding her unspoken inquiry, "has been very kind to me, Ellen — we've been talkin'."

Miss Arnold came forward.

"I think we ought to be friends," she said, graciously. "I am Clara Arnold. Your father tells me this is your Sophomore year."

The girl met her advances coldly and stiffly. She had never met Miss Arnold before, but she had known very well who she was, and she had envied her, and had almost disliked her for her good looks and her wealth and her evident superiority. She comprehended that this girl had been born to what she had longed for in a vague, impotent way and had never known. She wished that Miss Arnold had not witnessed the meeting with her father—that Miss Arnold had not seen her father at all. And then with the shame at her unworthy thoughts came a rush of pity and love for the man standing there, smiling so patiently and so tenderly at her. She put one hand on his arm and drew herself closer to him.

"Father!" she said.

Miss Arnold stood looking at them, turning her clear eyes from one to the other. It interested her tremendously — the simple, kindly old man, in his rough clothes, and with his homely talk and his fatherly pride and happiness in the pretty, irresolute-looking girl beside him. It occurred to her suddenly, with a thrill of pity for herself, that she had never seen her father look at her in that way. He would have been inordinately surprised and—she felt sure —very much annoyed, if she had ever kissed his hand or laid her head on his arm as this girl was now doing. He had been an extremely kind and considerate father to her. It struck her for the first time that she had missed something—that after providing the rather pretentiously grand-looking house and grounds, and the servants and carriages and conservatories, her father had forgotten to provide something far more essential. But she was so much interested in the two before her that she did not have much time to think of herself. She concluded that she did not want to go back to the Scotch celebrity, and resolutely ignored the surprised looks of some of her friends who passed the library door and made frantic gestures for her to come forth and join them. But when they had moved away it occurred to her that she ought to leave the two together, and so she half rose to go, but the man, divining her intention, said, heartily:

"Don't go—don't go! Ellen's goin' to show me about this big college, an' we want you to go, too."

He was speaking to Miss Arnold, but his eyes never left the girl's face beside him, while he gently stroked her hair as if she had been a little child.

And so they walked up and down the long library, and they showed him the Milton shield, and dragged from their recesses rare books, and pointed out the pictures and autographs of different celebrities. He seemed very much interested and very grateful to them for their trouble, and never ashamed to own how new it all was to him nor how ignorant he was, and he did not try to conceal his pride in his daughter's education and mental superiority to himself. And when Miss Arnold realized that, she quietly effaced herself and let the younger girl do all the honors, only helping her now and then with suggestions or statistics.

"You see," he explained, simply, after a lengthy and, as it seemed to Miss Arnold, a somewhat fruitless dissertation on the splendid copy of the "Rubaiyat" lying before them—"you see I don't know much about these things. Never hed no chance. But Ellen knows, so what's the use of my knowin'! She can put her knowledge to use; but, Lord! I couldn't if I hed it.

"You see it was like this," he continued, cheerfully, turning to Miss Arnold, while the girl at his side raised her head for an instant and uttered a low exclamation of protest. "We lived out West—in a minin' camp in Colorado — Bowlder Bluff wuz its name. Awfully lonesome place. No schools—nothin', jest the store—my store—an' the mines not fur off. Ellen wuz about twelve then"—he turned inquiringly to the girl, but she would not look up—"about twelve," he continued, after a slight pause and another gentle caress of the brown hair; "an' I hedn't never given a thought to wimmen's eddication, an' Ellen here wuz jest growin' up not knowin' a thing—except how

I loved her an' couldn't bear her out of my sight" (with another caress), "when one day there came to ther camp a college chap. He wuz an English chap, an' he wuz hard-up. But he wuz a gentleman an' he'd been to a college—Oxford wuz the name—an' he took a heap of notice of Ellen, an' said she wuz mighty smart—yes, Ellen, even then we knew you wuz smart—an' that she ought to have schoolin' an' not run aroun' the camp any more. At first I didn't pay no attention to him. But by an' by his views did seem mighty sensible, an' he kep' naggin' at me. He used to talk to me about it continual, an' at night we'd sit out under the pines an' talk—he with a fur-away sort of look in his eyes an' the smoke curlin' up from his pipe—an' he'd tell me what eddication meant to wimmen—independence an' happiness an' all that, an' he insisted fur Ellen to go to a good school. He said there wuz big colleges fur wimmen jist like there wuz fur men, an' that she ought to have a chance an' go to one.

"An' then he would read us a lot of stuff of evenin's — specially poetry. Shelley in particular. And yet another chap, almost better'n Shelley. Keats wuz his name. P'r'aps you've read some of his poetry?" he inquired, turning politely to Miss Arnold. Something in her throat kept her from speaking, so she only lowered her head and looked away from the drawn, averted face of the girl before her. "He wuz great! All about gods an' goddesses an' things one don't know much about; but then, as I take it, poetry always seems a little fur off, so it wuz kind of natural. But Shelley wuz our favorite. He used to read us somethin' about the wind. Regularly fine—jest sturred us up, I can tell you. We knew what storms an' dead leaves an' 'black rain an' fire an' hail' wuz out on them lonesome mountains. An' sometimes he'd read us other things, stories from magazines, an' books, but it kind of made me feel lonesomer than ever.

"But Ellen here, she took to it all like a duck to water, an' the college chap kep' insistin' that she ought to go to a good school, an' that she showed 'great natural aptitude'—them wuz his words —an' that she might be famous some day, till at last I got regularly enthusiastic about wimmen's eddication, an' I jest determined not to waste any more time, an' so I sent her to Miss Bellairs's at Denver. She wuz all I hed, an' Lord knows I hedn't no particular reason to feel confidence in wimmen folks"—a sudden, curious, hard expression came into his face for a moment and then died swiftly away as he turned from Miss Arnold and looked at the girl beside him. "But I sent her, an' she ain't never been back to the camp, an' she's been all I ever hoped she'd be."

They had passed from the faintly lighted library into the brilliant corridors, and the man, towering in rugged strength above the two girls, cast curious glances about him as they walked slowly along. Everything seemed to interest him, and when they came to the Greek recitation-rooms he insisted, with boyish eagerness, upon going in, and the big photogravures of the Acropolis and the charts of the Ægean Sea, and even a passage from the "Seven against Thebes" (copied upon the walls doubtless by some unlucky Sophomore), and which was so hopelessly unintelligible to him, seemed to fascinate him. And when they came to the physical laboratories he took a wonderful, and, as it seemed to Miss Arnold, an almost pathetic interest in the spectroscopes and Romanoff coils, and the batteries only half-discernible in the faintly flaring lights.

And as they strolled about he still talked of Ellen and himself and their former life, and the life that was to be—when Ellen should become famous. For little by little Miss Arnold comprehended that that was his one fixed idea. As he talked, slowly it came to her what this man was, and what his life had been—how he had centred every ambition on the girl beside him; separated her from him, at what cost only the mountain-pines and the stars which had witnessed his nightly struggles with himself could tell; how he had toiled and striven for her that she might have the education he had never known. She began to understand what "going to college" had meant to this girl and this man—to this man espe-

cially. It had not meant the natural ending of a preparatory course at some school and a something to be gone through with — creditably, if possible, but also, if possible, without too great exertion and with no expectation of extraordinary results. It had had a much greater significance to them than that. It had been regarded as an event of incalculable importance, an introduction into a new world, the first distinct step upon the road to fame. It had meant to them what a titled offer means to a struggling young American beauty, or a word of approbation to an under-lieutenant from his colonel, or a successful maiden speech on the absorbing topic of the day, or any other great and wonderful happening, with greater and more wonderful possibilities hovering in the background.

She began to realize just how his hopes and his ambitions and his belief in this girl had grown and strengthened, until the present and the future held nothing for him but her happiness and advancement and success. It was a curious idea, a strange ambition for a man of his calibre to have set his whole heart upon, and as Miss Arnold looked at the girl who was to realize his hopes, a sharp misgiving arose within her and she wondered, with sudden fierce pity, why God had not given this man a son.

But Ellen seemed all he wanted. He told, in a proud, apologetic sort of way, while the girl protested with averted eyes, how she had always been "first" at "Miss Bellairs's" and that he supposed "she stood pretty well up in her classes" at college. And Miss Arnold looked at the white, drawn face of the girl and said, quite steadily, she had no doubt but that Miss Oldham was a fine student. She was an exceptionally truthful girl, but she was proud and glad to have said that when she saw the look of happiness that kindled on the face of the man. Yet she felt some compunctions when she noted how simply and unreservedly he took her into his confidence.

And what he told her was just such a story as almost all mothers and fathers tell—of the precocious and wonderful intellect of their children and the great hopes they have of them. But with this man it was different in some way. He was so deeply in earnest and so hopeful and so tender that Miss Arnold could scarcely bear it—"Ellen" was to be a poet. Had she not written verses when she was still a girl, and had not the "college chap" and her teachers declared she had great talents? Wait—he would let Miss Arnold judge for herself. Only lately he had written to Ellen, asking her if she still remembered their lonely mountain-home, and she had sent him this. They had strolled down the corridor to one of the winding stairways at the end. He drew from his large leather purse a folded paper. The girl watched him open it with an inexpressible fear in her eyes, and when she saw what it was she started forward with a sort of gasp, and then turned away and steadied herself against the balustrade.

He spread out the paper with exaggerated care, and read with the monotonously painful intonations of the unpractised reader:

Ye storm-winds of Autumn!
  Who rush by, who shake
The window, and ruffle
  The gleam lighted lake;
Who cross to the hill-side
  Thin sprinkled with farms,
Where the high woods strip sadly
  Their yellowing arms—
Ye are bound for the mountains!
  Oh! with you let me go
Where your cold, distant barrier,
  The vast range of snow,
Through the loose clouds lifts dimly
  Its white peaks in air—
How deep is their stillness!
  Ah! would I were there!

As he read, Miss Arnold turned her eyes, burning with an unutterable indignation and scorn, upon the girl, but the mute misery and awful supplication in her face checked the words upon her lips. When he had finished reading, Miss Arnold murmured something, she hardly knew what, but he would not let her off so easily.

What did she think of it?—did she not think he ought to be proud of Ellen? and was the "gleam-lighted lake" the lake they could see from the piazza?

He ran on, taking it for granted that Miss Arnold was interested in his

hopes and dreams, and almost without waiting for or expecting replies. And at last he told her the great secret. Ellen was writing a book. He spoke of it almost with awe—in a suppressed sort of fashion. She had not told him yet much about it, but he seemed wholly confident in its future success. He wondered which of the big publishing houses would want it most.

Miss Arnold gave a quick gasp of relief. There was more to this girl, then, than she had dared to hope. She glanced eagerly and expectantly toward her, and in that one look she read the whole pitiable lie. Ellen was looking straight ahead of her, and the hopeless misery and shame in her eyes Miss Arnold never forgot. All the pretty, weak curves about the mouth and chin had settled into hard lines, and a nameless fear distorted every feature. But the man seemed to notice nothing, and walked on with head uplifted and a proud, almost inspired look upon his rugged face.

"When will the book be finished, Ellen?" he asked, at length.

The girl looked up, and Miss Arnold noted with amazement her wonderful control.

"It will not be very long now, father," she replied. She was acting her difficult part very perfectly. It occurred to Miss Arnold that for many years this girl had been so acting, and as she looked at the strong, quiet features of the man she shuddered slightly and wondered how it would be with her when he knew.

When the carriage which was to take him to the station for the midnight train into Boston had driven from the door, the two girls looked at each other steadily for an instant.

"Come to my study for a few moments," said the younger one, imperiously. Miss Arnold acquiesced silently, and together they moved down the long corridor to Miss Oldham's rooms.

"I want to explain," she began, breathlessly, leaning against the closed door and watching with strained, wide-opened eyes Miss Arnold's face, upon which the light from the lamp fell strong and full.

"I want to explain" she repeated, defiantly this time. "You had no right to come between myself and my father! I wish with all my heart you had never seen him, but since you *have* seen him I must explain. I am not entirely the hypocrite and the coward you take me for." She stopped suddenly and gave a low cry. "Ah! what shall I say to make you understand? It began so long ago—I did not mean to deceive him. It was because I loved him and he thought me so clever. He thought because I was quick and bright, and because I was having the education I *was* having, that I was—different. In his ignorance how could he guess the great difference between a superficial aptitude and real talents? How could I tell him—how could I," with a despairing gesture, "that I was just like thousands of other girls, and that there are hundreds right here in this college who are my superiors in every way? It would have broken his heart." Her breath came in short gasps and the pallor of her face had changed to a dull red.

Miss Arnold leaned forward on the table.

"You have grossly deceived him," she said, in cold, even tones.

"Deceived him?—yes—a thousand times and in a thousand ways. But I did it to make him happy. Am I really to blame? He expected so much of me—he had such hopes and such dreams of some great career for me. I *am* a coward. I could not tell him that I was a weak, ordinary girl, that I could never realize his aspirations, that the mere knowledge that he depended and relied upon me weighed upon me and paralyzed every effort. When I loved him so could I tell him this? Could I tell him that his sacrifices were in vain, that the girl of whom he had boasted to every man in the mining camp was a complete failure, that he had been dishonored by the mother, and that he was duped by her daughter?"

She went over to the table and leaned her head upon her shaking hand.

"If my mother—if I had had a brother or sister, it might have been different, but I was alone and I was all he had. And so I struggled on, half hoping that I might become something after all.

But I confessed to myself what I could not to him, that I would never become a scholar, that my intellect was wholly superficial, that the verses I wrote were the veriest trash, that I was only doing what ninety-nine out of every hundred girls did, and that ninety-eight wrote better rhymes than I. There is a whole drawer full of my 'poetry'"—she flung open a desk disdainfully — " until I could stand it no longer, and one day when he asked me to write something about the mountains, in desperation I copied those verses of Matthew Arnold's. I knew he would never see them. After that it was easy to do so again." She stopped and pressed her hands to her eyes.

"I am the most miserable girl that lives," she said.

Miss Arnold looked at her coldly.

"And the book?" she said at length.

Miss Oldham lifted her head wearily.

"It was all a falsehood. He kept asking me if I were not writing a book. He thought one had only to write a book to become famous. It seemed so easy not to oppose the idea, and little by little I fell into the habit of talking about 'the book' as if it were really being written. I did not try to explain to myself what I was doing. I simply drifted with the current of his desires and hopes. It may seem strange to you that a man like my father should have had such ambitions, and stranger still that he should have ever dreamed I could realize them. But one *has* strange fancies alone with one's self out on the mountains, and the isolation and self-concentration of the life give an intensity to any desire or expectation that you, who live in an ever-changing world, cannot understand."

Miss Arnold looked at the girl curiously. She wondered for the first time if there was any excuse for her. She had a singularly strong moral nature herself, and she could not quite understand this girl's weakness and deceit. The fact that she loved her father so deeply only added to the mystery.

She arose. " If I were you "—she began, coldly, but Miss Oldham stopped her.

"It is all finished now," she said. She, too, had arisen, and was standing against the door, looking down and speaking in the monotonous tone of someone reciting a lesson.

"I have decided, and I shall go to my father, and I shall say, 'I have deceived you; I have neither courage nor honesty. There might have been an excuse for another girl—a girl who did not understand you or who did not love you, or who did not know just how much her success meant to you. For me there is none. I, who knew how strange the idea at first seemed to you of your daughter's being an educated, accomplished girl; I, who knew how little by little the idea became a passion with you, how proud and how fond you were of her, how you worked and prayed that she might be something different and better than the rest—than her mother—I, who knew all this, have still deceived you. There is but one thing I dare ask you, Will you not let me go back to the mountain with you, and serve you and be to you the daughter I have not been as yet?'"

She stopped suddenly and looked at Miss Arnold.

" That is what I must do, is it not?" she asked, dully.

Miss Arnold went over to her.

"That is what you must do," she said, gently.

It was almost two weeks later when Miss Arnold, coming in from a long walk, found a letter lying on her table. It bore an unfamiliar postmark, and the superscription had evidently been written in great haste or agitation. She tore it open with a feeling of apprehension.

"My punishment has come upon me," it ran. "My father is dead. I got a telegram at Denver—they met me at the foot of the mountain. I cannot say anything now. As yet I have but one thought and one comfort—he never knew! Think of me as you will—I am glad he never did! E. O."



Old Swedes Church, Philadelphia, built in 1700—after a photograph by Rau.

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

"THE YEAR OF A HUNDRED YEARS"

THE CENTENNIAL
GRANT'S SECOND TERM
BELKNAP'S DISGRACE
INDIAN TROUBLES
MODOC OUTRAGES
THE CUSTER MASSACRE
"NO THIRD TERM"
THE TILDEN-HAYES CAMPAIGN
THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION
HAYES'S ADMINISTRATION

READERS will rejoice that the bitter racial and political feuds at the South during President Grant's second term did not make up the entire history of these years. Despite these and all its other troubles, the American body politic was preparing to round the first century of its life in satisfactory and increasing vigor.

What could be more fitting than that the hundredth anniversary of the world's greatest Republic should be kept by a monster celebration? Such a question was publicly raised in 1870 by an association of Philadelphia citizens, and it set the entire nation thinking. At first only a United States celebration was proposed, but reflection developed the idea of a Mammoth Fair where the arts and industries of the whole world should be represented. Congress took up the design in 1871. In 1873 President Grant formally proclaimed the Exposition, and in 1874 foreign governments



State-house Row, Philadelphia.
After a photograph by Rau.

were invited to participate in it. Thirty-three cordially responded, including all the civilized nations except Greece, a larger number than had ever before taken part in an event like this.

Philadelphia was naturally chosen as the seat of the Exposition. Here the nation was born, a fact of which much remained to testify. Among the ancient buildings were the "Old Swedes'" Church, built in 1700, Christ Church, begun only twenty-seven years later, still in perfect preservation, St. Peter's, built in 1758–1761, and the sequestered Friends' Meeting-house, built in 1808. The Penn Treaty Monument, unimpressive in appearance, marked the site of the elm under which Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians. Carpenters' Hall, still owned by the Carpenters' Company which built it, had been made to resume the appearance it bore when, in 1774, the first Continental Congress assembled under its roof. In the centre of a line of antique edifices known as State-house Row, stood Independence Hall, erected 1732–1735. The name specifically applied to the large first-floor east room, in which the second Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence. In 1824 Lafayette held a great reception here, and six years later it was consecrated to the past. Revolutionary portraits and relics were placed in it, and the building restored to its original condition. In 1854 the old Liberty Bell was taken down from the tower into the hall and the walls enriched by a large number of portraits from the Peale Gallery. A keeper was then appointed and the hall opened to visitors.

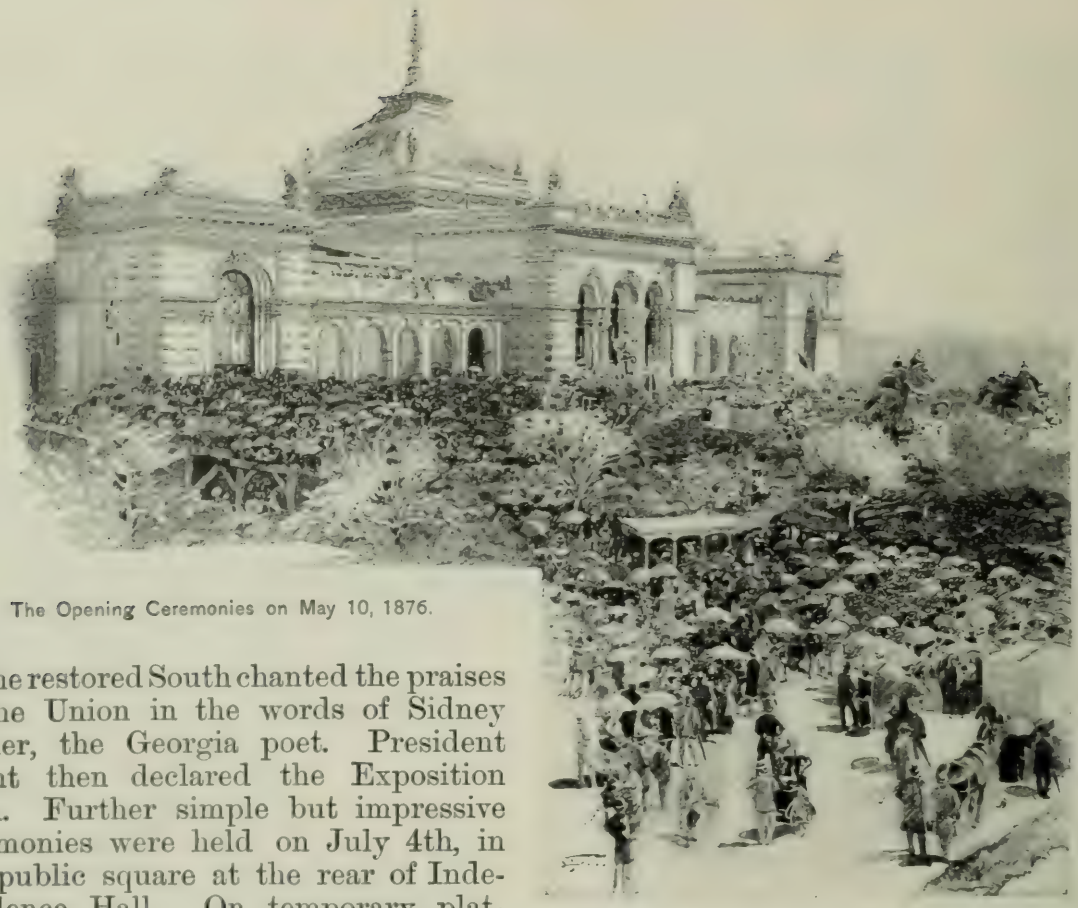
In Fairmount Park, beyond the Schuylkill, a level plat of 285 acres was inclosed, and appropriate buildings erected. Five enormous structures, the Main Building, with Machinery, Agricultural, Horticultural, and Memorial Halls, towered above all the rest. Several foreign governments built structures of their own. Twenty-six States did the same. Thirty or more buildings were put up by private enterprise in order the better to present industrial processes and products. In all more than two hundred edifices stood within the inclosure.

OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION

The Exposition opened on May 10th, with public exercises, a hundred thousand people being present. Wagner had composed a march for the occasion. Whittier's Centennial Hymn, a noble piece, was sung by a chorus of one thousand voices.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.



The Opening Ceremonies on May 10, 1876.

The restored South chanted the praises of the Union in the words of Sidney Lanier, the Georgia poet. President Grant then declared the Exposition open. Further simple but impressive ceremonies were held on July 4th, in the public square at the rear of Independence Hall. On temporary platforms sat 5,000 distinguished guests, and a chorus of 1,000 singers. The square and the neighboring streets were filled with a dense throng. Richard Henry Lee, grandson of the mover of the Declaration of Independence, came to the front with the original document in his hands. At sight of that yellow and wrinkled paper, the vast throng burst into prolonged cheering. Mr. Lee read the Declaration, Bayard Taylor recited an ode, and Hon. William M. Evarts delivered an oration.

In the Main Building, erected in a year, at a cost of $1,700,000, manufactures were exhibited, also products of the mine, along with innumerable other evidences of scientific and educational progress. More than a third of the space was reserved for the United States, the rest being divided among foreign countries. The products of all climates, tribes, and times were here. Great Britain, France, and Germany exhibited the work of their myriad roaring looms side by side with the wares of the Hawaiian Islands and the little Orange Free State. Here were the furs of Russia, with other articles from the frozen North; there the flashing diamonds of Brazil, and the rich shawls and waving plumes of India. At a step one passed from old Egypt to the latest-born South American republic. Chinese conservatism and Yankee enterprise confronted each other across the aisle.

From the novelty of the foreign display the American visitor turned proudly to the handiwork of his own land. Textiles, arms, tools, musical instruments, watches, carriages, cutlery, books, furniture—a bewildering display of all things useful and ornamental—made him realize as never before the wealth, intelligence, and enterprise of his native country, and the proud station to which



General Joseph R. Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission.

she has risen among the nations of the earth. Three-fourths of the space in Machinery Hall was taken up with American machinery.

Memorial Hall, a beautiful permanent building of granite, erected by Pennsylvania and Philadelphia at a cost of $1,500,000, was given up to art. This was the poorest feature of the Exposition, though the collection was the largest and most notable ever till then seen this side the Atlantic. America had few art works of the first order to show, while foreign nations, with the exception of England, which contributed a noble lot of paintings, including works by Gainsborough and Reynolds, feared to send their choicest products across the sea. All through the summer and early autumn, spite of the unusual heat that year, thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the country and the world filled the fair grounds and the city. Amid the crowds of visitors Philadelphians became strangers in their own streets. On September 28th, Pennsylvania day, 275,000 persons passed the gates. During October, the visitors numbered over two and a half millions. From May 10th to November 10th, the closing day, the total admissions were 9,900,000. The aggregate attendance was larger than at any previous inter-







Interior of Horticultural Hall. Fountain Avenue. Exterior of Horticultural Hall.

Some Views of the Centennial.



The Main Building.

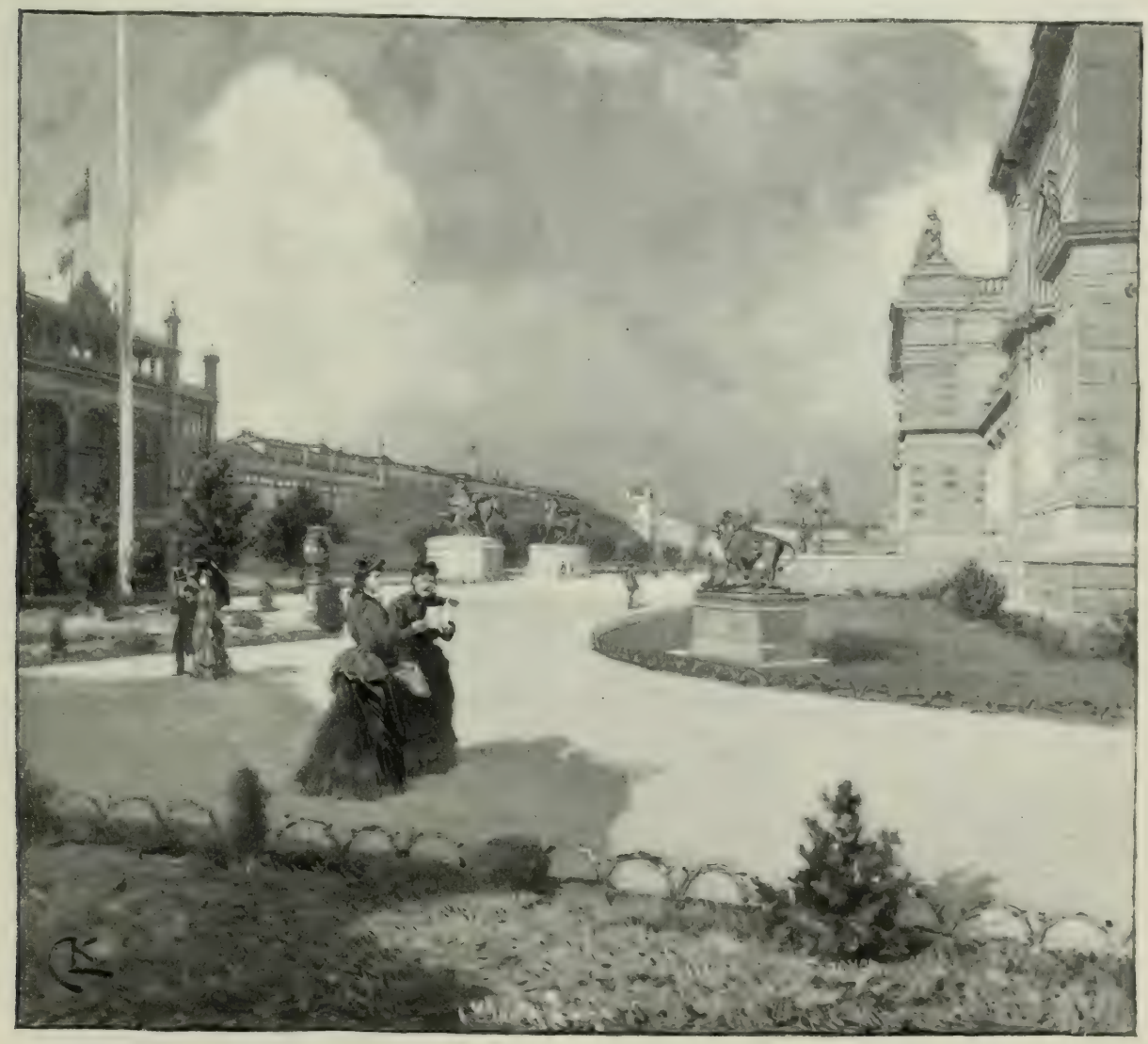
national exhibition, except that of Paris in 1867. The admissions there reached 10,200,000, but the gates were open fifty-one days longer than in Philadelphia. At Vienna, in 1873, there were but 7,255,000 admissions in 186 days, against 159 days at Philadelphia.

A POLITICAL CRISIS

Full of peace and promise as was this Philadelphia pageant, in politics these same months saw the United States at a serious crisis. The best interests of the country seemed to depend on the party in power, yet a large and influential section of that party was in all but open revolt. Many base men were tolerated near the President, to whom honest and enterprising public servants were unwelcome. Secretary Bristow's noble fight against the Whiskey Ring, his victory, and his resignation from the Cabinet, are described in another article. Ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was a most efficient Postmaster-General. Upon taking his office he avowed the purpose to conduct it on business principles. He at once began to attack the notorious "straw bids" and other corrupt practices connected with carrying the mails in Texas and Alabama. It was he who introduced the railway Post-office System, by which the postal matter for a State, instead of first going to the capital or to one or two central cities and being slowly distributed thence, was sent to its destination directly, by the shortest routes and in the most expeditious manner. Yet in 1876, two years from the time of his appointment, much to the surprise of the public, Jewell left the Cabinet. An office-holder explained that "they didn't care much for Jewell in Washington; why, he ran the Post-office as though it was a factory!" The ring politicians were a unit against him, and finally succeeded in displacing him. In a speech before the Senate during the impeachment trial of Belknap, Grant's War Secretary, Hon. George F. Hoar, declared that he had heard the taunt from friendliest lips that "the only product of the United States' institu-

tions in which she surpassed all other nations beyond question was her corruption."

The Sherman Letters throw much light on the Belknap disgrace. July 8, 1871, General Sherman wrote: "My office has been by law stripped of all the influence and prestige it possessed under Grant (as General), and even in matters of discipline and army control I am neglected, overlooked, or snubbed. I have called General Grant's attention to it several times, but got no satisfactory redress. The old Regulations of 1853, made by Jeff. Davis in opposition to General Scott, are now strictly construed and enforced; and in these Regulations the War Department is everything, and the name of General, Lieutenant-General, or Commander-in-Chief even, does not appear in the book. Consequently orders go to parts of the army supposed to be under my command, of which I know nothing until I read them in the newspapers; and when I call the attention of the Secretary to it, he simply refers to some paragraph of the Army Regulations." At this time a board of officers was at work upon new Regulations. General Sherman continues: "I propose patiently to await the action of this board, and if these new Regulations were framed, as I suppose, to cripple the power of the General, and to foster the heads of staff departments, I will simply notify the President that I cannot undertake to command an army with all its staff independent of the Commander-in-Chief, and ask him to allow me to remove quietly to St. Louis, to do such special matters as



View from Photographic Hall looking toward Machinery Hall.



Marshall Jewell.



W. W. Belknap.

may be committed to me by the President, and leave the army to be governed and commanded as now, by the Secretary of War in person."

July 16, 1871, Senator Sherman replied: "I hope you and he (Grant) will preserve your ancient cordiality; for though he seems willing to strip your office of its power, yet I have no doubt he feels as warm an attachment for you as, from his temperament, he can to anyone. You have been forbearing with him, but lose nothing by it." Later, General Sherman wrote: "Belknap has acted badly by me ever since he reached Washington. General Grant promised me often to arrange and divide our functions, but he never did, but left the Secretary to do all those things of which he himself, as General, had complained to Stanton. I have no hesitation in saying that if the Secretary of War has the right to command the army through the Adjutant-General, then my office is a sinecure and should be abolished."

Why the General of the Army had been thus extruded from authority and functions properly attending his office, was clear when, on February 29, 1876, Caleb P. Marsh, one of a firm of contractors in New York City, testified before a Congressional Committee that, in 1870, Belknap had offered him the control of the post-tradership at Fort Sill, Indian Territory, for the purpose of enabling him to extort from the actual holder of the place, one John S. Evans, $3,000 four times a year as the price of continuing in it. The Secretary and his family appeared to have received $24,450 in this way. Belknap's resignation was offered and accepted a few hours before the House passed a unanimous vote to impeach him. Other dubious acts of Belknap's came to light, notably a contract for erecting tombstones in national cemeteries, from which, as was charged, he realized $90,000. In the fall of 1874, General Sherman actually transferred his head-quarters to St. Louis, to remove himself from official contact with Belknap, who was issuing orders and making appointments without Sherman's knowledge. Two years later, after Belknap's resignation, the office of General of the Army was reinvested with the powers which had formerly belonged to it. Then the General moved back to Washington.



General E. R. S. Canby.

Belknap demurred to the Senate's jurisdiction, but on May 29th the Senate affirmed this, 37 to 29, Morton and Conkling voting nay, Cameron, Edmunds, Morrill, and Sherman aye. Thurman moved the resolution of impeachment. Belknap's counsel refused to let him plead, urging that the vote to assume jurisdiction, not being a two-thirds vote, was equivalent to an acquittal. The Senate, however, proceeded, as on a plea of "not guilty," to try him. He was acquitted, one Democrat voting for acquittal. Morton was among the Republicans who voted for conviction.

On March 10, 1876, General Sherman wrote his brother:

"I have purposely refrained from writing you my opinions and feelings on the terrible fate that so suddenly has befallen General Belknap. . . . It was not my office to probe after vague rumors and whispers that had no official basis. The President and Belknap both gradually withdrew from me all the powers which Grant had exercised in the same office, and Congress



Red Cloud.
After photograph by Bell.



Sitting Bull.
After photograph by Notman.



Gall.
After photograph by Barry.

Three Famous Sioux Chiefs.

capped the climax by repealing that law which required all orders to the army to go through the General, and the only other one, a joint resolution, that empowered the General to appoint 'traders.'"

INDIAN TROUBLES

The Indian service during Grant's presidency was no credit to the nation. In 1874 the Indian Territory contained fully 90,000 civilized Indians. The Cherokees, 17,000 strong and increasing, who had moved hither from Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia, now possessed their own written language, constitution, laws, judges, courts, churches, schools, and academies, including three schools for their former negro slaves. They had 500 frame and 3,500 log-houses. They yearly raised much live-stock, 3,000,000 bushels of corn, with enormous crops of wheat, potatoes, and oats — an agricultural product greater than New Mexico's and Utah's combined. Similarly advanced were the Choctaws, with 17,000 people and forty-eight schools; the Creeks, with 13,000 people and thirty schools; and the Seminoles, General Jackson's old foes, having 2,500 people and four schools.

These facts inspired the President with a desire to improve the wilder tribes. Deeming clemency and justice, with firmness, certain to effect this, he proposed to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department; but Congress, army officers, and the Indians themselves, opposed. He then gave the supervision of Indian affairs to a Commission made up from certain religious bodies. This policy being announced, two powerful Indian delegations, one of them headed by Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, visited the Great Father at Washington, evidently determined henceforth to keep the peace.



The Region Occupied by the Modocs, showing the "Lava Beds."

Few of the wild Indians did this, however. Perhaps only the Apaches, always our most troublesome wards, have ever pursued murder and rapine out of pure wantonness; yet most of the red men still remained savages, ready for



The Indian Traders' Store at Standing Rock, Dakota.*
After a photograph by Barry.

the war-path on slight provocation. If the frontier view — no good Indian but a dead one — is severe, many Eastern people are hardly less extreme in the degree of nobility with which their imagination invests the aborigines. Moreover, despite the Commission's exertions, the Indian service, though its cost increased from $3,295,000 in 1866, to $8,000,000 in 1874, sank in character. The Commissioners were partly ignored, partly subjected to needless embarrassment in their work. Members of the Indian ring secured positions and contracts in preference to people recommended by the Commission, and the Interior Department often paid bills expressly disallowed by the Commission, which was charged with the auditing.

Contractors systematically swindled the Indians. One gave them bones instead of meat. Prof. Marsh, of Yale, wishing to engage in scientific research upon Red Cloud's Reserva-



Rain-in-the-Face.
After a photograph by Barry.

* It was here, in the spring of 1875, that Rain-in-the-Face was arrested by Captain Tom Custer, in revenge for which he threatened to eat the latter's heart—a threat said to have been fulfilled at the fight on the Little Big Horn.



General George A. Custer.
After a photograph by Gardner at Falmouth, Va., in 1863.

tion, that chief, while protecting his life, forbade him to trespass till he promised to show the Great Father samples of the wretched rations furnished his tribe. "I thought," naïvely confessed the chief, "that he would throw them away before he got there." But the "man who came to pick up bones" was better than his word. He exhibited the specimens to the President, who was deeply incensed, and declared that justice should be done. Marsh drew up ten specific charges, to the effect that the agent was incompetent and guilty of gross frauds, that the number of Indians was overstated to the Department, and that the amount of food and clothing actually furnished them was insufficient, and of wretched quality. Army testimony was of like tenor. "The poor wretches," said one officer, "have been several times this winter on the verge of starvation, owing to the rascality of the Indian ring. They have been compelled to eat dogs, wolves, and ponies." It was urged in excuse that the supply-wagons had been delayed by snow. March 18, 1875, General Sherman wrote from St. Louis: "To-morrow Generals Sheridan and Pope will meet here to discuss the Indian troubles. We could settle them in an hour, but Congress wants the patronage of the Indian Bureau, and the Bureau wants the appropriations, without any of the trouble of the Indians themselves."

The Indians' discontent was intensified by the progressive invasion of their preserves by white men, often as lawless as the worst Indians, and invariably bringing intemperance and licentiousness. The attack on the Apaches in 1871, when eighty-five men and women were killed and twenty-eight children carried off, no doubt had much provocation, yet it was illegal and cruel. During the fall of 1874 gold was found in the Black Hills (Sioux) Reservation, between Wyoming and what is now South Dakota. General Sheridan prohibited exploration, but gold-seekers continually evaded his order. Said Red Cloud: "The people from the States who have gone to the Black Hills are stealing gold, digging it out and taking it away, and I don't see why the Great Father don't bring them back. Our Great Father has a great many soldiers, and I never knew him, when he wanted to stop anything with his soldiers but he succeeded in it." A still worse grievance was the destruction of buffaloes by hunters and excursionists. Thousands of the animals were



Captain E. S. Godfrey.
After a photograph by Barry.

slaughtered for their hides, which fell in price from three dollars each to a dollar. In one locality were to be counted six or seven thousand putrefying carcasses. Hunters boasted of having killed two thousand head apiece in one season. Railroads ran excursion trains of amateur hunters, who shot their victims from the car windows. The creatures were in fact well-nigh exterminated, so that buffalo robes now (1894) cost in New York from $75 to $175 each.



The Custer Monument; Erected on the Battle-field.
After a photograph by Barry.

Rasped to frenzy in so many ways, tribe after tribe of savages resolutely took up arms. In 1873 the Modocs, in southern Oregon, murdered General E. R. S. Canby and two Peace Commissioners, who went under a flag of truce to confer with them. They were then attacked in earnest, and nearly all either killed or captured. Captain Jack, Sconchin the Chief, Black Jim, Hooker Jim, Bogus Charley, Boston Charley, and Steamboat Frank, a military commission tried for murder, and the first three were hanged. The Cheyennes and allied tribes, in reprisal for the loss of their buffaloes, made many cattle-raids. In 1874 the settlers retaliated, but were soon flying from their farms in panic. The Indians, as the papers had it, were at once "handed over to the secular arm," the Army being set to deal with them instead of the Peace Commission. Resistance was brief, entirely collapsing when at one stroke sixty-nine warriors and two thousand ponies were captured on Elk Creek. In 1874 a massacre by the Sioux was barely averted. The agent at the Red Cloud agency erected a staff, and, on Sunday, unfurled the national flag "to let the Indians know what day it was." Viewing the emblem as meaning hostility, the Sioux beleaguered the agency, and, but for Sitting Bull, would have massacred all the whites there as well as the handful of soldiers sent to their rescue. In 1875 there was pretence of investigating affairs at this post, but with little result. Much of the testimony was by casual observers or interested parties, and none of it under oath. The Indians did not testify freely, and contradicted each other; Sitting Bull told one story, Red Cloud another. What became clear was that, in Red Cloud's phrase, the Indians were "succeeding backward."

A large portion of the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, had refused to enter into a treaty surrendering certain lands and consenting to confine themselves within a new reservation. Notice was served upon these non-treaty Sioux that, unless they moved to the reservation before January 1, 1876, they would be treated as hostiles. Sitting Bull refused to stir, and early in the spring the army assumed the offensive. The chief chose his position with rare skill, in the wild hunting country of southern Montana, now Custer County, near a quarter-circle of agencies whence would join him next summer a great troop of discontented and ambitious young "Reservation" braves. The Bad Lands



General George A. Custer.

around made defence easy and attack most arduous. These Bad Lands are of clayey soil, which in summer bakes and cracks into trenches in all directions.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE

It was determined to close upon the hostiles in three columns, General Gibbon from the west, General Crook from the south, and General Terry, with a somewhat larger body of troops, including the Seventh United States Cavalry, six hundred strong, under General Custer, from the east. Crook was delayed by unexpected attacks. The other two columns met without interference. Terry followed the Yellowstone up as far as the Rosebud, where he established a supply camp. Here Custer with his cavalry left him, June 22d, to make a detour south, up the Rosebud, get above the Indians, and drive them down the Little Big Horn into the army's slowly closing grip. Three days later, June 25th, Custer struck Sitting Bull's main trail and eagerly pursued it across the divide into the Little Big Horn Valley. Expecting battle, he detached Major Reno with seven of his twelve companies, to cross the Little Big Horn, descend it, and strike the foe from the west; but Reno was soon attacked and held at bay, being besieged in all more than twenty-four hours. Meantime, suddenly coming upon the lower end of the Indians' immense camp, the gallant Custer and his braves, without an instant's hesitation, advanced into the jaws of death. Balaklava was pastime to this, for here not one "rode back." "All that was left of them," after a few minutes, was some 200 mostly unrecognizable corpses. After harassing Reno the Indians slipped off under cover of night. Ascending the Big Horn and the Little Big Horn, Gibbon and Terry, on the 27th, discovered the bodies of Custer and his five devoted companies. Custer alone was not mutilated. He had been shot in the left temple, the remainder of his face wearing in death a natural look. A careful survey of the field and subsequent talks with savages enabled Captain Godfrey, whose account† we are following, to see what course the fight had taken.



"Comanche."



Curley, the Scout.

The Only Survivors of the Custer Massacre.*

After photographs by Barry.

Finding himself outnumbered twelve or more to one—the Indians mustered at least 2,500 warriors, besides a cara-

*Comanche was the horse ridden by Captain Keogh, and was afterward found with seven wounds at a distance of several miles from the battle-field. He is present at all dress parades, the Secretary of War having issued an order forbidding anyone to ride him, and detailing a soldier to take care of him. Curley, a Crow Indian, was Custer's scout, and is said to have made his escape by wrapping himself in a Sioux blanket when the battle began.

† Century, N. S., vol. xxi.

van of boys and squaws—Custer had dismounted his heroes, who, planting themselves mainly on two hills some way apart, the advance one held by Custer, the other by Captains Keogh and Calhoun, prepared to sell their lives dearly. The redskins say that had Reno maintained the offensive they should have fled, the chiefs having, at the first sight of Custer, ordered camp broken for this purpose. But when Reno drew back this order was countermanded, and the entire army of the savages concentrated against the doomed Custer. By waving blankets and uttering their hellish yells, they stampeded many of the cavalry horses, which carried off precious ammunition in their saddle-bags. Lining up just behind a ridge, they would rise quickly, fire at the soldiers, and drop, exposing themselves little but drawing Custer's fire, so causing additional loss of sorely needed bullets. The whites' ammunition spent, the dismounted savages rose, fired, and whooped like the demons they were; while the mounted ones, lashing their ponies, charged with infinite venom, overwhelming Calhoun and Keogh, and lastly Custer himself. Indian boys then pranced over the fields on ponies, scalping and re-shooting the dead and dying. At the burial many a stark visage wore a look of horror. "Rain-in-the-Face," who mainly inspired and directed the battle on the Indian side, is said to have boasted that he cut out and ate Captain Tom Custer's heart. Captain Tom was the General's brother, and they fell near together. "Rain-in-the-Face" was badly wounded, and has used crutches ever since. Brave Sergeant Butler's body was found by itself, lying on a heap of empty cartridge-shells, which told what he had been about.



Rutherford B. Hayes.

Sergeant Mike Madden had a leg mangled while fighting, tiger-like, near Reno, and for his bravery was promoted on the field. He was always over-fond of grog, but long abstinence had now intensified his thirst. He submitted to amputation without anæsthesia.

After the operation the surgeon gave him a stiff horn of brandy. Emptying it eagerly and smacking his lips, he said: "M-eh, Doctor, cut off the other leg."



Samuel J. Tilden.

This distressing catastrophe, which whelmed the country in grief many days, called forth Longfellow's poem, "The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face," ending with the stanza:

> Whose was the right and the wrong?
> Sing it, O funeral song,
> With a voice that is full of tears,
> And say that our broken faith
> Wrought all this ruin and scathe
> In the Year of a Hundred Years.

This poem mistakenly represents "Rain-in-the-Face" as having mutilated General Custer instead of his brother, the Captain. Also it is based on the "ambush" theory of the battle, which at first all shared. We now know, however, that Custer fought in the open, from high ground, not in a ravine. His surprise lay not in finding Indians before him, but in finding them so fatally numerous. Some of General Terry's friends charged Custer with transgressing his orders in fighting



William M. Evarts, State. Carl Schurz, Interior. Richard W. Thompson, Navy.
David M. Key, Postmaster-Gen. George W. McCrary, War. John Sherman, Treasury. Charles Devens, Attorney-Gen.

President Hayes's Cabinet.

as he did. This has been disproved. But that he was somewhat careless, almost rash, in his preparations to attack, can hardly be questioned. Bravest of the brave, Custer was always anxious to fight, and, just now in ill-favor with President Grant, he was over-eager to make a record.

THE THIRD-TERM AGITATION

After the above recitals one is not surprised that, on April 6, 1876, over the signatures of William Cullen Bryant, Theodore D. Woolsey, Alexander H. Bullock, Horace White, and Carl Schurz, was issued a circular call for a conference of Republicans dissatisfied at the "wide-spread corruption" with which machine politics had infected our public service. The conference organized on May 15th, electing Theodore D. Woolsey for president, and for secretaries Henry Cabot Lodge, Francis A. Walker, Henry Armitt Brown, August Thierne, and Enos Clarke. A Committee on Business next reported "An Address to the American people," by which the assemblage, after recounting the threatening growth of official corruption hand in hand with the spoils system, invoked all good citizens to join them in a pledge to support no presidential aspirant not known "to possess the moral courage and sturdy resolution to grapple with abuses which have acquired the strength of established customs, and to this end firmly to resist the pressure even of his party friends."

In 1874 the *New York Herald* had started a cry that Grant would not be averse to breaking the canon set by Washington against a third presidential term. Democratic journals took up the refrain, and soon the land was vocal with the chorus of "Grantism," "Cæsarism," "Third-Termism!" So nervous did the din make Republicans, that in 1875 the Pennsylvania Republican Convention passed a resolution of unalterable "opposition to the election to the presidency of any per-

son to a third term." Grant, who had thus far been almost alone in keeping silence, felt called to write a letter to the Chairman of the Convention. "Now for the third term," said he, "I do not want it any more than I did the first." Yet he remarked that the Constitution did not restrict a President to two terms, and that it might some time be unfortunate to dismiss one so soon. However, he would not accept a nomination unless "under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise." This was too equivocal. The National House of Representatives therefore passed a resolution, 234 to 18, seventy Republicans voting for it:

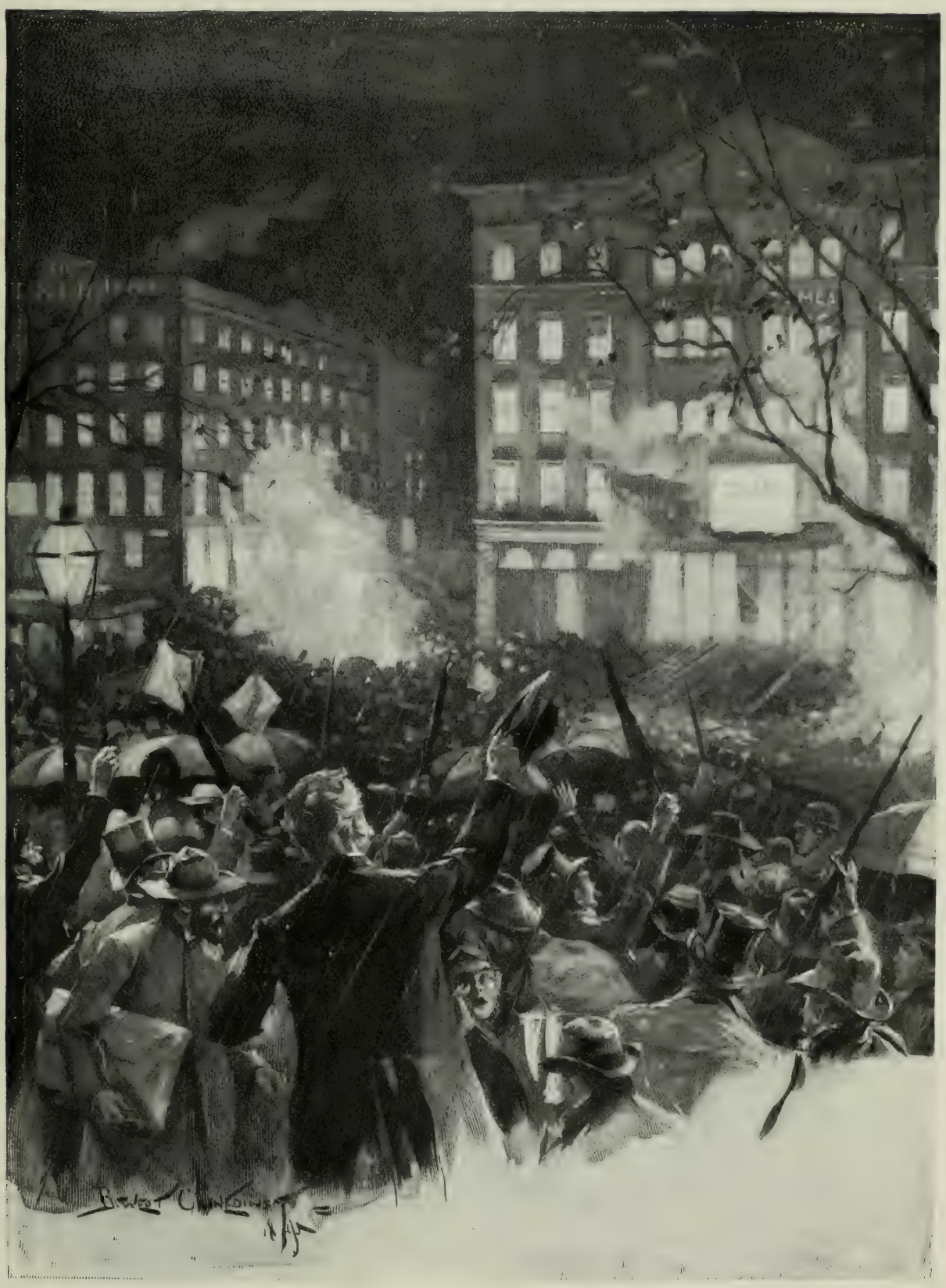
"That in the opinion of this House the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States after their second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our Republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

The issues, with a view to which, in 1876, the two great parties constructed their platforms, were mainly three: The "Southern question," specie resumption, and civil service reform. The Republican party endorsed its own civil rights and force legislation, but called for better administration. The Democracy had at last, to use J. Q. Adams's phrase, "sneaked up to its inevitable position." It reaffirmed its faith in the Union, and its devotion to the Constitution, with its amendments, universally accepted, as a final settlement of the controversy which engendered civil war. This was a re-emergence of Vallandigham's New Departure for the party. The Democratic platform rang with the cry of "Reform," which had been so effectual in New York State in the election of Tilden as Governor. The catalogue of shocking Republican scandals was gone over to prove the futility of attempting "reform within party lines." "President, Vice-President, Judges, Senators, Representatives, Cabinet Officers—these, and all others in authority, are the people's servants. Their offices are not a private perquisite; they are a public trust." This is the origin of an expression, since usually referred to President Cleveland, which bids fair to be immortal.

While the Republicans favored a "continuous and steady progress to specie payments," the hard-money men failed to get the Convention to endorse the Resumption Clause of the Act of 1875. The Democrats denounced that clause as a hindrance to resumption, but their Convention would not commit itself to a condemnation of the resumption policy. The Republicans favored a revenue tariff with incidental protection. The Democrats repudiated protection, and demanded "that all custom-house taxation should be only for revenue."

HAYES AND TILDEN NOMINATED

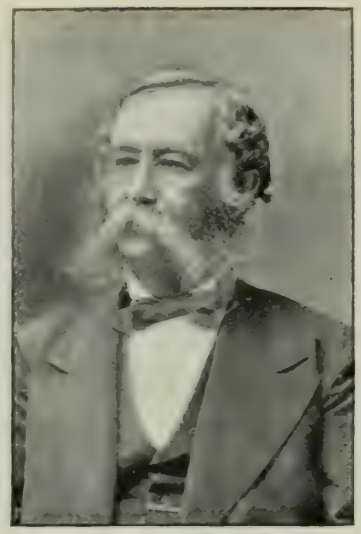
The Republican Convention met in Cincinnati on June 14th. "Third-termers" saw no hope for Grant. James G. Blaine was thought most likely to receive the nomination. His name was placed before the Convention by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, in one of the most eloquent addresses ever heard on such an occasion. Blaine was a brilliant parliamentarian, but his prospect was weakened by alleged questionable relations between him and certain "land-grant" railroads. Most of the Southern delegates were for Morton. Conkling, of New York, in addition to the potent support of his State, enjoyed the favor of the administration. The reform and anti-Grant delegates were enthusiastic for the gallant destroyer of the Whiskey Ring, ex-Secretary Bristow, of Kentucky. George William Curtis said that he asked Jewell, at the Attorney-General's table, whom the party—not the managers—would make the candidate, and that Jewell instantly answered, "Bristow." Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Ohio all appeared with favorite sons in their arms: Hartranft, Jewell, and Hayes, respectively. The names familiar enough to evoke cheers from one faction drew "curses not loud but deep" from other cliques. Upon the seventh ballot, therefore, the Convention united upon Governor Rutherford



DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

The Crowd in Front of the Times Office on the Night of the Tilden-Hayes Election.

B. Hayes, of Ohio, a man who, though little known, awakened no antagonism and had no embarrassing past, while he had made a most creditable record both as a soldier and as the chief magistrate of his State.



Wade Hampton.

The Democratic Convention convened at St. Louis on June 28th, nominating Samuel J. Tilden on the second ballot. Tilden was born in New Lebanon, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1814. In 1845 he was elected to the New York Assembly; in 1846, and again in 1867, to the State Constitutional Convention. He was a keen lawyer. By his famous analysis of the Broadway Bank accounts during the prosecution of the Tammany Ring, he rendered invaluable services to the cause of reform. As Governor, in 1875, he waged relentless and triumphant war against the Canal Ring, "the country thieves," as they were called to distinguish them from Tweed and his coterie.



Francis T. Nichols.

In accepting the nomination Tilden reiterated his protests against "the magnificent and oppressive centralism into which our government was being converted." He also commended reform in the Civil Service, deprecating the notion that this service exists for office-holders, and bewailing the organization of the official class into a body of political mercenaries. Hayes's letter emphasized Civil Service reform even more strongly. He pressed home the evils of the spoils system, and pledged himself, if elected, to employ all the constitutional powers vested in the Executive to secure reform, returning to the "old rule, the true rule, that honesty, capacity, and fidelity constitute the only real qualifications for office." Both candidates wished the Executive to be relieved of the temptation to use patronage for his own re-election. Mr. Hayes made "the noble pledge" that in no case would he be a candidate again. Mr. Tilden disparaged self-imposed restrictions, but recommended that the chief magistrate be constitutionally disqualified for re-election.

Hayes's ambiguity touching the Southern question gave hope that, even if the Republicans succeeded, a milder Southern policy would be introduced. Tilden, while crying out against the insupportable misgovernment imposed upon reconstructed States, frankly accepted the Democrats' new departure. Before the end of the canvass he published a pledge that, if elected, he would enforce the constitutional amendments and resist Southern claims.

The campaign was tame. The fact that both candidates were of blameless character muffled partisan eloquence. Great efforts were made to discredit Tilden for connection with certain railroad enterprises, and he was sued for an income tax alleged to be due. Retorting, the Democrats sneered at Hayes as an "obscure" man, and roundly denounced the extortion practised upon office-holders under Secretary Chandler's eye. This chatter amounted to little. All signs pointed to a close election.

So early as May 28, 1874, Mr. Morton had proposed in the Senate an amendment to the Constitution making the President eligible by the people directly. The proposal was committed, and, the next January 20th, debated. Each State was to have as many presidential as congressional districts. The presidential candidate successful in



S. B. Packard.

any district would receive therefrom one presidential vote, while two special presidential votes would fall to the candidate receiving the greatest number of district votes in the State.

In reviewing the need of some such change Morton spoke like a prophet. "No State," he declared, "has provided any method of contesting the election of electors. Though this election may be distinguished by fraud, notorious fraud, by violence, by tumult, yet there is no method of contesting it." Again, "It seems never to have occurred to the members of the Convention that there could be two sets of electors; it seems never to have occurred to them that there would be fraud and corruption, or any reason why the votes of electors should be set aside. It is clearly a *casus omissus*, a thing overlooked by the framers of the Constitution." The subject was, however, laid aside, and never taken up again till the dangers which Morton had so faithfully foretold were actually shaking the pillars of our government.

Morton also sought to amend and render of service the twenty-second joint rule, the substance of which was that in counting the electoral votes no question should be decided affirmatively, and no vote objected to be counted, "except by the concurrent votes of the two houses." This rule had been passed in 1865, being meant to enable the radicals to reject electoral votes from Mr. Lincoln's "ten per cent. States," viz., those reconstructed on the presidential plan. Morton proposed to modify this rule so that no vote could be *rejected* save by concurrent vote of the two houses. A bill providing for such change passed the Senate, six Republicans opposing. It was never taken up in the House. Morton introduced the bill again in the next Congress, only to see it killed by delays.

The election of 1876 passed off quietly, troops being stationed at the polls in turbulent quarters. "The result was doubtful up to the day of election; it was doubtful after the election was over, and to this day the question, Was Tilden or Hayes duly elected? is an open one. The first reports received in New York were so decidedly in favor of the Democratic ticket that the leading Republican journals admitted its success." The *Times* alone stood out, persistently declaring that Hayes was elected, which caused intense excitement among the huge crowd gathered in the square fronting the *Times* office. "The next day different reports were received, and both sides claimed the victory. . . . My own opinion at the time was, and still is, that if the distinguished Northern men who visited those States had stayed at home, and there had been no outside pressure upon the returning boards, their certificates would have been in favor of the Democratic electors. This opinion was confirmed by a remark of the President of the Union Telegraph Company at the annual meeting of the Union League Club of New York, in 1878. In a conversation which I had with him I happened to speak of the election of Mr. Hayes, when he interrupted me by saying: 'But he was not elected.' 'If he was not, the emanations of your office failed to show it,' I replied. 'Oh, yes,' he rejoined; 'but that was because the examiners did not know where to look.' . . . 'Mr. Tilden,' said a prominent Republican to me, a year or two ago, 'Mr. Tilden was, I suppose, legally elected, but not fairly;' and this was doubtless the conclusion of a great many other Republicans." *

Pending the meeting of the State electoral colleges, some of Tilden's warmest supporters undertook negotiations to secure for him one or more electoral votes from South Carolina or Florida. As their apologists put it, "they seem to have feared that the corrupt canvassers would declare" those States for Hayes, "and being convinced that the popular vote had been cast for Tilden, to have been willing to submit to the payment of moneys which they were informed some of the canvassers demanded by way of blackmail." One Hardy Solomon, pretending to represent the South Carolina Canvassing Board, came to Baltimore expecting to receive $60,000 or $80,000 in this interest; but, upon applying to Mr. Tilden for

* Hugh McCulloch: Men and Measures of Half a Century.

the sum, he was peremptorily refused. These negotiations were authorized neither by Mr. Tilden, who, under oath, denied all knowledge of them, nor by the Democratic National Committee. The Republican members of the Clarkson investigating committee thought them traceable to Tilden's secretary, Colonel Pelton, with Smith M. Weed and Manton Marble; but the responsibility for them was never really fixed upon anyone. The despatches went back and forth in cipher. Under a subpœna from the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, the Western Union Telegraph Company delivered them to that Committee, and on January 25, 1877, they were locked in a trunk in its room. When this trunk was returned to New York City on the following March 13th, it was discovered that a large number of the cipher despatches had been abstracted. Of those missing, some seven hundred were, in May, 1878, in possession of G. E. Bullock, messenger of the committee last named. Part of these subsequently found their way into the office of the New York *Tribune*, where they were translated and published, causing much excitement and comment. There is some evidence that Republican cipher despatches no less compromising than these and for the same purpose, had been filched from the trunk and destroyed.

"I DON'T KNOW."



1900!

A Ku-Klux Notice Posted Up in Mississippi During the Election of 1876.

Tilden carried New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Connecticut. With a solid South he had won the day. But the returning boards of Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, throwing out the votes of several Democratic districts on the ground of fraud or intimidation, decided that those States had gone Republican, giving Hayes a majority of one in the electoral college. The Democrats raised the cry of fraud. Threats were muttered that Hayes would never be inaugurated. Excitement thrilled the country. Grant strengthened the military force in and about Washington. However, the people looked to Congress for a peaceful solution, and not in vain.

The Constitution provides that the "President of the Senate shall, in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the (electoral) certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." Attending to the most obvious meaning of these words, certain Republicans held that the power to count the votes lay with the President of the Senate, the House and Senate being mere spectators. The Democrats objected to this construction, since Mr. Ferry, the Republican President of the Senate, could then count the votes of the disputed States for Hayes, and was practically certain to do so.

The twenty-second joint rule had, when passed, been attacked as grossly unconstitutional. Many Republicans now admitted that it was so, and the Senate, since the House was Democratic, voted to rescind it. As it stood, electoral certificates were liable to be thrown out on the most frivolous objections, as that of Arkansas had once been, because it bore the wrong seal. But now the Democrats insisted that Congress should enforce this old rule. That done, the House, throwing out the vote of one State, would elect Tilden.

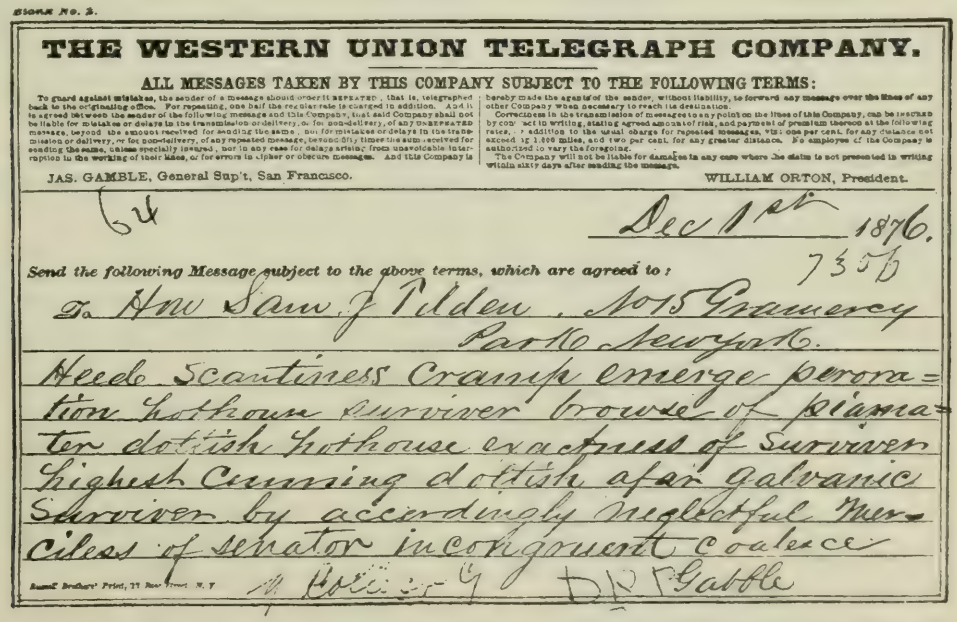
THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION

Only a compromise could break the deadlock. A joint committee reported the famous Electoral Commission Bill, which passed House and Senate by large majorities. One hundred and eighty-six Democrats voted for it and eighteen against, while the Republican vote stood fifty-two for, seventy-five against. With regard to single returns the bill reversed the Rule of 1865, suffering none to be rejected save by concurrent action of the two houses. Double or multiple returns were, in cases of dispute, to be referred to a commission of five Senators, five Representatives, and five Justices of the United States Supreme Court, the fifth justice being selected by the four appointed in the bill. Previous to this

choice the Commission contained seven Democrats and seven Republicans. The five Senators on the Commission were George F. Edmunds, Oliver P. Morton, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, Republicans; and Allan G. Thurman and Thomas F. Bayard, Democrats. The members of the House were Henry B. Payne, Eppa Hanton, and Josiah G. Abbott, Democrats; and James A. Garfield and George F. Hoar, Republicans. Four Justices of the Supreme Court were designated in the Act by the circuits to which they belonged. These were Nathan Clifford and Stephen J. Field, Democrats, and William Strong and Samuel F. Miller, Republicans. These four Justices were by the Act to select the fifth. It was expected that the fifth Justice would be Hon. David Davis, of Illinois, a neutral with Democratic leanings, who had been a warm friend of President Lincoln's, but an opponent of Grant. Mr. Davis's unexpected election as Senator from his State made Justice Bradley the decisive umpire.

The Commission met on the last day of January, 1877. The cases of Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and South Carolina were in succession submitted to it, eminent counsel appearing for each side. There were double or multiple sets of returns from each State named. Three returns from Florida were passed in. One contained four votes for Hayes, certified by the late Republican Governor, Stearns. One return gave four votes for Tilden, bearing the certificate of the Attorney-General, a member of the returning board. Third was the same return reinforced with the certificate of the new Democratic Governor, Drew, under a State law passed a few days before, directing a re-canvass of the votes. Democratic counsel urged that the first return should be rejected, as the result of fraud and conspiracy by the returning board, whose action the State Supreme Court had held to be *ultra vires* and illegal.

In Baker County, which was decisive of the result in Florida, the canvassers were the county judge, the county clerk, and a justice of the peace to be called in by them. The judge refusing to join the clerk in the canvass, the latter summoned a justice and with him made the canvass, which all admitted to be a true one. The same night the judge called in the sheriff and another justice, and together they surreptitiously entered the clerk's office, lit it up, and took out the returns from a drawer in his desk. There



SIGNS No. 3.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

ALL MESSAGES TAKEN BY THIS COMPANY SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING TERMS:

To guard against mistakes, the sender of a message should order it REPEATED, that is, telegraphed back to the originating office. For repeating, one half the regular rate is charged in addition. And it is agreed between the sender of the following message and this Company, that said Company shall not be liable for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any UNREPEATED message, beyond the amount received for sending the same, nor for mistakes or delays in the transmission or delivery, or for non-delivery, of any repeated message, beyond fifty times the sum received for sending the same, unless specially insured, nor in any case for delays arising from unavoidable interruption in the working of their lines, or for errors in cipher or obscure messages. And this Company is hereby made the agent of the sender, without liability, to forward any message over the lines of any other Company when necessary to reach its destination.

Corrections in the transmission of messages to any point on the lines of this Company, can be secured by contract in writing, stating agreed amount of risk, and payment of premium thereon at the following rates, in addition to the usual charge for repeated messages, viz: one per cent. for any distance not exceed ing 1,000 miles, and two per cent. for any greater distance. No employee of the Company is authorized to vary the foregoing.

The Company will not be liable for damages in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after sending the message.

JAS. GAMBLE, General Sup't, San Francisco. WILLIAM ORTON, President.

64 Dec 1st 1876.

Send the following Message subject to the above terms, which are agreed to: 7355

To Hon Saml J Tilden No 15 Gramercy Park New York.

Heede scantiness Cramp emerge perora= tion Lothoun Surviver browse of piasma= ter dottish Lothouse exactness of Surviver highest Cunning dottish afair galvanic Shrriver by accordingly neglectful Mer= cileas of senator incongruent Coalesce

Russell Brothers' Print, 77 New Street, N. Y. A Bliss & D P Gamble

"I shall decide every point in the case of post-office elector in favor of the highest democratic elector, and grant the certificate accordingly on morning of the 6th inst. Confidential."—CONGRESSIONAL RECORD.

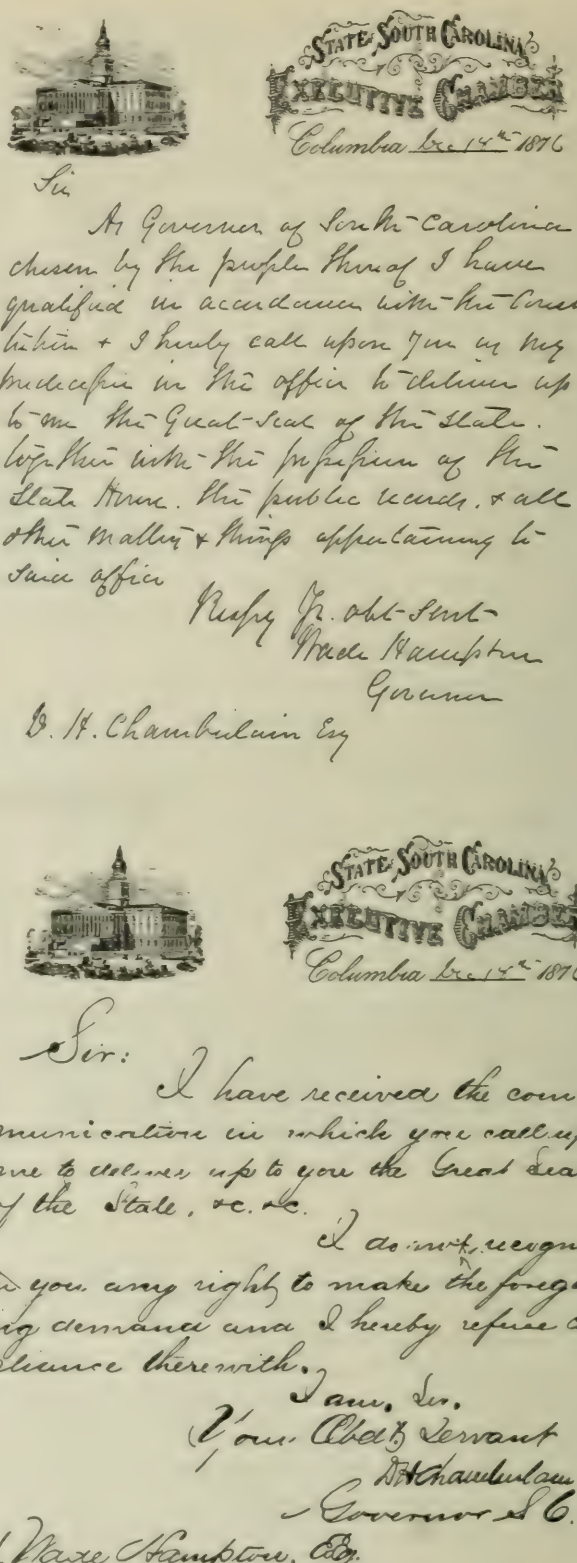
One of the "Cipher Despatches," sent During the Election Deadlock, with Translation, as Put in Evidence Before the Congressional Committee.

were only four precincts in the county, and of the four returns from these, confessedly without the slightest evidence of fraud or intimidation, they threw out two. The other two they certified.

The Republican counsel maintained that the issue was not which set of Florida electors received an actual majority, but which had received the legal sanction of State authority; in short, that the business of the Commission was not to go behind the returns, which, they argued, would be physically, legally, and constitutionally impossible. This view the Commission espoused, which sufficed to decide not only the case of Florida, but also that of Louisiana, whence came three sets of certificates, and that of South Carolina, whence came two. The first and third Louisiana returns were duplicates, signed by Governor Kellogg, in favor of the Hayes electors. The second was certified by McEnery, who claimed to be Governor, and was based not upon the return as made by the board, but upon the popular vote. The return of the Tilden electors in South Carolina was not certified. They claimed to have been counted out by the State board in defiance of the State Supreme Court and of the popular will.

In Oregon the Democratic Governor declared one of the Hayes electors ineligible because an office-holder, giving a certificate to Cronin, the highest Tilden elector, instead. The other two Hayes electors refused to recognize Cronin, and, associating with them the rejected Republican elector, presented a certificate signed by the Secretary of State. Cronin, as the Republican papers had it, "flocked all by himself," appointed two new electors to act with him, and cast his vote for Tilden, though his associates voted for Hayes. The Cronin certificate was signed by the Governor and attested by the Secretary of State.

After deciding not to go behind any returns that were formerly lawful, the Commission, by a strict party vote of eight to seven, decided for the Hayes electors in every case. Whether the result would have been different if Jus-



An Incident of the State Election of 1876 in South Carolina, when both Hampton and Chamberlain claimed to have been elected Governor.

tice Davis had been the fifth justice in the Commission, is a question that must always remain open. By no utterance of Mr. Davis was there ever an indication of what his action would have been, but he had a high opinion of Mr. Tilden, and his political sympathies were known by his intimate friends to have been on the side of the Democrats. On March 2d the Commission adjourned. The same day, "the counting of the votes having been concluded, Senator William B. Allison, one of the tellers on the part of the Senate, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, announced, as a result of the footings, that Rutherford B. Hayes had received 185 votes for President, and William A. Wheeler 185 votes for Vice-President; and thereupon the presiding officer of the Convention of the two Houses declared Rutherford B. Hayes to have been elected President, and William A. Wheeler Vice-President of the United States for four years from the 4th day of March, 1877." Hayes was inaugurated without disturbance. For this outcome, owing to the decisive position which he held on the Commission, Mr. Justice Bradley was made to bear wholly unmerited censure. Vicious State laws were to blame for giving judicial powers to partisan returning boards, and otherwise opening the door to confusion and fraud; but Congress was the worst sinner, failing to pass a law to forestall the difficulty of rival certificates.

The Commission having decided, the whole country heaved a sigh of relief; but all agreed that provision must be made against such peril in the future. An Electoral Count Bill was passed late in 1886, and signed by the President, February 3, 1887. It aims to throw upon each State, so far as possible, the responsibility of determining its own vote. The President of the Senate opens the electoral certificates in the presence of both houses, and hands them to tellers, two from each House, who read them aloud and record the votes. If there is no dispute touching the list of electors from a State, such list, being certified in due form, is accepted as a matter of course. In case of dispute, the procedure is as follows: If but one set of returns appears and it is authenticated by a State electoral tribunal legally qualified to settle the dispute, such returns are conclusive. If there are two or more sets of returns, the set approved by the State tribunal is accepted. If there are two rival tribunals, the vote of the State must be thrown out, unless both Houses of Congress, acting separately, agree upon the lawfulness of one tribunal or the other. If there has been no decision by a tribunal, those votes upon which both Houses, acting separately, agree, are counted.

HAYES'S ADMINISTRATION

True to his avowed principles, President Hayes made up his Cabinet of the ablest men, disregarding party so far as to select for Postmaster-General a Democrat, David M. Key, of Tennessee. William M. Evarts was Secretary of State; John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury; Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior. The first important act of his administration was to invite the rival governors of South Carolina, Hampton and Chamberlain, to a conference at Washington. It will be remembered that when Chamberlain became Governor his integrity awakened the hate of his old supporters, while his former antagonists smothered him with embraces. The hate was more enduring than the adoration. Good government was restored, but this was purely an executive reform, howled at by the vulgar majority. Race antipathy still rankled, for Governor Chamberlain would not yield an inch as a defender of the negro's political and civil rights. The Democratic successes of 1874 inspired the Democrats in the State with the wildest zeal. Wade Hampton, "the Murat of the Confederacy," dashing, fervid, eloquent, the Confederate veterans' idol, was nominated for governor. The party which elected Chamberlain was forced to renominate him. The pressure of official patronage was used to this end, and it was known that he alone among Republicans could preserve the State from a reign of terror.

The whites rallied to Hampton with

delirious enthusiasm, crying "South Carolina for South Carolinians!" White rifle clubs were organized but disbanded by the Governor, who called in United States troops to preserve order. Though in the white counties the negroes were cowed, elsewhere they displayed fanatical activity. If the white could shoot, the black could set fire to property. Thus crime and race hostility increased once more to an appalling extent. The Hamburg massacre, where helpless negro prisoners were murdered, was offset by the Charleston riot, where black savages shot or beat every white man who appeared on the streets. The course of events in Louisiana had been similar, though marked by less violence. Nichols was the Democratic aspirant, and the notorious S. B. Packard the Republican. Even President Grant had now changed his view of the Southern situation, stating frankly "that he did not believe public opinion would longer support the maintenance of State governments in Louisiana by the use of the military, and that he must concur in this manifest feeling."

President Hayes withdrew federal support from the South Carolina and Louisiana governments, and they at once fell. Many Republicans fiercely criticised this policy. Some said that by failing to support the governments based upon the canvass of the very returning boards that gave him the electoral delegations in the two States named, he impeached his own title. This was untrue. With regard to State officers, the judicial powers of the returning boards were clearly usurpations, contrary to the State constitutions, while, as to federal officers, such as electors, the power of the boards to modify or reject returns was independent of the State constitutions, yet not forbidden by any federal law.

In 1877 George William Curtis supported, in the New York State Republican Convention, a resolution commending Hayes's administration, and especially his course with regard to the civil service. This aroused Conkling to make a fierce personal attack upon him. Writes Curtis: "It was the saddest sight I ever knew, that man glaring at me in a fury of hate and storming out his foolish blackguardism. It was all pity. I had not thought him great, but I had not suspected how small he was. His friends, the best, were confounded. One of them said to me next day, 'It was not amazement that I felt, but consternation.' Conkling's speech was carefully written out, and therefore you do not get all the venom, and no one can imagine the Mephistophelian leer and spite."

Partly the mode of his accession to office, and partly the rage of selfish placemen who could no longer have their way, made it fashionable for a time to speak of President Hayes as a "weak man." This was an entire error. His administration was every way one of the most creditable in all our history. He had a resolute will, irreproachable integrity, and a comprehensive and remarkably healthy view of public affairs. Moreover, he was free from that "last infirmity," the consuming ambition which has snared so many able statesmen. He voluntarily banished the alluring prospect of a second term, and rose above all jealousy of his distinguished associates. Never have our foreign affairs been more ably handled than by his State Secretary. His Secretary of the Treasury triumphantly steered our bark into the safe harbor of resumption, breakers roaring this side and that, near at hand. That Hayes was such men's real and not their mere nominal chief, in naught dims their fame, though heightening his. President Hayes's veto, in 1878, of the original Bland Bill, for the free coinage of silver by the United States alone, though vain, reflects on him the utmost credit.

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM HURON"

By George A. Hibbard

THE man who was reading the list came at length to the H's.

"Haas," he said.

"Doubtful," observed one of those seated about the table in the small hotel "parlor."

"Hackett," he continued.

"No use," commented the person who had spoken before.

"Haggerty."

"No use," repeated the other, gloomily.

"Hartley," went on the reader.

There was a loud roar of laughter.

"Well," said the man who held the list, lowering it a little and looking over his glasses, "what's the matter with him?"

"He's all right," said another, who had not spoken.

"You—ah—do not think, Dorsey," continued, with some preciseness, the man who had read the names, "that you will experience any difficulty in that direction?"

Dorsey, a younger man than the rest, all of whom could have given an accurate account of the doings of any State Convention anywhere within twenty-five years, looked up with a slight smile.

"No, Mr. Rauceby," he said, again laughing outright, "I don't think I shall."

"You know the man," pursued Rauceby. "Very singular, but I don't."

"Come," exclaimed another, "you remember 'Conscience' Hartley?"

"No, I don't," said Rauceby.

"Don't you remember—it may have been five years ago—when there was some little thing to be done in Tappan County, and a fellow was sent to see the County Clerk. I don't recollect exactly what was wanted, but it was something rather important, and the Company was willing to pay a good price. Well, our fellow went down and found his man. From what he said he must have talked to him pretty much all the morning, showing him what were the points, and why it would be the best for the community. He fairly talked himself out, the other saying nothing at all, and at last he came to a dead stand-still. He was a little doubtful about speaking more directly and didn't know what to do, so he sat there staring at the man before him. Then the other said, just quietly and gently, 'But I have a conscience.' That settled it. Our fellow knew where he was then. He offered first one sum and then another, until he'd got to the end of his limit; then he went out and telegraphed, 'He has a conscience.' Of course his despatch was understood, and as the matter really was important he was given free hand. In the afternoon our man went back and saw the clerk and raised on him. 'Do you think,' he asked, as he suggested the figure, 'that this is about what you're conscience demands?' The other man hesitated a moment, then he spoke up quick, 'Well, I guess that's about the size of it.' But I can tell you that 'conscience' cost the Company a pretty penny, and that man was Hartley. It's for this reason he's gone by the name of 'Conscience' Hartley among a lot of us ever since."

"I knew him," said Dorsey; "I came from Tappan County, and we went to school together. Afterward, when I began to practise law, I had one or two dealings with him. It was universally conceded that he was perfectly unscrupulous, and when there was any dirty work to be done, he was always the man chosen to do it. At first I was almost sorry for him, for he never had anything to help him, and a good deal by inheritance against him—his people weren't much—and he was as ambitious as the devil. But at last he got too bad. Some of the things he did made one sick, and I hadn't been speaking to him for some time before I left."

"Don't you think," suggested Rauceby, doubtfully, "that perhaps this—early misunderstanding may make some

difficulty? Perhaps he'd better be seen by someone else."

"Oh," exclaimed Dorsey, contemptuously, "a little thing like a man's not speaking to him doesn't make any difference with 'Conscience' Hartley."

"You say," continued Rauceby, "that he is your contemporary. He must be a youngish man."

"Yes," answered Dorsey; "he isn't old. If anything, he's a little younger than I am—and he wasn't a bad-looking devil, with his clean-shaved, pale, thin, eager face."

"Hum," coughed Rauceby. "You knew him in Tappan, and he is now a member from Huron County."

"He had to leave Tappan shortly after he'd got through his term as clerk," explained Dorsey. "There was even something shady about the way he got in, and he went out with a reputation that finished him. Nothing was ever brought home to him—he was too clever for that—but people began to be very shy. Besides, he became very careless in his habits——"

"Drank?" said Rauceby, briefly.

"Yes," said Dorsey; "and so he went off to Huron, married there, and has evidently got himself elected."

"You'll see him, then, at once," pursued Rauceby, picking up the list which he had momentarily laid aside.

"To-morrow morning," replied Dorsey.

"It would seem that we could count on him?" commented the other.

"Yes," said Dorsey, with a light laugh, "I don't think that I shall have very much trouble with the 'Gentleman from Huron.'"

A bright, hard, winter sunlight fell on the snow-sprinkled earth as Dorsey, at about ten o'clock on the following day, made his way up the steep Albany street. He did not walk very briskly, indeed his feet dragged even laggingly, and there was a slight frown of displeasure on his brow. He knew that his heart was not in the work upon which he was engaged, and he could not disguise from himself that there was a feeling lying hidden away somewhere that made him irritable and uncomfortable. It really availed but little to recall the cynical conclusions at which he had arrived after a somewhat extended experience with the ways of men. He did not like what he was doing at all. In all other affairs of a like sort there had been a greater remoteness. Things might have been done that were not altogether defensible, but he had not been the one who had directly done them, and they had not appeared so blameworthy in their shadowy detachment. Now he was acting himself, and the facts of the case lay directly before him with a raw crudeness not to be escaped. It was then that he suddenly experienced a sensation of relief in remembering that he was going to meet Hartley. "Conscience" Hartley would receive such a proposition as a matter of course; the business could soon be settled, and then he could quickly forget the whole affair. It was not as if he had to deal with a person who might have scruples that it would be necessary that he should overcome. He could ask Hartley what he would take, as he might ask a man what he would take for a piece of land, and that would be all there would be of it. He found a substantial comfort in this reflection, and the thought of the man now led him to think of the boy he had known in the past. He remembered him scorned at school because of histories as to his parentage—histories known even to himself and to the other urchins. Indeed then and always it had come to be a sort of understood thing that Hartley should be despised, and Dorsey had always taken the attitude of the rest of the world, without much questioning, as he accepted always everything else that the world was prepared to accept. He had been very far away from Hartley in those days in the county town of Tappan County, and very far above him in position even then, when he had not yet become the successful promoter of many a big scheme in the big city. He had always felt that he had the right to scorn the other, and had done so, casting him aside carelessly when the little standing that the other had was gone. To be sure he had never had much to do with him—but here a disturbing thought suddenly came to Dorsey. Was he as far away from Hartley now as he had been then?

Now he was engaged to meet him in the same business—and the position of the one who gave the bribe was not so very much better after all than the position held by him who received it. Dorsey was still young and not quite hardened, and the idea was very bitter. He hated the man he was about to see ; he hated the idea of the meeting that was about to take place, and it was with a very disturbed mind and in a very bad temper that he entered the hotel where he expected to find Hartley.

As Dorsey passed through the wide doorway it occurred to him as surprising that he should be going to that particular place. The hotel was quite the best in the city, and that Hartley was there was something little to be expected. A boarding-house on a side street would seem a much more likely abode, and it was with a feeling that there was some mistake that Dorsey spoke to the clerk in the marble office. It seemed all right, however, for the man called "Front" without question, and sent off Dorsey's card by the "hall-boy," who sprang forward quite as if the sending up of cards to "Forty-seven" was a very frequent occurrence.

Dorsey walked about the tessellated floor wondering vaguely. He was not, however, obliged to wait long, for the "boy," quickly returning, announced that "Mr. Hartley" would see him. Nor did Dorsey have far to go, for his guide, ascending a flight of broad steps, shortly paused at a door on the second floor, knocked, and immediately entered.

The room into which Dorsey was thus ushered was a large hotel "parlor," across which the winter sunshine was streaming brightly. A fire burned briskly in the grate, and on the table was a bunch of flowers. On the mantel stood a number of photographs in pretty frames ; on a chair were some books and papers, and over the back of a divan was a woman's wrap. If Dorsey had been surprised before, he was fairly astounded as he stepped across the dull-hued rug thrown over the more glaring hotel carpet. A man seated at a large table with his back to the light rose speedily as Dorsey advanced. The face was in such deep shadow that he could not be sure if it were indeed Hartley, and Dorsey paused, hesitating slightly.

"I believe you want to see me," said the occupant of the room.

Though he had not heard the voice for a long time, Dorsey recognized at once the unmistakable nervous intonation.

"Yes—Hartley." He felt a sudden impulse to say "Mr. Hartley," but he checked himself in very shame, and endeavored to start the interview upon a basis of mutual understanding and rough good-fellowship.

"It's some time since we met." And Dorsey held out a hand which the other took lamely. "I don't think we've forgotten one another."

"No," said Hartley, slowly; "I remember you very well, Mr. Dorsey—but, as you say, it's some time since we met."

"Time enough," continued the other, heartily, "for us to change a good deal—get over a good deal of nonsense that was in us when we were young——"

Hartley nodded, and although nothing was said more explicitly, it was understood that Dorsey had tacitly apologized for the past.

It was manifestly indicative of the moral plane on which Hartley had always lived that he accepted the whole matter as so absolutely natural, and unquestionably felt neither anger nor surprise.

"So they've sent you up here," said Dorsey, "but on the other side, I understand, from what you used to be."

"I've seen the error of my ways," said Hartley.

Both men laughed mirthlessly and recklessly, for although Hartley's speech was innocent enough there was something in his tone that was harshly scoffing.

"There are always two sides to every question," continued Dorsey, "and I've come to see you because I want to talk to you about one particular side of one."

"You're up here in the interest of the old concern," said Hartley.

"Yes," replied the other, "although we don't say much about it. There's a new matter, and the truth is I want you to help give it a lift."

"I think it comes up to-morrow," observed Hartley, thoughtfully.

"Yes," Dorsey answered. "We've been pushing it on; want to get the bill up to the Senate before the close of the session."

"I know about it," said Hartley, slowly nodding.

"That's all right, then," exclaimed the other, seating himself and placing his hand on Hartley's knee. "Now we —you and I—we don't have to waste our time with much nonsense, and we'll just put this through. You know me, and I know you——"

"You knew me," corrected Hartley.

"What do you mean?" asked Dorsey, looking up in surprise.

"Didn't I tell you I've seen the error of my ways?"

"Oh, come," laughed Dorsey, "what are you talking about?"

It was for his interest to carry on the conversation as if there were some secret understanding, some freemasonry of trickery that united them, and he was doing his best to maintain the fiction by a rude and coarse pleasantry.

"You think I don't mean it——"

"I think I can convince you as to the side you want to take in the business," said Dorsey, still laughing boisterously.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Hartley, rising.

He went to the door that led to the next room, opened it slightly and glanced in. As if reassured, he threw it farther back and took a more comprehensive view; evidently satisfied, he closed the door carefully, and returned to the table, near which he again sat down.

"I wanted to be sure there wasn't anyone there."

Dorsey nodded.

"I can talk freely now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Hartley, almost with a sigh of relief, "and so can I."

"This thing is very well worth our while and we are willing to make it worth your while, too," resumed Dorsey. "That's the long and the short of it, and if we talked a week that's what it would be in the end."

"As I understand," said Hartley, "you want to pay me—bribe me to vote for this measure of yours."

"We don't usually put it that way," replied the other man, with a nervous laugh; "but if you haven't got any objection to such directness, we haven't. In fact, I suppose that's about what it is."

"That's very much what it is," said Hartley, in a tone that caused Dorsey to glance up at him in surprise. "Dorsey," he continued, "as you say, we've known each other for a long time."

"Well," said Dorsey, as the other paused.

"That's the reason," pursued Hartley, "that I let you come up here. Do you suppose that I have forgotten?" He looked squarely at the other. "There was a time when you refused to speak to me—when you passed me in the public street without a word."

"I know," said Dorsey. "I was young and — had ideas that the world has knocked out of me. I set myself up then for being better than others. It's only as we grow older that we learn that mighty few of us can afford to do that."

"You thought and announced publicly that I was a person of no principle, of no honor—and—well, you may imagine that it is some satisfaction to have you come to me on such an errand."

"I didn't expect you were going to take it this way, Hiram," said Dorsey. "But I suppose it's natural. You want your little revenge," and again he laughed nervously. "It's the way of the world."

"I won't deny it," said Hartley, rising and pacing the room. "I think we're even now, but I'd have gladly given up this revenge, as you call it, not to have you come to me at this time."

He was silent for a moment and then went on:

"If you were a stranger I shouldn't talk to you, but — we went to school together," Hartley resumed. "I tell you frankly that I need money—nothing crooked, you know—but I've borrowed and speculated and lost. This offer of yours is a temptation, and if I don't accept it I don't know where to turn."

"Well," said Dorsey, phlegmatically.

"And yet I can't do it!" cried Hartley, going to the window, and for a mo-

ment absently gazing down into the busy street. "Good God, I can't do it!"

Dorsey allowed his very real surprise to show in his usually impassive face.

"Why, Hiram," he said, with perfect sincerity, "what's making you so particular at this late day?"

"It is a late day," admitted the man. "I know it, and the knowledge that you have the right to say that to me makes me want to strangle you—or shoot myself."

Tossing up his head he laughed again, shortly and sharply.

"I thought I'd passed the danger—that the necessity would never come again. But it's as bad almost as it ever was." He turned fiercely on Dorsey—"Why did you come here?"

"It seems," said Dorsey, coolly, "to save you from something."

"It's nothing so very much," Hartley went on. "Only the need of money. Only the knowledge that without it there will be trouble, perhaps even want for myself—and another. A little would carry me through — what you would probably give would more than set all right."

"Then why not accept and not think any more about it?"

"I tell you I can't!" cried Hartley.

"You would——" began his companion.

"I should have done it. You're right. I'd have done it and never thought. But why should I have done it? Because I did not know any better, because I was lost anyway, because in one sense there was no reason why I should do any better."

"And there is a reason now?" asked Dorsey, with a vague interest.

"There *is*," replied Hartley. "There is something that has made all different—for it has made me different; that has put me where I am; that has made me what I am."

"Yes?" said Dorsey, his curiosity really aroused.

Hartley sank into a chair placed near the blazing grate, and let his head rest on his hand.

"Dorsey," he said, "I'm a wretched man—a cursedly wretched man. Fate's been against me. I thought I had pulled through all right, and now I'm deeper in the mire than ever. Fate has made what so far has been my salvation—a temptation. That's the worst of having once been out of the straight path; it comes so easy the next time. I suppose another man, who had never gone wrong, would have prejudices, principles against soiling his hands; but with me it's only too natural. It's the other thing that's the effort. And when I think of what I've done for nothing, for mere selfishness, it almost seems a duty to do this thing now."

Dorsey, seeing that Hartley expected some response, nodded his head, but did not speak.

"There's no escape," groaned the tortured man. "There's no other way."

Dorsey remained silent.

"If it must be," Hartley said at length, "what is it you want?"

"Simply," said Dorsey, "that you should vote for our measure. You say you know about it, and—and it will be worth your while."

"How much?" asked Hartley, coldly, steadily, rigidly.

"How much did you say you were behind?" asked Dorsey.

Hartley drew a scrap of paper toward him, tore off a strip, scrawled some figures upon it, and handed it to the other. Dorsey, adjusting his eye-glasses, glanced at it quickly.

"Yes," he said, "though it's rather more—still there will be no difficulty. I can promise you, I believe, that there will be no difficulty."

There was a certain dogged weariness in the way that both men spoke that was very noticeable, although both were clearly unaware of it. When Dorsey had finished, the two sat in gloomy absorption, each ignoring the other and evidently following out a particular train of thought. Before either, however, had noticed the awkwardness of such a silence, the door which Hartley had closed so carefully was slowly opened.

"May I come in?" said a gentle, woman's voice, and a young woman's head was thrust into the room and a young woman's alert, bright eyes glanced about the place. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "you are not alone."

"Come in, Maggie," called Hartley. "It's all right."

"I've been out," she said, wholly emerging from her place of concealment and swiftly advancing, "and I did not know anyone was here."

"It's only—" Hartley visibly hesitated and finally hurried on, "an old friend of mine—an old school-fellow."

The girl—for she was hardly more, although in her evident desire to maintain the dignity of wifehood she had dressed herself prettily in a manner that would have been proper for one of far greater years—beamed her welcome upon Dorsey.

"You knew Hiram before he knew me," she said, quickly. "How strange that is—for it seems to me that I have known him always," and she glanced adoringly at her husband.

"Yes," said Dorsey. "Long—long ago."

"How very pleasant it must be," she continued, "for you to see each other again. You must have so much about which you want to talk, since you knew each other at school—all the games and all your scrapes—indeed, all the happy past when one is young. I am so sorry I came in."

"We had very nearly finished our very pleasant conversation," said Dorsey, grimly. "In fact we had—quite got through——"

He rose, as if preparing to take his leave.

"Please sit down," she said. "You are an old friend, and I shall feel very badly if I drive an old friend away in this fashion. You *must* sit down," she concluded, impetuously, "I want to talk to you, too."

Dorsey reluctantly obeyed and sank back into the chair in which he had been seated; Hartley, with deep lines of anxiety and suffering about his eyes and the corners of the mouth, stood looking on.

"Was he always the same?" she asked, gayly. "I'm sure you never got *him* into any of your mischief, he must have been such a good boy," she concluded, laughing. "You must all have been afraid of him—just as I am now. Oh," and she glanced around admiringly at Hartley, "I don't dare tell him half of the awful things I think and do, I am so afraid he would be shocked."

Hartley looked entreatingly at Dorsey and the latter in embarrassment evaded his glance.

"I suppose that it is quite right for me to say things to you who are an old school-fellow," she continued, doubtfully, "for you knew him and can understand. I go to Hiram with every case of conscience, and I find him awfully severe. Sometimes I am quite ashamed when I find that he utterly disapproves of things that didn't seem to me wrong in the least."

With a half-smothered exclamation Hartley again turned to the window.

"What is it?" she asked, looking after him timidly. "I don't care," she said, defiantly, "if you don't like to hear me say nice things about you. They're true, and there can't be any harm." Then she went on confidentially to the confused man before her: "He hates to have me praise him in that way, but I suppose it's natural, for I know men dislike to be considered too good."

"You cover me with confusion, Maggie," said Hartley, who had returned from the window, with an attempt at lightness.

"I don't see why I should be ashamed if you are," she replied, rebelliously. "Oh," and she laughed brightly, "it always amuses me when I think how astonished some of the wicked people here must be when they find that a man in public office," she spoke in a manner that clearly indicated the unbounded pride that she took in her husband's position as a member of the Legislature, "can really be true and honest. And," she concluded, inquiringly, and turning to the other, "there are a great many who are very wicked, for I have read all about it in the newspapers."

Dorsey smiled with a sickly uplifting of the corners of his mouth, and this he evidently thought would suffice for an answer, but Maggie was clearly intent upon learning his opinion.

"I am afraid," he answered at length, seeing that there was no escape, "that a great deal is done that is not quite right."

"I cannot understand it," she ex-

claimed, indignantly, "when their positions are given to them as a *sacred trust*, when the people they represent have honored them with their confidence—To betray them!"

"They don't look at it in such a great light," said Dorsey.

"But they ought," she insisted. "When a man is chosen from among all the people of a place to guard its interests it is a great distinction. Don't you suppose I am very, *very* proud of Hiram's election? Don't you suppose that I just love everyone of the men who voted for him? It was a great surprise for us—for me when he was nominated. There had never been any reason to expect anything so fine—oh!—and then the election. 'The gentleman from Huron'—that's what I always call him, exactly as they do at the Capitol—pretended to be very modest about it, but *I* wasn't. I was willing that everyone should know what *I* felt." She looked at her husband inquiringly. "Wasn't I?"

"I think, Maggie," he said, with a weak, nervous laugh, "that there could be little doubt about your sentiments."

"I don't care," she declared. "It was a great thing for us—it must be a great thing for anybody—to be chosen of the people. And how any of them can be unworthy I can't see. How they can be false to their promises, their oaths, just for their own mean good, I can't understand. It's wicked and—and—what's more, it's cowardly—just like a soldier deserting in the face of the enemy. That's what I always told my boys when I taught school."

"I have no doubt," said Dorsey, "that you have started many future Presidents in the way they should go."

"I don't care anything about Presidents," continued the young girl, hotly, "but I tried to show that truth and faith and honor were real and important things. I hear so much that makes me so indignant that it seems as if I could not be quiet—as if I must do something. And Hiram agrees with me that it is terrible." She looked toward her husband as she often did, but he had turned away, Dorsey also having instinctively glanced in his direction. "I'm talking as I do now," she continued, "because I've just heard something that makes me particularly furious. Hiram," she said, "Jim Pomeroy has been here."

"Yes," responded Hartley.

"Jim Pomeroy," she continued, turning to Dorsey, and speaking in a tone of confidential lowness, "is awfully in love with Annie. Oh, Annie's my sister, who is here with me. Now, of course, he wants to be nice to me, and he tells me all about everything under the sun, himself included—mostly himself—with all his hopes and fears and wishes. He's up here just now in the interests of some people who don't want a bill passed that it seems a certain corporation is making every effort to carry through. I think that is right. When I saw him this morning he was in perfect despair. It appears the thing is coming on to-morrow and there isn't any hope. Jim says the whole matter is perfectly scandalous—that it's a 'steal' of the worst kind. Indeed, that never before has there been anything so brazen and barefaced. He has been working like everything, poor fellow, using every regular and legitimate means possible to destroy the influence of those working against him, but it is no use. It appears that they are paying enormous sums—buying up votes right and left. Until yesterday he thought that he should be successful, for the measure was so manifestly wrong that a great many were afraid, whatever their principles might be, to go in for it. Jim and his side had gone over every name in the House, and as nearly as they could see those for and against were just even, and he was very hopeful. But then he met a man—" she paused impressively in order to give Dorsey the full benefit of her tone of withering scorn—"a man who was up here, buying the members as if they were sheep. The name of the creature, Jim said, was Dorsey, and Jim and the wretch who, Jim said, is the most prominent of his awful class, had a talk."

Dorsey stirred uncomfortably, and threw his right leg over his left knee with an affected air of easy indifference.

"I can't understand how he could have consented to speak to him, but it

seems men look upon those things differently — almost as a joke. Anyway when Jim told this man that he was sure to have his way, the man laughed at him—I can imagine his low, malignant, cunning laughter — and assured him that he was mistaken. It seems" —and again she paused impressively— "it seems that he knew of a member— for so he said—who was so utterly lost to all sense of shame that all he should have to do would be to go to him and ask him what his price would be for 'seeing the thing through all right' and it would be done. He said he shouldn't have any more hesitation about approaching this wretch than he should a newsboy to buy a newspaper. He told Jim that the man's 'record' was so bad, that the man himself was so lost to honor—that he had let him go until the very last because he was absolutely sure of him. Think of anyone being able to say that of another! It appears that this miserable being had held office before somewhere else and had left the place in disgrace, that he had been an object of universal contempt and loathing, and that no decent man had been willing to speak to him. Poor thing! I could almost be sorry for him, only he must be so hardened that sympathy, I imagine, would be utterly lost. And really I despise and hate him," her eyes flashed and she clenched her small hands, "and I should like to tell him what I think of him. Oh, I am so angry about it all that I cannot be still, and that is the reason that I have been talking in this way."

Both men were silent.

"It is terrible," she resumed. "What harm such a man must do; what misery he must bring on anyone who happens to have the misfortune to belong to him. And if he is not utterly lost to all sense of humiliation, what tortures of conscience he must suffer, what shame he must experience when he realizes that his disgrace is known to anyone for whom he cares, for I suppose such people do care sometimes, in strange, perverted ways. And even if all his guilt is not known, what agony it must be to have anyone treat him with a consideration he knows that he does not deserve." Her eyes shone and her breath came and went more quickly as she poured out hotly and rapidly her indignant words, utterly absorbed by her topic. "I told Jim that I would get the 'Gentleman from Huron' to do something. That he would be the perfect one to stand up and denounce such villany. And," she again turned to Hartley, "I was so proud when I was able to say that—you don't know."

Hartley was leaning with his arm on the mantel, gazing in the fire.

"Why," she said, springing up, "what is it? I have been so busy talking I did not notice. Something is the matter."

She crossed to where Hartley stood, and paused, gazing very earnestly and very anxiously at him.

"Yes," replied Hartley, in a low voice.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, putting her hand on his arm, and evidently utterly forgetful that Dorsey was in the room. "Is it something—serious?"

"Yes," said Hartley, again in the same muffled tone.

"Never mind," she continued, soothingly, "perhaps it isn't so bad after all."

"Mr.—ah," began Hartley, "my old friend has brought me some bad news."

"Is it about money?" she asked.

"About money," assented Hartley.

It was easy to see that the information had little effect upon her, for she merely uttered a little exclamation of half-indifferent scorn.

"If it's only that," she cried, "although I don't very well see what else it could have been, for we are both here and well, and Annie I know is well and happy, and there isn't anything else."

"But," said Hartley, looking up, "we are ruined. We have lost the little that we have saved."

"Never mind," she said, gently. "You know that we didn't use it, but were only keeping it, so we are just the same, really."

"You don't understand," Hartley went on, miserably. "I owe more than I can pay. We are in debt ——"

A little, troubled frown appeared for a moment on her low, smooth brow, and a slight sigh broke from her lips.

"Never mind," she went on, valiantly, "we can make money and pay it off."

"But, Maggie," he insisted, anxious clearly that she should know the worst, "it is a great deal."

"It will only take the longer," she said, stoutly. "But neither of us is old."

"You really mean," he said, "that you don't care?'

"Of course I do," she replied, brightly, "but we were poor—very poor when we began, and that didn't last then, and—if we do right, it won't last now."

Dorsey rose.

"I think—I think," he said, casting about him for his hat, "that I must go."

"Oh," exclaimed Maggie, turning swiftly, "I had forgotten. How very rude of me, and your old friend must think us very absurd." She advanced and held out her hand to Dorsey. "You see your bad news wasn't such very bad news after all."

"No, no," muttered Dorsey.

"And so really," said Hartley, from where he stood, to Dorsey, who was now standing up, "I don't think, on the whole, I shall take advantage of your kind suggestion. Maggie and I will face it out together and let the worst come. Unless," and he glanced with a short laugh at the girl, "you think we'd better turn a penny like those of whom you've heard. My vote is just as valuable as another, and I might go and find the person of whom Jim spoke to you and sell it for what I could get."

She answered his bitter smile with a delighted laugh, and gave him a quick look—a look in which adoration, faith, love, were one and all mingled.

"Oh," she exclaimed, indignantly, "how can you speak of such a thing even in fun. I am *ashamed* of you."

"Well, then," said Hartley to Dorsey, who had found his hat, and was now moving toward the door, "if you happen to meet the man that Maggie has been describing so vividly, you needn't tell him to see me."

"No," said Maggie, defiantly; "but you can say to him positively that he will lose his time if he comes to see the 'Gentleman from Huron.'" And, as she turned and running to Hartley threw her arms around his neck, after the door had closed on Dorsey's departing form, she exclaimed, "I'm so sorry I forgot to tell your old school-fellow that we should be so very happy to see him again."

BENEVOLENCE

By Annie Fields

Poor young poet! when I see
Your meagre room, the noisy street,
The absence of things fair or sweet,
I cry: "O set him free!
The nightingale can never sing
Unless he hide his fluttering wing
In some green spot!"
Alas! I freed him from his pain,
And hid him in a shady lane,
Where all was cool and green;
But now, behold, he singeth not,
He calls the days and nights "serene;"
Sunlight and moonlight all the same,
Are "beautiful beyond a name,"
From his dim garden plot!

THE ART OF LIVING

THE USE OF TIME

By Robert Grant

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

I

I BROUGHT Rogers home with me again the other day. I do not mean Rogers in the flesh; but the example of Rogers as a bogy with which to confound my better half and myself. You may recall that Rogers is the bookkeeper for Patterson the banker, and that he has brought up and educated a family on a salary of twenty-two hundred dollars a year.

"Barbara," said I, "we were reflecting yesterday that we never have time to do the things we really wish to do. Have you ever considered how Rogers spends his time?"

My wife admitted that she had not, and she dutifully waited for me to proceed, though I could tell from the expression of her mouth that she did not expect to derive much assistance from the example of Mr. Rogers. Therefore I made an interesting pathological deduction to begin with.

"Rogers does not live on his nerves from one year's end to the other, as we do."

"I congratulate him," said Barbara, with a sigh.

"And yet," I continued, "he leads a highly respectable and fairly interesting life. He gets up at precisely the same hour every morning, has his breakfast, reads the paper, and is at his desk punctually on time. He dines frugally, returns to his desk until half-past four or five, and after performing any errands which Mrs. Rogers has asked him to attend to, goes home to the bosom of his family. There he exchanges his coat and boots for a dressing-gown, or aged smoking-jacket, and slippers, and remains by his fireside absorbed in the evening paper until tea-time. Conversation with the members of his family beguiles him for half an hour after the completion of the meal; then he settles down to the family weekly magazine, or plays checkers or backgammon with his wife or daughters. After a while, if he is interested in ferns or grasses, he looks to see how his specimens are growing under the glass case in the corner. He pats the cat and makes sure that the canary is supplied with seed. Now and then he brings home a puzzle, like "Pigs in Clover," which keeps him up half an hour later than usual, but ordinarily his head is nodding before the stroke of ten warns him that his bed-hour has come. And just at the time that the wife of his employer, Patterson, may be setting out for a ball, he is tucking himself up in bed by the side of Mrs. Rogers.

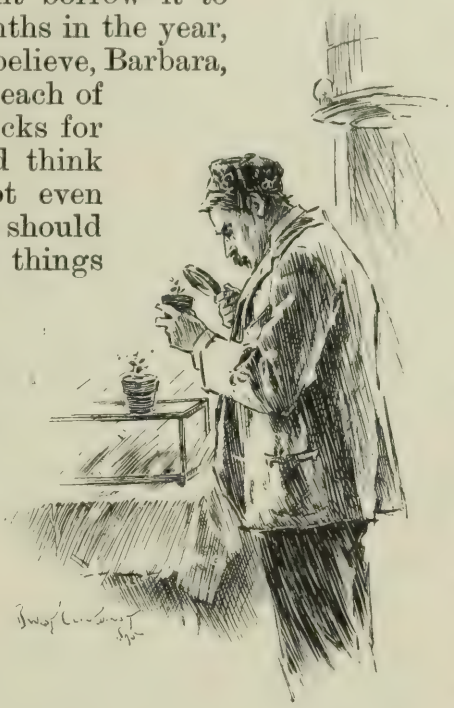
"Poor man!" interjected Barbara.

"He has his diversions," said I. "Now and again neighbors drop in for a chat, and the evening is wound up with a pitcher of lemonade and angel-cake. He and his wife drop in, in their turn, or he goes to a political caucus. Once a fortnight comes the church sociable, and every now and then a wedding. From time to time he and Mrs. Rogers attend lectures. His young people entertain their friends, as the occasion offers, in a simple way, and on Sunday he goes to church in the morning and falls to sleep after a heavy dinner in the afternoon. He leads a quiet, peaceful, conservative existence, unharassed by social functions and perpetual excitement."

"And he prides himself, I dare say," said Barbara, "on the score of its virtuousness. He saves his nerves and he congratulates himself that he is not a society person, as he calls it. Your Mr. Rogers may be a very estimable individual, dear, in his own sphere, and I do think he manages wonderfully on his twenty-two hundred dollars a year;

but I should prefer to see you lose your nerves and become a gibbering victim of nervous prostration rather than that you should imitate him."

"I'm not proposing to imitate him, Barbara," I answered, gravely. "I admit that his life seems rather dull and not altogether inspiring, but I do think that a little of his repose would be beneficial to many of us whose interests are more varied. We might borrow it to advantage for a few months in the year, don't you think so? I believe, Barbara, that if you and I were each of us to lie flat on our backs for one hour every day and think of nothing — and not even clinch our hands — we should succeed in doing more things than we really wish to do."



"Looks to see how his specimens are growing under the glass case in the corner."

"I suppose it's the climate — they say it's the climate," said Barbara, pensively. "Foreigners don't seem to be affected in that way. They're not always in a hurry as we are, and yet they seem to accomplish very nearly as much. We all know what it is to be conscious of that dreadful, nervous, hurried feeling, even when we have plenty of time to do the things we have to do. I catch myself walking fast — racing, in fact — when there is not the least need of it. I don't clinch my hands nearly so much as I used, and I've ceased to hold on to the pillow in bed as though it were a life-preserver, out of deference to Delsarte, but when it comes to lying down flat on my back for an hour a day—every day—really it isn't feasible. It's an ideal plan, I dare say, but the days are not long enough. Just take to-day, for instance, and tell me, please, when I had time to lie down."

"You are clinching your hands now," I remarked.

"Because you have irritated me with your everlasting Mr. Rogers," retorted Barbara. She examined, nevertheless, somewhat dejectedly, the marks of her nails in her palms. "In the morning, for instance, when I came down to breakfast there was the mail. Two dinner invitations and an afternoon tea; two sets of wedding-cards, and a notice of a lecture by Miss Clara Hatheway on the relative condition of primary schools here and abroad; requests for subscriptions to the new Cancer Hospital and the Children's Fresh Air and Vacation Fund; an advertisement of an after-holiday sale of boys' and girls' clothes at Halliday's; a note from Mrs. James Green asking particulars regarding our last cook, and a letter from the President of my Woman's Club notifying me that I was expected to talk to them at the next meeting on the arguments in favor of and against the ownership by cities and towns of gas- and water-works. All these had to be answered, noted, or considered. Then I had to interview the cook and the butcher and the grocer about the dinner, give orders that a button should be sewn on one pair of your trousers and a stain removed from another, and give directions to the chore-man to oil the lock of the front-door, and tell him to go post-haste for the plumber to extract the blotting-paper which the children yesterday stuffed down the drain-pipe in the bath-tub, so that the water could not escape. Then I had to sit down and read the newspaper. Not because I had time, or wished to, but to make sure that there was nothing in it which you could accuse me of not having read. After this I dressed to go out. I stopped at the florist's to order some roses for Mrs. Julius Cæsar, whose mother is dead; at Hapgood & Wales's and at Jones's for cotton-batting, hooks and eyes, and three yards of ribbon; at Belcher's for an umbrella to replace mine, which you left in the cable-cars, and at

the library to select something to read. I arrived home breathless for the children's dinner, and immediately afterward I dressed and went to the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Club, stopping on the way to inquire if Mrs. Wilson's little boy were better. We started by discussing a proposed change in our Constitution regarding the number of black-balls necessary to exclude a candidate, and drifted off on to "Trilby." It was nearly five when I got away, and as I felt it on my conscience to go both to Mrs. Southwick's and Mrs. Williams's teas, I made my appearance at each for a few minutes, but managed to slip away so as to be at home at six. When you came in I had just been reading to the children and showing them about their lessons. Now I have only just time to dress for dinner, for we dine at the Gregory Browns, at half-past seven. We ought to go later to the reception at Mrs. Hollis's—it is her last of three and we haven't been yet—but I suppose you will say you are too tired. There! will you tell me when I could have found time to lie down for an hour to-day?"

I was constrained to laugh at my wife's recital, and I was not able at the moment to point out to her exactly what she might have omitted from her category so as to make room for the hour of repose. Nor, indeed, as I review the events of my own daily life and of the daily lives of my friends and acquaintances, am I able to define precisely where it could be brought in. And yet are we not—many of us who are in the thick of modern life—conscious that our days are, as it were, congested? We feel sure that so far as our physical comfort is concerned we ought to be doing less, and we shrewdly suspect that, if we had more time in which to think, our spiritual natures would be the gainers. The difficulty is to stop, or rather to reduce the speed of modern living to the point at which these high-pressure nervous symptoms disappear, and the days cease to seem too short for what we wish to accomplish. Perhaps those who take an intense interest in living will never be able to regain that delightful condition of equipoise, if it ever existed, which our ancestors both here and across the water are said to have experienced. Perhaps, too, our ancestors were more in a hurry when they were alive than they seem to have been now that they are dead; but, whether this be true or otherwise, we are confidently told by those who ought to know that we Americans of this day and generation are the most restless, nervous people under the sun, and live at a higher pressure than our contemporaries of the effete civilizations. It used to be charged that we were in such haste to grow rich that there was no health in us; and now that we are, or soon will be, the wealthiest nation in the world, they tell us that we continue to maintain the same feverish pace in all that we undertake or do. I am not sure that this charge could not be brought against the Englishman, Frenchman, or German of to-day with almost equal justice, or, in other words, that it is a characteristic of the age rather than of our nation; but that conviction would merely solace our pride and could not assuage "that tired feeling" of which so many are conscious. At all events, if we do not work harder than our kinsmen across the sea, we seem to bear the strain less well. It may be the climate, as my wife has said, which causes our nervous systems to rebel; but then, again, we cannot change the climate, and conse-



"And just at the time that the wife of his employer, Patterson, may be setting out for a ball."

quently must adapt ourselves to its idiosyncrasies.

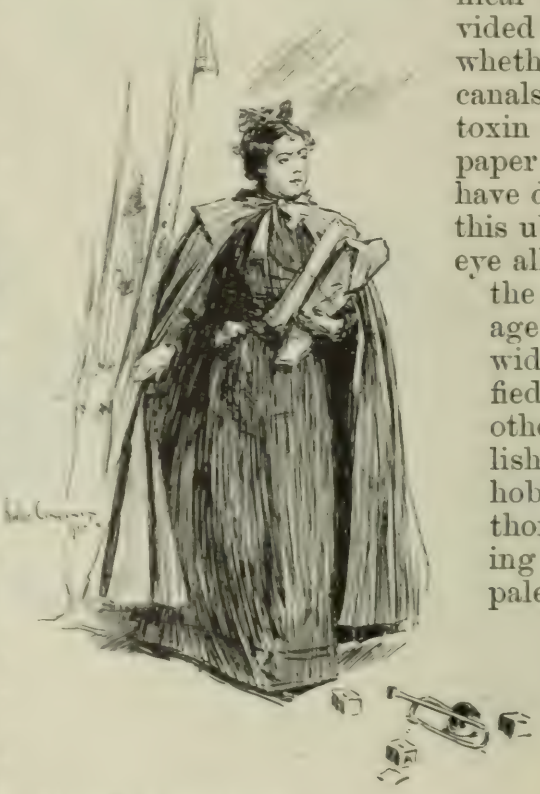
Ever since we first began to declare that we were superior to all other civilizations we have been noted for our energy. The way in which we did everything, from sawing wood to electing a President, was conspicuous by virtue of the bustling, hustling qualities displayed. But it is no longer high treason to state that our national life, in spite of its bustle, was, until comparatively recently, lacking in color and variety. The citizen who went to bed on the stroke of ten every night and did practically the same things each day from one year's end to the other was the ideal citizen of the Republic, and was popularly described as a conservative and a strong man. His life was led within very repressed limits, and anything more artistic than a chromo or religious motto was apt to irritate him and shock his principles. To be sure we had then our cultivated class — more narrowly but possibly more deeply cultivated than its flourishing successor of to-day — but the average American, despite his civic virtues and consciousness of rectitude, led a humdrum existence, however hustling or bustling. There is a large percentage of our population that continues to live in much the same manner, notwithstanding the wave of enlightenment which has swept over the country and keyed us all up to concert pitch by multiplying the number of our interests. I feel a little guilty in having included Rogers among this number, for I really know of my own knowledge nothing about his individual home life. It may be that I have been doing him a rank injustice, and that his home is in reality a seething caldron of progress. I referred to him as a type rather than as an individual, knowing as I do that there are still too many homes in this country where music, art, literature, social tastes, and intelligent interest in human affairs in the abstract, when developed beyond mere rudimentary lines, are unappreciated and regarded as vanities or inanities. On the other hand, there is nothing more interesting in our present national evolution than the eager recognition by the intelligent and aspiring portion of the people that we have been and are ignorant, and that the true zest of life lies in its many-sidedness and its possibilities of development along æsthetic, social, and intellectual as well as moral lines. The United States to-day is fairly bristling with eager, ambitious students, and with people of both



"Now and again the neighbors drop in for a chat."

sexes, young and middle-aged, who are anxiously seeking how to make the most of life. This eagerness of soul is not confined to any social class, and is noticeable in every section of the country in greater or less degree. It is quite as likely to be found among people of very humble means as among those whose earliest associations have brought them into contact with the well-to-do and carefully educated. Therefore I beg the pardon of Rogers in case I have put him individually in the wrong category. A divine yet cheery activity has largely taken the place of sodden self-righteousness on the one hand, and analytical self-consciousness on the other. The class is not as yet very large as compared with the entire population of the country, but it is growing rapidly, and its members are the most interesting men and women of the Republic—those who are in the van of our development as a people.

Overcrowded and congested lives signify at least earnestness and absorption. Human nature is more likely to aspire and advance when society is nervously active, than when it is bovine and self-congratulatory. But nerves can endure only a certain amount of strain without reminding human beings that strong and healthy bodies are essential to true national progress. Only recently in this country have we learned to consider the welfare of the body, and though we have begun to be deadly in earnest about athletics, the present generation of workers were, for the most part, brought up on the theory that flesh and blood was a limitation rather than a prerequisite. We are doing bravely in this matter so far as the education of our children is concerned, but it is too late to do much for our own nerves. Though stagnation is a more deplorable state, it behooves us, nevertheless, if possible, to rid ourselves of congestion for our ultimate safety.



"I arrived at home breathless for the children's dinner."

An active man or woman stopping to think in the morning may well be appalled at the variety of his or her life. The ubiquity of the modern American subconsciousness is something unique. We wish to know everything there is to know. We are interested not merely in our own and our neighbors' affairs—with a knowledge of which so many citizens of other lands are peacefully contented—but we are eager to know, and to know with tolerable accuracy, what is going on all over the world—in England, China, Russia, and Australia. Not merely politically, but socially, artistically, scientifically, philosophically, and ethically. No subject is too technical for our interest, provided it comes in our way, whether it concern the canals in Mars or the antitoxin germ. The newspaper and the telegraph have done much to promote this ubiquity of the mind's eye all over the world, but the interests of the average American are much wider and more diversified than those of any other people. An Englishman will have his hobbies and know them thoroughly, but regarding affairs beyond the pale of his limited inquiry he is deliberately and often densely ignorant. He reads, and reads augustly, one newspaper, one or two magazines—a few books; we, on the other hand, are not content unless we stretch out feelers in many directions and keep posted, as we call it, by hasty perusals of almost innumerable publications for fear lest something escape us. What does the Frenchman—the average intelligent



"I am not sure that this charge could not be brought against the Englishman, Frenchman, or German of to-day."

Frenchman — know or care about the mode of our Presidential elections, and whether this Republican or that Democrat has made or marred his political reputation? We feel that we require to inform ourselves not only concerning the art and literature of France, but to have the names and doings of her statesmen at our fingers' ends for use in polite conversation, and the satisfaction of the remains of the New England conscience. All this is highly commendable, if it does not tend to render us superficial. The more knowledge we have, the better, provided we do not fall into the slough of knowing nothing very well, or hunt our wits to death by over-acquisitiveness. There is so much nowadays to learn, and seemingly so little time in which to learn it, we cannot afford to spread ourselves too thin.

The energy of our people has always been conspicuous in the case of women. The American woman, from the earliest days of our history, has refused to be prevented by the limitations of time or physique from trying to include the entire gamut of human feminine activity in her daily experience. There was a period when she could demonstrate successfully her ability to cook, sweep, rear and educate children, darn her husband's stockings, and yet entertain delightfully, dress tastefully, and be well versed in literature and all the current phases of high thinking. The New England woman of fifty years ago was certainly an interesting specimen from this point of view, in spite of her morbid conscience and polar sexual proclivities. But among the well-to-do women of the nation to-day—the women who correspond socially to those just described — this achievement is possible only by taxing the human system to the point of distress, except in the newly or thinly settled portions of the country, where the style of living is simple and primitive. In the East, of course, in the cities and towns the women in question ceased long ago to do all the housework; and among the well-to-do, servants have relieved her of much, if not of all the physical labor. But, on the other hand, the complexities of our modern establishments, and the worry which her domestics cause her, make the burden of her responsibilities fully equal to what they were when she cooked flap-jacks and darned stockings herself. In other countries the women conversant with literature, art, and science, who go in for philanthropy, photography, or the ornamentation of china, who write papers on sociological or educational matters, are, for the most part, women of leisure in other respects. The American woman is the only woman at large in the universe who aims to be the wife and mother of a family, the mistress of an establishment, a solver of world problems, a social leader, and a philanthropist or artistic devotee at one and the same time. Each of these interests has its determined followers among the women of other civilizations, but nowhere except here does the eternal feminine seek to manifest itself in so many directions in the same individual.

This characteristic of our womanhood is a virtue up to a certain point. The



"The citizen who went to bed on the stroke of ten every night."

American woman has certainly impressed her theory that her sex should cease to be merely pliant, credulous, and ignorantly complacent so forcibly on the world that society everywhere has been affected by it. Her desire to make the most of herself, and to participate as completely as possible in the vital work of the world without neglecting the duties allotted to her by the older civilizations, is in the line of desirable evolution. But there is such a thing as being superficial, which is far more to be dreaded than even nervous prostration. Those absorbed in the earnest struggle of modern living may perhaps justly claim that to work until one drops is a noble fault, and that disregard of one's own sensations and comfort is almost indispensable in order to accomplish ever so little. But there is nothing noble in superficiality; and it would seem that the constant flitting from one interest to another, which so many American women seem unable to avoid, must necessarily tend to prevent them from knowing or doing anything thoroughly.

As regards the creature man, the critics of this country have been accustomed to assert that he was so much absorbed in making money, or in business, as our popular phrase is, that he had no time for anything else. This accusation used to be extraordinarily true, and in certain parts of the country it has not altogether ceased to be true; though even there the persistent masculine dollar-hunter regards wistfully and proudly the æsthetic propensities of the female members of his family, and feels that his labors are sweetened thereby. This is a very different attitude from the self-sufficiency of half a century ago. The difficulty now is that our intelligent men, like our women, are apt to attempt too much, inclined to crowd into each and every day more sensations than they can assimilate. An Englishwoman, prominent in educational matters, and intelligent withal, recently expressed her surprise to my wife, Barbara, that the American gentleman existed. She had been long familiar with the American woman as a charming, if original, native product, but she had never heard of the American gentleman—meaning thereby the alert, thoughtful man of high purposes and good-breeding. "How many there are!" the Briton went on to say in the enthusiasm of her surprise. Indeed there are. The men prominent in the leading walks of life all over this country now compare favorably, at least, with the best of other nations, unless it be that our intense desire to know everything has rendered, or may render, us accomplished rather than profound.

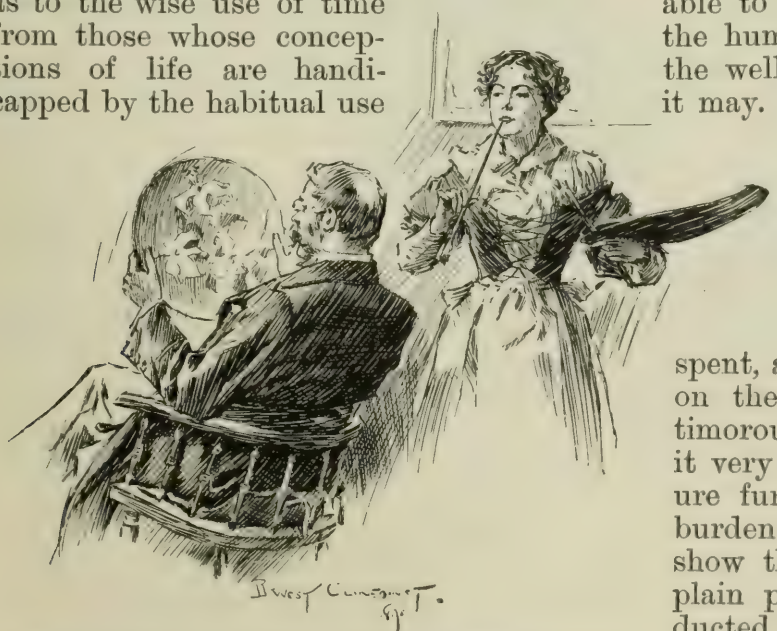
II

After all, whether this suggestion of a tendency toward superficiality be well founded or not, the proper use of time has come to be a more serious problem than ever for the entire world. The demands of modern living are so exacting that men and women everywhere must exercise deliberate selection in order to live wisely. To lay down general rules for the use of time would be as

futile as to insist that every one should use coats of the same size and color, and eat the same kind and quantity of food. The best modern living may perhaps be correctly defined as a happy compromise in the aims and actions of the individual between self-interest and altruism. If one seeks to illustrate this definition by example it is desirable in the first place to eliminate the individuals in the community whose use of time is so completely out of keeping with this doctrine that it is not worth while to consider them. Murderers, forgers, and criminals of all kinds, including business men who practise petty thefts, and respectable tradesmen who give short weight and overcharge, instinctively occur to us. So do mere pleasure-seekers, drunkards, and idle gentlemen. On the same theory we must exclude monks, deliberate celibates, nuns, and all fanatical or eccentric persons whose conduct of life, however serviceable in itself as a leaven or an exception, could not be generally imitated without disaster to society. It would seem also as though we must exclude those who have yet to acquire such elemental virtues of wise living as cleanliness, reverence for the beautiful, and a certain amount of altruism. There is nothing to learn as to the wise use of time from those whose conceptions of life are handicapped by the habitual use of slang and bad grammar and by untidiness; who regard the manifestations of good taste and fine scholarship as "frills," and who, though they be unselfish in the bosoms of their families, take no interest in the general welfare of the community. Let me in this last connection anticipate the criticism of the sentimentalist and of the free-born American who wears a chip on his shoulder, by stating that time may be as beautifully and wisely spent, and life be as noble and serviceable to humanity in the home of the humblest citizen as in that of the well-to-do or rich. Of course it may. Who questions it? Did I not, in order not even to seem to doubt it, take back all I hazarded about the manner in which Rogers spends his time? It *may* be just as beautifully and wisely spent, and very often is so. But, on the other hand, I suggest, timorously and respectfully, that it very often is not, and I venture further to ask whether the burden is not on democracy to show that the plain life of the plain people as at present conducted is a valuable example of wise and improving use of time? The future is to account for itself, and we all have faith in democracy. We are all plain people in this country. But just as a passing



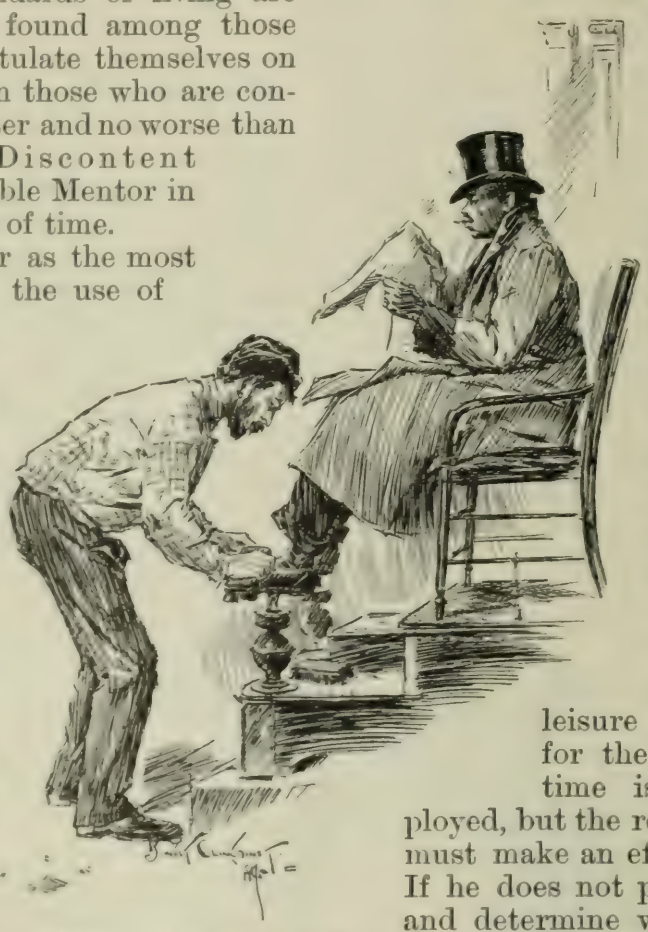
"When she could successfully demonstrate her ability to cook, sweep, . . . and yet entertain delightfully."



"Regards wistfully and proudly the æsthetic propensities of the female members of his family."

inquiry, uttered not under my breath, yet without levity or malice, what is the contribution so far made by plainness as plainness to the best progress of the world? Absolutely nothing it seems to me. Progress has come from the superiority of individuals in every class of life to the mass of their contemporaries. The so-called plainness of the plain people too often serves at the present day as an influence to drag down the aspiring individual to the dead level of the mass which contents itself with bombastic cheapness of thought and action. This is no plea against democracy, for democracy has come to stay; but it is an argument why the best standards of living are more likely to be found among those who do not congratulate themselves on their plainness than those who are content to live no better and no worse than their neighbors. Discontent with self is a valuable Mentor in the apportionment of time.

Therefore I offer as the most valuable study in the use of time under modern conditions the men and women in our large cities who are so far evolved that they are not tempted to commit common crimes, are well educated, earnest and pleasing, and are keenly desirous to effect in their daily lives that happy compromise between self-interest and altruism to which I have referred as the goal of success in the use of time. Let us consider them from the point of every day in the week and of the four seasons. In every man's life his occupation, the calling or profession by which he earns his bread, must necessarily be the chief consumer of his time. We Americans have never been an idle race, and it is rare that the father of a family exposes himself to the charge of sloth. His work may be unintelligent or bungling, but he almost invariably spends rather too much than too little time over it. If you ask him why, he says he cannot help it; that in order to get on he must toil early and late. If he is successful, he tells you that otherwise he cannot attend to all he has to do. There is plausibility in this. Competition is undoubtedly so fierce that only those who devote themselves heart and soul to any calling are likely to succeed. Moreover, the consciousness of success is so engrossing and inspiriting that one may easily be tempted to sacrifice everything else to the game. But can it be doubted, on the other hand, that the man who refuses to become the complete slave either of endeavor or success is a better citizen than he who does? The chief sinners in this respect in our modern life are the successful men, those who are in the thick of life doing reasonably well. The man who has not arrived, or who is beginning, must necessarily have leisure for other things for the reason that his time is not fully employed, but the really busy worker must make an effort or he is lost. If he does not put his foot down and determine what else he will do beside pursuing his vocation every day in the year except Sunday, and often on Sunday to boot, he may be robust enough to escape a premature grave, but he will certainly not make the best use of his life.



"Democracy has come to stay."

The difficulty for such men, of course, is to select what they will do. There are so many things, that it is easy to understand why the mind which abhors superficiality should be tempted to shut



"The man who has no time to know his own family."

its ears out of sheer desperation to every other interest but business or profession. If every one were to do that what would be the result? Our leading men would simply be a horde of self-seekers, in spite of the fact that their individual work in their several callings were conscientious and unsparing of self. Deplorable as a too great multiplicity of interests is apt to be to the welfare and advancement of an ambitious man, the motive which prompts him to endeavor to do many things is in reality a more noble one, and one more beneficial to society than absorption to excess in a vocation. The cardinal principle in the wise use of time is to discover what one can do without and to select accordingly. Man's duty to his spiritual nature, to his æsthetic nature, to his family, to public affairs, and to his social nature are no less imperative than his duty to his daily calling. Unless each of these is in some measure catered to, man falls short in his true obligations. Not one of them can be neglected. Some men think they can lighten the load to advantage by disregarding their religious side. Others congratulate themselves that they never read novels or poetry, and speak disrespectfully of the works of new schools of art as daubs. A still larger number shirks attention to political and social problems, and declares bluffly that if a man votes twice a year and goes to a caucus, when he is sent for in a carriage by the committee, it is all that can be expected of a busy man. Another large contingent swathes itself in graceless virtue, and professes to thank God that it keeps aloof from society people and their doings. Then we are all familiar with the man who has no time to know his own family, though, fortunately, he is less common than he used to be

If I were asked to select what one influence more than another wastes the spare time of the modern man, I should be inclined to specify the reading of newspapers. The value of the modern daily newspaper as a short cut to knowledge of what is actually happening in two hemispheres is indisputable, provided it is read regularly so that one can eliminate from the consciousness those facts which are contradicted or qualified on the following day. Of course it is indispensable to read the morning, and perhaps the evening, newspaper in order to know what is going on in the world. But the persistent



"Of course it is indispensable to read the morning, and perhaps the evening, newspaper."



The Amateur Photographer.

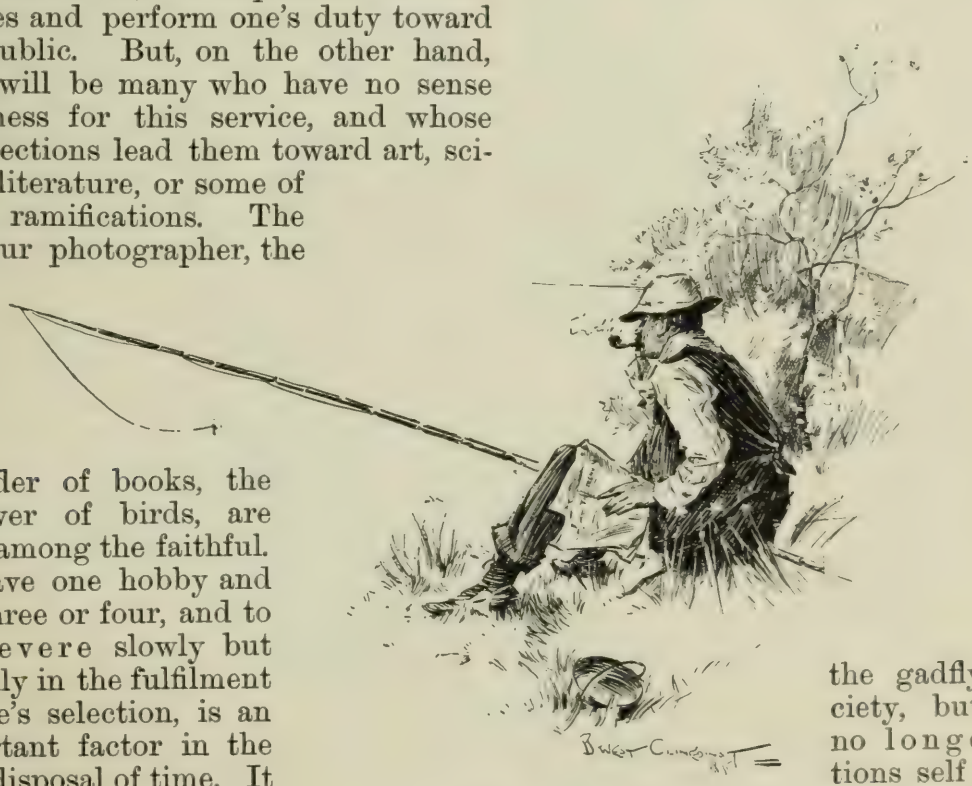
reading of many newspapers, or the whole of almost any newspaper, is nearly as detrimental to the economy of time as the cigarette habit to health. Fifteen minutes a day is ample time in which to glean the news, and the busy man who aspires to use his time to the best advantage may well skip the rest. There is no doubt that many of our newspapers contain some of the best thought of the day scattered through their encyclopædic columns; but there is still less doubt that they are conducted to please, first of all, those who otherwise would read nothing. From this point of view they are most valuable educators; moreover, the character of the newspaper is steadily improving, and it is evident that those in charge of the best of them are seeking to raise the public taste instead of writing down to it; but the fact remains that they at present contain comparatively little which the earnest man can afford to linger over if he would avoid mental dissipation of an insidious kind. A newspaper containing only the news and the really vital thought of the day compressed into short space is among the successful enterprises of the future which some genius will perpetuate. How many of us, already weary of the social gossip, the sensational personalities, the nauseous details of crime, the custom-made articles, the Sunday special features, the ubiquitous portrait, and finally the colored cartoon, would write our names large on such a subscription-list!

In the matter of books, too, the modern man and woman may well exercise a determined choice. There is so much printed nowadays between ornamental covers, that any one is liable to be misled by sheer bewilderment, and deliberate selection is necessary to save us from being mentally starved with plenty. We cannot always be reading to acquire positive knowledge; entertainment and self-oblivion are quite as legitimate motives for the hard worker as meditated self-improvement; but whether we read philosophy and history, or the novel, the poem, and the essay, it behooves us to read the best of its kind. From this stand-point the average book club is almost a positive curse. A weekly quota of books appears on our library tables, to be devoured in seven days. We read them because they come to us by lot, not because we have chosen them ourselves. There is published in every year of this publishing age a certain number of books of positive merit in the various departments of literature and thought, which a little intelligent inquiry would enable us to discover. By reading fewer books, and making sure that the serious ones were sound and the light or clever ones really diverting, the modern man and woman would be gainers both in time and approbation. In this connection let me head off again the sentimentalist and moralist by noting that old friends in literature are often more satisfying and engaging than new. Those of us who are in the thick of life are too apt to forget to take down from our shelves the comrades we loved when we were twenty-one—the essayists, the historians, the poets, and novelists whose delightful pages are the literature of the world. An evening at home with Shakespeare is not the depressing experience which some clever people imagine. One rises from the feast to go to bed with all one's æsthetic being refreshed and fortified as though one had inhaled oxygen. What a contrast this to the stuffy taste in the roof of the mouth, and the weary, dejected frame of mind which

follow the perusal of much of the current literature which cozening booksellers have induced the book club secretary to buy.

A very little newspaper reading and a limited amount of selected reading will leave time for the hobby or avocation. Every man or woman ought to have one; something apart from business, profession, or housekeeping, in which he or she is interested as a study or pursuit. In this age of the world it may well take the form of educational, economic, or philanthropic investigation, or co-operation, if individual tastes happen to incline one to such work. The prominence of such matters in our present civilization is, of course, a magnet favorable to such a choice. In this way one can, as it were, kill two birds with one stone, develop one's own resources and perform one's duty toward the public. But, on the other hand, there will be many who have no sense of fitness for this service, and whose predilections lead them toward art, science, literature, or some of their ramifications. The amateur photographer, the extender of books, the observer of birds, are alike among the faithful. To have one hobby and not three or four, and to persevere slowly but steadily in the fulfilment of one's selection, is an important factor in the wise disposal of time. It is a truism to declare that a few minutes in every day allotted to the same piece of work will accomplish wonders; but the result of trying will convince the incredulous. Indeed one's avocation should progress and prevail by force of spare minutes allotted daily and continuously; just so much and no more, so as not to crowd out the other claimants for consideration. Fifteen minutes before breakfast, or between kissing the children good-night and the evening meal, or even every other Saturday afternoon and a part of every holiday, will make one's hobby look well-fed and sleek at the end of a few years.

Perhaps the most difficult side of one's nature to provide for adequately is the social side. It is easy enough to make a hermit of one's self and go nowhere; and it is easy enough to let one's self be sucked into the vortex of endless social recreation until one's sensations become akin to those of a highly varnished humming-top. I am not quite sure which is the worse; but I am inclined to believe that the hermit, especially if self-righteous, is more detestable in that he is less altruistic. He may be a more superior person than the gadfly of society, but ethics no longer sanctions self-cultivation purely for the benefit of self. Every man and woman who seeks to play an intelligent part in the world ought to manage to dine out and attend other social functions every now and then, even if it be necessary to bid for invitations. Most of us have more invitations than we can possibly accept, and find the problem of entertaining and being entertained an exceedingly perplexing one to solve from the stand-point of time. But in



The Angler's Outing.

spite of the social proclivities of most of us, there are still many people who feel that they are fulfilling their complete duty as members of society if they live lives of strict rectitude far from the madding crowd of so-called society people, and never darken the doors of anybody. It is said that it takes all sorts of people to make up the world, but disciplinarians and spoil-sports of this sort are so tiresome that they would not be missed were they and their homilies to be translated prematurely to another sphere. Those of us, however, who profess a contrary faith, experience difficulty at times in being true to it, and are often tempted to slip back into domestic isolation by the feverishness of our social life. It sometimes seems as though there were no middle way between being a humming-top and a hermit. Yet nothing is more fatal to the wise use of time than the acceptance of every invitation received, unless it be the refusal of every one. Here again moderation and choice are the only safeguards, in spite of the assurance of friends that it is necessary to go a great deal in order to enjoy one's self. In our cities the bulk of the entertainments of the year happen in the four winter months; from which many far from frivolous persons argue that the only way is to dine out every night, and go to everything to



"American men have the reputation of being considerate husbands and indulgent fathers."

December 15th for any arrears due the other demands of one's nature. This is plausible, but a dangerous theory, if carried to excess. Wise living consists in living wisely from day to day, without excepting any season. Three even-



"Three [illegible] exclusions from city to country."

which one is asked during this period, and make up between April 15th and

ings in a week spent away from one's own fireside may not be an easy limit for some whose social interests are varied, but both the married and the single who regret politely in order to remain tranquilly at home four evenings out of seven, need not fear that they have neglected the social side of life even in the gayest of seasons. And here, for the sake of our sometimes dense friend the moralist—especially

the moralist of the press, who raves against society people from the virtuous limit of an occasional afternoon tea —let me add that by entertainments and recreation I intend to include not merely formal balls and dinner-parties, but all the forms of more or less innocent edification and diversion—teas, reform meetings, theatres, receptions, concerts, lectures, clubs, sociables, fairs, and tableaux, by which people all over the country are brought together to exchange ideas and opinions in good-humored fellowship.

In the apportionment of time the consideration of one's physical health is a paramount necessity, not merely for a reasonably long life, but to temper the mind's eye so that the point of view remain sane and wholesome. An overwrought nervous system may be capable of spasmodic spurts, but sustained useful work is impossible under such conditions. To die in harness before one's time may be fine, and in exceptional cases unavoidable, but how much better to live in harness and do the work which one has undertaken without breaking down. Happily the young men and women of the country of the present generation may almost be said to have athletics and fresh air on the brain. What with opportunity and precept they can scarcely help living up to the mark in this respect. The grown-up men and women, absorbed in the struggle of life, are the people who need to keep a watchful eye upon themselves. It is so easy to let the hour's fresh air and exercise be crowded out by the things which one feels bound to do for the sake of others, and hence for one's immortal soul. We argue that it will not matter if we omit our walk or rest for a day or two, and so we go on from day to day, until we are brought up with a round turn, as the saying is, and realize, in case we are still alive, that we are chronic invalids. The walk the ride, the drive, the yacht, the bicycle, the search for wild flowers and birds, the angler's outing, the excursion with a camera, the deliberate open-air breathing spell on the front platform of a street-car, some one of these is within the means and opportunities of every busy worker, male or female.

For many of us the most begrudged undertaking of all is to find time for what we owe to the world at large or the State, the State with a capital S, as it is written nowadays. There is no money in such bestowals, no private gain or emolument. What we give we give as a tribute to pure altruism, or, in other words, because as men and women we feel that it is one of the most important elements in wise living. It is indisputable that there was never so much disinterested endeavor in behalf of the community at large as there is to-day, but at the same time it is true that the agitations and work are accomplished by a comparatively small number of people. There are probably among the intelligent, aspiring portion of the population at least five persons who intend to interest themselves in public affairs, and regard doing so as essential to a useful life, to every one who puts his theories into practice. No man or woman can do everything. We cannot as individuals at one and the same time busy ourselves successfully in education, philanthropy, political reform, and economic science. But if every one would take an active, earnest concern in something, in some one thing, and look into it slowly but thoroughly, this man or woman in the public schools, this in the methods of municipal government, and this in the problems of crime or poverty, reforms would necessarily proceed much faster. Just a little work every other day or every week. Let it be your hobby if you will, if you have no time for a hobby too. If five thousand men in every large city should take an active interest in and give a small amount of time in every week to the school question, we should soon have excellent public schools; if another five thousand would devote themselves to the affairs of municipal government in a similar fashion, would there be so much corruption as at present, and would so inferior a class of citizens be chosen to be aldermen and to fill the other city offices? And so on to the end of the chapter. Is not something of the kind the duty of every earnest man and woman? Let those who boast of being plain people put this into their pipes and smoke it. When

the self-styled working-classes are prohibited by law from working more than eight hours, will they contribute of their spare time to help those who are trying to help them?

American men have the reputation of being considerate husbands and indulgent fathers; but they have been apt at all events, until recently, to make permission to spend take the place of personal comradeship. This has been involuntarily and regretfully ascribed to business pressure; but fatalistic remorse is a poor substitute for duty, even though the loved ones eat off gold plate and ride in their own carriages as a consequence. We Americans who have begotten children in the last twenty years do not need to be informed that the time given to the society of one's wife and family is the most precious expenditure of all, both for their sakes and our own. But though the truth is obvious to us, are we not sometimes conscious at the end of the week that the time due us and them has been squandered or otherwise appropriated? Those walks and talks, those pleasant excursions from city to country, or country to city, those quiet afternoons or evenings at home, which are possible to every man and woman who love each other and their children, are among the most valuable aids to wise living and peace of mind which daily existence affords. Intimacy and warm sympathy, precept and loving companionship, are worth all the indulgent permission and unexpected cheques in the world. Some people, when Sunday or a holiday comes, seem to do their best to get rid of their families and to try to amuse themselves apart from them. Such men and women are shutting out from their lives the purest oxygen which civilization affords; for genuine comradeship of husband and wife, and father or mother and child, purges the soul and tends to clear the mind's eye more truly than any other influence.

Lastly and firstly, and in close compact with sweet domesticity and faithful friendship, stand the spiritual demands of our natures. We must have time to think and meditate. Just as the flowers need the darkness and the refreshing dew, the human soul requires its quiet hours, its season for meditation and rest. Whatever we may believe, whatever doubts we may entertain regarding the mysteries of the universe, who will maintain that the aspiring side of man is a delusion and an unreality? In the time—often merely minutes—which we give to contemplation and serious review of what we are doing, lies the secret of the wise plan, if not the execution. To go on helter-skelter from day to day without a purpose in our hearts resembles playing a hurdy-gurdy for a living without the hope of pence. The use of Sunday in this country has changed so radically in the last twenty-five years that everyone is free to spend it as he will, subject to certain restrictions as to sport and entertainment in public calculated to offend those who would prefer stricter usages. But whether we choose to go to church or not, whether our aspirations are fostered in the sanctuary or the fresh air, the eternal needs of the soul must be provided for. If we give our spare hours and minutes merely to careless amusement, we cannot fail to degenerate in nobility of nature, just as we lose the hue of health when we sully the red corpuscles of the body with foul air and steam heat. Are we not nowadays, even the plain people, God bless them, too much disposed to believe that merely to be comfortable and amused and rested is the sole requirement of the human soul? It does need rest most of the time in this age of pressure, heaven knows, and comfort and amusement are necessary. But may we not, even while we rest and are comfortable, under the blue sky or on the peaceful river, if you will, lift up our spirits to the mystery of the ages, and reach out once more toward the eternal truths? Merely to be comfortable and to get rested once a week will not bring those truths nearer. May we not, in the pride of our democracy, afford to turn our glances back to the pages of history, to the long line of mighty men kneeling before the altar with their eyes turned up to God, and the prayer of faith and repentance on their lips? Did this all mean nothing? Are we so wise and certain and far-seeing that we need not do likewise?

A CO-OPERATIVE COURTSHIP

By Annie Steger Winston

HE had risen as if to go; but paused, leaning his arm upon the mantel, and looking down upon her, as she sat before the fire. She was evidently unconscious of the intensity of his gaze. There was a little pucker in her forehead, as if the piece of needlework which she held in her hands were passing through a crisis which absorbed her powers. Her face cleared as she snipped off the thread. She held up, laughing, a child's little dress, of soft flannel. "For the Needlework Guild," she said. "Why haven't you asked me what I was doing?"

"Ah—yes," he said. He did not seem to see it. A smile glimmered over his face, which was evidently not inspired by the subject in hand.

"Did I ever tell you that I was in love?" he asked, suddenly.

He was a man of about thirty, above the medium height, in appearance a typical Virginian, with no more superfluous flesh than a race-horse, but with the clear eyes and firm muscles of perfect health; almost effeminately small of hand and foot, yet suggesting nothing less than effeminacy. The large range of expression of which his face was capable was habitually restricted by a constitutional reserve to shades of indifference, boredom, and amusement, and it now expressed no deeper feeling.

Charlotte Bayne raised her bright gray eyes to his face with sudden interest. She was used to being confided in; but she had expected no sentimental confessions from the self-contained individual leaning against the mantel. She put her arm around a little white-haired nephew who had come into the room, and cuddled against her side as naturally as a young chicken against the mother-hen, without seeming to regard the habitual action.

"Of course you never told me." She looked up at him with the pleased and expectant expression of a child who has the promise of a story. Above the narrow mirror over the mantel a faded lady in a tarnished frame smiled down upon the pair below. The twilight was coming on, and the glow of the fire began to flicker upon the picture-covered walls. He gave a short laugh, twisting his watch-chain in his long fingers.

"It sounds rather boyish, doesn't it? to go around confiding in people; but I don't do it promiscuously — and I have a purpose in telling you. It may sound absurd at first—but I want you to help me."

She laughed, showing even, white teeth, set rather far apart, a setting which gives an inexplicably good-natured look to a face.

"Help you—how?"

"I want you to direct me. It seems to me, Miss Charlotte, that there is too much misapplied energy in the average courtship. It is that I want to guard against. I believe that a woman of your sense and keenness of observation could be of incalculable value to me as a guide to feminine human nature. If you would only let me put myself entirely in your hands I could steer clear of those blunders which would needlessly imperil my chances; and you could, besides, suggest no end of clever tactics. If, after all, I should fail, I should have the consolation of knowing that it was only on account of my inherent demerits. It is a great deal to ask you to take the trouble; I feel that

I really am not worth it; but—can't you?"

She scrutinized his face critically, to see if it were a jest, as from his manner it might well have been.

"You really seem to be in earnest," she said. "What sort of a woman is she, Mr. Carter?"

She called it *Cyarter*, in the almost obsolete Virginian fashion.

He laughed a little and meditated.

"She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and the most unconscious: the cleverest, and the most natural; the best, and the most exasperating."

Charlotte shook her head.

"I can't do it. I can't imagine, in the least, what such a paragon would think on any subject. But how is she exasperating?"

"Well, she doesn't take any interest in me. I have known her a long time—ever since I have been in Richmond—and the better she knows me, and the better she likes me, the more hopeless it all is. I seem to be getting as commonplace to her as that old clock is to you. It has been ticking away so long on the mantel that you really don't hear it. Do you, now?"

"But I should miss it if it stopped," she said. "There—perhaps that is our clew to the problem. Make her miss you."

Her face was full of pleased animation; but he looked at her rather gloomily.

"I really don't think you know what a desperate case it is. There is hardly a ray of hope. I am not sure it wouldn't be something of a relief to her to have me go. I can't hope she'd miss me."

He hesitated.

"*You* look on me as a friend, don't you? But if I were at the North Pole I am afraid you wouldn't find that it made any particular difference. It is an exactly parallel case. Do you really think there is any use in trying that plan, judging by yourself? That sounds very impertinent——"

"Oh, no," she said. She looked frankly at him, with no tinge of embarrassment. She seemed to be thinking.

"I should miss you, of course. Yes, I really think it might be worth trying, as a first step."

"I should have preferred a different method of making myself agreeable," he said. "I don't half like it. I am inclined to think this is a shrewd scheme of yours to get rid of me."

"But I don't get rid of you." She raised her brows questioningly.

"Oh," he said, hastily, "that follows, of course. I couldn't stay in Richmond and not see her. If I adopt this plan I must go away."

She looked at him meditatively.

"How much you must care for her."

"Yes." He half smiled. "I shall hate terribly to tell her good-by—and see how well she bears the pangs of parting."

"So you are going?" He lowered his eyes, which had apparently been scanning with critical appreciation a blackened portrait across the room, and met her own.

"Yes—to Japan." He paused, watching the effect.

"To Japan!" She looked a little startled.

"I was at college," he went on, "with a young fellow from Japan, and he and I got to be great friends. He has been begging me to visit him ever since he went back, and I have been thinking of it for some time. I imagine he has an idea that I may settle there, if I once go, as he keeps harping on the fine opening there is for an American architect. Perhaps I shall—if I fail."

"If you fail?" she repeated.

"Fail—with the Paragon," he explained.

They did not laugh.

"You see how well it fits in. I may be a Passionate Pilgrim and a practical architect at the same time."

She fixed her eyes upon him thoughtfully.

"I can't grasp the idea. You are really, honestly, going?"

"Yes—next week, if I can."

From time to time letters came to Charlotte from Japan.

"My robust American conscience has become languid and complaisant in the Chrysanthemum Land," he wrote. "I could be perfectly idle without a

scruple, I am afraid; but that good fellow, Mijuki, sees to it that I am kept busy designing houses for progressive natives. I blush to think what descriptions he probably gives of my powers.

"My bedroom walls are of crinkled blue paper, splashed with gold, and set in frames of polished bambo. A slim vase, containing one great, shaggy, white chrysanthemum, is pretty much all the furniture.

"Don't think I don't harmonize with my æsthetic surroundings. My face is fast assuming the sleepy simper of the gentlemen on the screens and fans. In fact I am consciously becoming decorative."

He wrote amusing descriptions of his dealings with his native patrons, quaint incidents of his daily life, occasionally short, keen disquisitions upon Japanese public affairs; but of the Paragon there was little or nothing.

It became more and more incredible that this was a sentimental pilgrimage. Every now and then there were allusions to a possible settlement in Japan.

"I am inclined to believe that the Paragon is the celebrated Mrs. Harris," Charlotte wrote one day. "Have you utterly forgotten her? And aren't you really ever coming home?"

This was a postscript.

The summer had passed. A nipping wind blew through the branches of the denuded trees; the fallen leaves shuddered together in wet russet heaps. Charlotte passed rapidly along, with a tint on her cheek like the outer leaf of a frost-ripened rose. She held her head a little bent, to break the force of the blast; and so—almost ran against John Carter.

It was a long, tree-fringed avenue, in the extreme west of the town, where the houses were few and far apart—a fashionable promenade when the days were fine; but deserted this raw November afternoon.

There was no one to be shocked had her greeting been never so exuberant; but her hands were buried in her muff; and she said nothing but,

"*Oh!*"

And then they both laughed.

"Is that all you have to say?" he said, at last. "And won't you shake hands with me?"

She slipped her hand from the muff and gave it to him.

"If I had any way to hold my muff, I would give you *both*," she said. "Oh no!" as he seized it — "that is only rhetoric; but I am so glad."

"*I* am so glad," he said. They were walking briskly on in the exhilarating wind, and it seemed very natural to laugh.

"They told me you had walked out this way," he said—he kept his head turned toward her as they went on, "and so I followed you. I got here this morning."

"What made you leave Japan?"

She looked up at him from the corners of her bright eyes, putting up her muff to shelter her face from the wind.

"Oh—the Paragon, of course."

"I don't believe there's 'any sich a person,'" she said.

They often talked Dickens. It was so convenient.

He laughed.

"Suppose there *were* such a person, what would you tell me to do next?"

"I won't rack my brain any more," she said. "I haven't any faith in the Paragon."

"But I really should like to know," he said. "It is interesting, if only as an abstract question. *Had* you thought of the next step?"

"Oh, it is all nonsense," she said. "No. I hadn't thought of any more steps. Tell me about Japan. It is positively *affected* to ignore a voyage across the world."

She smiled up at him, with brightened eyes and cheeks.

"But I don't know where to begin," he said, helplessly.

He had discussed the present and future of Japan with Mr. Bayne; and chrysanthemums and porcelain with Mrs. Bayne and her married daughter, Mrs. Selden. He had distributed Japanese toys among the little Seldens, and Japanese bric-a-brac among the ladies, and at last only Charlotte and

himself remained in the sitting-room. He settled himself in another chair with an imperfectly repressed sigh of satisfaction.

"I wouldn't have believed that you would have abandoned my cause," he said. He turned his head lazily toward her, smiling.

"But wasn't it all a joke?" she asked. She held up her hand, sheltering her eyes from the glare of the fire, so as to see his face more clearly.

"Well—no," he said, with deliberation; "not altogether. I am really interested in knowing your ideas. Take a woman who is the personification of womanliness, and tell me how the slight advantage one has gained by absence is to be followed up. One can't go on being absent forever, or, at any rate, absence after awhile would cease to be a virtue. The question is, What next?"

She had been looking soberly at him; but when she spoke it was with vivacity.

"Oh, the next best thing is to torment her. If she has the tiniest spark of interest in you, make her jealous."

He glanced at her, as though the idea were a startling novelty, and burst into one of his hearty, infrequent laughs.

"You evidently believe in heroic treatment," he said.

She laughed also; but her face quickly settled back into gravity.

"Yes," she said, "if the case requires it."

He stooped and picked up a skein of silk, which she had dropped.

"But consider what sort of woman she is. The audacity of the idea takes my breath away. And consider how little she cares about me. It seems almost preposterous."

"Perhaps she cares more about you than you think," she said, impulsively; as one sometimes says things that it is not altogether pleasant to say. "Are you sure it wouldn't do to ask her?"

"Yes—almost—" He spoke again, in a tone which she had never heard him use. "I can't risk it yet. I can't throw away the hope that alone makes life worth living."

She looked away, feeling stupidly poor of words, and waited for him to speak again. "You are very good to help me," he added, with commonplace briskness.

"My helping you is really a perfect farce," she said, rapidly. "I can't possibly help you really. For one thing, I know absolutely nothing about her. I believe you think all women are just alike." (This last with a somewhat constrained laugh.)

"Oh, no," he said; "by no means. But, if you will allow me to say so, you and the Paragon really are a little alike. You constantly remind me of her."

She flushed deeply. "Thank you very much."

"Yes," he went on, with a shade of patronage, "I detect a strong likeness in character, which is the important thing in this connection."

"It is a pity that the resemblance doesn't extend to our faces," she said, "as she is a beauty."

"Oh, don't call her a beauty," he said; "I hate beauties. She is beautiful, beautiful!—but she isn't what they call a beauty. Horrors!—no."

She laughed again, a little abrupt laugh.

"Perhaps I advised in my haste," she said. "How could a Paragon be made jealous? Doesn't she know she's a Paragon?"

"Oh, of course," he said. "How could she help it? That *is* a practical difficulty."

He knit his brow as if in deep thought.

He came and went, as in the days before he went away. Really he seemed not to leave much time to devote to any one else. Charlotte inwardly wondered and speculated. A solution to the problem flashed upon her one day, and brought the blood to her face like a blow. He was using her to pique the Paragon (she knew no other name for her).

She came into the parlor with an air more stately than was quite natural to her, and talked on in a fluent conventional manner, which was equally out of character.

John Carter listened with a puzzled

face. She seemed to be erecting an impassable barrier of reserve between them.

"What have I done?" he said, suddenly.

She was startled into her natural manner. The smile which came so readily to her lips drew up the corners of her mouth, before she could check it, but a shade of indignation lingered in her eyes.

"I am not sure," she said.

"But there is something?" he urged. "You ought not to condemn me without letting me know my crime."

She hesitated a moment.

"Perhaps I really ought not to object. Perhaps I ought to be flattered, if my suspicion is correct. It is nothing, of course; but *aren't* you trying to make the Paragon jealous—of me?"

A slight, curious spasm passed over his face; but he looked genuinely concerned and a little abashed.

"Please forgive me," he said, "but my inclination so often brings me here, that, naturally, she might think that you—that I——"

"Yes," she said, shortly, as though dismissing the subject. Her color was heightened and her eyes bright. Neither spoke till the minute hand of the old ebony clock had crept perceptibly on, and then they talked of Japan.

"She must be lovely—lovely!" she said to him one June evening. She turned to him earnestly, as they stood in the bay-window, jutting over the grassy yard. The air was sweet with jasmines, and the first stars were trembling out, pale in the lingering daylight.

Her eyes somehow grew moist in the fervor of her admiration, and she looked away. "I can understand your *reverence* for a woman like that," she said.

He moved his head in solemn assent, as if words failed him.

"Shall I tell you what you ought to do?" She looked at him steadily enough now, and hurried on without waiting for a reply. "Ask her to marry you. Oh, I know," as he started to speak. "You are afraid to risk everything, but you risk everything *more* by dilly-dallying on as you do."

He drew a deep breath. "What shall I do if she won't have me?"

"Ask her again—go on asking her." She was very earnest. "But I believe she *will* have you."

She put out her hand to him frankly, and he took it. It was very cold. "And then you must thank me," she said, with a little laugh.

He turned from the window, and, going to the mantel, rested his arm upon it. He seemed to find in this position not only physical but moral support

"Perhaps you wouldn't give me that advice, if you knew all the circumstances," he said.

She walked to a chair and sat down, a little wearily. "Tell me about it."

"I have somehow managed to get into such a false position," he said, "that I can't tell her I love her, without seeming to border upon impertinence."

"Oh!" she said, "I don't understand."

"I have been deceiving her," he explained, tersely, "and I am afraid to tell her so."

He paused, picking to pieces a large single white rose which he had gathered at the window.

She looked puzzled. "What made you do that?" she asked.

"Desperation," he said. The silence again became oppressive.

Suddenly he threw the maltreated blossom down, with an air of determination.

"I will put the whole case before you," he said; "and see what you think of it."

He stopped to cough. "Well—ah—perhaps I expressed it too strongly when I said I had deceived her. The fact is, she deceived herself. She had at all times enough evidence before her to get a true idea of how things stood."

"But what did you deceive her about?" There was a shade of uncharacteristic impatience in Charlotte's voice, as if her nerves were jangled.

"About—well—ah. She thinks I'm in love with somebody else."

She averted her eyes with a deep, indignant flush. "Yes. I remember. We spoke of that before."

"Yes," he said, hastily; "but it wasn't exactly as you thought. The fact is, she imagines it to be somebody who really isn't anybody—except herself. I don't know exactly how to explain it."

She looked blankly puzzled.

"But I don't at all understand," she said.

His cough again became troublesome.

"Well—you see I have described to her the woman I love, and she thinks it is somebody else. In fact, she's—she's been helping me."

Her eyes flashed to his face.

"Helping you!—I don't understand." The last words were very breathless.

He paused, scrutinizing her face for encouragement to go on, but making nothing of it.

"Yes—advising me, you know—about her."

She had turned very white, but her eyes shone.

"You seem to have a good many advisers," she said, in a tone oddly at variance with the words. The little laugh which she attempted was very unsteady.

"No—no—only *one*," he said. He drew his breath in deeply. "And I am afraid *she* is not a very good one."

He stood staring with tragic gravity before him, as if waiting for something to turn up. Suddenly he lowered his eyes and fixed them upon her.

"Miss Charlotte," he said, vehemently, "will you be my wife?"

She meditated, or seemed to meditate; and the clock sounded through the room as if its heart were beating. Then she looked up at him.

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise never to mention the Paragon to me so long as we both shall live."



THE EDGE OF CLAREMONT HILL

By Henry van Dyke

The roar of the city is low,
Muffled by new fallen snow,
And the sign of the wintry moon is small and clear and still.
Will you come with me to-night,
To see a pleasant sight
Away on the river-side, at the edge of Claremont Hill?

And what shall we see there,
But streets that are new and bare,
And many a desolate place that the city is coming to fill;
And a soldier's tomb of stone,
And a few trees standing alone—
Will you walk for that through the cold, to the edge of Claremont Hill?

But there's more than that for me,
In the place that I fain would see:
There's a glimpse of the grace that helps us all to bear life's ill;
A touch of the vital breath
That keeps the world from death;
A flower that never fades, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

For just where the road swings round,
In a narrow strip of ground,
Where a group of forest trees are lingering fondly still,
There's a grave of the olden time,
When the garden bloomed in its prime,
And the children laughed and sang on the edge of Claremont Hill.

The marble is pure and white,
And even in this dim light,
You may read the simple words that are written there if you will;
You may hear a father tell
Of the child he loved so well,
A hundred years ago, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

The tide of the city has rolled
Across that bower of old,
And blotted out the beds of the rose and the daffodil;
But the little playmate sleeps,
And the shrine of love still keeps
Its record of happy days, on the edge of Claremont Hill.

And after all, my friend,
When the tale of our years shall end,
Be it long or short, or lowly or great, as God may will,
What better praise could we hear,
Than this of the child so dear:
You have made my life more sweet, on the edge of Claremont Hill?

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE

BY GEORGE MEREDITH

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH WE HAVE FURTHER GLIMPSES OF THE WONDROUS MECHANISM OF OUR YOUNGER MAN

THE report of Admiral Baldwin Fakenham as having died in the arms of a stranger visiting the house, hit nearer the mark than usual. He yielded his last breath as Gower Woodseer was lowering him to his pillow, shortly after a husky whisper of the letter to Lady Arpington : and that was one of Gower's crucial trials. It condemned him, for the pacifying of a dying man, to the murmur and shuffle, which was a lie ; and the lie burnt him, contributed to the brand on his race. He and his father upheld a solitary bare staff, where the Cambrian flag had flown, before their people had been trampled in mire, to do as the worms. His loathing of any shadow of the lie was a protest on behalf of Welsh blood against an English charge, besides the passion for spiritual cleanliness ; without which was no comprehension, therefore no enjoyment, of nature possible to him. For nature is the truth.

He begged the Countess to let him have the letter ; he held to the petition, with supplications ; he spoke of his pledged word, his honor ; and her countenance did not deny to such an object as she beheld the right to a sense of honor. "We all have the sentiment, I hope, Mr. Woodseer," she said, stupefying the worshipper, who did not see it manifested. There was a look of gentle intimacy, expressive of common grounds between them, accompanying the dead words. Mistress of the letter, and the letter safe under lock, the Admiral dead, she had not to bestow a touch of her hand on his coat-sleeve in declining to return it. A face languidly and benevolently querulous was bent on him when he, so clever a man, resumed his very silly petition.

She was moon out of cloud at a change of the theme. Gower journeyed to London without the letter, intoxicated and conscious of poison ; enamoured of it, and straining for health. He had to reflect, at the journey's end, that he had picked up nothing on the road, neither a thing observed nor a thing imagined ; he was a troubled pool instead of a flowing river.

The best help to health for him was a day in his father's house. We are perpetually at our comparisons of ourselves with others ; and they are mostly profitless ; but the man carrying his religious light to light the darkest ways of his fellows, and keeping good cheer, as though the heart of him ran a mountain water through the grimy region, plucked at Gower with an envy to resemble him in practice. His philosophy, too, reproached him for being outshone. Apart from his philosophy, he stood confessed a bankrupt ; and it had dwindled to near extinction. Adoration of a woman takes the breath out of philosophy. And if one had only to say sheer donkey, he consenting to be driven by her ! One has to say worse in this case ; for the words are, liar and traitor.

Carinthia's attitude toward his father conduced to his emulous respect for the old man, below whom, and indeed below the roadway of ordinary principles hedged with dull texts, he had strangely fallen. The sight of her lashed him. She made it her business or it was her pleasure to go the rounds beside Mr. Woodseer, visiting his poor people. She spoke of the scenes she witnessed, and threw no stress on the wretchedness, having only the wish to assist in ministering. Probably the great wretchedness bubbling over the place blunted her feeling of loss at the word of Admiral Baldwin's end ; her bosom sprang up : "He was next to father," was all she said ; and she soon reverted to this and that house of the lodgings of poverty. She had de-

scended on the world. There was of course a world outside Whitechapel, but Whitechapel was hot about her; the nests of misery, the sharp note of want in the air, tricks of an urchin who had amused her.

As to the place itself, she had no judgment to pronounce, except that: "They have no mornings here;" and the childish remark set her quivering on her heights, like one seen through a Tear, in Gower's memory. Scarce anything of her hungry impatience to meet her husband was visible; she had come to London to meet him; she hoped to meet him soon; before her brother's return, she could have added. She mentioned the goodness of Sarah Winch in not allowing that she was a burden to support. Money and its uses had impressed her; the quantity possessed by some, the utter need of it for the first of human purposes by others. Her speech was not of so halting or foreign an English. She grew rapidly whereever she was planted.

Speculation on the conduct of her husband, empty as it might be, was necessitated in Gower. He pursued it, and listened to his father similarly at work. "A young lady fit for any station, the kindest of souls, a born charitable human creature, void of pride, near in all she does and thinks to the Shaping Hand, why should her husband forsake her on the day of their nuptials! She is most gracious; the simplicity of an infant. Can you imagine the doing of an injury by a man to a woman like her?"

Then it was that Gower screwed himself to say:

"Yes, I can imagine it, I'm doing it myself. I shall be doing it till I've written a letter and paid a visit."

He took a meditative stride or two in the room, thinking without revulsion of the Countess Livia under a similitude of the bell of the plant henbane, and that his father had immunity from temptation because of the insensibility to beauty. Out of which he passed to the writing of the letter to Lord Fleetwood, informing his lordship that he intended immediately to deliver a message to the Marchioness of Arpington from Admiral Baldwin Fakenham, in relation to the Countess of Fleetwood. A duty was easily done by Gower when he had surmounted the task of conceiving his resolution to do it; and this task, involving an offence to the Lady Livia and intrusion of his name on a nobleman's recollection, ranked next in severity to the chopping off of his fingers by a man suspecting them of the bite of rabies.

An interview with Lady Arpington was granted him the following day.

She was a florid, aquiline, loud-voiced lady, evidently having no seat for her wonderments, after his account of the origin of his acquaintance with the Admiral had quieted her suspicions. The world had only to stand beside her, and it would hear what she had heard. She rushed to the conclusion that Lord Fleetwood had married a person of no family.

"Really, really, that young man's freaks appear designed for the express purpose of heightening our amazement!" she exclaimed. "He won't easily get beyond a wife in the East of London, at a *shop;* but there's no knowing. Any wish of Admiral Baldwin Fakenham's, I hold sacred. At least I can see for myself. You can't tell me more of the facts? If Lord Fleetwood's in town, I will call him here at once. I will drive down to this address you give me. She is a civil person?"

"Her breeding is perfect," said Gower.

"Perfect breeding, you say?" Lady Arpington was reduced to a murmur. She considered the speaker: his outlandish garb, his unprotesting self-possession. He spoke good English by habit, her ear told her. She was of an eminence to judge of a man impartially, even to the sufferance of an opinion from him, on a subject that lesser ladies would have denied to his clothing. Outwardly simple, naturally frank, though a tangle of the complexities inwardly, he was a touchstone for true aristocracy, as the humblest who bear the main elements of it must be. Certain humorous turns in his conversation won him an amicable smile when he bowed to leave: they were the needed finish of a favorable impression.

One day later, the Earl arrived in

town, read Gower Woodseer's brief words, and received the consequently expected summons, couched in a great lady's plain imperative. She was connected with his family on the paternal side.

He went obediently : not unwillingly, let the deputed historian of the Marriage, turning over documents, here say. He went to Lady Arpington, disposed for marital humaneness and jog-trot harmony, by condescension ; equivalent to a submitting to the drone of an incessant psalm at the drum of the ear. He was, in fact, rather more than inclined that way. When very young, at the age of thirteen, a mood of religious fervor had spiritualized the dulness of Protestant pew and pulpit for him. Another fit of it, in the Roman Catholic direction, had proposed, during the latest dilemma, to relieve him of the burden of his pledged word. He had plunged for a short space into the rapturous contemplation of a monastic life—" the clean soul for the macerated flesh," as that fellow Woodseer said once ; and such as his friend, the Roman Catholic Lord Feltre moodily talked of getting, in his intervals. He had gone down to a young and novel trial establishment of English penitents in the forest of a Midland county, and had watched and envied, and seen the escape from a lifelong bondage to the " beautiful Gorgon," under cover of a white flannel frock. The world pulled hard, and he gave his body into chains of a woman, to redeem his word.

But there was a plea on behalf of this woman. The life she offered might have psalmic iteration ; the dead monotony of it in prospect did, nevertheless, exorcise a devil. Carinthia promised, it might seem, to chase and keep the black beast out of him permanently, as she could, he now conceived : for since the day of the marriage with her, the devil inhabiting him had at least been easier, " up in a corner."

He held an individual memory of his bride, rose-veiled, secret to them both, that made them one, by subduing him. For it was a charm ; an actual feminine, an unanticipated personal, charm ; past reach of tongue to name, wordless in thought. There, among the folds of the incense vapors of our hearts' holy of holies, it hung ; and it was rare, it was distinctive of her, and alluring, if one consented to melt to it, and accepted for compensation the exorcising of a devil.

Oh, but no mere devil by title ! a very devil. It was alert and frisky, flushing, filling the thin cold idea of Henrietta at a thought ; and in the thought it made Carinthia's intimate charm appear as no better than a thing to enrich a beggar, while he knew that kings could never command the charm. Not love, only the bathing in Henrietta's incomparable beauty and the desire to be, desire to have been, the casket of it, broke the world to tempest and lightnings at a view of Henrietta the married woman—married to the brother of the woman calling him husband : " It is my husband." The young tyrant of wealth could have avowed that he did not love Henrietta ; but not the less was he in the swing of a whirlwind at the hint of her loving the man she had married. Did she ? It might be tried.

She ? That Henrietta is one of the creatures who love pleasure, love flattery, love their beauty ; they cannot love a man. Or the love is a ship that will not sail a sea.

Now, if the fact were declared and attested, if her shallowness were seen proved, one might get free of the devil she plants in the breast. Absolutely to despise her, would be release, and it would allow of his tasting Carinthia's charm, reluctantly acknowledged ; not " Money of the country " beside that golden Henrietta's.

Yet who can say ?—women are such deceptions. Often their fairest, apparently sweetest, when brought to the keenest of the tests, are graceless ; or worse, artificially consonant ; in either instance barren of the poetic. Thousands of the confidently expectant among men have been unbewitched ; a lamentable process ; and the grimly reticent and the loudly discursive are equally eloquent of the pretty general disillusion. How they loathe and tear the mask of the sham attraction that snatched them to the hag yoke, and fell away to show its grisly horrors within the round of the month, if not the second enumeration of twelve by the

clock! Fleetwood had heard certain candid seniors talk, delivering their minds, in superior appreciation of unpretentious boor wenches, nature's products, not esteemed by him. Well, of a truth, she—"Red Hair and Rugged Brows," as the fellow, Woodseer, had called her, in alternation with "Mountain Face to Sun"—she at the unveiling was gentle, surpassingly; graceful in the furnace of the trial. She wore through the critic ordeal his burning sensitiveness to grace and delicacy cast about a woman, and was rather better than not withered by it.

On the borders between maidenly and wifely, she, a thing of flesh like other daughters of earth, had impressed her sceptical lord, inclining to contempt of her and detestation of his bargain, as a flitting hue, ethereal, a transfiguration of earthliness in the core of the earthly furnace. And how? but that it must have been the naked shining forth of her character, startled to show itself: "it is my husband:" it must have been love.

The love that they versify, and strum on guitars, and go crazy over, and end by roaring at the delusion; this common bloom of the ripeness of a season; this would never have utterly captured a sceptic, to vanquish him in his mastery, snare him in her surrender. It must have been the veritable passion; a flame kept alive by vestal ministrants in the yew-wood of the forest of Old Romance; planted only in the breasts of very favorite maidens. Love had eyes, love had a voice that night—love was the explicable magic lifting terrestrial to seraphic. Though, true, she had not Henrietta's golden smoothness of beauty. Henrietta, illumined with such a love, would outdo all legends, all dreams of the tale of love. Would she? For credulous men she would be golden coin of the currency. She would not have a particular wild flavor; charm as of the running doe that has taken a dart and rolls an eye to burst the hunter's heart with pity. . . .

Fleetwood went his way to Lady Arpington almost complacently, having fought and laid his wilder self. He might be likened to the doctor's patient entering the chemist's shop, with a prescription for a drug of healing virtue, upon which the palate is as little consulted as a robustious lollypop boy in the household of ceremonial parents, who have rung for the troop of their orderly domestics to sit in a row and hearken the intonation of good words.

CHAPTER XXII

A RIGHT-MINDED GREAT LADY

THE bow, the welcome, and the introductory remarks passed rapidly as the pull on two sides of a curtain opening on a scene that stiffens courtliness to hard attention.

After the names of Admiral Baldwin and "the Mr. Woodseer," the name of Whitechapel was mentioned by Lady Arpington. It might have been the name of any other place.

"Ah, so far, then, I have to instruct you," she said, observing the young earl. "I drove down there yesterday. I saw the lady calling herself Countess of Fleetwood. By right? She was a Miss Kirby."

"She has the right," Fleetwood said, standing well out of a discharge of musketry.

"Marriage not contested. You knew of her being in that place? I can't describe it."

"Your ladyship will pardon me?"

London frontier of barbarism was named for him again, and in a tone to penetrate.

He refrained from putting the question of how she had come there.

As iron as he looked, he said: "She stays there by choice?"

The great lady tapped her foot on the floor.

"You are not acquainted with the district."

"One of my men comes out of it."

"The coming out of it! . . . However, I understand her story, that she travelled from a village inn, where she had been left—without resources. She waited weeks; I forget how many. She has a description of maid in attendance on her. She came to London to

find her husband. Oh, certainly she would be here now, if I could have been sure of my letter hitting you in town. You were at the mines, we heard. Her one desire is to meet her husband. But goodness! Fleetwood, why do you frown? You acknowledge the marriage, she has the name of the church; she was married of that old Lord Levellier's house. You drove her—I won't repeat the flighty business. You left her, and she did her best to follow you. Will the young men of our time not learn that life is no longer a game when they have a woman for partner in the match? You don't complain of her flavor of a foreign manner? She can't be so very. . . . Admiral Baldwin's daughter has married her brother; and he is a military officer. She has germs of breeding, wants only a little rub of the world to smooth her. Speak to the point: do you meet her here? Do you refuse?"

"At present? I do."

"Something has to be done."

"She was bound to stay where I left her."

"You are bound to provide for her becomingly."

"Provision shall be made, of course."

"The story will . . . unless—and quickly, too."

"I know, I know!"

Fleetwood had the clang of all the bells of London chiming Whitechapel at him in his head, and he betrayed the irritated tyrant ready to decree fire and sword, for the defence or solace of his tender sensibilities.

The black flash flew.

"It's a thing to mend as well as one can," Lady Arpington said. "I am not inquisitive: you had your reasons or chose to act without any. Get her away from that place. She won't come to me unless it's to meet her husband. Ah, well, temper does not solve your problem; husband you are, if you married her. We'll leave the husband undiscussed: with this reserve, that it seems to me men are now beginning to play the misunderstood."

"I hope they know themselves better," said Fleetwood: and he begged for the name and number of the house in the Whitechapel street, where she who was discernly his enemy, and the deadliest of enemies, had now her dwelling.

Her immediate rush to that place, the fixing of herself there for an assault on him, was a move worthy the daughter of the rascal Old Buccaneer; it compelled to urgent measures. He, as he felt horribly in pencilling her address, acted under compulsion; and a woman prodded the goad. Her mask of ingenuousness was flung away for a look of craft, which could be power; and with her changed aspect his tolerance changed to hatred.

"A shop," Lady Arpington explained for his better direction: "Potatoes, vegetable stuff. Honest people, I am to believe. She is indifferent to her food, she says. She works, helping one of their ministers—one of their denominations; heaven knows what they call themselves. Anything to escape from the Church! She's likely to become a Methodist. With Lord Feltre proselytizing for his Papist creed, Lord Pitscrew a declared Mohammedan, we shall have a pretty English aristocracy in time. Well, she may claim to belong to it now. She would not be persuaded against visitations to pestiferous hovels. What else is there to do in such a place! She goes about catching diseases to avoid bilious melancholy in the dark back-room of a small green-grocer's shop in Whitechapel. There you have the word for the Countess of Fleetwood's present address."

It drenched him with ridicule.

"I am indebted to your ladyship for the information," he said, and maintained his rigidity.

The great lady stiffened.

"I am obliged to ask you whether you intend to act on it at once. The Admiral has gone; I am in some sort deputed as a guardian to her, and I warn you—very well, very well. In your own interests, it will be. If she is left there another two or three days, the name of the place will stick to her."

"She has baptized herself with it already, I imagine," said Fleetwood. "She will have Esslemont to live in."

"There will be more than one to speak as to that. You should know her?"

"I do not know her."

"You married her."

"The circumstances are admitted."

"If I may hazard a guess, she is unlikely to come to terms without a previous interview. She is bent on meeting you."

"I am to be subjected to further annoyance, or she will take the name of the place she at present inhabits, and bombard me with it. Those are the terms."

"She has a brother living, I remind you."

"State the deduction, if you please, my lady."

"She is not of a totally inferior family."

"She had a father famous over England as the Old Buccaneer, and is a diligent reader of his book of MAXIMS FOR MEN."

"Dear me! Then Kirby—Captain Kirby! I remember. That's her origin, is it?" the great lady cried, illumined. "My mother used to talk of the Cressett scandal. Old Lady Arpington, too. At any rate, it ended in their union — the formalities were properly respected, as soon as they could be."

"I am unaware."

"I detest such a tone of speaking. Speaking as you do now—married to the daughter? You are not yourself, Lord Fleetwood."

"Quite, ma'am, let me assure you. Otherwise the Kirby-Cressetts would be dictating to me from the muzzle of one of the old rapscallion's maxims. They will learn that I am myself."

"You don't improve as you proceed. I tell you this, you'll not have me for a friend. You have your troops of satellites; but take it as equal to a prophecy, you won't have London with you, and you'll hear of Lord Fleetwood and his Whitechapel countess till your ears ache."

The preluding box on them reddened him.

"She will have the offer of Esslemont."

"Undertake to persuade her in person."

"I've spoken on that head."

"Well, I may be mistaken: I fancied it before I knew of the pair she springs from; you won't get her consent to anything without your consenting to meet her. Surely its the manlier way! It might be settled for to-morrow, here, in this room. She prays to meet you."

With an indicated gesture of "Save me from it," Fleetwood bowed.

He left no friend thinking over the riddle of his conduct. She was a loud-voiced lady, given to strike out phrases. The "Whitechapel Countess" of the wealthiest nobleman of this day was heard by her on London's wagging tongue. She considered also that he ought at least to have propitiated her; he was in the position requiring of him to do something of the kind, and he had shown instead the dogged pride which calls for a whip. Fool as he must have been to go and commit himself to marriage with a girl of whom he knew nothing or little, the assumption of pride belonged to the order of impudent disguises intolerable to behold and not, in a moderate manner, castigate.

Notwithstanding a dislike of the Dowager Countess of Fleetwood, Lady Arpington paid Livia an afternoon visit; and added thereby to the stock of her knowledge and the grounds of her disapprobation.

Down in Whitechapel, it was known to the Winch girls and the Woodseers that Captain Kirby and his wife had spent the bitterest of hours in vainly striving to break their immovable sister's will to remain there.

At the tea-time of simple people, who make it a meal, Gower's appetite for the home-made bread of Mary Jones was checked by the bearer of a short note from Lord Fleetwood. The half dozen lines were cordial, breathing of their walk in the Austrian highlands, and naming a renowned city hotel for a dinner that day, the hour seven, the reply yes or no by messenger.

"But we are man to man, so there's no 'No' between us two," the note said, reviving a scene of rosy crag and pine forest, where there had been philosophical fun over the appropriate sexes of those, our most important fighting—ultimately, we will hope, to be united—syllables, and the when for men, the

when for women to select the one for them as their weapon.

Under the circumstances, Gower thought such a piece of writing to him magnanimous.

"It may be the solution," his father remarked.

Both had the desire; and Gower's reply was the yes, our brave male word, supposed to be not so compromising to men in the employment of it as a form of acquiescence rather than insistant pressure.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN DAME GOSSIP'S VEIN

RIGHT soon the London pot began to bubble. There was a marriage.

There are marriages by the thousand every day of the year that is not consecrated to prayer for the forgiveness of our sins, the Old Buccaneer, writing it with simple intent, says, by way of preface to a series of maxims for men who contemplate acceptance of the yoke.

This was a marriage high as the firmament over common occurrences, black as Erebus to confound; it involved the wreck of expectations, disastrous eclipse of a sovereign luminary in the splendor of his rise, Phaëton's descent to the Shades through a smoking and a crackling world. Asserted here, verified there, the rumor gathered volume, and from a serpent of vapor resolved to sturdy concrete before it was tangible. Contradiction retired into corners, only to be swept out of them. For this marriage, abominable to hear of, was of so wonderful a sort, that the story filled the mind, and the discrediting of the story threatened the great world's cranium with a vacuity yet more monstrously abominable.

For he, the planet Crœsus of his time, recently, scarce later than last night, a glorious object of the midheavens above the market, has been enveloped, caught, gobbled up by one of the nameless little witches riding after dusk the way of the wind on broomsticks—by one of *them!* She caught him like a fly in the hand off a pane of glass, gobbled him with the customary facility of a pecking pullet.

But was the planet Crœsus of his time a young man to be caught, so gobbled?

There is the mystery of it. On his coming of age, that young man gave sign of his having a City head. He put his guardians deliberately aside, had his lawyers and bailiffs and stewards thoroughly under control; managed a particularly difficult step-mother; escaped the snares of her lovely cousin; and drove his team of sycophants exactly the road he chose to go and no other. He had a will.

The world accounted him wildish?

Always from his own offset, to his own ends. Never for another's dictation or beguilement. Never for a woman. He was born with a suspicion of the sex. Poetry decorated women, he said, to lime and drag men in the foulest ruts of prose.

We are to believe he has been effectively captured?

It is positively a marriage; he admits it.

Where celebrated?

There we are at hoodman-blind for the moment. Three counties claim the church: two ends of London.

She is not a person of society, lineage?

Nor of beauty. She is a witch; ordinarily petticoated and not squeaking like a shrew-mouse in her flights, but not a whit less a moon-shade witch. The kind is famous. Fairy tales and terrible romances tell of her; she is just as much at home in life, and springs usually from the mire to inthrall our knightliest. Is it a popular hero? She has him, sooner or later. A planet Crœsus? He falls to her.

That is, if his people fail to attach him in legal bonds to a damsel of a corresponding birth on the day when he is breeched.

Small is her need to be young—especially if it is the man who is very young. She is the created among women armed with the deadly instinct for the motive force in men, and shameless to attract it. Self-respecting women treat men as their tamed housemates. She blows the

horn of the wild old forest, irresistible to the animal. Oh, the droop of the eyelids, the curve of a lip, the rustle of silks, the much heart, the neat ankle; and the sparkling agreement, the reserve—the motherly feminine petition that she may retain her own small petted babe of an opinion, legitimate or not, by permission of superior authority! proof at once of her intelligence and her appreciativeness. Her infinitesimal spells are seen; yet, despite experience, the magnetism in their repulsive display is barely apprehended by sedate observers until the astounding capture is proclaimed. It is visible enough then: and oh, men! Oh, morals! If she can but trick the smallest bit in stooping, she has the pick of men.

Our present sample shows her to be young: she is young and a foreigner. Mr. Chumley Potts vouches for it. Speaks foreign English. He thinks her more ninny than knave: she is the tool of a wily plotter, picked up off the highway road by Lord Fleetwood as soon as he had her in his eye. Sir Meeson Corby wrings his frilled hand to depict the horror of the hands of that tramp the young lord had her from. They afflict him malariously still. The man, he says, the man as well as an infatuation, because he talks like a Dictionary Cheap Jack, and may have had an education and dropped into vagrancy, owing to indiscretions. Lord Fleetwood ran about in Germany repeating his remarks. But the man is really an accomplished violinist, we hear. She dances the tambourine business. A sister of the man, perhaps, if we must be charitable. They are, some say, a couple of Hungarian gypsies Lord Fleetwood found at a show and brought over to England, and soon had it on his conscience that he ought to marry her, like the Quixote of honor that he is; which is equal to saying crazy, as there is no doubt his mother was.

The marriage is no longer disputable; poor Lady Fleetwood, whatever her faults as a step-mother, does no longer deny the celebration of a marriage; though she might reasonably discredit any such story if he, on the evening of the date of the wedding-day, was at a ball, seen by her at the supper-table; and the next day he sat among the Peers and voted against the Government, and then went down to his estates in Wales, being an excellent holder of the reins, whether on the coach-box or over the cash-box.

More and more wonderful: we hear that he drove his bride straight from the church to the field of a prize-fight, arranged for her special delectation. She dotes on seeing blood shed and drinking champagne. Young Mr. Mallard is our authority; and he says she enjoyed it, and cheered the victor for being her husband's man. And after the shocking exhibition, good-by! the Countess of Fleetwood was left sole occupant of a wayside inn, and may have learned in her solitude that she would have been wise to feign disgust; for men to the smallest degree cultivated are unable to pardon a want of delicacy in the woman who has chosen them, as they are taught to think by their having chosen her.

So talked, so twittered, piped, and croaked the London world over the early rumors of the marriage; this Amazing Marriage, which it got to be called, from the number of items flocking to swell the wonder.

Ravens ravening by night, poised peregrines by day, provision-merchants for the dispensing of dainty scraps to tickle the ears, to arm the tongues, to explode reputations, those great ladies, the Ladies Endor, Eldritch, and Cowry, fateful three of their period, avenged and scourged both innocence and naughtiness, innocence, on the whole, the least, when their withering suspicion of it had hunted the unhappy thing to the bank of Ophelia's ditch. Mallard and Chumley Potts, Captain Abrane, Sir Meeson Corby, Lord Brailstone, were plucked at and rattled, put to the blush, by a pursuit of inquiries conducted with beaks. High-nosed dames will surpass eminent judges in their temerity on the border-line where *Ahem* sounds the warning note to curtained decency. The courtly M. de St. Ombre had to stand confused. He, however, gave another version of Captain Abrane's "fiddler," and precipitated the great ladies into the reflection that French gentlemen, since the

execrable French Revolution, have lost their proper sense of the distinctions of class. *Homme d'esprit*, applied to a roving adventurer, a scarce other than vagabond, was either an undiscriminating epithet or else a further example of the French deficiency in humor.

Dexterous contriver, he undoubtedly is. Lady Cowry has it from Sir Meeson Corby, who had it from the poor Dowager, that Lord Fleetwood has installed the man in his house and sits him at the opposite end of his table; fished him up from Whitechapel, where the Countess is left serving oranges at a small fruit-shop. With her own eyes, Lady Arpington saw her there; and she can't be got to leave the place unless her husband, drives his coach down to fetch her. That he declines to do; so she remains the Whitechapel Countess, all on her hind heels against the offer of a shilling of her husband's money, if she's not to bring him to his knees: and goes about at night with a low Methodist, singing hymns along those dreadful streets, while Lord Fleetwood gives gorgeous entertainments. One signal from the man he has hired, and he stops drinking; he will stop speaking as soon as the man's mouth is open. He is under a complete fascination, attributable, some say, to passes of the hands, which the man won't wash lest he should weaken their influence.

As for the Whitechapel Countess . . . . the whole story of the Old Buccaneer and Countess Fanny was retold, and it formed a terrific halo, presage of rains and hurricane tempest, over the girl the young earl had incomprehensibly espoused to discard. Those two had a son and a daughter born abroad—in wedlock, we trust. The girl may be as wild a one as the mother. She has a will as determined as her husband's. She is offered Esslemont, the Earl's Kentish mansion, for a residence, and she will none of it until she has him down in the East of London on his knees to entreat her. The injury was deep on one side or the other. It may be almost surely prophesied that the two will never come together. Will either of them deal the stroke for freedom? And which is the likelier?

Meanwhile Lord Fleetwood and his Whitechapel Countess composed the laugh of London. Straightway Invention, the violent propagator, sprang from his shades at a call of the great world's appetite for more, and rushing upon stationary Fact, supplied the required. Marvel upon marvel was recounted. The mixed origin of the singular issue could not be examined, where all was increasingly funny.

Always the shout for more produced it. She and her band of Whitechapel boys were about in ambush to waylay the earl wherever he went. She stood knocking at his door through a whole night. He dared not lug her before a magistrate for fear of exposure. Once riding in the Park with a troop of friends, he had a young woman pointed out to him, and her finger was levelled, and she cried: "There is the English nobleman who marries a girl and leaves her to go selling cabbages!"

He left town for the Island, and beheld his yacht sailing the Solent; my lady the Countess was on board! A pair of Tyrolese minstrels in the square kindled his enthusiasm at one of his dinners; he sent them a sovereign; their humble, hearty thanks were returned to him, in the name of *Die Gräfin von Fleetwood*.

The Ladies Endor, Eldritch, and Cowry sifted their best. They let pass incredible stories; among others, that she had sent cards to the nobility and gentry of the West End of London, offering to deliver sacks of potatoes by newly established donkey-cart at the doors of their residences, at so much per sack, bills quarterly; with the postscript *Vive l'aristocratie!* Their informant had seen a card; and the stamp of the Fleetwood dragon-crest was on it.

Abrane, Potts, Mallard, and Sir Meeson Corby were personages during the town's excitement, besought for, having something to say. Petrels of the sea of tattle, they were buoyed by the hubbub they created, and felt the tipsy happiness of being certain to rouse the laugh wherever they alighted. Sir Meeson Corby, important to himself in an eminent degree, enjoyed the novel sense of his importance with his fellows. They crowded round the bore who had scat-

tered them. So he fed them, he saw "probabilities," cogitated, and acquiesced.

Perhaps, after all, of all places for an encounter between the Earl of Fleetwood and the Countess, those vulgar gardens across the water, long since abandoned by the fashion, were the most suitable. Thither one fair June night, for the sake of showing the Dowager Countess and her beautiful cousin, the French nobleman, Sir Meeson Corby and others, what were the pleasures of the London lower orders, my lord had the whim to conduct them — merely a parade of observation once round; the ladies veiled, the gentlemen with sticks, and two servants following, one of whom, dressed in quiet black, like the peacefullest of parsons, was my lord's pugilist, Christopher Ines.

Now, here we come to History; though you will remember what History is.

The party walked round the gardens unmolested; nor have we grounds for supposing they assumed airs of state in the style of a previous generation. Only, as it happened, a gentleman of the party was a wag; no less than the famous, well-seasoned John Rose Mackrell, bent on amusing Mrs. Kirby-Levellier, to hear her lovely laughter; and his wit and his anecdotes, both inexhaustible, proved that, as he said, "a dried fish is no stale fish, and a smoky flavor to an old chimney story will often render it more piquant to the taste than one jumping fresh off the incident." His exact meaning in "smoky flavor" we are not to know; but whether that M. de St. Ombre should witness the effect of English humor upon them, or that the ladies could permit themselves to laugh, their voices accompanied the gentlemen in silver volleys. There had been "Mackrell" at Fleetwood's dinner-table, which was then a way of saying that dry throats made no count of the quantity of champagne imbibed, owing to the fits Rose Mackrell caused. However, there was loud laughter as they strolled, and it was noticed; and Fleetwood crying out, "Mackrell! Mackrell!" in delighted repudiation of the wag's last sally, the cry of "Hooray, Mackrell!" was caught up by the crowd. They were not the primary offenders, for loud laughter in an isolated party is bad breeding; but they had not the plea of a copious dinner.

So this affair began; inoffensively at the start, for my lord was good-humored about it.

Kit Ines, of the mercurial legs, must now give impromptu display of his dancing. He seized a partner, in the manner of a Roman the Sabine, sure of pleasing his patron; and the maid, passing from surprise to merriment, entered the quadrille perforce, all giggles, not without emulation, for she likewise had the passion for the dance. Whereby it befell that the pair footed in a way to gather observant spectators; and if it had not been that the man from whom the maid was willy-nilly snatched, conceived resentment, things might have passed comfortably; for Kit's quips and cuts and high capers, and the Sunday gravity of the barge face while the legs were at their impish trickery, double motion to the music won the crowd to cheer. They conjectured him to be a British sailor. But the destituted man said, sailor or no sailor, bos'en be hanged! He should pay for his whistle.

Honorably, at the close of the quadrille, Kit brought her back; none the worse for it, he boldly affirmed, and he thanked the man for the short loan of her. The man had an itch to strike. Choosing rather to be struck first, he vented nasty remarks. My lord spoke to Kit and moved on. At the moment of the step, Rose Mackrell uttered something, a waggery of some sort, heard to be forgotten, but of such instantaneous effect, that the prompt and immoderate laugh succeeding it might reasonably be taken for a fling of scorn at himself by an injured man. They were a party; he therefore proceeded to make one, appealing to English sentiment and right feeling. The blameless and repentant maid plucked at his coat to keep him from dogging the heels of the gentlemen. Fun was promised; consequently the crowd waxed.

"My lord," had been let fall by Kit Ines. Conjoined to "Mackrell," it rang finely, and a trumpeting of "Lord

Mackrell" resounded. Lord Mackrell was asked for "more capers and not so much sauce." Various fish took part in his title of nobility. The wag Mackrell continuing to be discreetly silent, and Kit Ines acting as a pacific rearguard, the crowd fell in love with their display of English humor, disposed to the surly satisfaction of a big street dog that has been appeased by a smaller one's total cessation of growls.

All might have gone well, but for the sudden appearance of two figures of young women on the scene. They fronted the advance of the procession. They wanted to have a word with Lord Mackrell. Not a bit of it—he won't listen, turns away; and one of the pair slips round him. It's regular imploring: "My lord! my lord!"

Oh, you naughty Surrey melodrama villain of a Lord Mackrell! Listen to the young woman, you Mackrell, or you'll get Billingsgate! Here's Mr. Jig-and-Reel behind here, says she's done him! By Gosh! What's up now?

One of the ladies of the party ahead had rushed up to the young woman, dodging to stand in Lord Mackrell's way. The crowd pressed to see. Kit Ines and his mate shouldered them off. They performed an envelopment of the gentlemen and ladies, including the two young women. Kit left his mate and ran to the young woman hitherto the quieter of the two. He rattled at her. But she had a tongue of her own and she rattled it at him. What did she say?

Merely to hear, for no other reason, a peace-loving crowd of clerks and tradesmen, workmen and their girls, young aspirants to the profession, nightlarks of different classes, both sexes, there in that place for simple entertainment, animated simply by the spirit of English humor, contracted, so closing upon the Mackrell party as to seem threatening to the most orderly and apprehensive member of it, who was the baronet, Sir Meeson Corby.

He was a man for the constables in town emergencies, and he shouted. "Cock Robin crowing" provoked a jolly round of barking chaff. The noise in a dense ring drew Fleetwood's temper. He gave the word to Kit Ines, and immediately two men dropped; a dozen staggered unhit. The fists worked right and left; such a clearing of ground was never seen for sickle or scythe. And it was taken respectfully; for Science proclaimed her venerable self in the style and the perfect sufficiency of the strokes. A bruiser delivered them. No shame to back away before a bruiser. There was rather an admiring envy of the party claiming the nimble champion on their side, until the very moderate lot of the Mackrells went stepping forward along the strewn path with sticks pointed.

If they had walked it like gentlemen they would have been allowed to get through. An aggressive minority, and with Cock Robin squealing for constables in the midst, is that insolent upstart thing which howls to have a lesson. The sticks were fallen on; bump came the mass. Kit Ines had to fight his way back to his mate, and the couple scoured a clearish ring, but the gentlemen were at short thrusts, affable in tone, to cheer the spirits of the ladies. "All right, my friend, you're a trifle mistaken, it's my stick, not yours." Therewith the wrestle for the stick.

The one stick not pointed was wrenched from the grasp of Sir Meeson Corby; and by a woman, the young woman who had accosted my lord; not a common young woman either, as she appeared when beseeching him. Her stature rose to battle heights: she made play with Sir Meeson Corby's ebony stick, using it in one hand as a dwarf quarterstaff to flail the sconces, then to dash the point at faces; and she being a woman, a girl, perhaps a lady, her cool warrior method of cleaving way, without so much as tightening her lips, was found notable and to this degree (vouched for by Rose Mackrell, who heard it), that a fellow rubbing his head, cried: "Damn it all, she's clever, though!" She took her station beside Lord Fleetwood.

He had been cool as she, or almost. Now he was maddened; she defended him, she warded and thrust for him, only for him, to save him a touch; unasked, undesired, detested for the box on his ears of to-morrow's public mock-

ery, as she would be; overwhelming him with ridicule. Have you seen the kick and tug at the straps of the mettled pony in stables, that betrays the mishandling of him by his groom? Something so did Fleetwood plunge and dart to be free of her, and his desperate soul cried out on her sticking to him like a plaster!

Welcome were the constables. His guineas winked at their chief, as fair women convey their meanings, with no motion of eyelids; and the officers of the law knew the voice habituated to command and answered two words of his: "Right, my lord," smelling my lord in the unerring manner of those days. My lord's party were escorted to the gates, not a little jeered, though they by no means had the worst of the tussle. But the puffing indignation of Sir Meeson Corby over his battered hat and torn frill, and buttons plucked from his coat, and his threat of the magistrates, excited the crowd to derisive yells.

My lord spoke something to his man, handing his purse.

The ladies were spared the hearing of bad language. They, according to the joint testimony of M. de St. Ombre and Mr. Rose Mackrell, comported themselves throughout as became the daughters of a warrior race. Both gentlemen were emphatic to praise the unknown Britomart, who had done such gallant service with Sir Meeson's ebony wand. He was beginning to fuss vociferously about the loss of the stick—a family stick, gold-headed, the family crest on it, priceless to the family—when Mrs. Kirby-Levellier handed it to him inside the coach.

"But where is she?" M. de St. Ombre said, and took the hint of Livia's touch on his arm in the dark.

At the silence following the question, Mr. Rose Mackrell murmured, "Ah!"

He and the French gentleman understood that there had been a manifestation of the notorious Whitechapel Countess.

They were two, and a slower-witted third was travelling to his ideas on the subject. Three men, witnesses of a remarkable incident in connection with a boiling topic of current scandal—glaringly illustrative of it, moreover—were unlikely to keep close tongues, even if they had been sworn to secrecy. Fleetwood knew it, and he scorned to solicit them; an exaction of their idle vows would be merely the humiliation of himself. So he tossed his dignity to recklessness, as the ultra-convivial give the last wink of reason to the wine-cup. Persecuted as he was, nothing remained for him but the nether-sublime of a statuesque desperation.

That was his feeling; and his way of cloaking it under light sallies at Sir Meeson and easy chat with Henrietta, made it visible to her, from its being the contrary of what the world might expect a proud young nobleman to exhibit. She pitied him: she had done him some wrong. She read into him, too, as none else could. Seeing the solitary tortures behind the pleasant social mask, she was drawn to partake of them, and the mask seemed pathetic. She longed to speak a word in sympathy or relieve her bosom of tears. Carinthia had sunk herself, was unpardonable, hardly mentionable; any of the tales told of her might be discredited after this. The incorrigible cause of humiliation for everybody connected with her pictured, at a word of her name, the crowd pressing and the London world acting audience. Livia spoke the name when they had reached their house and were alone. Henrietta responded with the imperceptible shrug which is more eloquent than a cry to tell of the most monstrous of loads. My lord, it was thought by the ladies, had directed his man to convey her safely to her chosen home, whence she might be expected very soon to be issuing and striking the gong of London again.

CHAPTER XXIV

A KIDNAPPING AND NO GREAT HARM

DRAGGED into the monstrous grotesque of the scene at the gardens, Livia and Henrietta went through the ordeal, masking any signs that they were stripped for a flagellation. Only, the fair cousins were unable to perceive a comic element

in the scene: and if the world was for laughing, as their instant apprehension foresaw it, the world was an ignoble beast. They did not discuss Carinthia's latest craziness at night, hardly alluded to it, while they were in the interjectory state.

Henrietta was Livia's guest, her husband having hurried away to Vienna: "To get money! money!" her angry bluntness explained his absence, and dealt its blow at the sudden astounding poverty into which they had fallen. She was compelled to practise an excessive, an incredible economy: "think of the smallest trifles!" so that her Chillon travelled unaccompanied, they were separated. Her iterations upon money were the vile constraint of an awakened interest and wonderment at its powers. She, the romantic Riette, banner of chivalry, reader of poetry, struck a line between poor and rich in her talk of people, and classed herself with the fallen and pinched; she harped on her slender means, on the enforced calculations preceding purchases, on the living in lodgings; and that miserly Lord Levellier's indebtedness to Chillon—large sums! And Chillon's praiseworthy resolve to pay the creditors of her father's estate; and of how he travelled like a common man, in consequence of the money he had given Janey—weakly, for her obstinacy was past endurance; but her brother would not leave her penniless, and penniless she had been for weeks, because of her stubborn resistance to the earl—quite unreasonably, whether right or wrong—in the foul retreat she had chosen; apparently with a notion that the horror of it was her vantage-ground against him; and though a single sign of submission would place the richest purse in England at her disposal. "She refuses Esslemont! She insists on his meeting her! No child could be so witless. Let him be the one chiefly or entirely to blame, she might show a little tact—for her brother's sake! She loves her brother? No: deaf to him, to me, to every consideration except her blind will."

Here was the skeleton of the love-match, earlier than Livia had expected. It refreshed a phlegmatic lady's disposition for prophecy. She supposed the novel economic pinches to be the cause of Henrietta's unwonted harsh judgment of her sister-in-law's misconduct, or the crude expression of it. She could not guess that Carinthia's unhappiness in marriage was a spectre over the married happiness of the pair fretted by the conscience which told them they had come together by doing much to bring it to pass. Henrietta could seem to herself less the culprit when she blamed Carinthia in another's hearing.

After some repose, the cousins treated their horrible misadventure as a piece of history. Livia was cool; she had not a husband involved in it, as Henrietta had; and London's hoarse laugh surely coming on them, spared her the dread Henrietta suffered, that Chillon would hear: the most sensitive of men on any matter touching his family.

"And now a sister added to the list! Will there be names, Livia?"

"The newspapers?" Livia's shoulders rose.

"We ought to have sworn the gentlemen to silence."

"M. de St. Ombre is a tomb until he writes his Memoirs. I hold Sir Meeson under lock. But a spiced incident—a notorious couple—an anecdotal witness to the scene—could you expect Mr. Rose Mackrell to contain it? The sacradest of oaths, my dear!"

That relentless force impelling an anecdotist to slaughter families for the amusement of dinner-tables, was brought home to Henrietta by her prospect of being a victim; and Livia reminding her of the excessive laughter at Rose Mackrell's anecdotes overnight, she bemoaned her having consented to go to those gardens in mourning.

"How could Janey possibly have heard of the project to go?"

"You went to please Russett, he to please you, and that wild cat to please herself," said Livia. "She haunts his door, I suppose, and follows him, like a running footman. Every step she takes widens the breach. He keeps his temper, yes, as he keeps his word, and one morning it breaks loose, and all that's done has to be undone. It will be—must. That extravaganza, as she is

called, is fatal, dogs him with burlesque ; of all men ! "

" Why not consent to meet her once ? " Chillon asks.

" You are asking Russett to yield an inch on demand, and to a woman."

" My husband would yield to a woman what he would refuse to all the men in Europe and America," said Henrietta ; and she enjoyed her thrill of allegiance to her chivalrous lord and courtier.

" No very extraordinary specimen of a newly married man, who has won the Beauty of England and America for his wife—at some cost to some people," Livia rejoined.

There came a moisture on the eyelashes of the emotional young woman, from a touch of compassion for the man who had wished to call her wife, and was condemned by her rejection of him to call another woman wife, to be wifeless in wedding her.

" She thinks he loves her ; it's pitiable, but she thinks it—after the treatment she has had. She begs to see him once."

" And subdue him with a fit of weeping," Livia was moved to say by sight of the tear she hated. " It would harden Russett : on other eyes too ! Salt-water drops are like the forced agony scenes in a play ; they bring down the curtain, they don't win the critics. I heard her ' my husband ' and saw his face."

" You didn't hear a whimper with it," Henrietta said. " She's a mountain girl, not your City Madam on the boards. Chillon and I had her by each hand, implored her to leave that impossible Whitechapel, and she trembled, not a drop was shed by her. I can almost fancy privation and squalor have no terrors for Janey. She sings to the people down there, nurses them. She might be occupying Esslemont — our dream of an English home ! She is the destruction of the idea of romantic in connection with the name of marriage. I talk like a simpleton. Janey upsets us all. My lord was only a little queer before he knew her. His Mr. Woodseer may be encouraging her. You tell me the creature has a salary from him equal to your jointure."

" Be civil to the man while it lasts," Livia said, attentive to a degradation of tone in her cousin, formerly of supreme self-containment.

The beautiful young woman was reminded of her holiday in town. She brightened, and the little that it was, and the meanness of the satisfaction, darkened her. Envy of the lucky adventurer Mr. Woodseer, on her husband's behalf, grew horridly conscious for being reproved. So she plucked resolution to enjoy her holiday and forget the contrasts of life—palaces running profusion, lodgings hammered by duns ; the pinch of poverty distracting every simple look inside or out. There was no end to it, for her husband's chivalrous honor forced him to undertake the payment of her father's heavy debts. He was right and admirable, it could not be contested ; but the prospect for them was a grinding gloom, an unrelieved drag, as of a coach at night on an interminable uphill, flinty road.

These were her sensations, and she found it diverting to be admired ; admired by many while she knew herself to be absorbed in the possession of her by one. It bestowed the before and after of her marriage. She felt she was really, had rapidly become, the young woman of the world, armed with a husband ; to take the flatteries of men for the needed diversion they brought. None moved her : none could come near to touching the happy insensibility of a wife who adored her husband, wrote to him daily, thought of him by the minute. Her former worshippers were numerous at Livia's receptions : Lord Fleetwood, Lord Brailstone, and the rest. Odd to reflect on—they were the insubstantial but coveted wealth of the woman fallen upon poverty, ignoble poverty ! She could not discard her wealth. She wrote amusingly of them and fully, vivacious descriptions, to Chillon ; hardly so much writing to him as entering her heart's barred citadel, where he resided at his ease, heard everything that befel about her. If she dwelt on Lord Fleetwood's kindness in providing entertainments, her object was to mollify Chillon's anger to some degree. She was doing her utmost to gratify him, " for the purpose

of paving a way to plead Janey's case." She was almost persuading herself she was enjoying the remarks of his friend, confidant, secretary, or what not, Livia's worshipper, Mr. Woodseer, "who does as he wills with my lord; directs his charities, his pleasures, his opinions, all because he is believed to have wonderful ideas and be wonderfully honest."

Henrietta wrote: "Situation unchanged. Janey still at that place;" and before the letter was posted, she and Livia had heard from Gower Woodseer of the reported disappearance of the Countess of Fleetwood and her maid. Gower's father had walked up from Whitechapel bearing news of it to the Earl, he said.

"And the Earl is much disturbed?" was Livia's inquiry.

"He has driven down with my father," Gower said, carelessly, ambiguously in the sound.

Troubled enough to desire the show of a corresponding trouble, Henrietta read at their faces.

"May it not be—down there—a real danger?"

The drama, he could inform her, was only too naked down there for disappearance to be common.

"Will it be published, that she is missing?"

"She has her maid with her, a stout-hearted girl. Both have courage. I don't think we need take measures just yet."

"Not before it is public property?"

Henrietta could have bitten her tongue for laying her open to the censure implied in muteness. Janey perverted her.

Women were an illegible manuscript, and ladies a closed book of the binding, to this raw philosopher, or he would not so coldly have judged the young wife, anxious on her husband's account, that they might escape another scorching. He carried away his impression.

Livia listened to a remark on his want of manners.

"Russett puts it to the credit of his honesty," she said. "Honesty is everything with us at present. The man has made his honesty an excellent speculation. He puts a piece on zero and the bank hands him a sackful. We may think we have won him to serve us, up comes his honesty. That's how we have Lady Arpington mixed in it—too long a tale. But be guided by me; condescend a little."

"My dear! my whole mind is upon that unhappy girl. It would break Chillon's heart."

Livia pished. "There are letters we read before we crack the seal. She is out of that ditch, and it suits Russett that she should be. He's not often so patient. A woman foot to foot against his will—I see him throwing high stakes. Tyrants are brutal; and really she provokes him enough. You needn't be alarmed about the treatment she'll meet. He won't let her beat him, be sure."

Neither Livia nor Gower wondered at the clearing of the mystery, before it went to swell the scandal. A young nobleman of ready power, quick temper, few scruples, and a taxed forbearance, was not likely to stand thwarted and goaded—and by a woman. Lord Fleetwood acted his part, inscrutable as the blank of a locked door. He could not conceal that he was behind the door.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE French, whose language is rich in terms of art, have an expression "for which no rhyme our English yields;" no exact equivalent at least. In reference to the life-work of an artist they speak of *la note donnée;* (the type created, it might be translated at the expense of the idiom), meaning thereby the general tenor or character of an individual accomplishment. This note once given, appears to the artist in his moments of discouragement to be all that the public, "the generous public that pays the bill," cares to have from him, and this indifference often constitutes the greatest barrier to effort. The personal note, if it bears, even in an infinitesimal degree, the character of novelty, is welcomed; the world in its relentless movement nods approval, and the pilgrim of art hastens to unfold his scrip, certain that its message becomes more clear and authoritative as it proceeds; but in the interval the world moves, and its averted face looks far to the horizon where, dimly outlined, appears another figure, equally novel, equally hopeful, and equally doomed to disappointment. The result of this condition is obvious; encouragement, material and spiritual, is the breath of life to art, and as novelty rules the day there ensues a wild race in which each competitor strives to outdo the other in an effort to be original. This indifference to sequence of effort is marked the world over, but is especially to be observed in this country, where we have no traditions and aim in art, as in other pursuits, to begin where our predecessors left off. In older countries the reverential spirit is not wholly dead, and the innovator of to-day is not of necessity the ancestor of the morrow. Here, however, our traditionless art scouts at a second effort, refuses to allow the discovered gem to be polished, the nugget minted. In the meanwhile life, to the artist, brings its daily round of responsibilities; the pot must boil, and with little to inspire and less to elevate his thought the genius of yesterday becomes the dull plodder of to-day. For with the artist the temperament with which he is endowed at birth is perhaps undervalued. In his delight in the practice of his art, it is at best a fortune which he has inherited, and to him the use of his wealth, the administration of his rich estate, are the standards by which he will be judged. Here, however, the opulent world steps in and says: "Hoard your wealth or squander it, our coffers are full, we need nothing. If you could give us the moon or would promise to do it, but"—and one more baffled, puzzled being takes his place in the rank and file of the great army of the indifferent. This is the judgment of the world, against which it is useless to appeal, and is possibly more severe than unjust. Few men in any time, however, have had absolutely new wares to offer, and as long as we desire only that something "new," of which Solomon despaired, so long will we cast aside gems in the rough and gold in the nugget. Fortunately for the future of art and the encouragement of its followers, there occasionally appears on the scene one who, with sublime simplicity, unerring instinct, and wise steadfastness of purpose, holds a winning hand against the world in the uncertain game of life and art. Such a one has lately gone from us, one who, we

are told, expressed in his last days a doubt of his ability to play the game to the end, a doubt which could only be a premonitory symptom of physical dissolution ; for a braver player, one more in love with the game, never lived ! This gifted being, wide-eyed and trustful, stepped out merrily on the high-road of art and letters nearly a score of years ago. In his knapsack he carried wares that were precious, though far from new, and as he walked he played on the tinkling flute airs as old as the hills on which he trod, and as far away as his music was heard it charmed the listener. The way was difficult, even for him ; pitfalls beset his path, the sun beat fiercely and the storm raged. Notably the realists who ravaged the country lay in wait for him, for he bore the banner of Romance in his hand. Still he trudged stoutly onward and to the passers-by offered treasures from his pack. "But," they objected, "your gems are as old as geology." "True," answered he, "but see the setting in which they are encased. See how I have spun the web of language, so deftly intertwined the filigree of thought that the stone shines with more than its wonted fire." And after a time people listened and stopped to examine his wares, and gradually others, delving deep in the mine of the human heart, brought to light other precious stones, and, though they lacked the skill of the master and the cunning of his hand, they were real, and by this time the people began to understand that the clods and mortar which they had cherished as precious were dust and ashes, and Romance cast a gleam athwart the land. And the inconsequent world went its way, illogically asking for something new, and the gifted one, his work finished, laid himself down to rest. And then it was seen of all that in the measure of human possibility here had been a great original artist. He had worked at his craft patiently and well, and in his transfiguration of the dimmed jewel of Romance, in his use of the materials common to the good workmen of all ages lay all that in this old old world can be "new under the sun." This surely is a lesson for honest artists. Follow your bent, live for your work, give unto Cæsar's world that which is Cæsar's, and in the end perchance, as the polished gem *is* brighter, some gleam will light an obscure corner and gradually its glow diffused will carry its rays afar. This hope, and the love of his work, make for the artist the recompense of life.

THERE are two friends of mine—man and wife they happen to be — whose names I should like to see written up somewhere in shining letters for sad mortality to honor. I am half persuaded, indeed, that I should go out of my way to gain for them some such recognition from Church and State, were I not wholly sure of incurring their displeasure by this means. And I would not do anything to jeopardize our friendship for the world. In saying this I am happy to feel that no tie of material interest binds me to them ; I add nothing to my annual income through their favor. In days gone by, it is true, I dined at their table once or twice a year. But that is over now ; and the very causes which put an end to their hospitality have led to an increased respect for them on my part, tending, I trust, to no lack of warmth toward me on theirs.

They were extremely prosperous when we first met. Good luck had lighted on their roof, "not all at once, but gently," as the poet says, and they seemed to accept it as a matter of course. Mere pleasure-seekers, somewhat shallow in their nature, I thought them — agreeable acquaintances, no more, no less. Then Hard Luck came, descending upon them as suddenly as the all-dreaded thunder-stone, and in a day the whole course of their lives was changed. The perfect little dinners ceased ; the household gods were scattered ; the very house had to be sold over their heads, and they moved from the fashionable quarter into a small apartment far out of the current. Even in youth it is hard to bear misfortune like this with equanimity. But they had reached the time of life which makes disaster a heavy burden. The man was of an age to put many forms of labor out of the question, yet certain work he could undertake, and this he has done his best to find. He is still seeking it, though several years have passed since his need be-

came urgent. Meanwhile, his constant, grinding struggle to make both ends meet is something so painful to contemplate that many of his former friends dislike to think about it at all. They bow to him civilly, of course ; they pity him, and—drop him. That is the way the world wags with most of us, I fear.

Now the admirable thing about this man and this woman is that, from the first, they have faced their trial with a simple, unconscious heroism beside which that of the fighting soldier sinks almost into insignificance. She can shed bitter tears, undoubtedly, yet they leave no traces. He must have heard the chimes at midnight, many a time, anxiously enough, and not as Falstaff heard them ; but he meets the world with a shining morning face, and returns its perfunctory salutation with the pleasantest of smiles. When I reflect that these good souls were reared in the lap of luxury, to be cast out all untrained in the autumn of their years for a desperate grapple with adversity, I long to express my admiration, but dare not do it. I can only lift my hat to their fine courage, and hope that by some instinctive power they have learned my thought.

I remember that when I went to school a special prize was awarded to faithful endeavor which despite all its pains had been worsted in the contest ; and I sometimes wish it were so in the world, where meritorious failure is stamped with no such hall-mark. Yet the patient, joyless conflict would lose its heroic quality, perhaps, with even a fighting chance of tangible reward. We must be content to set up pillars in our hearts for our unsuccessful heroes.

If I should say that in ideas of size the point of view of a European differs widely from that of an American, I fear I should fall under the condemnation of the old worthy, Gascoigne, inasmuch as "these things are *trita et obvia*." Yet for all that the difference does exist, and it has a way of cropping out most unexpectedly.

Recently I had occasion to spend a few hours in studying that scholarly and charmingly written book, John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People." As I firmly believe that to study history without also studying geography is a waste of time, I glanced now and then at the map in the front of the book. With this little miniature of England firmly fixed in my mind, I went on reading, and was suddenly astonished to see the statement : "Under the Romans political power had settled in the vast district between the Humber and the Forth."

"Vast ?" said I to myself, "Not to an American." I measured the district and estimated it as being, roughly, about one hundred and ninety miles in length by ninety-five miles in average width, or about seventeen thousand square miles. Then I sat down and tried to conceive of a stretch of country a little more than a third of the State of New York as vast. Somehow, I could not do it. I admit, of course, that it may be my fault, or the fault of the United States in being so big, and not Mr. Green's. At all events, the incident reminds me of an Italian gentleman whom I met while travelling, and who disclosed a most depraved inappreciation of the wonderful vastness of the United States.

He spoke English very well, for he had been many years in London, and, as we were enjoying the sea-coast view between Pisa and Via Reggio, he asked, politely, whether I was not an American from "The States." On learning that I was, he begged me to tell him something of our Government.

"You have a President of the country, the whole States, is it not ?" he inquired, earnestly.

I nodded assent.

"*Va bene!* If a man kills, murders—you understand—who tries him, the Federal or the State courts ?"

"The State courts," I replied, "unless it is a case of treason."

"If he is convicted, who can pardon him—the President, of course ?" he asked with calm assurance and a slight emphasis on the "of course."

"No, indeed ; if a murderer is tried in the State courts, he can be pardoned only by the State Board of Pardons, if there is one, or by the State's chief offi-

cer, the Governor. The President has nothing to do with it."

"Well!" flashed my companion sarcastically, "in *Italy* the Governor of a little petty province has not the pardoning power."

"Sir!" I thundered, now thoroughly angry, "Italy will go twice into the petty province of Texas."

It was very naughty to get angry, and especially with such a politely sarcastic little Italian. I know it. But who could sit still and hear the sheer, unapproachable, nay glorious immensity of our country assailed without getting angry? No one except the audacious fop who, every now and then, annoys us with a brazen assertion that bigness is, after all, not such a virtue.

They tell me that one of the most reassuring spectacles to be seen in New England this spring is my old friend and coeval, Robin Abner, out on his lawn of an afternoon, instructing and exercising his son Charles in the art of pitching a baseball. Fame and wealth crown the successful pitcher now, but there is no sordid taint about Robin's ambition for his son. His purpose is that Charles shall be an unsalaried pitcher on the Harvard nine, and I daresay that Charles will realize it. Robin, in his day, had aspirations of that sort for himself. I remember him twenty-odd years ago on the ball-ground at Exover. The day I got my first sight of him he was playing right field on the junior nine. He was long and strong and had yellow hair—practically yellow (he has none now—practically none)—and if his father had begun early and taken pains with him as he is doing with Charles, I have no doubt that he would have made a great baseball player, and possibly a pitcher for the Harvard nine. As it was he was a fair player but never eminent, for it was war-time when he was growing up, and his father, a great patriot and leader of men, was too busy prodding Massachusetts on to Richmond to give Robin's athletic education the attention it deserved. It made no vital difference, for Robin came out strong as it was.

You remember the story of how Chiron the Centaur had the raising of Jason, and of the pains he took to make him shoot straight with the bow and arrow. I daresay that the antediluvians who lounged in Chiron's back-yard on afternoons when he and Jason had their target up, were conscious of very much such sensations of reassurance as I get from the reports of Robin and Charles. When a serious-minded, burden-bearing man of business like Robin quits work to teach his son to pitch a ball, it makes me feel as if things were going to continue and progress, and as if the next generation might be good for something, and able to have some fun in spite of the growth of cities, and the spread of trolley-cars, and socialism, and realism, and the new woman, and the concentration of wealth, and the multiplication of walking delegates, and all the varieties of devilment that solemnize the world's prospects. It makes it easier for me to hope that the learned gentleman named Nordau, who argues with so much plausibility about the demoralization and decadence of all of us folks, is needlessly alarmed.

If Robin were teaching Charles modern football, I should have my doubts about Robin's views of the future, and whether he thought it best that Charles should live to grow up. But baseball, a safe and stable and patriotic sport, is different, and the prospect that excellence in it is to become hereditary in the Abner family helps me to believe in the transmission of all sorts of sturdy virtues, and the development of many a good inheritance of strength. If the world wasn't a good world and wasn't going to keep on being habitable Robin would not care whether Charles learned baseball or not. Yet there he is with his coat off catching Charles's deliveries off of imaginary bats, and chiding him energetically when the ball goes wild.

I hope Robin will make a good thing, athletically, out of Charles. My son Nicodemus is growing up also, and though he is of a contemplative nature, and seems to prefer sitting down to more active exercises, I allow myself to hope that when Charles Abner stands in the pitcher's box on the Soldiers' Field my Nicodemus will be there, and will be making a good report on the benches.

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